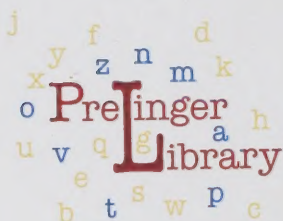


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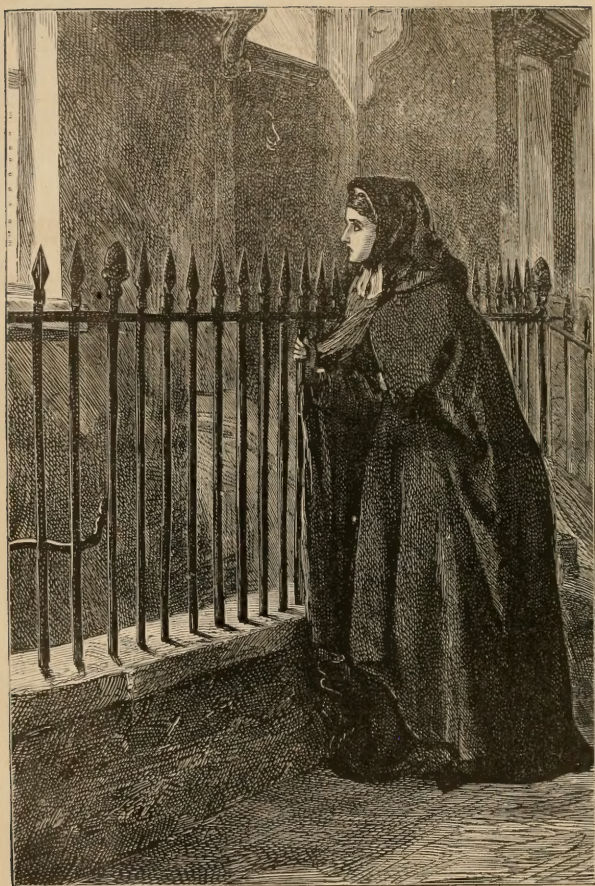
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SHE HAD A SORT OF PROTESTANT NUN'S DRESS ON.—p. 736.

THE GALAXY.

VOL. X. JULY, 1870.—No. 1.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.*

I.

THE scene of my story is Dorchester, Massachusetts. The time, early autumn in the year 1856, before ruthless railway speculators had broken in upon the shady groves and smiling gardens which made every road and every lane an avenue of tranquil delights, and when the town—at least that part of it with which my heroine is concerned—was still the just pride of its inhabitants, and the envy of all neighbors. There, in the very centre of the favored region, dwelt a young lady who for two years had been the subject of admiration and curiosity among all who knew her: Miss Isabel Garland, aged twenty-three, possessor of a fine estate, a finer fortune, and the finest health and spirits in the world.

Thus gifted, it is little wonder that she should be the subject of universal admiration. The curiosity which she inspired, and which, but for the consideration of her wealth and beauty, might perhaps have taken an active and disagreeable form, was due to the attitude of thorough independence and self-reliance which she exhibited on all occasions. She had been an orphan since childhood, and the somewhat oppressive guardianship under which she had been reared had awakened in her impetuous little nature a determination to exercise every privilege of freedom as soon as the hour of emancipation should arrive. For two years, therefore, she had been as completely her own mistress as it is possible for a young woman to be; much more completely, indeed, than suited the strict notions of the social vigilance committee, an institution from which even Dorchester was not at that period exempt, and with the members of which she sometimes had uncomfortable encounters. She affected, and perhaps felt, a perfect confidence in the capacity of her sex for self-protection and self-guidance, and, while she did not spurn counsel, was seldom known to invite it. At home, she was an amiable autocrat, playfully imperious at times, but fortunately always overflowing with good-nature. If it had suited her to live entirely alone, I suspect she would have made little of defying *vox populi* on that point. Existence without companionship, however, could have been impossible to her. So she chose for her familiar and ally favorite aunt, her father's sister, a cheerful, easy-tempered, soft-hearted, middle-aged maid, who having had her share of mild vicissitudes through life, was ready enough in her forty-fifth year to enter upon a new existence of idleness and luxury. The idea of independence in thought or action

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was one that never disturbed her placid mind, and she yielded with prompt obedience to every inspiration of her wayward and impulsive niece. Their natures being totally opposite, in obedience to an unalterable feminine law they loved one another devotedly. The alliance was a benefit to both. The older lady was saved from stagnation by the wholesome vitality which sprang from the younger, and the restless energy of irresponsible twenty-three was, sometimes unconsciously to herself, held in restraint by the mature impassibility of forty-five.

It may be supposed that Miss Isabel Garland was a lady who would not gain by a too formal introduction. Let us take her unawares, *in medias res*.

It is a sparkling September morning—of the kind which I sometimes think belongs only to New England. The lawns are glistening with opals, as if a rainbow had been minutely minced, and sprinkled in profusion all over them. The sun is doing his best to dry the flower-beds and shrubbery and fruit-trees, after their morning bath. The early birds, with various chirps and twitterings, are spreading consternation among convocations of politic worms; and while they unite in cheerful songs of triumph, swarms of insects, less ambitious and demonstrative, are satisfied to hum their modest chorus of content. While these audibly and visibly fill the country air, it is equally overflowing with impalpable exhilaration. A single breath of it stirs the pulses with the true glow of health more vividly than that poor substitute, the city “cocktail,” can kindle them with even the false fire of disease. Beyond all question, there is nothing like the New England September morning; and among New England September mornings, there is none like the Massachusetts September morning, as every son and daughter of Massachusetts will agree; and there breathes not the son or daughter of Dorchester with soul so dead as to admit a doubt that the Dorchester September morning is the most wonderful of all.

Miss Isabel Garland was certainly of this opinion, as she glanced now and again through the open windows of her pretty drawing-room over her own and her neighbors' blooming gardens, and upon the pastures and woods and fields beyond. In herself, she was suggestive of the whole spirit of the day. Health and heartiness were the first qualities of her nature. The opals danced in her merry eyes, and her hair was still moist from her artificial morning shower; the atmosphere which covered the face of the earth was not more inspiring than the influence with which she surrounded herself, and, as she turned again to her labors within, she sang, and twittered, and hummed with the same light-heartedness as the birds and insects without.

For at work she was, in her way, though she chose to call it sport. She was in the midst of that mysterious occupation, always incomprehensible to those not of her sex, which is made up of much flourishing of feathers, flapping about of old silken rags, and poking of furniture, for which no name has yet been discovered, but which in the feminine mind possesses an importance—no doubt justly—second only to that of dressing. The relations between cause and effect are truly amazing. I have been told, and I make no question, that the fact of Miss Isabel Garland's drawing-room being always the most charming in the neighborhood, was mainly due to this persistent daily performance of poking and flapping and flourishing; but how ever such happy and satisfactory results could be produced by such apparently inadequate means, it never has been given to any male of our species to understand.

It was an enchanting little room, with furniture profuse, but light and dainty and of a character to impart just the necessary flavor of *urbs in rure*. Airily,

among chairs and tables, now pausing to adjust a picture which hung perhaps the millionth part of a hair's breadth from perpendicular, now whirling a lounge away from too rigid a line of regularity, now spanking the pianoforte keyboard with the handful of silken rags, now feathering books and bijouterie with cloud-compelling vigor, flitted Miss Isabel Garland; while, languidly reclining in an easy-chair, her aunt surveyed these operations with sentiments compounded of amusement and soft disdain.

"You may say what you please, my dear Isabel," she exclaimed, breaking a tolerably long silence (for feminine forty-five), "you may say what you please, but you can't deny that our quiet home is very dull after the gay season at the Springs."

"I never find it dull, Aunt," said Isabel; "there's always so much to do here——"

"Which the servants could do better," interrupted the older Miss Garland.

"Yes, and spoil my sport," said Isabel; "besides, they couldn't do it one half so well. Look, now, isn't the room prettier than any servants would make it?"

"Perhaps so; but brooms and dusters don't fascinate me at my time of life. I had enough of them in real earnest, my dear, before I came to live with you. And, unreasonable or not, I can't help wishing we were back at the Springs again."

"Never mind, Aunt," said Isabel, still pursuing her household duties; "we shall have visitors enough of our own choosing in a few weeks, and then everything will be lively. For my part, I was tired of the Springs."

Miss Garland expressed amazement, not untinged with incredulity.

"So much nonsense to listen to every day," continued Isabel. "You see, it's very disagreeable to feel—or rather, it's very annoying to have so much money, and be known to the whole world as an—an heiress."

"I don't think I should find it so, my dear," sighed Miss Garland.

"No, the money is well enough," explained this young victim of prosperity; "but everybody seemed to understand all about it, and so they talked nonsense to me."

"Ah! I see; the young men, for example."

"Yes, and the old ones too, for example."

"Did they make love to you, my dear?"

"They made themselves ridiculous," said candid Isabel.

"Dear me! now see what it is to be an heiress," said Miss Garland, who was not without her little fund of pin-humor; "you lose confidence in all mankind. All the attentions paid to me, I have the satisfaction of knowing, were perfectly sincere and disinterested."

"To be sure they were, you dear old aunt," said Isabel, who had now discovered, with apparent regret, that no more work remained to be done, in that apartment at least, and who condescended to repose a while before flying to other scenes of toil; "to be sure they were. Cousin Jack writes that you are missed more than I am, and that they all ask about you a dozen times a day."

The mention of a letter from Cousin Jack at once roused Miss Garland from her apathy. Jack Lillipond was her favorite nephew, and her chosen purveyor of gossip and small-talk on all occasions. She must see the letter; of course he meant her to see it: it was unkind of Isabel to vex her; why should she object? she never did before—and more to the same effect.

Isabel agreed to produce the letter, but declared she could not let it go out

of her hands ; she would read it aloud, excepting one passage, which contained a sort of secret—thereby goading her aunt's curiosity almost to frenzy, and provoking primary paroxysms by incoherent phrases like the following : "After all, I hardly know," "If he *should* come," "I really believe I must," "Oh, it is impossible," and others equally calculated to act as oil upon the fire of inquisitive impatience. Finally, after the usual number of refusals with the full intention of complying, and of piteous adjurations with the full knowledge that there was really no necessity for them, the letter was brought forth and read aloud.

The earlier pages, devoted to descriptions of balls, billiard-matches, and the quantities of spring water drunk by common friends, which under ordinary circumstances would have been absorbed with rapture by Miss Garland, were now only looked upon as impediments in the way of that priceless revelation, the secret. I am afraid that our heroine took a mischievous pleasure in retarding the progress of the narration by pretences of blots, interlineations, obscure chirography, and the necessity of perpetually recurring to the origin of matter, in order to obtain a correct sense of its development. But in spite of all artificial delays the point had to be reached at last :

"The day after you left us, a young fellow named Archibald Dashaway arrived from Lake George, and instantly took the hotel by storm. In twenty-four hours he knew everybody. On the second day all the old ladies began to make much of him, and on the third all the young men began to detest him. On the fourth, however, he won everybody's heart again, including Mrs. Pinkerby's, which he melted by drinking a dozen goblets from her favorite spring. For three days more he made us merry, and at the end of the week he was gone."

"Now, Aunt, what do you think of that ?" said Isabel, pausing with obvious exasperating intent.

"Stuff !" said Miss Garland, lucidly ; "go on."

"The night before he left us, we had a little supper, some six or eight of us. Your name was casually mentioned, and something was said about your position. "An heiress !" shouted Dashaway ; "that's my luck again ; I always arrive a day after the fair. Why did she not linger that I might woo and win her ? I'll go after her to-morrow." I said nothing at the time, but next morning I took him aside and told him the lady he had spoken of so lightly was my cousin. "My dear fellow," said he, "that adds vigor to my determination. I mean no disrespect ; on the contrary, I mean to woo and win her. She has no husband, and, mark the coincidence, I have no wife. To be sure, she has a fortune, but I consider that no obstacle. We will overlook that." Whereupon I endeavored to alarm him by saying that Miss Garland was old, and not at all to his frolicsome young taste ; but the most terrible picture I could draw of you, my dear Isabel, had no effect upon him. He laughed at me, and said, "Good-by, Cousin Jack ; I have the address, I'll give her your love." Now, Isabel, I know Dashaway only as a capital hotel companion, and he is such a reckless madcap that he might do any wild thing you could think of. So I warn you to be on your guard, in case he should some day appear before you."

Isabel, pausing to take breath, observed her aunt glaring as if stupefied upon her. "Well, Aunt," she asked, "what do you say to that ?"

"I say," answered Miss Garland, gradually recovering herself, "that he is an

impertinent young man, and ought to be turned away at once if he ever dare to present himself."

"Dear me," said Isabel, amused at this unexpected warmth! "I thought you would welcome anything or anybody to enliven us a little."

Miss Garland was by no means accustomed to hold to any position with much earnestness, but in so flagrant an instance as this she felt bound to sustain her protest. "It would be so imprudent," she declared.

Isabel looked as if the suggestion of imprudence presented no startling picture to her mind, but she answered demurely, "Would it, do you think? He might divert us for an afternoon, and I don't suppose he would misbehave."

"My dear," said Miss Garland, with superior wisdom, "you don't know the world. Men always misbehave!"

"It would be impossible," said Isabel.

"Men always do things that are impossible," said Miss Garland; after which imposing declaration she withdrew from the discussion and from the room.

Isabel reflected, smiled once or twice, said "Nonsense!" with extravagant emphasis, laughed outright, and dismissed the subject from her mind.

II.

Two days later, at precisely one o'clock in the afternoon, a young gentleman descended from the omnibus which in those days stopped at one end of Cottage street, and, after inspecting a card which he drew from his pocket, walked briskly away toward the centre of the town.

He was as blithe and comely a young man as you could wish to meet on a September afternoon, even in Dorchester. His face was rosy with good humor, and he was perpetually breaking into short laughs, apparently at his own merry thoughts. He had a word of greeting for every passer-by, and when one grim old gentleman responded with much gruffness to his salutation, he turned about and facetiously insisted on knowing how his, the old gentleman's, gout was. Once or twice he paused near groups of children playing, and surveyed their sport not only with interest, but with an expression of countenance as nearly serious as you would imagine such a face could possibly wear. Consulting his card from time to time, he at length drew near the Garland mansion, and after seeming to assure himself of its identity with the object of his search, he pushed open the iron gate and strode up the gravel path, looking around him all the while with an air of extreme complacency and admiration.

On arriving at the house, he checked himself, and for a period of ten seconds was buried in reflection. He observed that, although nobody was visible, the doors and long windows were all wide open, and that the entrance to the drawing-room was unobstructed. "I hate skirmishing with servants," he said; "I'll go in and wait." So in he did go, and being in, abandoned himself to mute soliloquy, after the following eccentric manner:

"Let me see. She is old, Jack Lillipond said, and she is probably ugly, although he didn't add that. Let us hope for the best. I can stand anything under fifty. The case is rather pressing. Creditors are getting to be too many for me. Old and ugly. Well, what matter? In the varied experience of a checkered life, I have encountered but two classes of women, old women and young women; the aged I respect, and the youthful I adore. At least I can respect her." Then, looking about him, "She has taste certainly, and I always respect taste."

He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a young girl, dressed with extreme simplicity, whose face was shaded by a broad straw hat, and whose white apron was filled with freshly-gathered flowers, all of which were then and there strewn over the carpet, as she jumped back in astonishment at the apparition of a stranger.

Her quiet dress, and her obvious occupation at the moment, misled him. "Ah, my good girl," he began, carelessly, "good day. You serve Miss Garland, I suppose."

This was too direct an appeal to Isabel's sense of drollery to be resisted. She therefore maintained the utmost gravity. "I live in the house with her, sir," she answered.

The young man was tickled in his turn. "The airs of these waiting-maids nowadays," he said to himself; "live in the house with her!" And then, addressing her again, "Perhaps you can tell me, my pretty girl, if Miss Garland is at home."

"You are evidently not acquainted with Miss Garland, sir," said Isabel, not a bit frightened or flustered.

"Oh, yes, I am. At least I know her family, that is, her cousin, intimately."

"Aha!" thought Isabel; "my cousin. I believe I understand. Then, sir," she said to the stranger, "you would like to see Miss Garland?"

"Precisely," he answered; but as she was about to go, detecting an opportunity for useful inquiry, he added, "but presently, presently. There is no hurry. I would like to ask you one or two little trivial, innocent questions about the lady. No objection, I suppose?"

Isabel, in a state of great delight, answered, as bold as bayonets, "Objection? Not the least, sir."

"You know her tolerably well?"

"I believe you, sir; you could hardly find one who knows her better than I do."

"Good! Here's a dollar for you. I always have a dollar about me for a pretty girl," and he laid the tiny gold piece upon the table before her.*

Here even Isabel's audacity was a little shaken; and all the more, as she afterwards confessed, that she had reason to suspect him of advancing upon her with osculatory design.

"Sir, you forget yourself," she exclaimed, interposing furniture between herself and the visitor.

"I? not at all. Bless you, there's nothing to be afraid of; I'm going to be married. But about Miss Garland; how is she?"

Isabel, still unable to resist the fun of the situation, and being safely barricaded by ottomans and easy-chairs, answered, "She is very well, sir, I thank you."

"I don't mean that," said the persistent questioner; "I mean what is she like? What is her disposition?"

"Her disposition?"

"Yes; her disposition. Is she good-tempered? Does she—does she allow smoking, for example?"

"Pipes or cigars, sir?" said mischievous Isabel.

"Whichever you please."

"I really cannot tell you, sir; she doesn't smoke herself."

"Capital!" said the inquisitive stranger; "this little thing has spirit; I will chaff her again. Tell me, my dear, does she object to swearing?"

"She doesn't swear herself, sir."

* A GOLD DOLLAR! "Oh, the merry days, the merry days when we were young!"

The young gentleman appeared suddenly conscious that he was not distinguishing himself in the conversation. He assumed a grave and persuasive tone. "Tell me, my dear, seriously, is she an amiable, good-tempered soul?"

"I think I can assure you, sir," said Isabel, "that she does not easily take offence."

"Admirable!" said the stranger, taking out his handkerchief, and moistening it from a perfume stand upon the table. "And now you can go, little one; say to your mistress that Mr. Archibald Dashaway—stay—take my card; and mind now, silence, my dear. If there is one word which I counsel you to remember more than another, that word is—Mum. Mum is the word. Remember I always have an extra dollar about me for a pretty girl. You shall be rewarded. It is not my habit to receive *pro quo* without conferring proportionate *quid*."

Mr. Archibald Dashaway was prevented from giving any explanation of this remarkable statement by the sound of approaching footsteps. He looked inquiringly.

"That is undoubtedly Miss Garland, sir," said Isabel, whose courage, however it may have wavered, resumed its natural steadiness upon the approach of a third party. In a flash she conceived and perfected a scheme for the punishment and discomfiture of the bold intruder. Her aunt might offer a trifling opposition, but that she could easily overcome. The only difficulty would be to put her on her guard.

As Miss Garland entered, a little ostentatious in her dress, and with an appearance of proprietorship which she was fond of assuming, Mr. Dashaway advanced, and saluted her with great submissiveness and respect.

"A stranger!" she cried.

"No, madam, pardon the correction," said he; "not precisely a stranger—a friend of the family. I have the honor of speaking to Miss Garland?"

"Yes, sir, but—" and she glanced uneasily toward Isabel, whom Dashaway was urging, by signs, to go away.

"Madam," he continued, "if I could be permitted to speak briefly with you alone——"

Miss Garland's confusion increased. Isabel saw the need of immediate action. "I have some directions to—receive, sir," she said, and, peremptorily whispering to her aunt, she drew her into a corner, and endeavored in a low voice to make her acquainted with the situation.

Dashaway, left to himself, became a prey to anxiety. "The presumption of these servant girls," he muttered. "What on earth is she going to do?"

At the first words of explanation, Miss Garland was terror-stricken; but she had long known the futility of opposing Isabel's resolute will, and before she was well aware to what she was pledging herself, she had agreed to abide by her niece's instructions. Moreover, although her imagination seldom rose to brilliant heights, she had a certain pleasant sense of mirth, to which the present complication nimbly and sweetly recommended itself. "I hope," she said, "there will be no harm. He seems agreeable and pleasant."

Dashaway caught the last words. "Pleasant!" he exclaimed; "oh, charming, perfectly charming."

The ladies laughed.

"The weather, you refer to," said he, not unperturbed, and burning to interrupt the corner conference.

"Has he been here long?" asked Miss Garland, softly.

"Five minutes."

"How has he behaved?"

"Oh, quite well," said Isabel quickly; "very well indeed.

"Surprisingly well," again interposed Dashaway; "never better in his life."

"Indeed, sir," said Miss Garland.

"Madam, I assure you your cousin Lillipond is surprisingly well—or was when I left him, four days ago. I presume he is so still, unless he has succumbed to Mrs. Pinkerby's favorite spring. She makes everybody drink fourteen glasses before breakfast, you know, if she can, and he is spoons upon Laura Pinkerby, and daren't refuse."

He was clearly resolved to put a violent end to the half-whispered colloquy between the ladies, and his mind was greatly relieved when the elder suddenly said, "That will do, Isabel; you can go. And now, sir——"

"Here goes," said Dashaway to himself, and then burst forth with amazing volubility: "My name, madam, is Archibald Dashaway. I have recently had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with your cousin Lillipond, and several of your friends at Saratoga; and as I chanced to be accidentally passing through this part of the country, I took the liberty of presenting myself, feeling sure you would be pleased to hear a word or two of recent news from the very numerous and very devoted friends and admirers whom you left behind you."

"Your name, sir, you said——"

"Is Archibald Dashaway, madam," he responded, presenting a card; "to which you will please add the title of intimate and confidential friend of your Cousin Lillipond. I had written as much upon another card, which I handed to that eccentric young servant-maid——"

"My niece, sir," interrupted Miss Garland.

Dashaway was embarrassed, but not perceptibly. "Your niece, indeed," he said; "do you know I suspected a relationship at the first glance. The most astonishing resemblance in the world. And such a charming, lovely girl." And to himself—"Bless my soul, how indiscreet; her niece! What can she be? A dependant, perhaps; a charity dependant."

"The resemblance is said to be striking," said Miss Garland slyly.

"Like two sisters," said Dashaway; "only I think that possibly you resemble her a little more than she resembles you."

"Did you bring any messages from Cousin Jack?" she asked, willing to vary the subject.

"A thousand," he answered; "it took me nearly a day to commit them to memory. You shall hear them all."

"If they are so numerous, sir, you would do better to wait until after dinner."

"After dinner?"

"Of course, since you are my Cousin Lillipond's intimate and confidential friend, I cannot allow you to leave us before dinner;" and presently excusing herself on the plea of making the requisite arrangements, she withdrew to report progress to Isabel.

Left to himself, Mr. Dashaway's reflections were of a highly jocund character. "Fortune favors me," he meditated; "there was never anything like it. 'The intimate and confidential friend of Cousin Lillipond,' that did it; that and the messages. I must get up some jolly good messages; some that will flatter her, bless her dear old heart;" and he smiled hopefully, as if already confident of easy triumph.

He was recalled to the immediate condition of his case by the entrance of Isabel, in regard to whom he felt that he now stood in a false position. The er-

ror must be immediately retrieved. "Ah," he exclaimed, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Which, sir?" said Isabel, mingling the styles of Mrs. John Wood and Rose Skerrett (Boston Theatre soubrette and Museum ingénue of the period).

"Which? Why, that you were your aunt's niece."

"Oh, sir, I thought that if you remained here long enough you would certainly learn it: and if you didn't, it would do you no good to know."

"Ah! Well, then, Miss Isabel, I am going to remain awhile, as you perhaps may be aware."

"Indeed, sir!"

"By invitation of your aunt. 'You must dine,' she said. 'I can't,' said I. 'I insist upon it,' said she. 'Utterly impossible,' said I. 'I beg it as a favor,' said she. Well, you know, since she begged it as a favor, what could a man do?"

"Then you will be our guest this evening?"

"I shall."

"Oh, well; we needn't be afraid."

"Afraid?" said Dashaway, somewhat startled.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Isabel with great internal glee; "you are going to be married, you know."

This repetition of his own words threw Dashaway into something very like consternation. It was one thing to have intimated a connubial future to a servant, and another and a very different thing to have confided it to one of Miss Garland's family. He detected a dilemma. Under no circumstances ought the unlucky phrase to reach the elder lady's ear. Should she interpret it as having reference to herself, she would have just cause to resent his precipitancy and presumption. Should she imagine it to apply to another, his advances would run the risk of being misunderstood. "This young thing may do me a mischief," he thought; "I must win her to my interest."

"Miss Isabel," he said aloud, "how could I know?"

"What, sir?"

"That you were your aunt's niece."

"Why, sir," said Isabel, who, I suspect, had been listening to what passed between the visitor and her aunt, "the resemblance, perhaps——"

"Resemblance!" cried Dashaway; "dear me, no! Not a bit of resemblance!"

"No resemblance?"

"Not a particle; why, you are all youth, and charm, and grace, and beauty, while she——"

"Well, sir?"

"Why, she—she is—well, so is she too, I suppose, but in a different way."

"To think you took me for a servant," said Isabel, with feline and deceptive smile.

"To think of it," said Dashaway, laughing aloud.

"Why do you laugh, sir?" exclaimed the young lady in an injured and indignant tone. "It was a very impertinent mistake."

"It was, it was," said Dashaway, suddenly serious. "But, Miss Isabel, consider how frail men are. I am a man, and consequently frail."

Isabel reflected, pouted, thought she must refer the matter to her aunt, and in various ways tortured the anxiety of the bold adventurer, until the return of Garland senior gave her the opportunity to retire to her chamber and giggle in solitude over her toilet.

As she departed, Dashaway's confidence returned. "A charming young lady your niece is, Miss Garland," he began.

"Spirited, sir;" replied Miss Garland.

"Oh, wonderfully spirited. Spirits run in the family."

"How, sir!" exclaimed Miss Garland, who, with all her efforts, could not repress an occasional trepidation at the ease and freedom of the self-assured guest.

"Your cousin, your niece, and yourself—none deficient in spirit;" he explained. "But how singular that, notwithstanding our intimacy, Jack Lillipond should never have spoken or written to you about me."

"Oh, but he did."

"Do you say he did?" asked Dashaway, a little disturbed.

"He mentioned your name. Mr. Dashaway, I am afraid you are a wild young man."

"I wild! No, indeed. I am the tamest young man in the State of Massachusetts."

"A terrible flirt, too."

"Only because it was fashionable at Saratoga. And then you were not there," he added, with an impressive glance.

"I have heard of your boisterous suppers every night."

"They were to counteract Mrs. Pinkerby's dozen tumblers of Congress water every morning."

"And about the card-playing for heavy stakes."

"The deuce take Jack Lillipond!" thought Dashaway; "he has told her everything. Oh, nothing serious, Miss Garland;" he said aloud: "only the trivial and innocuous poker, you know; the light, fantastic bluff. Consider, the evenings were so long. But now those days are passed."

"I congratulate you, sir."

"Yes," continued Dashaway, with a vague attempt at metaphor; "passed for a full hand of quiet and serene enjoyment, passed for a flush of tranquillity and domestic bliss, passed for a double-header of home responsibility and—ah! Miss Garland, you are better than four queens!"

The increasing ardor of the young man's speech, and the total unintelligibility of his last observation, again excited the good lady's timidity, and, under the excuse of household necessities, she once more disappeared, leaving the field clear again for her more valorous niece. Dashaway, intent upon his own projects, failed to attach importance to these persistent exits and entrances, and indeed felicitated himself upon the opportunities, which he regarded as accidental, of making his way with each of the ladies alone.

"Sir," said Isabel, affecting once more to readjust tidies and tid-bits, "you have made a delightful impression upon my aunt."

"Why do you think so?"

"She told me as much, sir."

"Bother these old women," said Dashaway to himself; "whenever they get a bit of attention from a young fellow they want to publish it in the newspapers. Well, what did she say, Miss Isabel?"

"Well, sir, I was just thinking that if you are going to be married, you cannot care to know."

"Nonsense! tell me."

"Oh, then, perhaps you are not going to be married."

"How would it strike you, Miss Isabel? Would you like to hear that I am going to be married?"

"Oh dear, yes," said Isabel briskly, and all indifferent to the melliduous tone suddenly adopted by her questioner; "yes, indeed, I think it is the best possible thing for all you young men."

"Indeed—why so?"

"And for you, especially."

"Dear me, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Dashaway, I am afraid you are a wild young man."

"That's just what the aunt said," thought Dashaway. "Well, Miss Isabel," he exclaimed aloud, "do I look like it? Not a bit. I am ridiculously tame. I have frequently been fed by hand."

"And such a flirt."

"There it is again," muttered Dashaway. "But you young ladies," he laughed, in no degree disconcerted, "are so pretty and so good; what can a fellow do?"

"Get married, I suppose. By the by, *are* you going to be married?"

"Hush, hush; let that pass. Go on with the list of my imperfections."

"Well, sir, there's your unsteady way of living, and your gambling, and all such horrid things."

"She has it all," said Dashaway to himself again; "hang Jack Lillipond! he has told everything to the aunt, and she has told everything to the niece, and there I am. Well there's no help for it. Listen, Miss Isabel," he continued; "listen a minute. It's true enough that I have been what you are pleased to call 'wild'; tolerably liberal, perhaps, with attentions to your captivating sex; and more rapid in my short career than might satisfy a rigid order of morality. Bad enough, isn't it? But, bless you, there comes a time when a fellow gets wearied with all that. I really think that time has come with me. I don't believe I can afford to waste many more years of my life, and then—oh, well, this doesn't interest you."

"Mr. Dashaway," said Isabel, looking him in the face, "you didn't speak to my aunt in this way."

"Ah," said Dashaway, "but you know old people always see things differently from young people."

"Yes, sir," said Isabel, with dove-like innocence; "that is the reason they wear spectacles."

Again the manœuvre of retreat and advance was performed, the young lady making way for her aunt, and preparing herself in secret for a series of fresh skirmishes. Although Miss Garland of forty-five was incapable of her niece's colloquial vivacity, the audacious impostor never suffered the conversation to flag. It was not long before he had ventured the expression of a regret that he and Miss Garland had not met long before, to which she could find no better reply than the inquiry, "How long?" This, as he afterward confessed, upset him. He could not say ten years, because that wouldn't make her young enough; nor twenty, because that would make him too young; so he begged her not to talk chronology when he was talking sentiment, and sought a safer vantage ground of compliment. The room delighted him; it was charmingly arranged; an exquisite proof of her taste. But Miss Garland thanked him and said it was her niece's taste, not her own. He was pleased with the pianoforte, and hoped to hear her play. Miss Garland did not play, but her niece would undoubtedly oblige him. At last, determined to be no longer baffled, he asked what were the occupations of a country life like hers, and was informed that it was according to the person. Isabel did a great deal—picked flowers, made bouquets, poked

the furniture about, sang half the day, and hunted for eggs in the barn. She herself, for her part, looked after the cabbage garden and the cooking.

In the midst of the confusion into which this declaration, in spite of his usual imperturbability, had thrown him, Isabel returned, and this time with an air betokening a purpose to retain her aunt, and introduce a general conversation. Dashaway felt by no means wholly at ease. He had thus far failed to establish an understanding with either of his hostesses. "All owing to my stupid blunder," he thought, "in taking her for a servant. And now here's a prospect."

The last words were spoken half aloud. Isabel caught them. "Yes, indeed," she said, "we have one or two delightful prospects hereabout; but that depends, Mr. Dashaway," she added very coolly, and with peculiar emphasis, "a great deal on the view you take. If you look in *this* direction, for example, you get a very different impression from that which strikes you over that way, where my aunt sits."

"Trapped!" said Dashaway to himself. "She sees it all. I knew she had her wits about her from the first. Shall I give in? Not without a blow, by Jove! I'll be even with her in repartee, if nothing else." Then, quite as coolly, and with just as keen an emphasis as the young lady herself, he said aloud, "As you say, Miss Isabel. On your side I see a bright and sparkling landscape—a little irregular and uncultivated, perhaps, though not much the worse for that. Pretty enough to look at, but, after all, not the sort of thing to invest in. Very unproductive, I should imagine from appearances. Now, on the other side I find a rich, well stocked, and most desirable piece of property. Not so fresh and captivating to the eye, possibly, as the other, but much more trustworthy as a profitable speculation. I shouldn't mind taking a serious look over in that direction; but as for this, hum—a doubtful lot—a very doubtful lot. Don't you agree with me?"

"Different purchasers have different standards of valuation," said Isabel quietly, and spoke no more. Miss Garland scented impending hostilities; but it was too deep for her. Archibald Dashaway was thoroughly uncomfortable. He had allowed his momentary pique to get the better of his judgment, and had made an enemy where he should have secured a confederate. But what distressed him most, to do him justice, was the consciousness that he had been betrayed into a rudeness for which he could make no amends; figures of speech requiring interpretation before they can be atoned for, and interpretation in this case meaning only a renewal of the affront. Mr. Dashaway thus underwent an unprecedented experience. He was wretched for ten consecutive minutes, at the expiration of which a distant but suggestive tinkling diverted his reflections and dispelled his gloom.

III.

TEN days later.

Mr. Dashaway sat alone at noon in the drawing-room to which the reader has been introduced, oppressed by a deeper sense of despondency than had befallen him at any previous period within his recollection. The uncontrollable fantastic element of the young gentleman's nature was illustrated at this moment of somewhat serious reflection by the violent use of two fans, with each of which mute instruments of comfort he alternately refreshed himself, addressing the other meanwhile, in semi-audible tones of meditative confidence.

"Ten days already," he murmured. "A fortnight will make a madman of

me. The position is frightful. The old lady is as good-natured and acquiescent as need be, but the young one is cruelly captivating—so captivating that she quite distracts me from my purpose. And how she parries all my clever strategic advances! A malicious little devil. She never forgets my mistaking her for a servant, although she pretends to forgive it"; and he fanned himself with a movement which in music might be indicated as *allegro furioso*, but which gradually declined into a species of *andantino espressivo* as he resumed: "Malicious, did I say? Delicious is the word—or perhaps both. She's a mixture—a mixture at once difficult and delightful to take. As bright and beaming as one of her own roses; and as mischievous as a brier-bush. The aunt! The aunt's a poppy, a drowsy and amiable old poppy. The horticultural trope, on second thoughts, is not correctly applicable in her case. Flowers are not in her line. The vegetable garden is her province. That is where her learning lies. She knows the scientific name of every root that fizzes in a pot. But what is all her agricultural erudition compared with the sweet floral fancies of her dear little niece? Ah, well!"

Mr. Dashaway's countenance betrayed an additional shade of dejection, and, being alone, he rested his feet upon the back of an adjacent chair, above the level of his head, the American attitude of despair. It is unnecessary to explain the details of the dilemma in which he found himself. That he forbore the active prosecution of his original and slightly vicious scheme, is obvious; and the particular restraining influence can be easily enough divined. From all of which it may be gathered that, notwithstanding the general frivolity, extravagance, and recklessness of his temper, he was by no means wholly destitute of gentler impulses, and had not yet succeeded in hardening himself to the tender influences of youth and loveliness.

His reflections were suddenly interrupted by the appearance at the open window of an individual already mentioned in this unimpeachable narrative, but not yet personally presented, bearing a valise, an umbrella, and other light impedimenta, and clad in the appropriate duster of summer travel.

"Anybody here?" cried the new comer, advancing briskly.

"Oh, yes, I am here," said Dashaway, languidly turning.

"What! Mr. Dashaway?" exclaimed the addition to the *dramatis personæ*, apparently in great surprise.

Dashaway sprang nimbly to his feet. "Certainly, my dear Lillipond," he answered with blithe assurance. "Certainly, and delighted to see you. Have a fan?"

"So you *have* come," said cousin Jack curtly, and disregarding the proffered peace-offering.

"Yes, my dear fellow, I *have* come, as you recommended."

"As I recommended?" said Lillipond, aghast.

"Precisely. Your name was a passport to the very bosom of the family. I was received with open arms."

"By whom?"

"By your cousin, to be sure—figuratively, I mean. Don't misunderstand. Material arms, up to this point, have not encircled my manly frame."

Mr. Lillipond appeared a little amused and considerably annoyed. Dashaway's unblushing self-possession, which, it should be known, was nine-tenths affectation, he being in truth by no means wholly at his ease, appealed to his sense of mirth, while the flagrant circumstance of the intrusion into his cousin's household, with the general fact of which alone he was acquainted, was an outrage

upon his notions of social propriety. Thus "torn by conflicting emotions," as the classic novelists say, he remained irresolute, and suffered audacity to pursue its advantage.

"Sit down, Lillipond," said Dashaway; "make no ceremony with me. Give me your news, and I'll give you mine."

"Ah! so you have succeeded in making yourself acquainted with my cousin, after your own fashion?"

"Oh, yes," said Dashaway, in a tone which struck the questioner as curiously indifferent.

"Well," said Lillipond, with more warmth, "apart from the absurdity of your proposed object in coming here, is she not charming?"

"Undoubtedly," said Dashaway; "but do you think charming is exactly the word?"

"Why not? Lovely if you please."

"Lovely? I'm not sure I should say lovely, either. Why not call her 'a superior person'? That's complimentary and comprehensive, and not perilously compromising. Let us say 'a superior person.'"

"Others think differently, Mr. Dashaway," said Cousin Jack, a little relieved, on the whole, to find that Isabel had not produced the deep impression he had apprehended, although slightly nettled at the refusal to acknowledge her transcendent charms.

"In every spiritual sense," rejoined Dashaway, "she is no doubt charming and lovely; she is certainly very good-natured. But, as you have often heard me remark, in the varied experiences of a checkered life, I have encountered but two classes of women—old and young; the aged I respect, the youthful I adore."

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"No matter, Lillipond. Congratulate me; my suit prospers, and that is the principal thing."

"Which suit!"

"My wedding suit, I hope."

"Nonsense!"

"No, indeed. The best sense in the world. I have her confidence——"

"Whose?"

"Your cousin's. You don't believe me? Come, any wager you choose. I'll lay you—I'll lay you an egg I have her confidence."

Cousin Jack began to wonder if his warning letter could have gone astray by any mischance. Dashaway saw he was bewildered.

"Come, Lillipond," he suddenly burst forth, "you must speak a good word for me."

"To whom?"

"To your cousin."

"You are sure you stand well with her?"

"Positive; but, at the same time, a good word from you——"

"Shall I tell her you think she is neither charming nor lovely?"

"Oh," said Dashaway, with admirable nonchalance, "that's unnecessary. I've told her as much myself."

"That was frank, at least."

"She is a woman of superb good sense, you see. To gush, under the circumstances, would have been simply idiotic. So I took her on the strong ground of her solid qualities, and, I fancy, produced every requisite effect. Stay; here she is, here they are, both of them. I'll present you."

And, as a crowning masterstroke of effrontery, he forthwith presented Jack Lillipond to his own cousin and aunt, who entered at the moment, with ceremonious and dignified formality, faintly tempered by a sly mirthfulness, perceptible only to the younger lady.

"There's no possible retreat now," was Mr. Dashaway's sudden thought; "and nothing remains but to plunge headlong through, at whatever hazard. My only chance is '*l'audace, encore l'audace, toujours l'audace.*'"

IV.

I DECLINE, in this trifling sketch, to go deeply into the question of my hero's genuine character. It is probably plain that his wild jocularities, his daring impertinences were, in a great measure, matters of artifice and calculation, which, having been long assiduously cultivated, had become too pronounced to be at all times agreeable. His vivacity and unfailing good-humor were his own. His assurance, or, to employ a word which Mr. Disraeli would condemn as not yet sanctioned by Parliamentary adoption, his "cheek," was a quality which he had taken pains to engraft upon his nature some years before, and which had undoubtedly sprouted and blossomed to an extent far exceeding the original expectation. In earlier years he had passed through some pretty tempestuous ordeals, and with a fatuity not so uncommon as it might be to thoughtless youth, he seized upon the favorite theory that the world was his oyster, which he, with any instrument at his disposal, would open. On the whole, he was a delightful Vaurien; but, like a far more interesting hero of modern romance, not a *very* bad boy. His most shining vice was the custom of contracting debts indefinitely. By gradual stages he had qualified himself for every degree in the art of eluding creditors—mitigating their periodical asperities and winning back their confidence with a grace and skill that, in another sphere, would have entitled him to high diplomatic distinction. It was one of his principles, as he declared with a characteristic assumption of high-toned morality, never to get financially entangled with poorer men than himself; and he boasted, with apparent pride, of the fact that, however long and harassing the delay, the time always had come when he found means to discharge his various pressing obligations. But latterly he had been completely driven to the wall. With his determination to put a lasting end to his embarrassments, and with the manner in which that determination was alternately shaken and reasserted, the reader has been made acquainted. What the reader has not been made acquainted with, and what must be accepted without evidence in detail, is the fact that, during his Dorchester visit, which he had ingeniously extended from day to day, the keen eyes of Isabel had penetrated beneath his brazen mail, and had detected not a few of those spots which he, in his self-misinterpretation, would have denounced as his weakest, but which she, with clearer judgment, discovered to be his worthiest. In the course of those ten days there were necessarily many moments when his shield had to be lowered and his visor lifted. And although to Isabel the whole affair was still a prolonged practical jest, it was not without a certain gratification that she developed a fair proportion of estimable, not to say praiseworthy points in his character. She prided herself on being, as it were, the Columbus of his better parts. And it cannot be denied that one result of her observations was the gradual abandonment of at least the more vindictive plans for his overthrow and abasement which she had at first entertained.

Of course, Cousin Jack was promptly instructed as to the condition of affairs.

He naturally interposed remonstrances and warnings; but being overruled by the imperious head of the household, who, as usual, protested against having her sport spoiled, consented to take a charitable view of the matter, and even justified his acquiescence by recounting one or two passages in Dashaway's career which represented that gentleman in a far more favorable light than the admonitory letter of a fortnight ago had thrown upon him. These were received with indifference by the elder Miss Garland, but by the younger with an attention that bordered upon interest. Among other anecdotes was one which exhibited a singular devotion displayed by Dashaway in protecting and providing for two orphan children who had been intrusted to him by a dying friend. "The oddest selection in the world, everybody said; but, in spite of his untrustworthiness in all other directions," remarked Lillipond, "he certainly has fulfilled his duty with extraordinary fidelity. He accounts for it by saying it is only his natural fondness for children; but we all know there must be something deeper than that about it." To this Miss Garland responded that it would be a pity indeed if a man had not a single good quality to set against his innumerable enormities; whereat Isabel became pensive, and several minutes later, when the occasion had obviously passed, observed suddenly,

"We must not be too hard upon him if he is good to children."

"Why, Isabel," said her aunt, amazed, "you don't think his taking care of a couple of destitute children is any excuse for this impudent invasion?"

For the first time within the recollection of her family, Isabel made no attempt to assert herself, and offered no syllable of retort.

Not long after, being casually alone with Dashaway, she addressed him thus:

"Mr. Dashaway, I fancy you are fond of children."

"Children? Yes," said the unconscious mocker; "I like children when they go to bed early."

"I'm speaking seriously, sir. It always pleases me to hear of anybody who acts kindly and generously toward children."

That psychological weathercock which Mr. Dashaway was pleased to call his mind was instantly whirled round in the true direction. He straightway sought his intimate and confidential friend of three weeks' standing.

"I say, Lillipond," he began, "have you spoken that good word for me yet?"

"To my cousin?" said Lillipond. "No, not yet."

"Then don't say it. I take it all back. I don't want any good word said for me."

"Ah! you prefer——"

"Never mind what I prefer; only say no good word for me, unless you want to make me your mortal enemy."

This, being duly reported, was discussed by Miss Garland and Cousin Jack with genuine, and by Isabel with affected perplexity. The two former found warrant in it for new schemes of persecution, which the latter vetoed, with the observation that, after all, he was their guest, and they must not carry malice too far.

For several successive days Mr. Dashaway was in a state of feverish anxiety. He did not wholly relinquish his attentions to Miss Garland, fearing, perhaps, to excite suspicion by a too abrupt change of front. Nor did he perceptibly alter his demeanor toward Isabel, partly for the same reason, and partly, I think, from a motive which was not, on the whole, discreditable to him. Even supposing his purpose fixed, and himself ready to sacrifice his dazzling though ignoble aspirations, how could he suggest to this young girl, who, whatever her position of probable dependence, was surrounded by every variety of comfort

and luxury, a future which might be one of privation, and certainly could not be one of exalted prosperity? Nearly a week of this sort of indecision passed away, during which, like a volcano preparing for eructation, he was subject to strange fits of nervous agitation, portentous mutterings, and abnormal outbursts of false gayety. These were observed with secret satisfaction by two of the conspirators, and with a patient complacency by the third, although she never participated in the private exultation of her associates. What inward impulse it was that stirred her compassion, I am not prepared to say. It might have been her natural tenderness of heart, or it might have been her obstinate spirit of defiance, which carried her to the opposite extreme of the course determined upon by her cousin and her aunt; or, again, it might have been that Dashaway, in his distress, revealed still other unsuspected depths of feeling than those already sounded, and thus augmented the good-will with which she was beginning to regard him; or, once more, it might have been all these together. I make no pretension to supernatural vision, and only record the incidents and their consequences as they afterward revealed themselves.

In order to complete the sum of his miseries, it suddenly occurred to Dashaway, about this time, to inflict upon himself the scorpion sting of jealousy. As is usual in similar cases, the utter absence of cause was no bar to this proceeding. He began to cultivate sentiments of singular acrimony toward Cousin Jack, which he unskillfully endeavored to conceal under a guise of elaborate and overstrained politeness. From familiar "Jack" he fell rapidly to the cooler "Lillipond," and thence to frigid "Mr. Lillipond." He brooded in solitude and blundered in society. The victim of a new and incomprehensible disorder, he tormented himself, in his inexperience, with baseless suspicions, and erected fabrics of imaginary despair upon foundations of unwarranted distrust. To his own surprise, and somewhat to his consternation, he found himself deserted in turn by his accustomed gayety, his confident assurance, and his appetite.

At last the inevitable eruption came. Sitting alone, one morning, he saw the object of his regard walking among the flower-beds with her cousin, in confidential proximity. Lillipond's arm, indeed, was around her waist. This spectacle was to Dashaway's woe like the last drop in the conventional cup, or the last feather on the traditional back of the phrase-worn camel.

"I can't help it," he said within himself; "indeed I can't. It is pure madness, I suppose, but I feel I am growing devotedly attached to that young girl; and how can I tell her so? She probably has not a penny" (last flicker of the fleeting mercenary impulse), "and I am up to the roots of my hair in debt. At the same time I can't and won't let this fellow trifle with her. Anything to save her from that."

Presently to him entered the obnoxious "fellow," bearing an invitation to join everybody in an assault upon the pear trees. To which he commenced responding in a severe tone, thus:

"Mr. Lillipond!—"

"What do you mean, Archy?" interrupted Lillipond, with great good-humor. "It was 'Jack' until a day or two ago. Whence this new-born dignity?"

"Mr. Lillipond," resumed Dashaway, undeviatingly, "what are your intentions toward that young lady?"

"My intentions," said Lillipond. "Well, that's agreeable!"

"Not at all, sir," said Dashaway; "be good enough to explain."

"Bless me! How can I possibly owe you any explanations?"

"Clearly enough, sir; I am a friend of the family."

"And I am an enemy, I suppose."

"Mr. Lillipond, you are ridiculous ; fascinating, no doubt, but certainly ridiculous. And I warn you——"

"Oh, if you begin to warn me," said Lillipond, "I shall run away. Keep your temper, Archy ; if you lose that, you lose everything, you know." And he departed hastily to report progress.

Whereupon Isabel abandoned the out-door group, without the pretence of an excuse, and confronted our unhappy hero.

"Mr. Dashaway, you won't join us, and hospitality forbids neglect, so I have come to join you."

"What shall I say ; what *can* I say ?" thought Dashaway. And then, with an imbecile attempt to recover his former frivolity, he said, "Miss Garland, when travelling upon the Mississippi, I was once pursued by eleven alligators. The situation was embarrassing, but not one half so awkward as this." He paused, and again reflected. "Shall I tell her the truth ? If I do, she will despise me. If I don't, I shall despise myself."

"What is the matter, Mr. Dashaway ?"

"If you please, Miss Garland, I have a serious word to say to you."

"A serious word from you ?"

"'Tis unusual, isn't it ? A truth stranger than fiction. Miss Garland, the incident of the eleven alligators was a trifle compared with this. Here am I pursued, I might say, by the moral alligators of doubt, and apprehension, and shame, and others too odious to specify—eleven altogether."

Isabel Garland was not long afterward heard to declare—and I give her statement for what it is worth, suggesting only that her testimony might not have been uncolored by interest—that in the conversation which ensued she was really touched by his struggles, first to preserve and afterward to throw aside the farcical affectations which long usage had rendered almost inseparable accompaniments of Mr. Dashaway's manner and speech. Odd enough this conflict of old hampering habit and new sincere purpose doubtless was ; but whether it would have struck an unconcerned listener as in any way affecting, is another question.

"In the first place, Miss Garland," continued Dashaway, "I am a scoundrel !"

Received in tranquil silence.

"I am indeed, Miss Garland, a scoundrel of the blackest hue. Let me tell you all, and you will heartily agree with me. I came here to lay siege to your aunt. As I told Jack Lillipond, I meant to woo and win her. As a culminating atrocity, I proposed to wed her. And all because I had heard of her wealth, and haven't any money to speak of myself. Now you know the worst. Now you see me in all my naked, natural depravity. It would be useless for me to try to justify myself, or to apologize. Don't say a word, Miss Isabel, don't heap reproaches upon me ; I couldn't endure them—from you. I leave this house forever" ; the sincerity of which declaration, by the by, he slightly impaired by remaining firmly fixed in his position.

"Moreover, Miss Isabel," he added hurriedly, "I was infamously rude to you when I first came here. Don't deny it, you know I was. I insist upon apologizing for that. But pray don't say a word ; don't heap reproaches upon me. Good-by, Miss Isabel."

"Why, I'm not angry, Mr. Dashaway."

"Oh, do *not* heap reproaches upon me, I implore. You ought to pity me. See how I have fallen into my own snare. I wanted to entangle your poor old aunt, and I'm fatally entangled myself."

"In what way, sir ?"

"Don't you see? I only just discovered that I had a heart, to find I had lost it forever."

This was Isabel's cue to act the unconscious and obtuse. "My aunt is a dear old aunt, to be sure," she said.

"It's not your aunt at all," interposed Dashaway impetuously; "it's you."

"Nonsense, Mr. Dashaway!" said Isabel, with first-class counterfeit incredulity and disdain.

"No, no! Lunacy, if you please, but not nonsense. Ah, Miss Isabel, I used to think poverty a misfortune, but I never knew its misery until now. Do you detest me?"

"Really, Mr. Dashaway, I think not much."

"Not much; that's something. I wish I were rich; I wish I could see my way clear—for you I mean, not for myself. I'd ask you to marry me."

"Good gracious!"

"Indeed I would. I have a little, as it is. Enough for two, but not enough for four."

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Dashaway?"

"There are some children to be considered. Don't misunderstand me. I have two little wards left to my care by a dying friend. Mustn't allow myself to forget them, you know."

A peculiarly feminine resolution took possession of Isabel's mind—cruel in appearance, kindly in intent. "I'll test him," was her thought: "thoroughly, remorselessly, mercilessly. And if he bears it as he should——"

"Mr. Dashaway, if you really feel for me what you say——"

"Well, Miss Isabel——"

"Then you might rid yourself of these encumbrances, for my sake."

"Encumbrances! What, abandon my poor little innocents? What can you mean? Surely, you are not serious."

"We must look at things as they are, you know."

"That's a wicked idea. Don't repeat it; I can't bear to imagine an imperfection in a woman like you."

"A woman like me! Pray, sir, are all *men* faultless?"

"No, no; there are some who are not perfect. But you——"

"Then you were trifling with me when you said——"

"Trifling? For a smile or a kind word from you I would relinquish everything that I honorably could. Fortune, if I had one. Family, if I had one. Listen: why might I not work? The thing is not impossible. I'm almost sure I could work—for you. Will you give me a chance to try?"

"Let me think," said Isabel; and, having devoted a moment to that process, or its equivalent, she added, "Mr. Dashaway, I have something for you."

"A reproach, I suppose," said Dashaway; "I begged you not to heap reproaches upon me."

"No, not exactly."

"If not a reproach, it can be nothing but a promise. Is it a promise? In earnest? Oh, it's too good to be real. I'm so proud and so happy! Don't laugh at me. And I'll stand to my word. I'll work hard enough—you shall see."

During the utterance of these scarcely coherent remarks, Mr. Dashaway had imitated the precise movement which, when executed half an hour earlier by Cousin Jack, had kindled his wildest ire.

"Don't, don't, Mr. Dashaway," said Isabel; "not so fast, sir."

"Not so fast!" cried Dashaway. "The faster the better." And there is no

knowing to what extremities he might not have proceeded had not the group been amplified at the moment by the entrance of Aunt Garland and her nephew.

Isabel made no effort to look otherwise than foolish. Dashaway, on the contrary, held his head unblushingly erect.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "there's no harm. I'm going to be married."

Isabel laughed outright.

"Married? To whom, sir, let me ask?" said Lillipond.

"Jack," answered Dashaway, his eye twinkling with its wonted humor, "you know my formula: in the varied experiences of a checkered life, I have encountered but two classes of women, old and young—the aged I respect, the youthful I adore."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Garland.

"Nor I never," coincided Mr. Lillipond.

"Nor I, until now," said Isabel, demurely.

Mr. Lillipond offered a sort of protest, "on behalf of his cousin," at the same time making toward Isabel, who seemed nowise disposed to profit by his interference. Dashaway captured his button, and, in a whisper, assured him that his cousin was not compromised in the smallest degree. To which Lillipond, much irritated, responded that it was time for all that foolery to cease, and again harangued "on his cousin's behalf." To put an end to the bewilderment, Isabel then said:

"You must know that I am his cousin, Mr. Dashaway."

"Precisely," said Dashaway; "fourth or fifth. His cousin's niece. Not the genuine thing."

"Yes, the genuine thing. Aunty," she exclaimed with an imperative gesture, "tell Mr. Dashaway who you are."

"My dear," said Miss Garland, "I can tell him I am not the mistress of this house, if that will satisfy you."

"Not the mistress of this house!" cried Dashaway, turning very pale; "who then? Why, it must be you."

"That is the melancholy truth," said Isabel.

"Then it's all over," said Dashaway; "let me go, let me go."

"Let you go," said Isabel (oh, how red!) "No, that would never do. You are going to be married!"

V.

AND I presume that in due season he was married; and that Cousin Jack smiled upon a destiny which his frown could not have altered; and that Miss Garland continued to receive the same affectionate hospitality from Mrs. Dashaway which she had enjoyed during her niece's virginal career; and that Dashaway contrived to moderate the extravagance of his demeanor, and, when the occasion came, proved the manhood he had asserted at the most critical period of his life by creating for himself a name in the worthiest field that could be opened to a New England gentleman; and that the little orphans were the means of still further brightening an already happy household. But my positive knowledge as to these details is imperfect. The story is well known in Dorchester, where it caused a prodigious sensation at the time. Anybody who desires additional particulars can get them there. For my own part, I have known next to nothing of the place or its inhabitants for thirteen years.

EDWARD H. HOUSE.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

OPPOSITE my windows is a fashionable church, and it is a wonderful sight on a sunny Sunday to see the congregation streaming out. Of course the majority of the worshippers are women, and they come fluttering forth in the brightest of silks all glittering and glowing in radiant colors. The pavement shimmers with crimson and violet and blue and emerald; there are white feathers, azure feathers, scarlet feathers, feathers shooting forth as many tints as "the peacock's spotted train—bright Argus' golden eye;" there are chains and necklaces and bracelets and brooches and earrings; the street is positively ablaze with color and lustre. There are ladies in that procession who display, from their flashing feathers to their dainty shining boots of bronze, every gaudy color which could show itself in a kaleidoscope. Looking down on that radiant, quick-glancing stream of colors, one almost fancies he is gazing upon a field covered with dazzling tropical insects, or the flight of a colony of gorgeous birds. Nothing to be seen in Europe is like this sight. Such sheeny silks are kept there for the drawing-room or the afternoon drive in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne; such wealth of dazzling colors is never displayed on the form of European womanhood at all. And at church—even the uttermost devotees of fashion in Europe do keep up something like a semblance of demureness and gravity, if not of sombreness and penitence, in their church-going garb. I do not suppose there is any clear religious principle involved in the matter anyhow, although the supposed contrast between the purpose of a church service and the gorgeous dressing of the fair devotees is the subject of a good deal of comment now and then in New York journals. At least, I am not cast enough to say how far it is becoming and lawful to bedizen the person when about to attend a church service, and where adornment begins to be objectionable and profane. But, loving all that brightens the outer aspects of life, which after all must at best have a good deal of dullness and sombreness in it, I am personally grateful to that stream of womanhood which arrays itself in all the colors of the rainbow or the pigeon's neck, and makes so lustrous a pageant under my windows. I feel like the philosophic Oriental in some story or other, who stopped a great lady and thanked her for the gems she wore, feeling bound, as the ornaments gave him so much pleasure to look at, and must have been put on to gladden his eyes as well as those of others, to express his gratitude for the joy given him by the exhibition. Those gleaming silks and glittering gewgaws are put on, that prodigality of coloring is displayed, to brighten for a moment the street on which I look—for that purpose as much as for any other—and I feel grateful for the pretty, gleaming, evanescent pageant, which costs the performers so much and the spectator nothing at all.

Now, this is a sight you cannot see in the street life of Europe; or, indeed, in the street life of any American city save New York alone. Therefore, I am not going to take this fearless love of gorgeous coloring and costly dressing as the general peculiarity of American woman, but only to make it for the moment a sort of illustration or symbol of one point of difference between American women and the women of England. I think there is almost everywhere more vividness and variety of tone in the character of the former than of the latter. The latter may symbolize Law, the former Liberty. Take the finest, noblest, most beautiful

English woman you can see, and the impression she leaves on your mind is that of a living statue of Repose. A beautiful American woman, on the other hand, seems to me to symbolize the idea of Movement; of Progress if you will; certainly of Motion of some kind. In certain peculiarities of appearance and manner, the American woman is much more like a French than an English woman; although I may remark that I never could understand why so much is said about the little, *petite*, symmetrical figures of French women, my impression being that five out of every six French women are redundant in their development, and anything whatever rather than sylph-like. But in dress, gesture, tone of voice, fluency of conversation, animation of movement, an American woman much resembles a French woman. I mean, of course, a French married woman. No foreigner ever knew anything about a French *fille*; the daughter of his host and intimate friend is to him hardly ever anything more than a silent shadow. An English lady living in Paris found herself in a high dilemma some two years ago, during the progress of some public festivities. She had with her as visitors at the same time a French girl from one of the provinces, and an American girl, from New York, I think; and she confided to my wife and myself, who happened to be in Paris then, her intense perplexity and distress with the French girl, who might not do anything or go anywhere, and the American girl, who might and would do anything and go anywhere whither her inclination led her. A few years more, and the conditions will probably be reversed. Both the ladies will have married; and then the American woman will feel that she has acquired new responsibilities to which she willingly sacrifices many inclinations, while the French woman will find herself mistress of an almost absolute freedom, endowed with a liberty which she may render indistinguishable from license should she feel so inclined.

It seems almost superfluous to speak of the beauty of American women. Even the most prejudiced and illiberal of European observers have done willing justice to this; and indeed one should have no eyes at all if he failed to notice the extraordinary number of pretty faces which pass him in the stream that floats down Broadway any fine afternoon. But the peculiarity which first impressed me in the American woman was her fluency and self-reliance in speech. Perfectly astonishing to me at least was, and still is, the command of words and sentences which almost every American girl one meets always seems to have. I do not know how I can better express my sense of this wonderful gift of tongue than by saying that an American woman appears to me always capable of managing a parenthesis anywhere with perfect accuracy, dropping the parenthetical passage and taking up the original thread of the sentence exactly at the right word. New York society seems to abound with pretty little petticoated Gladstones. An English woman of even more than average culture, when engaged in ordinary conversation, does not give herself much trouble about the finishing of a sentence. When she has gone deeply enough into it to enable her listener to get the idea she means to convey, she is only too ready to drop that sentence there midway, and begin another. This is the kind of way in which all Thackeray's heroines talk, and all Charles Reade's and Anthony Trollope's; and it is perfectly right that they should be made to talk so, for so English women talk in real life. But any one who should write a novel in which there appeared some American women, and make them talk in the same kind of stammering, incoherent way, would commit as great a blunder as if he were to make a Devonshire lass speak with the accent of Highland Mary. Most American women whom I have met talk habitually with an accuracy which would bear of literal reporting, the lan-

guage reading like a page copied out of a book ; while at the same time there is a fluency which never pauses for a word, and never seems to know the slightest difficulty in expressing an idea. Nor is this merely an empty fluency, a shining, shallow river ; nor is it a pretty chatter, pleasant and marvellous, like that of an average *Parisienne*. A French woman who is not exceptionally educated is generally an ignorant creature ; an American girl has almost always a considerable stock of knowledge. American girls especially differ from English girls in their superior acquaintance with politics and political life. Nothing surprised me more in this country than the good general knowledge of, and general interest in, the politics of at least her own country which the young American woman possesses. There is in England, and more especially in London, a considerable number of women who take a lively interest in politics, and understand every political question as well as men can do. But these are almost invariably women who are brought into something like direct connection with political life, the wives and daughters of peers, members of Parliament, journalists, and others to whom Westminster Palace, where Parliament meets, is the Alcyone or central sun of the social system. The average English woman who does not belong to any of the groups I have indicated, seldom knows or cares anything about the politics of her, our, or any other country. It would be quite possible to dine every day at some table where there might be half a dozen English women of good social position, and supposed to be educated, not one of whom had the faintest idea of what the English system of government is, or had ever thought about the matter at all. I wonder where you could find half a dozen American women of decent education, who do not know whether General Grant has or has not the power of making any laws he pleases. Not merely is the average English woman ignorant of politics, but she does not even know enough to know how ignorant she is ; she has probably never given one moment's consideration to a subject which she assumes to be utterly beside her sphere and beyond her comprehension. Here in the United States girls who do not seem to have long passed the age of pantalettes, commonly amaze the unaccustomed foreigner by plunging at once into some complicated political question, and talking of it with perfect fluency and with a knowledge that seems to be genuine. Nor is this true of political subjects merely. These young American women seem to have the faculty of grappling readily with the most difficult topics. I have heard American girls talk about Herbert Spencer in a manner which not only convinced me that they had read him, but even satisfied me that they had actually understood him as well. I have never heard better appreciation of some of our greatest living English authors than I have listened to from the lips of animated, fluent young American women, who if they were English would hardly talk in company at all, or if they did talk would scarcely venture beyond the commonplaces and small change of conversation. All this, too, is without any appearance of the old-fashioned blue-stockings peculiarities on the part of the American ladies ; it seems quite fresh, natural, and womanly. The knowledge of literature possessed by American girls does not, however, seem to me relatively so great by any means as their knowledge of politics. My impression is that a well-educated English woman has generally a wider acquaintance with literature than her American sister. I do not find, for example, that the great classic masters of our language, in prose or poetry, are very familiar to the tripping tongue of the bright American girl who can talk politics with a professional journalist, and knows Victor Hugo, and George Sand, and Robert Browning, and Tennyson, and Carlyle, and perhaps even Goethe and Heine, as well as a

professional critic. I do not think she is likely to know a great deal about Milton, or Edmund Spenser, or Fielding, or even Shakespeare himself, except from the acquaintanceship formed through the medium of Edwin Booth. But it is certain that whatever she knows, and whatever she sees, the American woman can talk about. She can even describe—describe places she has seen so that she makes you think you are seeing them too; describe them in long, flowing, pictorial sentences which, although running on as if the speaker took no time even to think about their arrangement, yet come out clear and accurate to the very end, each part of the sentence dovetailing properly with the other, and the verb invariably agreeing with its nominative case in number and person. I have sat and listened, a wonder-wounded hearer, while an American lady poured out, quite extemporaneously and on the spur of some chance suggestion, a description of Western mountain scenery which reminded me of nothing in the world so much as of certain long, eloquent, glowing prose dithyrambs in the “Noctes Ambrosianæ,” or perhaps of some of Bulwer-Lytton’s heroines in a vein of special eloquence. But then, Christopher North in the “Noctes” or the heroine of Bulwer’s novel had the thing elaborately prepared and written out for him or her by the author, who doubtless went over it many times in manuscript, and made various emendations in proof, before he allowed the outburst of unstudied eloquence to flow forth; while these American ladies of whom I speak had absolutely no idea, one moment before, that the conversation was to be started which would give their power of extemporaneous description a chance of displaying itself.

Of course, the independence of the American woman—especially of the unmarried woman—always astonishes the European. An American girl may do, I suppose, anything which it is not absolutely wrong to do. All the conventionalities founded on notions of moral propriety which hedge in an English girl, have apparently no existence for young women in these United States. I can say with perfect sincerity that I have not seen or heard of one single instance of harm, or even of misunderstanding or misconstruction, arising out of this fearless, generous liberty. If I may express any opinion tending the other way on so delicate a subject, I would say that the class of American women who are most in the habit of visiting Europe, and “go in,” to use a vulgar expression, for European ways, seem to draw down far more of disparaging criticism upon them than the frankest and least timid of their more thoroughly American sisters. But, in any case, I cannot help saying that the freedom of which I speak does not extend to all departments of mere conventionality. The English girl is compelled to refrain from doing many things admitted to be perfectly innocent in themselves, on the ground that the freedom to do them might possibly suggest to evil-disposed persons that there existed an inclination, or at least a liability, to impropriety: the rule by which the American girl is guided seems, in most matters, to be literally that of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. But, strangely enough, the American girl in cities appears to me to be even more under the sway of the conventionalities of mere social etiquette than English girls are. I think American womanhood pays more attention and attaches more importance to the little formalities of calls and visits, of cards and letters, of fashions and dress, than English womanhood does. The fear of an English girl always seems to be lest she may be supposed to be doing anything that is not proper; that of an American girl, lest she should be doing anything that is not quite genteel. It is surprising to find how the woman who talked so brilliantly, and, more than that, so solidly and justly, upon some political or other grave and important question,

and who so calmly and gracefully asserts for herself a freedom of individual action which no English woman would dare to claim, would dream of claiming—it is surprising to find how this same woman can prove herself to be more absolutely the bond-servant of the merest trifles of etiquette in the fashionable code than the least emancipated of her Old-World sisters. I feel bound to say that I think the average English woman, with all her cold propriety, her rigid undemonstrative ways, her repugnance to any advanced opinion, or indeed to speculative opinions of any kind, is a far less servile devotee of dress and fashion than one of these brilliant American women, who are afraid to enter no field of human thought, and who have a pure and generous disregard for all the terrors of what I may call constructive impropriety. Not long since an English lady of high rank and of great intelligence, a lady whose intellect, acquirements, and earnestness of character would render her remarkable anywhere, travelled through several of these States. I protest that I heard more remarks made by American ladies about this English woman's simplicity and plainness of dress, about her thick boots and her woollen skirts, and so forth, than about any of the qualities of personal beauty, or clear intellect, or noble earnestness, which yet all who met her in this country are quite willing, when questioned on the subject, to acknowledge that she possessed. It may be that she dressed plainly and carelessly (I never heard any one in London make a single remark on the subject), but her appearance could hardly have created more criticism and commentary here if she had come to the United States attired in a garb like that of Mary Walker. Now, I am not inclined to find much fault with the love of bright and attractive dressing in woman, and I do not think careless and dowdy ways in dress do of themselves constitute anything like a virtue. I said in the opening of this article that I can see no particular reason why women should not be dressed handsomely even at church. But I do entirely object to making the clothes a test of the woman; and I do think it a pity that American women, who claim and exercise so liberal and honorable a practice of independent individuality in most things, should be in this one matter of subserviency to the code of fashion in dress behind rather than before all the rest of the womanhood of the civilized world. Even the champions of Woman's Rights, the most vehement opponents of the Tyrant Man, in this country, appear never to be done with their efforts to convince the public that they are as faithful to fashion as the prettiest imbecile of Fifth Avenue. "We are rebels," they seem to say, "against the time-honored traditions and prejudices of all the earth; but, do believe us, dear Public, we are honest and devoted slaves to fashion."

So much as regards freedom in dress. One other not unimportant attribute of greater freedom I think English women possess, as compared with Americans—the freedom which calls a spade a spade. Having already borne so willing a tribute to the incomparable superiority of American women as talkers, I may be allowed to say that I think English ladies, for the little they can talk, use a simpler and purer Saxon English than flows from the lips of American ladies. Englishmen, and after them English women, have lately grown very much into the use of a clear, plain, nervous style of phraseology, free from all affectation and all magniloquence, which does not appear to me to be much cultivated in this country. In England now it is assuredly a mark and proof of culture to adopt this simplicity of style; in this country I think people, especially women, try hard to cultivate a fine, euphuistic jargon. Here, for example, it appears to be thought a rude and coarse sort of thing to speak of a woman of education and position as a woman; you must speak of her always as a "lady." Mrs. Brown is a charming

lady; Miss Black is a beautiful lady, and so on. In England this sort of phraseology is usually abandoned to the lady's-maid and the footman. Educated and well-bred English people will always say: Mrs. Black is a charming woman; Miss Black is a beautiful woman. I own I think there is a great advantage in the general adoption of this system of simple phraseology. Odious to me are all the forms of euphuistic periphrasis by which people strive to invest simple realities with a sham dignity. I had rather hear an English woman break into a little word of forcible slang, as such women will do occasionally, than hear her spoil our pure and noble Saxon speech, so sweet and homelike in its simple, natural strength, by over-refinement of language and the spurious graces of a superficial gentility. Listening, as I have often done with wonder and admiration, to the fluent and brilliant talk of the American woman, I have thought at the same time that, if such fluency and such brilliancy could only find expression in the simple Saxon which is now happily the vernacular of educated people in England, the charming talker would have just the one thing needed to place her completely supreme among the conversationalists of the modern world. But nobody can monopolize all the gifts and graces, and I am glad whenever during this article I can record something to the special advantage of the womanhood of the old country.

All American women, in cities at least, and nearly all that I have met in country places, can talk well: that I lay down as an irrefutable proposition. And then what a vast number of American women can write well! Ranging in memory over a tolerably large circle of acquaintances, it is amazing to me to remember how many of the women I have met are skilful and accomplished writers. I am not speaking now of the women of literary distinction, the women whose names are "in the play-bills," the professional authoresses. Of this class we have probably a larger number at home. I speak of women who do not pretend to be professional writers, but who can, when occasion requires, sit down and write off quite a brilliant little essay, or story, or poem; and of women who are professional writers, but who belong merely to the rank and file of letters, and do not think of attaining a position of leadership. Of this latter class we have in England hardly any specimens at all. Speaking with all but literal accuracy, I may say that we have in England no professional journalists of the female sex—no "newspaper women." We have, indeed, a vast number of female novelists; but of these only a very small proportion can be called professional writers—or, I had almost said, writers at all. Most of my readers could probably name as readily as I could all the English women who may properly be called novelists. But every season sends out a whole shoal of novels written by aspiring and foolish young women—written sometimes for mere recreation and to enliven the monotony of a fashionable existence—which no more deserve the name of literature than the vapid and harmless parlor-charade deserves the name of high dramatic art. The fair amateur romancist covers the proper number of pages with writing of some sort; her kindly husband or father consents to make good to the publisher any loss that may attend the printing of the work—indeed, owing to our circulating library system in England, and the constant demand for new novels merely because they are new, anything issued by certain publishing houses will pay its expenses—and the thing is done, and the dear creature has the sweet fame of authorship among the members of her family and her immediate circle of friends. I know myself one lady who has written and published more than twenty novels, none of which ever obtained a line of notice in any journal, and none of which ever paid or was expected to pay a solitary sixpence

to the indefatigable authoress. Now, I don't call this sort of thing literature. There is no manner of reason why my little daughter, aged ten, might not, with due revision of her work, become an authoress after this fashion. I regard a man or woman as a writer when he or she has written something that an editor or publisher will pay for, and which somebody will read without being urged thereto by the claims of personal friendship. In England, then, we have really very few female writers, after the half dozen or so of professional authoresses whose names are known to us all; and the English woman hardly ever becomes a journalist or writes regularly for the newspapers. Here in the United States women are everywhere involved in the innermost recesses of the world of journalism. If a woman of education wants to make her living in one of these cities, she seems now to think, first of all, of writing for the newspapers and magazines, just as an English girl's first idea would be to become a governess. And it must be owned that, when an American girl thinks she can write, she is not easily persuaded to the contrary, or discouraged from persevering in her efforts. I know something of the inner life of a certain New York weekly journal, and have been in the habit of spending some time more or less of every working day there; and I venture to affirm that of the amateur contributors who penetrated, wholly uninvited, into the editorial rooms, and presented there a bundle of manuscript, at least two out of every three were women, and a considerable proportion of these were girls under twenty. This journal had many female pens contributing regularly to its columns, the pens of ladies who wrote essays, "editorials," poems, stories, descriptions of travel, regular newspaper correspondence, etc., and did their work as well as any penman engaged in the literature of journalism. Two or three at least of these accomplished women write with a force, a freedom, a clearness of thought, a mastery of terse, nervous, and eloquent expression, which would do honor to any masculine journalist and to any publication. I presume that the same thing may be said of many other—I know it can be said of some other—New York journals, weekly and daily. But, in the instance of which I speak, the fact that so many female pens were professionally and regularly employed in the columns of the journal naturally left little opportunity or chance for the proffered services of amateurs, and therefore most of the ladies who presented themselves with their bundles of manuscript were allowed to depart without their workmanship having been accepted. How many times have I listened with profound interest to the debate which would take place between one of the editors of the journal and one of the fair amateurs! How calmly, firmly, fluently, fearlessly she would expatiate on the peculiar attractions of her essay, poem, or story; how gracefully she would wave away, not without a dash of gentle scorn in her tone, the mild and elementary objections of the editor—the objection, for instance, that he had already had seven successive articles on the same subject, of which the last was published that very day; or that the views expressed in the proffered essay were diametrically opposed to those of himself and the journal; or that his literary columns were filled up already for six months in advance; or that he never did or could accept long romances, and this seemed to be a preternaturally long romance. The lady, probably eighteen years of age, had meanwhile calmly taken a chair, arranged her skirts, and sat down to argue the question; and how eloquently, vivaciously, eagerly she did argue it! How her eyes sparkled and her tongue rattled! And when at last it became evident that the thing could not be accepted, the chances were that in nine cases out of ten, the disappointed young woman took her defeat with the most perfect good-humor, and, dismissing the subject of the rejected manuscript altogether, started an ani-

mated talk on things in general before bidding good-by to the inexorable editor and setting forth to try her fortune with some one else. May she be successful! Nay, I know that she will be successful in the end, and that she will be the literary star of some small or large circle, and will be known by some initial or *nom de plume* as the distinguished authoress of this or that novel, work on the Woman Question, poem, or series of letters from foreign parts. Happy was it for the journal I spoke of that I was not its editor—that I had not the power of accepting contributions! I never could have held out against such arguments; nay, I should infallibly have yielded at the first blush of battle; I should have accepted all the contributions of all the ladies, young and old; and what a fine circulation I should have soon secured for that weekly paper! Often have I asked of my own soul, as I thus listened to the eloquent, vivacious, pertinacious pleading of the maiden of blushing sixteen, or, as the case might be, of the widow of fifty—often have I asked of my own soul, “Could *you* thus plead the cause of one of *your* productions? Could *you*, to save yourself from literary extinction and your family from pauperism, thus argue with a reluctant editor, thus insist on his seeing the beauty of your style, the appropriateness of your reflections?” Alas, no! And I never knew any man who could, or indeed any woman save here in the United States; and I am quite certain that, if by possibility an English man or woman could thus be brought to plead and argue for acceptance, neither he nor she would be found to bear defeat with such ready and sparkling good-humor.

To a stranger, American women are naturally the most agreeable acquaintances he can find in the sex. The ready friendliness of manner which they display, the frank and warm cordiality which dispenses with nearly all the slow preliminaries of acquaintanceship, with nearly all the formal interchange of conversational sign and countersign—all these peculiarities make the society of American women especially delightful and attractive to a visitor and a foreigner, who, having no time for the slow and gradual formation of friendships, finds himself in this respect more fortunate here than in any country in the world. I cannot adequately describe how strange and delightful I found this genial and unrestrained good-nature. I do not know why it is that, where so many men are habitually silent, all the women should be so exuberant in conversational power; but my experience certainly is, that in most American circles, whether of town or country, the *frais* of the conversation will be left to the wife, the sisters, or the daughters. Woman is much more of a recognized power, she “amounts to” far more, in this country than across the Atlantic. She is recognized as having a legitimate right to hold her own opinion in everything. She is not supposed, when married, to merge her existence into her husband’s, as an English woman is at least supposed to do. She shines with her own light, not with that reflected from her husband; she is a sun, and not a satellite. Even in old-fashioned and almost puritanical households, where assuredly modern doctrines of woman’s rights and freedom of marriage relations have not penetrated, the woman seems to me to have her equality much more clearly recognized than in England. I do not mean to say that English women are less potent in their households or have less influence over their husbands; but that the power and influence are not openly accorded to them, and recognized as legitimate. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the English woman has commonly a greater share of mere family supremacy than the American woman. I doubt whether there is not much more of petticoat government in England than here. Most Englishmen, indeed, are controlled by their wives, and I question whether most Americans are. In England, the husband has a position very much like that of the sov-

ereign: he is allowed to reign on condition that he shall not attempt to govern. In America, so far as I have been able to observe, the republican principle prevails even in the family circle: woman is equal to man at home, and free to exercise what influence she can and thinks right abroad. Paris has been called the paradise of women; but he, whosoever he was, that first used the phrase, had assuredly never been in New York or Boston. For in these cities woman, even unmarried woman, is recognized as having a right to all the liberty and all the independence and all the influence which in no European country can be acquired except by defiance of the social code and at the possible risk of social outlawry. In the United States is now on trial an experiment as interesting and important as any ever tested by society, and one which never has been so tried before—the experiment of allowing to woman her full, unfettered social independence and individuality. To me the question whether woman is or is not to have a vote seems insignificant and unimportant when compared with this other question which is actually being put to the proof in America, and here alone at this moment—the question whether woman may be trusted to follow her own impulses, obey her own principles, walk her own way in the social world. I can see no possible reason to doubt the answer that time and facts and American women will give. There is hardly an American girl in any city of the Union who does not every day do things which society in England, to say nothing of France or Germany, would not allow her to attempt without holding up the hands and eyes of wonder and dismay. Which code is likely to prevail in the end—that of freedom of individuality or that of Mrs. Grundy? For myself, I have great faith in liberty and in human nature; and I think American women have used their freedom so wisely and well, that their far-off sisters are likely to become more and more captivated and encouraged by the example.

Extremes, however, produce extremes. Under absolute despotisms grow up the fiercest Red Republicans; priestly rule brings out the most extravagant infidels; and in the United States I have conversed with some of the most unreasonable reactionaries in the form of woman it has ever been my fortune to encounter. Almost everywhere one meets some specimens of this remarkable class—American women who earnestly and pertinaciously protest that republican principles are a failure, and frankly avow that they sigh for a restoration of castes and titles. I am not speaking of Southern women, but of Northern women, the wives and daughters of staunch Republicans; and very odd it seems to hear such ladies placidly, and sometimes not very placidly, declare that things will never be well in this country until you have Marquises and Countesses here, and distinctions of classes, and the lower orders kept in their proper place. I do not know whether ladies having such sentiments form anything like a considerable proportion; but I have met almost everywhere some fair advocates of reaction, and their number is certainly greater than I could have expected to find in the United States.

New York seems to be the city of the Union which produces the type of womanhood the least like the English type. In Richmond, of all American cities I have seen, the women seemed to me most like English women. Boston girls are much more unlike the girls of England than I had been led to expect. But indeed there is a difference of manner, appearance, accent, and mental tone between American women generally and English women generally, so great that one is puzzled to understand how such disparity ever grew up between two classes of beings speaking the same language, and brought up on the same broad principles of education. Of course, the liberty which an American woman

enjoys, and the scope it gives to the tendencies of individual character, cannot be had except at the risk of some extravagance; and it may perhaps be admitted that one meets with more examples of eccentricity, of *pronounced* manners and fantastic deportment, among American than among English womanhood. You can hardly make comedy out of a genuine living English woman of the educated class, except by merely burlesquing her physical peculiarities, and exhibiting something like one of the Meess Nancies of French comic literature, with their goggle eyes and corkscrew curls of red. The quiet, severely-proper composure which belongs especially to that very class of English women whom satire would most delight to ridicule, would quite mar her success as a dramatic figure; place her, in her habit as she lives, on the boards of a New York theatre, and she would amuse nobody. But I think I have seen American ladies who might be warranted to make a fortune not only in a London theatre, but even on New York boards, if they could—if they only could—speak and move and gesticulate on the stage precisely as they do in real life, and had some part written for them which would give them as good a chance as Mr. Owens has in "Solon Shingle." If they would but dispense with acting altogether, they would fairly rival all that he can do by the best efforts of his elaborate and well-studied art. Assuredly, these instances are rare; but they could hardly exist at all, except in a country where an individual liberty prevailed such as older systems do not yet acknowledge. I never saw in real life the caricaturist's typical English woman or French woman. I think I have seen, two or three times at least, in living form, the caricaturist's typical American woman. I am speaking now simply of appearance, accent, and movement. Of course, I need hardly say that I have never met the American woman of "Punch" who says, "I guess I'm pretty crowded already," when she is offered a little more of some dish at dinner, and who harpoons you with her parasol if you don't at once rise and give her your seat in a street car. I have not found that educated ladies in America make any greater difficulty than English ladies would do about alluding, if occasion needed, to their legs; and ladies in England don't talk much in company of those limbs unless when occasion does require. Likewise, I have not yet met—shall I ever meet?—the American girl who begins every sentence with "Do tell!" In English literature, "Do tell" is as much the accepted sign and password of the American girl as *Pax vobiscum* is of the pretended monk in "Ivanhoe." I cannot remember having ever heard an American lady use the phrase; and I do not know how we in England came to think that all American women use it. But, seeing that it has long been an article of faith in England that all American men wear black dress coats in the streets and at their work, one has no occasion to feel surprised over any manifestation of ignorance and perverse credulity which may prevail among Britons on the subject of American ways and peculiarities.

Perhaps it is because so many years, or even generations, have passed away since an English pig, to adopt Sydney Smith's illustration, was killed by a foreign weapon on English soil, that there is so little demonstration in English society of anything like the patriotic sentiment one hears so commonly expressed by Americans. Certainly, English women hardly ever show, if they feel it, any of that warm, effusive love of country which I have heard American women so often express. I doubt whether English women commonly think much over the matter at all. England's national honor, unity, and strength have never been in the slightest danger during the memory of any living creature; and there has, therefore, been nothing to call into emotional activity the patriotic sentiment.

But it must be great excitement indeed which could extract from an average English woman any ebullition of such a nature. I saw an American lady in a London drawing-room linger behind all the rest of the company for the purpose of taking up a tiny silken copy of the flag of the Stars and Stripes left on a table by a child; and I saw her, when I am convinced she thought no eye was on her, press this little flag again and again to her lips. This was no piece of affectation or pretty acting, but a genuine and irresistible expression of emotion. Now, I cannot picture to myself an English girl in New York lingering behind to kiss the Union Jack. Not that the English woman is less sincerely a lover of her country than is her American sister; but because the English woman hardly ever has a subjective or a sentimental nature, while she is taught by every precept, principle, and influence around her, from her infancy upwards, that well-bred women must not give free way to their feelings. The stateliest Oriental, the most stoical Red Indian, could hardly be a more impassive creature than an average well-bred English woman. Such a thing as sentiment is hardly known to such a being. In all the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Charles Reade, I can remember no heroine who ever once talks sentiment—except Becky Sharp, who was half a French woman, and was, moreover, only shamming when she turned up her green eyes and said pretty things about the stars.

What some bright tropic bird is to a pigeon, that, in outward appearance, is the New York girl to the English girl. What Rousseau is to Jeremy Bentham, or Jean Paul Richter to Lessing, that the mental character of educated American womanhood is to the mental character of educated English womanhood. When some American female or male, endowed with the true genius of the novelist, shall rise above the horizon of letters, and shall describe an intellectual, impassioned, genuine American girl, as Charlotte Brontë has pictured Jane Eyre, or George Eliot has portrayed Maggie Tulliver, a new form will have been added to literature, and Europe will for the first time begin to understand fully the real character, the aspirations, and the possibilities of America.

I have not been engaged in contrasting American and English women, or making a comparison of them, in order that it might seem disadvantageous to either. I have only been endeavoring to illustrate the points of difference between the two which most deeply impress the mind of one who has seen enough of American social life to have got quite over the first raw sensations of mere novelty and curiosity. Let me say that I think both races of women are at present rather hardly used by novelists and satirists, Sunday preachers and weekday preachers of every kind. When I left England the public opinion of the country was literally saturated with the views of British womanhood which were sent out by the author of the "Girl of the Period" essays in the "Saturday Review," and that author's numberless imitators. A stranger then visiting England for the first time might have found himself warranted in believing Messalina a fair type of the average English matron. The first time I attended a place of public worship in New York, I heard a sermon preached by one of the most eminent of American divines which painted so fearful a picture of the wickedness of woman in this city, that I might well have fancied I saw a Faustina gazing from every bonnet around me. But I had never believed that sort of thing about English women, and was not likely to do so about American women. I believe the author of "The Girl of the Period," and of the few other articles really written by the same pen, was quite sincere; I am sure the New York preacher was quite sincere. But both drew absurdly broad conclusions from very narrow premises and were extravagantly wrong. Virtue has her panics, and panic is always in

discriminating and pitiless ; but I think Virtue is perhaps beginning to recover herself a little of late, and we hear less of the wickedness of fashionable women on this or that side of the Atlantic. For myself, I feel convinced that the vast majority even of the fashionable women of America and of England are pure girls and faithful wives ; and I am little distressed or alarmed by denunciations of female degeneracy, founded upon arguments and illustrations precisely the same as those which Dante employed to show how the fair Florentines of his day had fallen away from the modesty and virtue of their grandmothers. But there is this one great difference between American and English society, if I can interpret rightly the evidences I see before me—that in the United States the experiment is being tried for the first time of allowing woman to walk through life without the supervision of a duenna or black Mesrour ; of trusting woman's virtue to woman's own care and her own moral responsibility. This is the Emancipation of Woman which I see going on here, the emancipation which is illustrated to my mind every time I hear a frank and fearless American girl speak to a man as if he were a friend, an equal, and, indeed, in the good old sense, a brother. In this emancipation I fully believe, and I wish it a complete success and universal recognition.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

SUMMER RAIN.

I SAID : " Blue heaven " (Oh, it was beautiful !),
 " Send me a tent to shut me to myself :
 I am all lonely for my soul, that wanders
 Weary, bewildered, beckoned by thy depths ;
 Thy white, round clouds, great bubbles of creamy snow ;
 Thy luscious sunshine, like some ripe, gold fruit ;
 Thy songs of birds, and wind warm with the flowers."

And there swept down (Oh, it was beautiful !)
 A tent of silver rain, that fell like a veil
 Shutting me in to think all quiet thoughts,
 And feel the vibrant thrill of shadowy wings
 That fluttered, checking their swift flight, and hear,
 Though with no syllable of earthly music,
 A voice of melody unutterable

E. R. SILL.

LO-LAND ADVENTURE.

IN the early spring of 1867 I found myself, with a travelling companion named Brown—a good name to travel with, I assure you—at Chucolwalla, a lonely water-hole, with an unmistakably Arabic name, on the northeastern edge of the Colorado desert, some fifty miles west of the Colorado river. We had ridden across the desert with no serious mishap or inconvenience, and considered our animals out of danger already: the point where our own personal danger would begin was still some one hundred miles ahead. I rode a pet half-breed mare, Juanita, which I had foolishly brought down the California coast from San Francisco to San Pedro, being vain enough to care for a better outfit than I could obtain at a short notice at Los Angeles; and Brown bestrode an attenuated specimen of the pure, unadulterated Spanish horse, all skin and bones, knobs, blemishes, fire, and pluck. I was greatly pleased with my trip thus far, and not a little proud of the superior condition and character of my mare. Such animals are seldom seen on the desert.

A ride of forty miles down into the valley of the Colorado brought us to the Willows, a camping station sixteen miles from Bradshaw's Ferry, kept by an old Frenchman whose honesty I had never had reason to doubt. That night was gloriously beautiful, the moon being at the full and the air clear and deliciously warm. Juanita was as playful as a kitten, and I sat up for hours washing her dainty little feet and limbs, and laughing at her tricks and antics. With a dim, undefined premonition of danger, I determined not to sleep in the old Frenchman's house at the wells, but took my blankets and turned in under an open shed, with my pistol lying within reach and Juanita tied to a post near my head.

About midnight I woke, and, turning over in my blankets, saw Juanita lying asleep beside me. Some time later I heard her get up, but sleep was heavy upon me and I noticed nothing else. At 3 A. M. I awoke with a sudden start, and sprang to my feet with a conviction that some misfortune had occurred to me. A single glance was sufficient. Juanita was gone!

I caught up my revolver and ran out into the open ground. The night was almost as bright as day under the full light of the perfect moon, and I could see every object of any size around me for miles. All was as still as death, and not a living thing was stirring. "Juanita! Juanita!" I called, and called again. I might as well have called the dead. No answering neigh came back, and I knew at once that she must be already beyond the reach of my voice. The ground was trampled and imprinted with the tracks of many horses and mules, but I knew the pattern of her shoes, and singled her track out from among them all in a few minutes. There was no halter trail beside it, as there must have been had she by any means got loose of herself; and worse than that, there was a man's track running along parallel with hers. The man was either in his stocking feet or wore moccasins—moccasins, I finally concluded; yes, moccasins with heavy raw-hide soles, such as the thieving Chimahuevis make and wear. I followed until I found where he had mounted and ridden until she tried to turn back toward camp and threw him off. Then he had led her a short distance, and then, mounting again, ridden out of the chaparral country into the open sandy plain, and made straight for the Chimahuevis mountains, on the California side of the river, in the northwest. I knew that a man or an Indian riding under such circumstances never spared horseflesh, and that it was useless to pursue them further; there

was no horse within a hundred miles that could ever come alongside of her in a fair race, and the thief had an hour to two hours the start. Then the words of my daughter, spoken while her eyes were filled with tears as I was leaving San Francisco, "Oh, father, I shall never see my dear, pretty Juanita again!" came back to me, and I knew that they had been prophetic. I threw myself down upon the sand on the lonely desert and wept like a child. The man who has no sympathy and affection for the horse which carries him day after day, even in the crowded city, is a brute, not a human being; and on the desert man and horse become so attached that only death or direst extremity will part them. I should never hear her calling to me again, never stroke her silken coat, never look into her great, lustrous eyes again. I thought of this, and of the tearful group which would gather in my home in San Francisco when the news of the loss arrived there, and did not think, in the first bitterness of my feeling, of the effect of the loss upon my comfort and personal safety during the long trip of more than a thousand miles in the Apache-haunted land before me.

Morning came, and with it the necessity for immediate action. With a heart full of bitterness, sorrow, and a thirst for revenge striving for the mastery, I made preparations for departure from the accursed station. Indians steal horses generally for the sake of eating them; that is Lo's appreciation of beauty and grace; and I thought with a shudder that before many hours—perhaps the time had come already—the knife of the red-skinned murderers would be at her glossy neck, and her great brown eyes fixed in death. The thought almost drove me mad. Before noon I reached La Paz, on the Arizona side of the river, and after vainly seeking assistance of the Indian Agency—as if anybody ever got assistance there!—despatched an Indian on foot to follow the track of the stolen mare, promising him \$50 if he secured her, and \$25 more if he killed the thief. The reason of my offering him a fortune to bring back the mare he could understand, but why I should offer so much for merely stealing on a man in his sleep and braining him with his club was beyond his comprehension; he would have done that much for four bits if a friend had requested him to do it. He promised me that he would kill somebody, anyway, before he returned, and that assurance gave me hearty satisfaction: I would have paid \$25 for the scalp of the best friend I had on earth that morning. I regret to add that he came back crippled himself, and never succeeded in getting the horse or killing the thief.

Next morning I bade adieu to my travelling companion, and placing on the back of a miserable little mule—with a belly like a feather bed, a hide like a rhinoceros, and a memory which required the aid of whacks with a heavy club at every step—the saddle and trappings which had been borne so gaily by my brown-eyed Juanita, rode out of the straggling town up the valley toward the mouth of Bill Williams Fork. For many miles I travelled on alone, chewing the cud of bitter recollection, and savagely belaboring the lazy brute beneath me, in the vain attempt to induce him to gallop, or at least take up a decent trot and keep it. Some fifteen hundred of the Mojave Indian tribe are located in this vicinity, and I met the stalwart six-foot warriors and their coarse but pleasant-faced helpmates at frequent intervals along the road. These Indians are the finest beyond comparison on the continent, perfect specimens of physical development and muscular beauty, and, since their first war against the white troops under their giant leader Irataba, have been friendly to the whites. They have, however, among them a sub-tribe called the Apache-Mojaves, formed by the intermarriage of the Apaches and Mojaves, who are treacherous, thieving, murderous villains, and never to be trusted. When among the peaceful Indians of the valley, they profess great friendship for the whites; but when out on the plains and in

the mountains hunting, they are Apaches in feeling and conduct, and never hesitate to murder settlers and plunder trains, when they have an opportunity. It is a suspicious fact that the Apaches, who kill a Mojave, a Yuma, a Pima, Pappago, Cocopah, or Maricopa on sight, never molest an Apache-Mojave or Apache-Yuma.

Taking a short cut which led me off the main road for a time, I came suddenly upon one of these Apache-Mojaves, a great stalwart old rascal, carrying an axe. The old scoundrel saw at a glance that my revolver, which should have been strapped around my waist, was hanging in its scabbard on my saddle bow; and, comprehending his advantage, he was by my side in an instant, demanding in the most arrogant terms that I should give him "tabac." "I have no tabac!" "Lie! lie! mucho tabac! mucho!" and he raised his axe threateningly. He was master of the situation. I put my hand in my pocket, drew out a package of Colt's revolver cartridges, and said, "Well, here, tabac!" He reached out his hand with a grim smile and took the package, when in an instant I had the revolver out of its scabbard, cocked, and at his head. "Vamos!" I yelled at the top of my voice; and he vamosed, letting the cartridges drop to the ground as he jumped back from the threatening revolver. I felt inexpressible relief as I saw the long trail of his breechclout, like the tail of a comet, disappear in the chaparral, and have not the shade of a doubt that the sentiment was heartily reciprocated.

That evening I joined the mail carrier who was bound for Fort Mojave, some days' ride beyond Williams Fork, and camped with him under the bushes by the side of the Colorado river. Next morning we were off at daybreak, and soon entered the rugged and almost impassable mountains which skirt Williams Fork on the northern side, near its mouth. The worst of these is known as the Red Mountain, and in all my experience on the whole continent I have never seen such another. The pudding stone and bastard granite of which this mountain is formed have been torn and tumbled hither and thither by volcanic convulsions, and the trail would be impossible for any animal which ever saw a road in a civilized country. Through passes so narrow that the mail carrier was obliged to hold the mail bag up by either end behind him, up the sheer faces of precipices which it did not seem possible that a goat could scale, and down steep declivities where we must hold our animals by their tails and tear our boots to pieces bracing our feet against the steep jagged rocks, we forced or dragged our weary mules for hours, and at last stood upon the summit, looking down upon the narrow cañon through which Bill Williams Fork discharges its waters—when it has any to discharge—into the Colorado. A wolf stood on a rock not a stone's throw off, and gave what seemed a mocking laugh at us, as we stood wiping the sweat from our brows. My companion's revolver jumped from its scabbard in an instant, and the wolf, with a bullet through his body, went tumbling and bounding like a football from rock to rock far down the steep mountain side. Fools to waste our time and risk our lives in such a God-forsaken country as this we might be, but that was no business of his, and we did not feel like taking any of his lip. Another hour brought us to the foot of the mountain, and, fording the rapid fork, we stood on the northern side at the *embarradero* known as "Aubry City," where the ores from the Great Central, Planet, and Mineral Hill copper mines were shipped upon the steamers to be taken down the Colorado to the Gulf of California, and where my old friend Harry Knowles stood ready to welcome us to his hospitable cabin, as only a tried frontiersman knows how.

A water-spout burst in the mountains to the eastward two nights later, and I and my companion, Billy Thompson, superintendent of the Great Central Mine, who had just started up the fork on horseback, nearly lost our lives in the raging torrent, with a volume equal to that of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Illi-

nois, into which the hitherto shallow stream was converted in an instant. How we escaped death by drowning, and got back, worn out, to Knowles's hospitable cabin again, I may tell another time. For two nights we lay in our blankets near the mouth of the fork, and heard the roar of the rushing waters as they went surging by, and on the morning of the third day a new sensation came. A man came running to the camp with the news that a band of Indians had run off all the stock from the ranch, just above the cabin. Irataba, the giant chieftain, chanced to be there with some of his braves, and he, with his usual promptness and decision, ran up to the ranch to examine the "sign" and report to us his conclusions. He soon came back to tell us that there were but five Indians in the band who made the raid, and that from the indications he judged them to be either Tonto-Apaches or Hualapais. He was willing to start off with us at once and pursue the thieves into their mountain fastnesses if we would arm his men. A revolver was loaded and given to the chief, a loaded musket to his Captain José, a cavalry sword to one of his men, a bayonet on a long stick to another, and the rest had bows and arrows and the short *lignum-vitæ* or ironwood club, shaped like a potato-masher, with which they are so expert at braining their enemies. Thompson and myself had only our revolvers, but an ex-soldier of the Confederate army joined us with a rifle and revolver, a young man from San Bernardino who had a Ballard rifle and revolver offered to be counted in, and old Osborne, the owner of the ranch which had been plundered, joined us with a revolver and shot-gun. Our five white men were indifferently mounted on horses, while the seven Indians were on foot. An hour or two was lost in getting ammunition and provisions together, and it was eleven A. M. before we started off. The Indians ran ahead and took up the trail with the eagerness and keenness of bloodhounds. Where a white man's eye would be utterly at fault, and discover no trace of the footprint of man or beast, they would distinguish every track and point out the direction the enemy had taken in an instant. The trail—if such it could be called—led up a long, narrow cañon into the hills to the eastward, and four or five miles from the ranch we found where the Indians had corralled the animals which they had been driving before them, and rigged some sort of rude bridles with pieces of harness which they had stolen at the ranch. They had built a fire, which was still burning, and had then ridden off at full speed, into a range of low, volcanic hills, running along parallel for some miles with the Colorado river. The country was barren to the last degree, and the difficulty of travelling over the sharp rocks in the hot sun greater than I could well describe. Old Irataba, 6 feet 4 inches in height, and built of solid bone and muscle, 63 to 65 years of age, and with hair as black as the raven's wing, was a perfect lion in the chase, and an object of unceasing admiration to us all. Lame from a wound received long years ago, and walking with a stick, he kept beside our horses while they were in a fast trot hour after hour. His men would spread out over the rough ground where the fugitives had scattered for a moment, and the first who found the trail would give a shout; then all would close up again. The pursuit never slackened for a moment. Captain José came back to me with a slip of mesquite bush in his hand, and said in broken English, "Sun high up when Indian do this," pointing to the broken end of the twig. Then another came to Irataba and handed him a cud of dried mescal root which had been chewed by one of the Indians we were pursuing. "Him come from long way," said Irataba. A stick which had been whittled, and a bag made of some species of fur skin, thrown away in the haste of flight by the enemy, were also found and shown him. He recognized them as the work of Hualapais, by indications unknown to us, and furthermore told us that the Indians we were pursuing were strangers in that part of the

country, as he could see from their occasionally changing the direction in which they travelled, and appearing to be in doubt. Then we struck a trail by which two more Indians had come in from some point higher up the river with other horses and joined the first party. The heat was great, and we needed water; the Indians sought right and left for it in unpromising looking localities, and finally found it for us in sand under a rock up in a little cañon. Clearing away the sand, they got at the water, which was clear and cool, and men and animals were soon refreshed and pushing on. Irataba came alongside my horse and told me that the party ahead had been up all night, and would be very sleepy about two o'clock in the afternoon: if we hurried, we might catch them at their *siesta*. They would lie down to rest an hour, perhaps two, and we might overtake and surprise them then. How he knew all this no one inquired; it was enough to know that he said it. About four o'clock we began to enter a less rough and barren country, and came upon a place where the party had been lying down to sleep, sure enough, while the animals had been feeding on grass which here grew in abundance. The Indians examined every trace, told us just what arms each of the enemy had, and declared that they were only an hour gone. On again. The country opened gradually, and at six P. M. we emerged on a low *mesa* and looked down upon a broad plain stretching away twenty or thirty miles to the eastward, where it was bounded by a range of high mountains with snowy peaks. Irataba had just been explaining to us that the enemy had now reached a country with which they were familiar, and were heading for a pass in the mountains some twenty miles distant, when I looked out upon the plain, which was dotted with trees of a species of *yucca* resembling the palm, like an orchard, and saw some two or three miles away a moving object of dark color, followed by a smaller one, passing around a giant yucca. I knew in an instant that this was an old mare with a mule colt, which was in the herd of stolen animals, and that they must be in near proximity to the main band. Girths were tightened, arms put in perfect readiness, and with a yell we dashed off in a wild gallop into the plain in pursuit, leaving our Indian allies behind us. If we could but overtake them before night set in, it would be short work, and one party or the other would lose their hair on the spot. Bending forward in our saddles, we urged our panting steeds to their utmost speed, and the dumb animals, catching the infection of the excitement, put forth all their energies in the mad race. We were already within less than a mile of the flying enemy, and could see them urging the animals on which they rode to their utmost speed. They knew that night was their salvation, and were fighting for time. Oh for another hour of daylight! Vain prayer. The mountain heights before us grew all aglow with roseate flame, then purple shadows gathered quickly over the landscape, and just as we were *almost* within rifle shot of the enemy the twilight deepened into darkness. It was no longer possible to continue the pursuit, for the enemy would inevitably lashwhack us, and we should be killed without a chance to see our opponents. With many a malediction and many a smothered curse, the party came to a sudden halt, and prepared to camp for the night. A fire was kindled, our horses were picketed on the grass, and as our coffee was beginning to boil old Irataba and his dusky warriors came up. The old man was bitterly disappointed at the escape of the enemy, and impatient for daylight to come that the pursuit might recommence. We had ridden, and he and his party had walked, from forty to fifty miles over a terrible country since eleven A. M., and all were worn out. He told us that the enemy would go on until they reached water, and then camp also, killing and eating the little mule. The day had been burning hot, but the night wind coming down from the snow fields on the summits of the distant

mountains chilled us to the marrow, and we shivered all night in our heavy blankets, while our Indian contingent slept half naked around the fire, and seemed to be none the worse for it. Next morning's march took us about ten miles to the pass in the mountains, where the Indians had found water and camped for the night, killing and cooking the little mule, just as Irataba had predicted. Our provisions were now nearly exhausted, and our horses almost shoeless. We held a council of war, and decided that Thompson and myself should take the chances of striking across the country and reaching the Great Central Mine on Williams Fork, get a new supply of provisions, arms, and men, and return to join the party and carry the war into Africa, never letting up in the pursuit until we had taught the Hualapais a lesson they would not soon forget. Old Irataba, standing apart under a spreading yucca, grim and silent, like a bronze statue of Washington, beckoned me to come to him. "Look here! You white men come back, go ahead, find 'em Indian, no good! You no catch 'em!" said he emphatically. "Oh, well, then, how shall we do?" I asked. "Me go ahead with Mojaves. Me call 'em down from rocks; me tell 'em, come make talk, have treaty, build big fire, smoke 'em all day." "Well, and what then, Irataba?" "Then you kill 'em all!" said he with solemn earnestness. "Ingenuous child of the desert, I see the point, and your head is level!" I mentally exclaimed, and thenceforth entertained a higher regard for the honest old Indian chieftain than I had ever done before. But the boys had "humanitarian" ideas, and would not do as he advised. It turned out that he was right though, after all. A long day's ride over barren mountains and down great dry washes toward the mines in the southwest followed. Two young Mojave braves accompanied us to assist in packing back provisions and act as guides for the returning party. As the sun rose high in the heavens and the heat became intense, thirst came upon us savagely. There was no sign of water, but our Indian friends were at no loss for means to assuage the burning thirst. With one of their short ironwood clubs they knocked away the spines and beat a hole into the body of a cactus resembling in size and shape a huge overgrown squash set on end, and known as the "negro-head." From the centre of this they obtained a white substance resembling the flesh of a common white garden turnip, which was quite watery and had a slight acid flavor peculiarly cooling and agreeable to the parched mouth and throat. Chewing slices of this assuaged our own thirst, and after a time one of the Indians succeeded in finding, in a rugged cañon hidden by a hill behind which we should never have thought of looking, a little reservoir of water under a rock, which served to satisfy our wants and reinvigorate our worn-out animals.

Before sunset we arrived on the bank of Williams Fork, which we now found to be a mere insignificant stream again, fordable at almost any point. An old Mexican with an immense beard, and a slouched hat and ragged blouse—giving so exactly the appearance of Robinson Crusoe, as seen on the title-page of De Foe's never-to-be-forgotten romance, that he had received by common consent that title among the miners, and was likely to forget his own proper Christian appellation—stood under the cottonwoods by the creek and courteously welcomed us. He had a high reputation as an Indian-killer, and a few days previous he had surprised and killed two skulking redskins in a cañon near where we found him. On this occasion he had been out all day without any luck. It had been "*muy mala dia*," a very poor day indeed for Indians, and he was returning without having raised the hair of a single one. We assured him of our deep and sincere sympathy for his disappointment and bad luck, and he piloted us around from island to island and over the bars so as to avoid the worst quicksand holes, until we were at last safe on the southern side of the creek, having made just

twelve miles up the stream in seven days. The furnaces of the Great Central Copper Company were trailing their long banners of rainbow-hued smoke and poisonous vapors from the hillside, and we saw the miners toiling at their work, bringing out barrow loads of brilliant-colored ores from the depths of the tunnels in the black mountain, as we emerged from the cottonwood groves on the borders of the fork. The miners had heard the roar of the descending cloud-burst, and seen the mighty torrent rushing down the valley; and as our road up the fork from Aubry—the only road in fact that horses can follow—lay directly up the bed of the stream and we had not made our appearance at the time expected, they had concluded that we had perished in the raging waters, as two less fortunate travellers had done in the cañon back of the mines just previous.

My story is getting too long, and I must close it now, leaving the account of the second expedition against the Hualapais, and the hostilities which followed and were prosecuted with relentless vigor and savage ferocity on both sides, for a future article.

ALBERT S. EVANS.

A PROBLEM.

MY darling has a merry eye—
 And voice like silver bells :
 How shall I win her, prithee say—
 By what magic spells ?
 If I frown she shakes her head,
 If I weep she smiles ;
 Time would fail me to recount
 All her wilful wiles.
 She flouts me so—she stings me so—
 Yet will not let me stir—
 In vain I try to pass her by,
 My little chestnut bur.
 When I yield to every whim
 She straight begins to pout.
 Teach me how to read my love,
 How to find her out !
 For flowers she gives me thistle blooms—
 Her turtle-doves are crows—
 I am the groaning weather-vane,
 And she the wind that blows.
 My little love ! My teasing love !
 Was woman made for man—
 A rose that blossomed from his side ?
 Believe it—those who can.
 I went to sleep—I'm sure of it—
 Some luckless summer morn ;
 A rib was taken from my side,
 And of it made a thorn.
 But still I seek by some fond art
 To link it to my life.
 Come, solve my problem, married men :
 Teach me to win my wife.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

GLEANINGS FROM THE SEA.

THE ancients taught that Ocean was the son of the Sky and the Land, and the father of the rivers and fountains. Though they thus so beautifully indicated the ceaseless circling course of the waters, they did not tell all that was to be told, for Earth herself is the child of the deep, and in every country only a few inches or feet of soil hide the old sea bed.

Dwellers by the shore have ever revered the deep blue waters. To them Ocean is the giver of all good gifts; even life and the means of living are held in his hand. No wonder, then, that they seek to discover the secrets that the waves so jealously conceal, and the evidences of which are from time to time cast on the coast. No wonder that, stimulated by cupidity and curiosity, they are ever attempting to disclose the marvels of the deep, and, though they may have often failed in obtaining what they sought, yet have incidentally gained for science some of her greatest triumphs, and placed the importance of this knowledge in so favorable a light as to induce governments to project expeditions, like those which England sent out last year to study the bed of the Atlantic by an extended series of deep-sea soundings.

"Deep-sea soundings." There is something cool and enticing in the very expression, and, even without any attached idea, the words themselves fix our attention by their sibillant alliteration; but when it is found that such savants as Gwyn Jeffreys, Wyville Thomson, and William B. Carpenter have superintended the collection and verification of these gleanings from the sea, the lover of nature may well expect a royal feast for the intellect, and while he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to his friends across the water for the pleasure and information received, may also express the hope that the law-givers at Washington will not rest content with what they have done in the past, but, emulating the work of last summer, will soon send out tried and trusted laborers to add to the honors that have already been won by our own Coast Survey.

The English expeditions of last year were three in number: the first under the charge of Mr. Jeffreys, the second under Professor Thomson, the third under Professor Carpenter; and the apparatus employed was so perfect that dredgings and temperature soundings were obtained from a depth of 2,345 fathoms, or nearly three miles—which is 500 fathoms deeper than where the Atlantic cable was recovered, and nearly equal to the altitude of Mont Blanc. From such great depths as this, where the pressure is nearly three tons to the square inch, and where it was formerly thought that, owing to the absolute darkness, life could not exist, the dredge has brought up not only the microscopic creatures that build great chalk deposits, and individuals of the higher types—as those that include worms, crabs, and shellfish or mollusks—but also representatives of species that were long ago thought to be extinct, and which existed in past geological ages.

From an examination of the proceedings of the Royal Institution, in which an account of these expeditions is given by Professor Carpenter, we find that the opinion that the deep sea has the temperature of the maximum density of water, viz., 39 deg. Fahr., is utterly untenable, for observations obtained from the space extending between the north of Scotland and the Faroe islands demonstrate that, while the surface temperature was everywhere about 52 deg., the temperature at the same depths was in some parts below 32 deg., and in others 46 deg.;

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thus showing not only a much lower degree than 39 deg., but also establishing the existence, at the same depth and in adjacent regions, of warm and cold areas, which can only be explained by supposing that there are two currents of water passing alongside of each other, and in opposite directions, the cold one flowing from the Arctic Sea, and the warm from the south or equatorial region. As might be expected, the indications of the thermometer were supported by those furnished by the dredge; for the life of the two areas was altogether different—that of the boreal area belonging to the cold regions, while that of the equatorial furnished a mud composed of chalk-making creatures which live in a temperate climate.

Not only has the existence of a frigid area in the temperate zone been thus established, but it has also been shown that in all probability it occupies the whole deep-sea bed of the Atlantic; for just as there is a superficial movement of equatorial water to the poles, so there is a general deep movement of polar waters to the Equator, which results in the production of a temperature approaching and perhaps falling below the freezing point, even in intertropical regions. The fact of the existence of a uniform low temperature over so extensive a region and throughout so many zones, is of the greatest value from a geological point of view, and furnishes an explanation of the manner in which the remains of many extinct species have been distributed over vast areas of the earth's surface.

Another very interesting subject which these expeditions have illuminated, is the relation of temperature to animal life. Heretofore it has been a generally received doctrine that animal life could not exist in a region where the temperature never rose above 32 deg. Fahr., since at that degree water commences to assume the solid form, and the vegetable growths which animals require for their sustenance could not be produced under these circumstances. Plausible as this argument is, it vanishes into nothingness before the fact that, in the boreal area that we have described above, the temperature is in many parts two and a half degrees below the freezing point of fresh water; and yet these regions are not only exceedingly rich in animal life, but many of the species, more especially the sponges and mollusks, reach a very great size.

The existence of an enormous amount of animal life in the deep sea having been demonstrated, the means by which it is nourished is an enigma the solution of which is by no means an easy matter. Even in those regions where the temperature is sufficiently high to sustain a vegetation on which they might subsist, the dredge fails to bring up any vegetable products. The reason of this is evident when we remember that it is utterly impossible for light to penetrate more than a few hundred feet, and that at depths considerably less than one thousand fathoms there cannot be a single ray of light. To avoid the difficulty arising from the deficiency of vegetable food, it has been suggested that the inhabitants of the ocean bed live on the jelly-like creatures, or protozoa, as they are called, which exist in enormous quantities. This solution answers admirably so long as we confine ourselves to the higher types, but it by no means solves the problem when we inquire whence the protozoa obtain their food.

In answer to this question, three hypotheses have been advanced. The first maintains that it is derived from the diatoms or minute plants that live in the surface waters, and which, dying, sink into the abyss below, and thus convey to its inhabitants the organized food they require. Satisfactory as this would be if its truth could be proved, it unfortunately happens that the most careful examination of the surface waters fails to give any evidence of the existence of the

required amount of microscopic or any other form of vegetation, and the mud or deposit from the sea bed is likewise similarly free from the silicious coverings that belong to these growths, and which would necessarily be present in large quantities if they served for food for the protozoa. The second theory supposes that, since the protozoa are but little removed from plants, it is not improbable that they may themselves possess the power of forming organic substances out of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. But this cannot be; for, in order that plants should construct organic bodies out of these inorganic substances, they must have light, and it is not at all probable that the jelly-like protozoa could accomplish this result in the dark any better than plants; besides, we have no satisfactory evidence that the protozoa possess any such power.

The third solution has been offered by Professor Wyville Thomson, and it bears the merit of probability so well impressed that it may be accepted with considerable confidence. We therefore give it in his own language:

It is a distinctive character of the protozoa that they have no special organs of nutrition, but that they absorb water through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies. Most of these animals secrete exquisitely-formed skeletons—sometimes of lime, sometimes of silica. There is no doubt that they extract both of these substances from the sea water, although silica often exists there in quantity so small as to elude detection by chemical tests. All sea water contains a certain amount of organic matter in solution. Its sources are obvious. All rivers contain a large quantity; every shore is surrounded by a fringe which averages about a mile in width, of olive and red sea-weeds. In the middle of the Atlantic there is a marine meadow, the Sargasso Sea, extending over 3,000,000 of square miles. The sea is full of animals which are constantly dying and decaying; and the water of the Gulf Stream especially courses around coasts where the supply of organic matter is enormous. It is, therefore, quite intelligible that a world of animals should live in these dark abysses; but it is a necessary condition that they should chiefly belong to a class capable of being supported by absorption through the surface of matter in solution, developing but little heat, and incurring a very small amount of waste by any manifestation of vital activity. According to this view, it seems highly probable that at all periods of the earth's history the protozoa predominate over all other forms of animal life in the depths of the sea.

The above extract shows satisfactorily that the sources mentioned are amply sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case, and it only remains to prove the existence of undecomposed organic matter in the sea water to complete the solution of the problem. To accomplish this, a series of analyses of samples of water obtained from various depths was made, the results of which not only demonstrate the presence of undecomposed organic matter in every specimen examined, but also its exceeding richness in nitrogen, and consequent admirable adaptation to the construction of tissues. It is, therefore, justifiable to conclude that the protozoa are nourished by the absorption of this dissolved nutritious material into their gelatinous bodies, just as they absorb the saline and mineral ingredients employed in the construction of their skeletons; and it is very extraordinary that, with our previous knowledge of the absence in these creatures of any organs capable of carrying on a digestive process, any doubt should have existed regarding the source from which their nutrition must have been derived. With this explanation of the growth and development of the protozoa, the question of the nutrition of the creatures higher in the scale is answered, since they subsist on these simpler forms.

The last matter to which the report we have been discussing refers is the respiration of these abyssal creatures, and the composition of the gas or air dis-

solved in the sea water. A great number of analyses of the sea-water gas showed that, in a given locality, the greater the depth from which the water was obtained, the greater was the percentage of carbonic acid gas. That this was not owing to the escape of this gas from fissures in the sea bed, but that it was the product of the respiration of the abyssal fauna, was demonstrated by the fact that there was a fixed relation between the percentage of the gas and the quantity of animal life; and so uniformly was this the case, that after a time the analyst could predict with unerring certainty the amount of animal life to be expected in a given haul of the dredge by the percentage of carbonic acid found in the accompanying water.

As regards the quantity of carbonic acid, the statements are certainly surprising; for while the surface-water gas contained on an average about twenty per cent., in some instances that from the bottom contained nearly fifty per cent., and there was at the same time a corresponding diminution in the amount of oxygen—a fact which also tends to prove that the carbonic acid originates in the respiration of the creatures living on the sea bed. The removal of this noxious gas being as essential to the maintenance of animal life in the sea as in the air, it becomes a matter of interest to observe how it is accomplished. So long as the water is sufficiently shallow to permit the passage of the rays of sunlight to the bottom, the result is attained, as in the air, through the medium of plant life; but when the depth is so great as to cut off the access of light, the plants disappear, and some other explanation must be sought.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the property that gases and liquids possess of mutually diffusing or mingling with each other. According to this principle, if a liquid contains in one of its parts a larger portion of a given gas than in another, there will be a tendency for the two portions to make exchanges with each other, until every part of the liquid contains an equal quantity of the gas. By virtue of this principle of diffusion, as it has been called, the carbonic acid produced in the respiration of the abyssal creatures slowly finds its way to the surface, while the oxygen passes downward, and thus the deep-sea air is renovated, and its poisonous ingredient removed. In the same manner, and through the same agency, the soluble organic matter furnished by river and coast growths, by the Sargasso Sea, and the innumerable fish and other inhabitants of the waters, is conveyed to the abyssal creatures, and a never-failing supply of material is provided for their sustenance.

The transference of the carbonic acid to the surface waters having been accomplished in the manner described, its final removal from the water and replacement by oxygen should next engage our attention. This, of course, goes on slowly even while the water and atmospheric air are quietly in contact with each other; but there is another agency that powerfully promotes this action, viz., the violent agitation of the surface by the winds, and the almost never-ceasing movements of the waves. The attention of the observers was especially drawn to this fact by the accidental collection of a couple of samples of surface water from abaft the paddle-wheels. The average amount of carbonic acid in a great number of analyses of surface-water gas had been about twenty per cent.; but in these, it fell in one to less than six, and in the other to less than four. At first it was supposed that the great difference was owing to some error; but when it was recollected that in the other examinations the water had always been taken from the bow of the vessel, the result was evidently caused by the agitation and mixture with air to which that collected from the stern had been submitted by the action of the paddle-wheels. The truth of this conclusion was sustained by

an examination of the surface-water gas in calms and during rough weather, for under the latter circumstances it was uniformly richer in oxygen and poorer in carbonic acid.

"Hence, then," as Professor Carpenter justly concludes, "it may be affirmed that every disturbance of the ocean surface by atmospheric movement, from the gentlest ripple to the most tremendous storm-wave, contributes, in proportion to its amount, to the maintenance of animal life in its abyssal depths—doing, in fact, for the aëration of the fluids of their inhabitants just what is done by the heaving and falling of the walls of our own chest for the aëration of the blood which courses through our lungs. A perpetual calm would be as fatal to their continued existence as the forcible stoppage of all respiratory movement would be to our own, and thus universal stagnation would become universal death."

From this brief statement of these novel and fascinating discoveries in the depths of the ocean, let us for a few moments turn to the consideration of a phenomenon connected with its shores and surface. Every one who has crossed the Atlantic will recollect the beautiful play of phosphorescent light that at night follows in the wake of the vessel as she speeds on her course. Every one who has indulged in the summer evenings in rowing on the waters in the vicinity of our city, will remember that he has often seen the same phenomenon follow each splash of his oar in the water. Among the explanations of this appearance that have been advanced, we may mention first that which attributes it to the presence in the water of minute creatures called *noctiluca*, or night-shiners, which, like the glow-worm and fire-fly, possess the power of emitting light.

These curious beings were first discovered by M. Surriray in the sea water about Havre, and are described by him as spherical gelatinous masses smaller than a pin's head. Huxley says they are scarcely the hundredth of an inch in diameter, and nearly "the form of a peach, a filiform or threadlike tentacle, equal in length to the diameter of the body, occupying the place where the stalk of the peach might be, which depends from it, and exhibits slow wavy motions when the creature is in full activity." The body, according to M. Frérol, presents curious luminous points, which rapidly appear and disappear when the creature is irritated by the agitation of the water. It is estimated that a cubic foot of phosphorescent sea water contains about twenty-five thousand of these creatures. How marvellous must the reproductive power be that suffices in a few days to develop a sufficient number to render hundreds of square miles of sea water luminous!

Another creature that imparts phosphorescent properties to water is the pyrosoma, of which three varieties are known. They are in the shape of a tube formed of rings, the elegant pyrosoma being two or three inches in length. Humboldt saw groups of them floating by his ship forming circles of light twenty inches in diameter, which were so luminous as to render the fish in the surrounding water visible. They also possess the remarkable property of suddenly changing the color of the light from intense yellow to red or orange, green or blue; and Bibra states that its intensity is such, that he was enabled to read in his cabin by the light emitted by six pyrosomata placed there for the purpose.

The salpa is also a phosphorescent creature, but differs from those we have described, in that it forms long ribbons consisting of a double row of individuals attached to each other in such a manner as to form a double chain of parallel links. The salpa is also of interest, since it affords an illustration of alternate generation, in which the creature resembles its grandparent or grandchild, and not its immediate parent or child. In the double chains we have mentioned,

sometimes the similar creatures are in the parallel links, and sometimes in the alternate links. Each creature possesses the power of motion by taking in water at an orifice at one extremity of the body, and ejecting it from another at the opposite end. All the individuals execute this evolution in concert, and thus the whole colony or ribbon moves itself from place to place, illuminating its path by the light emitted, and affording an excellent realization of a society of communists who always live in the closest bonds of "physical, intellectual, and moral" union, and work their way in unison through the world.

Though phosphorescence on water is usually caused by the presence of some of the creatures we have mentioned, it must not be forgotten that most kinds of fish, and indeed almost all animal and many varieties of vegetable matter, emit light, or are phosphorescent when undergoing putrefaction or decay. Becquerel has remarked the production of beautiful phosphorescent effects from this cause in the waters in the vicinity of Venice, and it has been observed that not only the solid decaying matter emits light, but there is at the same time a kind of oleaginous fluid produced, which floats in patches about the putrefying mass and causes a similar effect.

Thus animal matter which has been produced from vegetable growths, that were formed by sunlight out of the ingredients of the air, in passing away, gives back the remnant of the light it has received and failed to utilize in some other form during life—illustrating the fact that in the great laboratory of Nature, not only is an exact account rendered of every particle of matter received, but also the ledger or record of the forces is in like manner balanced, to the very last wave or pulsation.

JOHN C. DRAPER.

CONDEMNED.

YOUR words, maybe, were idly spoken ones,
 The merest fancy passing with a breath,
 The dust of common talk—the surface earth;
 But to the listener cold and hard as death.

She took the formless thing you cast at her,
 With trembling fingers moulded it anew;
 Drenched with the falling of her wrathful tears,
 Into a shape of misery it grew.

Perchance it typified indignant pride;
 Perchance its face expressed a newborn hate.
 Howe'er it was, it found a waiting niche,
 And memory keeps the trust inviolate.

Now when in vain you weave the olden spell,
 And would with subtlest charm her heart ensnare,
 She turns her loveless eyes away in scorn,
 And gazing inward, whispers, "It is there."

M. L. R.

MUSEUMS OF ART,

ARTISTS, AND AMATEURS IN AMERICA.

WERE my readers to interpret the leading heading to this article strictly in the present tense, concluding that there do exist at this moment institutions worthy of this appellation, they would be led astray. My object is to set them right both as to the present and future, for reasons which will appear as we proceed. As yet, America has put forward no claim, in a national sense, to museums, or even a school of art. Nevertheless, from time to time some æsthetic seeds have been sown by the wayside, which have sprung up into scattered plants that will repay systematic culture.

Artists must precede schools of art; taste and knowledge, museums and galleries, on the principle of demand and supply; although subsequently the supply reacts on and enlarges the demand. In Europe, museums and schools of art organized on a popular basis to instruct the public at large, chronologically and scientifically arranged, are of recent origin. Until within the lifetime of the living generation, galleries of objects of art consisted simply of the capricious gatherings of royal and aristocratic patrons, seldom well instructed, or actuated by a higher motive than princely ostentation. Consequently, there was in them no historical sequence, nor did they furnish adequate means to study the development of art at any fixed period; while much less were they collected with a view of ministering to the happiness and refinement of the subjects of their founders, however much individual artists may have been petted by them. Still the world is largely indebted to defunct royalty for thus securely placing in their palaces precious works, which otherwise might have perished or been obscured in private hands. But even in exhibiting pictures and sculptures that gratified royal pride to possess, less attention was shown to displaying their merits as works of art by placing them in the most favorable conditions, than to making them play the secondary part of decorations to sumptuous halls, such as we see in the Pitti and other Italian palaces, in which both the light and general arrangement are very bad, or in confused and inappropriate series of rooms, some noble by themselves, but originally designed for a different purpose, like those of the Uffizi in Florence, and the Luxembourg and Louvre at Paris.

Fifty years ago all galleries were of a similar character. Besides being badly hung and intermixed as to schools and styles, so that their finest æsthetic effects were not to be perceived, and the spectator's mind was confused in regard to dates, methods, and motives—inharmony existing where only harmony should reign—pictures were subjected to periodical scrubblings and repaintings, sometimes ignorantly done with good intentions, but not unseldom as profitable jobs secured by crafty restorers, heedless of the mischief they did to art itself and the reputations of the old masters. Considerable confusion also was allowed to exist as to the attributions of paintings and marbles, the identical object being baptized and rebaptized according to the shifting assumptions of the hour, based on the opinions of interested persons or shallow amateurship, instead of being subjected to the critical acumen of professional judges. Indeed, the chronological and historical study of art, in reference to motives and styles, discriminating on general principles as well as particular technical facts, is a science of our own day; one yet in its infancy. With it there is growing up a public and private conscience

in these matters which aspires to get at the exact truth, less to do homage to names or further exalt distinguished reputations than to mete out justice to each artist and period, to elevate art itself to the level of a serious study, and to enlighten the public. Slowly the older galleries of Europe are being subjected to the reforming demands of this fresher spirit, while the newer museums of South Kensington, London, Berlin, and Munich are directly organized more or less in accordance with its enlightened requirements.

Those best known to Americans are the English. Fortunately, they are models from which we can borrow many organic features greatly to our own advantage, besides the examples they exhibit of how much that is precious in art, despite some blunders, can be secured even at this late hour by a liberal, judicious expenditure, and a wise selection of agents in purchasing; while the general arrangement, supervision, and cataloguing of the objects themselves for study, place England in the foremost rank as a practical conservator and popular teacher of art. And this is wholly due to an established class of cultivated amateurs, owning private collections in all departments, such as do not yet exist in America, though one is just now forming. England actually precedes America a century in this matter, counting from the period when her present distinctive school began to appear.

As it has occurred in England, so in America artists and amateurs must precede institutions of art, by force of their organic laws. Therefore, if we had no other positive indications of the former besides the public recognition of the uses and merits of museums, this fact alone would indicate the growing existence of those classes to whom the masses must necessarily turn for æsthetic entertainment and instruction. In fact, America has now several artists of a certain eminence in their respective spheres, mostly of a realistic tendency, aiming at original motives and treatment, besides a lesser number who aspire to embody ideas in preference to merely portraying facts; or else who attempt to incarnate in material forms their own sentiments and thoughts. Feeling, however, is the exception, not the rule, of American art. There are considerable fancy and a certain rude adroitness of composition, as in its literature, aiming at the particular and special rather than the broad and general. We are yet too young in art to have inspired it with those profound emotions and convictions which distinguish its highest flights in the Old World, or to have acquired other than a superficial knowledge of its history, methods, and purposes. Our great art lies latent in that future, the full character of which no one yet foresees. When and how it may be born time only will disclose. Now, I desire simply to take cognizance of the actual facts of to-day, as the seedlings of the projected institutions which are to guide us in our attempt to realize in art something commensurate to our political and commercial position in the world at large.

Three of our landscape painters, representative artists in their sphere—Church, Bradford, and Bierstadt—have become known in England by the exhibition of their principal works. They fairly represent the general spirit, style, and ambition of the material school of which they are the chiefs; a school which is animated by the prevailing desire of the people at large to achieve something striking in mechanical execution and spectacular sensation; something which in conception is really novel and grand; effective on first view, though in substance wanting the positive merit that comes only of consummate knowledge and skill. As a nation, we are inclined to discount our progress before it is really accomplished, and are impatient to get gain and glory before we have deserved them. This national haste to reap harvests before they are fully grown, gives to our current art

a rhetorical aspect, imposing on the first glance. It is not destitute of good qualities and substantial merits, especially as regards topographical exactitude in illustrating the physical landscape in its most prominent features; but in sentiment and thoroughness of execution it manifests the superficiality of a mental childhood, and eagerness to possess before winning the more solid prizes of life. Our sculpture, as a whole, displays the same intellectual and technical crudity of inception and execution, with similar imposing defects of style and composition, governed as it is more by a desire of fame and riches than by the love of art itself. It is a national misfortune that the men of the most pretence and least real ability dominate the public taste, and make their ideas and works pass as current coin with the masses. The sole way of escape out of this land of bondage is by a training which shall teach the public how to discriminate between the permanent and ephemeral, profound and shallow, true and counterfeit, in everything affecting their æsthetic enjoyment and moral well-being. Now, with all due gratitude to those popular artists who have made art a household object to the million, who otherwise might have gone to their graves unknowing and indifferent to it in any shape, it is no wrong to them to hail with satisfaction any means by which the nation may become at once a better judge and patron.

Before Powers, Palmer, Rogers, and their school became the popular favorites in sculpture, and Church, Bierstadt, and their followers, in painting, there were both sculptors and painters of superior mental calibre, though less widely known; incomplete artists in execution, but complete in feeling; and even now exercising over cultivated minds, because of their sincerity and devotion, and of the earnestness of their work, an influence which their more worldly-minded successors are never likely to possess. Stuart, Cole, Allston, Horatio Greenough, and Crawford came to us before we were prepared to accept and get from them their best, or let it teach us all it might; so that both these artists and the nation, as regards art, were only mutually groping their way to a clearer understanding of each other and their common subject in the dark, as compared with present opportunities. In their time there was no popular comprehension or desire of artistic education. Now there are both, and popular artists too, wielding no slight intellectual power in society, although not so much as is their due. This is a great step forward; the chief one preparatory to the greater of establishing public galleries and museums, which, by providing adequate sources of comparison and instruction, will enable the people better to decide on the relative merits of artists and schools of art, and thus do fuller justice to their teachers and themselves. These institutions, also, will put greater heart into the young blood of the American school, perceiving that an authoritative tribunal and triumph are secured to those who achieve the right to posthumous entrance, not to mention honors while living. Our best men hitherto have failed quite as much from want of this sort of hope of a final haven of rest in their labors, as from the absence of an immediate stimulus to labor. Indeed, until we possess ample resources of instruction and incitements to ambition of the character of the great institutions of art in Europe, it is hopeless to expect the development of a complete national school. Our population is not yet an art-loving people, and without a deep-seated passion for the beautiful in the popular mind there can be no great development of art.

Having said thus much about what we have not, a few words in regard to what we have in hand in our youthful æsthetic constitution may afford some encouragement to the workers in the good cause. As the songs of birds proclaim the coming spring, so does the increasing number of young artists of actual

promise announce that the budding season of our national art is nigh at hand. But we must do as much for them as we do for the birds—provide the nests in which their offspring may be sheltered and reared until strong of wing themselves. The best ambition and talents are of small avail without means to train them to effective technical handicraft or a matured exercise of their highest powers. We have abundant talent, and are not without some evidence of genius in this direction. But both are now more fettered or crippled by want of opportunity for serious study and intelligent criticism than of pecuniary encouragement. The public also, although inclined to a liberal expenditure for art, are not sufficiently educated to decide on the quality of purchases to discriminate between honest art and its showy substitute; and they cannot be until they secure for themselves at home the necessary means of comparing what they buy with works of acknowledged merit in great galleries. When this is accomplished, the unfledged amateurs who now flood America with worthless copies of old masters, or garish, ill-designed originals, because they are "so cheap," will cease to be of authority as judges of art, to the detriment of the taste of the nation. The young artists also, instead of becoming content to repose on a few easily-won laurels, repeating themselves without advancing, will be put on their mettle to rival real masters, old and new, besides being fired by that sympathy with genius which is sure to show itself whenever there is any æsthetic bottom in common.

Death has recently robbed the country of, perhaps, its most promising landscapist, Hotchkiss, who had settled in Rome. He had rare native gifts. Unhappily, his physical strength was not equal to his zeal and knowledge. But his intuitive perception of nature, possessing himself at a glance of her æsthetic secrets and best moods, joined to forcible design, firm painting, deep harmony of coloring, intense application, and a quick insight into the merits of other systems and periods, tended to place him in the foremost rank of landscapists of any school. His work was thoroughly realistic in form and character, vigorous with the life of nature itself, independent of, though in harmony with, man's own works—a strong objective art. There exist simple sketches and studies of his which contain more general and particular truths of nature, enriched by the pure feeling and sentiment that bespeak a head and heart alive to her best outward conditions—as, for instance, those beauties of form, hue, tone, and arrangement in one composition which are independent of any introspective interpretation of her divine spirit by the imagination, or an overruling creative will in the artist himself—than can be found in acres of the canvasses of the more pretentious realists of the Bierstadt sort. He impressed not so much the fancy or imagination as the senses and the intellect in general, chiefly by intense, firm coloring, truthful, positive design, and fine choice of subject-matter, repeating nature's features in their most charming aspects; following no school or system other than the closest observation of the landscape itself. Hotchkiss was an artist in every fibre of his being and will; shirking no labor and evading no difficulty by cunning subterfuges of pencil or palette, as is too common with those who seek to reap what they have not sown. To the last he was a strong learner, steadily improving in details and touch, and constantly giving hints of power in reserve for superior efforts. He lived so absorbed in his work that but few individuals had the opportunity to know his rare ability, and died just as it was maturing to a point that would have placed him at the very head of the American landscapists of his class. Inness, as a colorist and interpreter of the moods rather than the absolute forms of nature, stands equally high on the opposite pole of art.

The distance in perfection of color and design between Inness and Hotchkiss and the earlier landscapists—Doughty, Durand, and Cole—although confined in time to a single generation, is really as great in true progress as has occurred in the old schools in a century. Neither of the former dodges technical difficulties, or attempts to substitute for the actual the appearance or shadows of things, as if nature was only seen in confused dreams and poetical or sensuous reveries, with outlines lost, forms undefined, and colors dazed, according to the Tilton theory of painting; a deceptive suggestion of realities taking the place of their truthful representation—a practice which leaves so much scope of disguise to feebleness of hand, perception, and thought; but both paint with unmistakable force and fidelity, according to the habit of the old masters. However spiritual their motives, their work is boldly material and clear in design and hue. If Hotchkiss has done nothing else, he has demonstrated to the American school that the manly, straightforward, honest system of study and labor, in art as in character, is the very best for effective results. In following it out, he has likewise shown us that there exist in our race as sound elements of substantial progress as in any other.

John La Farge, of New York, although hampered by ill health, is another conspicuous example of rare attainments in painting. He is as essentially spiritualistic in feeling as Hotchkiss was realistic. With him the divinity within objects—their animating principle—speaks out, reminding the beholder more of the existence of another and higher sphere of life than the present. A flower painted by him bears the same relation to the real plant that an angel of Fra Angelico does to the actual man. It is an exhibition of its highest possibilities of being rather than of its present material organization. However beautiful this may seem to the eye, La Farge makes his subject present a still more subtle beauty to the mind, which finds in it a relationship of spirit as well as matter. This phase of art is rare in any school.

Possessing a keen analytical intellect and sturdy imagination, detective of the hidden springs of thought and passion, pure in expression of character, Elihu Vedder, now in Rome, requires only a certain amount of outward pressure and concentration of will to cause him to rise to eminence in a brief period. But he needs a cultivated audience to adequately comprehend and enjoy his favorite motives, as well as a critical one to spur him to continuous exertion and restrain his fancy from running too wild. He has the same acute observation of the landscape, joined to an equally firm, positive method of painting, as Hotchkiss had; although, unlike him, instead of making the landscape the sole aim of his art, he uses it only as a background or means of expression of human emotions or of reflecting the supernal passions which he delights to evoke from it. His insight into the heart of man and nature is highly poetical, with a tendency to the weird and mystical. He has more of the creative faculty, imbued with a nice sense of wit, than any other American painter I know. In general, his motives are of a highly intellectual character, and cover a wide range of topics, varying from an absolutely realistic treatment to the grotesque, supernal, abstract, and sentimental—which last, however, is almost always sure to possess a delicate touch of the humorous. At times he resembles Blake in facility of abnormal invention, but never, like him, is he religious in feeling. Blake believes in and sees the hosts of superior worlds, heavens and hells. Vedder projects them out of his own brain as curious inventions to perplex, amuse, or astonish the spectator. With him there is no personal Godhead or celestial hierarchy, other than what man creates for himself. His art recognizes an infinite spirit in the universe,

neither absolutely good nor evil, but of the nature of a causative force which bewilders rather than enlightens and protects mankind, assuming shapes dictated by his roving imagination. This is never, like Doré's, cruel, coarse, sensual, or mocking, but notably elfin-like, subtly quaint, profoundly mysterious and solemn; a medley of pagan, classical, and the Teutonic pantheistic visions, forcing their old forms into new moulds of no less intense signification.

La Farge's sensitiveness to the unseen life of the universe, being entirely Christian in sentiment, presents a striking contrast to Vedder's, which roams through space and the infinite in quest of subject-matter, without other aim than to give liberty to pent-up ideas which crowd for utterance. Unfortunately for his own fame and that of the school, he fails to do that complete justice to both which he might were he to apply himself to his art with the assiduity it calls for. Indeed, were I limited to actual performances of great works, published to the world at large, by either of the three young artists just sketched, I should be forced to keep silence. I speak, therefore, of their artistic promise rather than of its positive fulfilment. Vedder may never achieve a permanent reputation, owing to idiosyncrasies of temperament already indicated. But it is the duty of the American public to bring to bear on him all possible pressure to induce him to work persistently. Each of them has done enough which has come under my own observation to warrant my placing them among the most hopeful symptoms of our future art. If the next generation produces a relative number of artists who shall show as great an advance over these three as they have shown over their immediate predecessors, America may then take a secure position in the art of the world, provided that the new genius will resolutely discipline itself by systematic study and labor.

I might cite more examples of original cleverness and varied talents, like those of Whistler, William Hunt, the sculptors Ward and Brown, and a score of other men, now winning local if not European renown; but enough have been cited to establish the fact that our artists, as well as our public, are now ready to welcome and help sustain museums of art, because they imperatively require them as a means of their own existence and progress in a profession which has become an integral part of the national education, as well as the nation's most important and prolific source of enjoyment.

We must look also at our standing as regards amateurs and scholars, to see if we as a people are equally ripe for these institutions; for their immediate organization and support will depend more on the students and connoisseurs of art than on the artists themselves or the general public. In America, where every initiative in education must be taken by individuals, it is absolutely certain that no steps to advance any branch of learning ever will be undertaken until there are to be found a sufficient number of persons of wealth and æsthetic culture willing to assume for the public the duty which it really owes to itself to do at once and thoroughly. Have we at this juncture enough of such disinterested individuals, of sufficient property and the right sort of training?

Unlike the founding of scientific institutions, experience proves that wealth and culture must be united in the same person to effect this desired end. Rich men contribute liberally to support a college, institute of technology, or museum of natural history, on the general principle of their usefulness, or for religious seminaries, without comprehending specifically anything of their studies or doctrines. A distinguished banker of Boston takes Professor Agassiz's word for it, that it is important to the world of science to know what reptiles and fishes exist in the waters of the Amazon, and hands him a check for an unlimited amount

to fit out an exploring expedition to catch them and put them into bottles for the inspection of his students. The hard-headed legislators of Massachusetts are convinced on abstract grounds, by the same learned scientist, that it is expedient for the promotion of natural science to vote liberal sums to erect buildings in which to catalogue and exhibit the fossil remains and more recent specimens of the animal kingdom, which not one individual in a hundred goes to see, and still fewer comprehend or are entertained in seeing. I do not say this in disparagement of these studies, which are regarded as more important than art by the majority of the people, but simply to recall the fact to those most interested in the latter that it is far easier, in the present mental disposition of men of wealth, to collect funds for museums of natural than of artistic objects, although the one has only a limited interest for the people at large, while the other is attractive to everybody. It is curious and instructive to retrace the geological history of the earth, by suites of fossils and minerals, out of primitive chaos through infinite ages down to our own, and, by means of the contents of long files of glass jars and mounted skeletons, man's own development from the first organic germ to his present imperfect being; but this study is limited to mere changes of matter, while that of art offers an exact chart of the progress of mind itself as it rules and shapes matter to its own volitions, or in obedience to those elementary forces which anticipate and create all material things. The one is the servant, the other the master. To very many, the forms of the lower creation, especially as seen preserved in alcohol, are repulsive apart from their value to science. Neither is comparative anatomy, in the shape of wired skeletons, very agreeable to the common eye. But a museum of painting and sculpture entertains and instructs every mind in some degree or other. Pictures and statues are human souls reflecting themselves in ours as by an enchantment of our senses. They mingle pleasure with teaching by assuming those guises which are most seductive to the outward man, while depositing or awakening within us ideas and emotions that fructify into spiritual happiness. Art is the exquisitely-flavored fruit of the tree of life, which only to taste confers immortality. Descending from the higher to the minor arts of a museum, we find no less to gratify the eye and much to interest on account of their relation to the industrial welfare of the country. Yet such is the hardness of our hearts, the blindness of our vision, toward the highest, purest, and most complete of the sources of our intellectual progress and enjoyment as a people, that, while many museums and schools of natural science have been founded and amply endowed, those of art exist only in name or in the minds of a few amateurs who, perceiving their importance in the progress of civilization, have just begun to obtain a public hearing to plead for their establishment.

Providence, however, matures its best gifts slowest, keeping the richest treasure in hidden store until man is ready to give it welcome. So it is happening with art in America. The period of its advent approaching, we detect a simultaneous stir in various quarters in the brains of artists and amateurs widely apart, moved by a common impulse to accomplish a common end. Wealthy connoisseurs, who have hitherto collected for their own gratification, are now proffering their stores of art and knowledge as free gifts to the public, solicitous to enjoy while living some of that patriotic satisfaction which must ensue to every one on hearing "Well done, thou good and faithful servant of the Lord," from the voices of millions of fellow men.

Mr. Corcoran of Washington was the first amateur to erect a beautiful building, endow it with a fund, and make it over to the national Capital for purposes

of art, in charge of an intelligent board of trustees, whose duty it is to fill it and open it to the public. Mr. Peabody did the same for Baltimore not long before he passed away. In both instances the edifices have anticipated their contents, the value and usefulness of which will depend on the good judgment and æsthetic training of those to whom is confided the office of securing objects of art. Generous gifts have already been proffered. But with them begins the delicate task of discriminating between what is of real value for the ends in view, and works that would discredit museums and mislead students. Here comes in the need of competent experts, not merely in painting and sculpture, but in bronzes, metals, precious and common, glass, ceramic ware, majolica, porcelains, lacquer, enamels of all kinds, gems, medals, coins, engravings, tapestry, designs and drawings, carved and inlaid furniture, miniatures, missals, ivories—in fine, every branch of ancient and modern industry in which ornament plays the conspicuous part. No connoisseur can master the whole field of great and little arts. Nevertheless, each should be represented as completely as possible in a cosmopolitan museum.

At the opportune moment, doubtless, the right persons to buy, arrange, and catalogue will be forthcoming. Indeed, our country can command at this moment more ability of this character than would appear possible on first thought. Naming only a few, Mr. August Belmont of New York has shown such a ripe taste in the selection of modern pictures for his private gallery as to indicate him as one of the æsthetic guides, combining wealth with culture, to whom the country will naturally turn at this juncture. Mr. James Lenox, of the same city, is a connoisseur in another department of approved efficiency, having collected rare works of art and books, which he has just given to New York, with an ample fund to build a suitable edifice to hold them. Meantime, many of the rich citizens themselves, by means of a committee of more than fifty of their number, including the chief amateurs and artists, are organizing a plan for a Metropolitan Art Museum on a comprehensive scale, intending to have it vie, as a practical school of art and complete gallery, with the best in Europe, so far as it is practicable at this day to secure for it fine original specimens of painting and sculpture of all countries, and systematic series of the minor arts of all epochs. If one be permitted to judge of the probable results of this undertaking by the enthusiastic spirit of the addresses made by New York's most distinguished citizens, on the occasion of choosing the committee, it would seem that neither money nor energy will be wanting to make it the leading institution of America, and a formidable rival of all foreign ones in purchasing the most noteworthy objects that may come into the market. Apparently, the names of such committeemen and buyers of works of art as Wm. H. Aspinwall, M. O. Roberts, James Lenox, A. T. Stewart, R. L. Stuart, S. G. Ward, W. T. Blodgett and others of similar taste and fortunes—their collective wealth being not short of one hundred millions of dollars—are sufficient to warrant the sanguine expectations of the inaugurators of this movement, provided they speak by authority. It may prove difficult to secure the same unity of action as of purpose among so many chiefs. The public will watch their labors with deep interest. They have a greater guarantee of success, inasmuch as so many artist-amateurs like F. E. Church, R. M. Hunt, J. La Farge, W. J. Hoppin, D. Huntington, I. O. A. Ward, and Russel Sturgis, Jr., actively participate in them. If the necessary millions of dollars be forthcoming, there need be no failure from want of sufficient guidance.

Rumor states on good foundation that A. T. Stewart, by himself, has already devoted upward of one million dollars to erecting a great gallery in the Re-

naissance style, which he is now filling with pictures, as a gift to New York. Mr. Bryan, one of the few connoisseurs of the old masters, has already given his collection, valued at one hundred thousand dollars, consisting of several hundred examples of the French, German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, some of rare excellence, and interesting works of the early Italian, besides valuable specimens of American portraiture of the period of the Revolutionary war. The Historical Society, in whose museum it is now deposited, likewise owns a series of paintings and sculpture, chiefly American, which is intended as a nucleus for a great public gallery to be erected in Central Park, the right of location having been already secured. But it would seem advisable to unite its resources with those of the Metropolitan Art Committee, and thus make a more complete museum and efficient organization than can be had by their separate and perhaps rival exertions.

Although Washington, Baltimore, New York, New Haven, and even Chicago, may be said to have preceded Boston in their undertakings for the advancement of art, either having secured valuable collections, erected buildings, or organized museums in embryo, while Boston had nothing to show except the feeble collection of antique casts, copies, and modern pictures belonging to its Athenæum—no merchant prince having come forward to imitate the example of Mr. Corcoran at Washington, Lenox and Stewart at New York, or Mr. Street at New Haven—yet she proves to be behind none of her sisters in her convictions and intentions. Indeed, she carries away the palm of practical sagacity in quietly maturing a plan, which, if executed with similar intelligence and persistence to what is shown in her other departments of liberal education, will give her the real lead in æsthetic as in other branches of intellectual culture. Without notifying the public or exciting any discussion in the newspapers, a plan of artistic training on the basis of collections and schools like the South Kensington has been put into shape by a few competent amateurs, who bid fair to do all the more for Boston because they possess both the culture and means requisite to carry it on to a successful issue, before handing over its destinies to the people themselves as an established public institution. It is a decided advantage for the early stage of the Boston project that it is managed by a few individuals agreed on all substantial points, even if not so lavishly endowed with colossal fortunes as their æsthetic rivals in New York. Nevertheless, funds have been secured for beginning a building capable of meeting present wants, as well as a large lot of land in the heart of the city, sufficient to respond to all the requirements of a great museum; a design for which, comprising all the modern improvements of lighting, heating, and wall surfaces, and means of artistically exhibiting both large and small objects according to their epochs and history, have been elaborated by Russel Sturgis, Jr., who, besides his knowledge as an architect, has a connoisseur's acquaintance with the arts themselves, and knows precisely what each department needs for its best accommodation. Unless an architect understands the specific requirements of each branch of art in an edifice of this character, he is likely to make costly blunders and frustrate much of its intended purpose, however skilful and learned he may be in massing and decorating his building as a whole. The value of the land given to the city for its Art Museum is not less than five hundred thousand dollars.

Boston is peculiarly fortunate in having among her citizens interested in this enterprise several prominent amateurs, whose experience and taste give it weight with the public, and inspire confidence in its success. Among these we find C. C. Perkins, whose works in Tuscan sculpture have gained him a European

reputation; the distinguished Senator and ardent lover of art, whose exertions to save Washington from being made altogether hideous by the periodical fits of madness of our legislators in ordering statues and pictures of incompetent artists deserve public recognition; Mr. T. Appleton, who has recently given the Tosti collection of engravings to the Public Library; Mr. Louis Thier, who collected and catalogued the celebrated Gray collection bequeathed to Harvard College; and other gentlemen of similar disposition. A charter for an Art Museum based on a capital of one million dollars has been obtained. At the same time, measures are initiated to supply the public schools with casts of the best antique and mediæval sculpture. All this displays the earnest, intelligent work of sagacious thinkers; a more serious desire to impart to the youth those principles and ideas that underlie noble work, and to make them familiar with its forms, than to glorify the originators or their city by a premature spasmodic effort, or a pretence of knowledge and feeling, having no sound basis in the hearts and minds of the population at large. As more books are read in Boston than in any other city by the masses, on account of the facility with which they are furnished by the city authorities, so her population may be the first to reap a harvest of æsthetic culture, owing to the simple plan of placing in the public schools casts and photographs of choice objects. If occasional verbal instruction likewise be given in the history and constitution of art by competent lecturers, it will prove a cogent refiner of manners, and secure to the public the rightful development of many a useful talent now wholly lost from want of an opportunity to declare itself. As this grateful task of making a practical beginning of instructing the pupils of the city in æsthetic knowledge has fallen into the proper hands, we may hope shortly to witness such beneficial results as will prompt to its rapid extension and enlargement of scope.

Although, as I declared in the beginning of this article, we cannot speak of art museums as matters of fact in America, yet it is evident their day is nigh at hand. The public wish them; earnest men are laboring to found them; and there is an adequate number of artists and amateurs to meet the immediate requirements of their organization. The future supply of competent acquirements to respond to an enlarged demand is simply a question of the very æsthetic training which the institutions themselves will provide. There is no substantial reason for doubting that our cities can have at their option museums which shall compare favorably in general utility and value of contents with those recently organized in Europe, to which they now look as models. Indeed, the amount in money and the value of the objects already given for this purpose within a brief period must astonish those who have not considered them. The Corcoran and Peabody gifts at Washington and Baltimore exceed one million dollars; the Lenox at New York half as much; the Bryan gallery, one hundred thousand dollars; Lawrence's gifts of armor, Gray's and Appleton's of engravings, to Boston, more than seventy-five thousand; and in Boston, five hundred thousand; Street school of design at New Haven, two hundred and fifty thousand—an aggregate of several millions, besides the larger sums already partially raised or contemplated by the great projects of New York and Boston. Large sums will flow more readily and easily into the treasuries of organized working associations than smaller can be secured for those only in contemplation. At all events, a sound beginning of a sound end in the civilization of America has been made, and all interested may hopefully watch its progress.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

SO DEARLY BOUGHT.

THE Countess of Soissons was about to separate from her husband; the Countess of Soissons was coming home to America. The merciless ocean telegraph, which proves the greatest gossip of this gossiping age, announced the fact, and the newspapers reported it among the latest bits of choice society news. Eager tongues in the magic circle elaborated the story through the length and breadth of Murray Hill, and long-winded slanderers outside the pale added fresh revelations, gloating over them with the glee of South Sea Islanders scenting a cannibal feast.

Reasons for the rupture were given without stint, and scarcely a show of reason in any of them, but this did not prevent each report having scores of devout adherents. It was generally conceded that the breach was of the Countess's causing, though she was none the less blamed on that account. Most people tried to think she only made matters public because she wanted to be first in the field, and, having discovered that the Count intended to expose her shocking conduct, invented this complaint against marital cruelty in order to dull the edge of his chronicle when it should appear.

The telegraph, the newspapers, and the gossips had it their own way for a few days; such of the Countess's republican relatives as anybody ventured to mention the matter to, could only answer that they had heard nothing from the lady herself. Letters did come, however, or rather a letter, from the Countess to her step-mother; it had been delayed, as the epistles one is anxious to receive always are. It was not a satisfactory explanation, though it was sufficiently clear, in all conscience.

Thus much was truth: the Countess had left her husband and taken refuge under his aunt's roof; she intended to come back to America. She had borne enough, that was apparent; but she was too proud a woman to try to excite sympathy by a wordy narration of her wrongs. She could have told that she had been more than once dragged out of bed by the beautiful hair which men raved over, and Owen Meredith had written poems about; she could have mentioned a descent down stairs hastened by an application of nobility's boot-heels; but she forbore. She was likewise silent in regard to the flagrant insult and crowning wrong, which no woman ought to endure, that had caused her hastily to quit her outraged and desecrated home.

She was not coming back to crave protection—Mrs. Laurence thoroughly comprehended this. She stated distinctly that, though the bulk of her fortune was gone, she had enough left to live upon—if not, she would teach, sew; none of her relations need be afraid of her throwing herself on their bounty. She requested her step-mother to make this truth plain to the clan, and to add that she no more desired advice than she did assistance.

But almost before Mrs. Laurence, still young and pretty, had read and digested the epistle, the telegraph blurted out fresh news; the newspaper's caught it up, the scandal-mongers went nearly mad with excitement. The Count had been shot in a duel by the husband of the little Spanish lady on whose account the Countess had taken her decisive step.

But that was not all. Surprises are like misfortunes, they never come singly. One of the Laurences died off in South America and left his half million to his

beloved niece, Adèle, Countess of Soissons; she had been christened by that pretty French name, as if her mother had a presentiment it would suit best with the appellation she was to bear in later years.

There was a revolution in the sentiments at least of society, without delay. A woman returning to her old home damaged in reputation by an unexplained parting from her husband, beggared in pocket by the extravagance of her noble lord, was a woman to be properly pounced upon and condemned. But a young widow, possessor of an ample fortune, well connected, with a title and beauty, was a person to be received with sympathy and affection. Besides, the withered old Marquise, who certainly would have been taken for a chimpanzee had she lived in the *Jardin des Plantes*, did not scruple to make the story of her nephew's enormities fully known; and when it was discovered how much money the Countess had inherited, Paris, like New York, was prepared to believe everything in her favor.

But one person cared very little what people said or thought, and that was Adèle, Countess of Soissons, herself, who was sailing across the ocean through those sunny June days, as weary, sad a Countess as ever felt her forehead ache under the weight of her diamond coronet. However, this particular Countess, like a good many of her sisters, had no diamond coronet left to give her the headache, or to repeat poetry over when she was misanthropic. The family jewels of the Soissons had been paste through several generations, though when Adèle's republican father learned this, he made her a wedding present of a new set—coronet and all. But this pretty bauble, and such other of the trinkets as he could lay hands upon, the dashing Count had disposed of a good while before, to satisfy the unpleasant needs for ready money caused by his aristocratic tastes. Indeed, the first time he pulled his American wife out of bed by her hair, and the last time he had an opportunity to kick her down stairs, the disagreements rose out of the fact that she refused to tell him where she had secreted the rest of her gems. So now, if she wanted a coronet to make herself interesting, she would have to purchase another out of her new inheritance; but at present she did not feel much inclination to provide herself with this glittering reminder of her woes. After news of her husband's accident was brought her, she went to his house; took care of him during the brief space he had left for thought and repentance; then she turned her back on the beautiful land which so few years previous she had entered with such worldly pride and unyielding ambition.

When she landed in New York she found her step-mother waiting to meet her, and they kissed and were reasonably glad to see each other, having been schoolmates before handsome, penniless Lily Waters married old Laurence, whereby the two girls were forced into a position in which they fought terribly, as most girls would.

"We are going up to Greenacres this evening," Mrs. Laurence said, as the carriage drove through the familiar streets, and the Countess wondered secretly that anything should look so much as it used while she was so changed—not an original fancy, but just as pathetic to her. "I thought you would prefer that; town is very hot, and I knew you would want to be quiet."

"I do prefer it," Adèle answered; "it was very good of you to think of me, Lily."

Mrs. Laurence said something kind and affectionate, and took the opportunity to get an investigating glance at her companion's face. "She looks dreadfully worn and pulled down," she thought; "and she has almost lost her beauty, poor thing."

She grew more tender than ever. She was sorry for her husband's daughter, and was perfectly unconscious that she found a sort of satisfaction in pitying her and noting the havoc that had been wrought in her face. But Mrs. Laurence was mistaken there. Just now, Adèle did look weary and worn, and the girlish loveliness would never come back; but she was more beautiful than ever, with such a touching sadness in the glorious brown eyes, such a scorn of herself and the whole world on her proud mouth.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Laurence, after she had finished her study of the Countess's features, "ye'll be quiet as mice, and sit and rest in the sunshine. I need it, too. You know Dora Hastings lives with me? She's grown into such a pretty girl—I'm sure you'll like her."

"That's an admirable reason for one woman liking another," returned Adèle lazily, and Mrs. Laurence laughed.

"That really sounds like you," she said. "But you never were jealous of other women, I'll say for you; and certainly you have no need to be now."

"That's very pretty, Lily," the Countess answered, with a flash of the great eyes which reminded Mrs. Laurence of old days, "but you know you have been thinking for the last five minutes that I had lost all my good looks—I am simply hideous."

"You are tired—this dreadful voyage!"

"Exactly," said Adèle; "the voyage."

They reached the Fifth avenue house, and found luncheon and Dora Hastings awaiting them.

"I hope you haven't forgotten me," said the girl, going straight up to the Countess, and giving her one kindly kiss. "You used to pet me a great deal. I was such a little thing that I seemed much younger than you, then."

"I think time hasn't changed that," returned the Countess. "You are eighteen and I am almost twenty-five."

"For heaven's sake, don't begin talking about ages," exclaimed Mrs. Laurence, laughing. "I am astonished at such a Yankee trick in you, Countess! Please to remember that I am too near thirty for the subject to be agreeable."

They had a cheerful meal together, talking as people might who had only been separated for a short space, and to neither of whom anything of importance had happened since they parted. It was what Madame de Soissons intended for the present and all time to come; but she mentally congratulated her companions on having tact enough to accept the position without one single blunder.

"We are going up the river in to-night's boat," Mrs. Laurence explained; "so you'll not mind the added journey, Adèle. I must run away for awhile, now. Dora, I want you to please go to Stewart's for me, and our traveller can lie down and rest herself."

So they took her up to a pleasant chamber, made her comfortable, and left her with orders to sleep. She smiled a promise, not thinking it necessary to inform them that she and slumber had been poor friends for a long while.

"Did you ever see anybody so worn and haggard!" exclaimed Mrs. Laurence when she and her cousin were safely down stairs again.

"But she is very handsome still," Dora answered.

"I can't see it," Mrs. Laurence pronounced.

"Wait till she gets rested," said Dora. "Poor thing, how sweet and gentle she seems."

"Now, look here, Dora," said Mrs. Laurence, "you recollect what I told you! I know Adèle by heart. She has plenty of good qualities. We used to quarrel dreadfully; but of course we don't need to now——"

"I don't think," interrupted Dora, "that she cares enough about anything in these days to quarrel over it."

"And I think you're a little dunce to imagine you understand her at all," returned her cousin, with the charming frankness relatives are wont to display in private. "She is as artful as the father of lies—a born actress, cold-blooded, selfish, and the most outrageous flirt that ever lived."

"But now——"

"You make me sick with your everlasting *now*! I tell you to remember what I said when I found she was coming back. Keep your secret for the present, or she'll make you trouble."

"I'll remember," was all Dora said, and went her way. She had her own thoughts on the subject, but it was not her habit to force opinions on people, and she never argued with Lily, because she knew Lily's temper could not stand it. Not that she was a poor cousin, or a *protégée*, or anything else unfortunate. She had money of her own, and was perfectly independent; but she and Mrs. Laurence were fond of each other, and lived together for that reason, and got on smoothly enough; and Mrs. Laurence thought her relative a sweet-tempered, yielding creature, with as little character as women of thirty are apt to suppose young girls possess. Dora never took the trouble to undeceive her. Indeed, she probably did not understand her own nature very thoroughly; people seldom do until some crisis arises which gives a need for personal analysis, and Dora's life had been so far quiet and happy.

During the last three months she had found a new source of happiness. Dora was engaged, and it was of that engagement Mrs. Laurence did not wish her to speak to the Countess. Dora's lover was away at present; the betrothal had not been made public after the odious fashion of the present day, and Mrs. Laurence knew Adèle would live so retired a life during the summer that it was ten to one no report in regard to it would reach her.

The next morning the three ladies were breakfasting in a charming room in the old country-house, with the sun shining brightly in across the vine-covered veranda, and everything so still and peaceful Adèle Soissons could hardly believe it real that such repose had suddenly come into her stormy life.

"Dora and I are going to Saratoga next week," Mrs. Laurence said, while she was explaining to the Countess the plans they had made for the summer before there was any thought of her return. "In August we have promised to stay with the Russian ambassadress at Newport, and some time in the autumn we are obliged to have a party of people here."

"And I am sure Miss Hastings will enjoy it all," the Countess answered with a smile, which Lily interpreted as one of envy, but which seemed to Dora only full of a wondering pity that a possibility of enjoying such scenes should be left anybody.

"I wish you wouldn't miss me," she said, already completely subdued by the pale lady's fascinations. "Do call me Dora."

"Since you are going away I must miss you," said Adèle.

"What a dreadful play upon words," cried Lily. "It's a bad habit you both have—I'll fine the first who makes a pun. But now, Adèle, about yourself—what will you do?"

"Since you kindly put this house at my disposal during your absence, I shall stay here," said the Countess, "it being perfectly understood that the expense is to be mine."

"Such odious calculations!" exclaimed Lily, shrugging her shoulders, though she was secretly pleased.

"They will make us both perfectly independent," Adèle said. "I have been thinking over your proposal of last night, and if we get on until it is time to go back to town, I have decided to spend next winter with you, if you allow me to pay half the expenses of the establishment—on no other terms. You will be mistress just the same, of course. I only want to make myself free and comfortable."

Mrs. Laurence at first expostulated, but was brought to own that it was best, and in her heart was glad to have her outlays lightened; for she was an extravagant puss, and in spite of the ample fortune her old husband had left her, she often found herself cramped.

"And I dare say we shall get on very well," she said.

"If we let each other alone," Adèle answered, candidly.

"And she's not handsome enough to bother," Lily thought; for remembering the brilliant bit of coloring Adèle had been in her girlish days, she could not regard her present pallor and sad face as anything but a faded, washed-out likeness of the old time. Since she was pink-tinted and bright-haired herself, that was very natural.

The fortnight passed, and Mrs. Laurence and her cousin departed with their arks and their servants. They were both sorry to leave Adèle, for a woman who has the art of making herself agreeable to sister women is not met every day; besides, there was a chance of pitying her loneliness, and it is pleasant to do that when one is setting forth in search of gayeties and excitement. But Adèle was glad to see them go—not that their society was disagreeable; she rather liked Lily in these days, and discovered to her surprise that she was growing absolutely fond of blithe, sensible Dora; but she was better alone. She was moody, and bitter, and sullen; at war with herself and Fate. It was hard work to hide the fact and be amiable; for play-acting had grown a task and bore. So she sat down in the silence of the great house and looked her withered, desolate, dead life full in the face; lived among her ghosts, reviled her own folly, and had a season of Walpurgis days and nights such as are interesting enough to read about, but which are a purgatory to pass through that might make the very angels weep to witness.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, she stood in the garden watching the sun set behind the distant hills, and every sight and sound of beauty was a fresh pang. You who have suffered can understand; to the fortunate souls who have not, a volume of explanation would fail to make the matter clear.

Out came the trim maid who had accompanied her from France, and with many excuses for interrupting Madame, informed her that there was a gentleman arrived to see Miss Hastings. There appeared to be some mistake! Would Madame have the goodness to see him? She, Cécile, had been airing herself in the avenue when he drove up, and had explained as well as she could that the ladies were absent; but he seemed so much annoyed that she had told him she would call Madame, and he had bidden her so to do. Cécile added that she had no doubt it was the lover of the little Mees. If Madame remembered, Cécile had mentioned to her that she was sure from hints let drop by the maid of the little Mees that there was such a person, and this gentleman was so handsome, *mais vraiment distingué*.

Madame thought it highly probable that Cécile was correct in her suppositions; she had discovered that Lily was making Dora keep a secret from her—as if she cared for anybody's secrets!

She walked through the house into the reception-room where Cécile said the

visitor was waiting, opened the door, and found herself face to face with Clifford Stuyvesant.

If the pair had been on the stage trying for a point which should bring down a crowded house, they could not have made a more effective tableau than they unconsciously did during that first moment. But naturally the lady was quickest to recover herself; she was helped to do it by seeing the surprise and wonder in Stuyvesant's eyes change into displeasure and annoyance. She moved toward him with her gauzy black draperies sweeping over the floor, graceful and picturesque as if she had studied the whole scene for a week in advance, and held out her hand, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Stuyvesant?"

He took it, grew red, grew white, looked uncomfortable, tried to say the proper thing, and was awkward and miserable, as an excitable man always will be at such instants, no matter how much training he may have had.

"I am so surprised—so——"

"And you did not know I was in America!" Adèle asked, as easily as if his sentence had been finished according to the most rigid rules of polite conversation.

"No; I have been in Texas—just got back this morning; but you had heard I was there, I suppose," he said, making a dash at his self-possession, and ready to bang his head against the wall with rage at his absurd behavior.

"I had not heard your name mentioned," she answered, in the low, thrilling voice he remembered so well—that he had cursed so often.

"I expected to find Mrs. Laurence and——" he hesitated.

"And Miss Hastings," she added quickly; but quick as she spoke, she had a whole rush of thought first. He was Dora's lover now. Lily had kept the secret from her—perhaps hoping to enjoy her pain by some dramatic exposure on some future day. "They are at Saratoga. I think they meant to have you meet them there."

"It was my blunder," Stuyvesant said. "I am back before my time, and thinking I should find them still here, hurried up at once instead of going to the club for my letters."

The Countess looked politely indifferent; her crushed, tortured heart, that she had thought cold and dead, was struggling and writhing into new life as she gazed in his face, but there was no sign; she appeared courteous and civil—nothing more.

"You will be able to reach Saratoga this evening," she observed, after a little pause. "The next express passes our station in"—she glanced indolently at the clock on the mantel—"about an hour. In the mean time, allow me to play hostess in Mrs. Laurence's absence, and offer you some dinner."

He declined in much too stately a way—was conscious of it, and that made him more angry than ever.

"On the whole you are wise," she said, laughing, "for I don't believe there is any dinner. I hate the meal in summer; but it is the time when I indulge in a cup of tea. You shall share it with me, if you will."

She touched the bell before he could utter a protest—gave her order to the servant—and in a few minutes those two, who had parted five years previous, with mad, passionate words on his side, with bitter regret on hers, though she held fast to her ambitious purpose, who had never met from that time to this, and had believed there could be no meeting-ground for them in the future, sat opposite each other at the little mosaic table, and the Countess poured out her fragrant Orange Pekoe into the tiny china shells, and offered delicately-thin

bread and butter to her unwilling guest, and everything was as natural and commonplace as possible. In this age we act our tragedies with forks in our hands in place of daggers, and put them decorously to our mouths instead of planting them in our enemies' breasts.

The Countess talked of the weather—his journey—her late voyage; and he tried to do his best, but was aware that he did not succeed over well.

"Do you stay long in America?" he asked.

"I have no plans," she answered.

"The Count is not with you?" was his next question.

"I am a widow," she replied.

Then he did not know what to say, and tried to say several things, and broke down in each.

"So you had heard nothing of me?" she inquired. "Yet you had a correspondent from this house, I think. But I suppose Mrs. Laurence and Miss Hastings thought you would only be bored by news of an old acquaintance."

"Several letters have missed me lately," he said; "probably the very ones in which I should have learned all this."

The Countess bowed her head in an assent, which did not in the least express assent, and upset the man's last power of self-control.

"I know what you mean," he exclaimed, rising from the table more quickly than good breeding would dictate.

The Countess quietly put out her hand to keep her cup from overturning with the jar he gave the table, and looked at him with placid interrogation.

"You think they were afraid to tell me," he went on; "afraid of giving me pain—or that Dora was afraid for her empire—you know I am engaged to her?"

It seemed to his listener that her mouth was changing into iron—the muscles of her tongue almost as useless as if they had been made of sponge—but she still looked at him; the half smile was on her lip, the voice which replied was indolent and musical as ever.

"I do, now that I have it from the best possible authority—yourself. Neither your betrothed nor anybody else had given me reason to suspect it. Your name has not been mentioned, I said."

"I suppose Mrs. Laurence told Dora you would not be interested."

"I suppose so! Mrs. Laurence was mistaken; I am interested—I congratulate you with all my heart! I have seen Miss Hastings constantly since my arrival. I am sure you have won a prize, and I am sure that you are worthy of it."

It was a rather neat speech, and she knew that she delivered it very nicely, and all the while sparks of fire danced before her eyes, and the floor went up and the ceiling came down; the chairs and tables moved about in a frantic dance, and everything grew so misty and indistinct that she could see nothing clearly except his pale, angry face as it confronted her.

"You are very good," he said stiffly. "Your pretty compliment to Dora is simple truth, and I will try to deserve my share."

"You will do it," she replied, quietly.

He began to sneer—tried to get out a biting speech in regard to the spirit of prophecy she had developed. But angry as he was—bitterly as he hated her—the taunt died unuttered beneath the fixed, solemn look in those brown eyes. So he buttoned his coat and uttered a commonplace. "I will not intrude upon you any longer; I have rather a tiresome walk back to the station."

"Will you let me drive you down?" she asked. "I always have my ponies out of an evening."

"Thanks—the walk will be a relief after so much railway journeying as I have had."

"So you will not even let me do you so slight a favor as that?" returned she, and this time her lips quivered a little.

"It really is not necessary, Countess. I will say good-by now—or rather, as I suppose we shall meet before long, I'll be French enough to make it *au revoir*."

It was the first sentence with which he felt satisfied, and for an instant he was more at his ease. She speedily upset that.

"Give it any pretty name you will," she said; "it is plain that you mean good-by, and so—adieu."

She held out her hand—that perfect hand which had been the envy of queens—that hand he had kissed so often—prayed over, ay, fairly wept over in the mad passion of his youth; the sight of which made his very heart ache with a recollection of the old pain as sorely as if the wound were not seared over. He had to take it. She kept her fingers pressed slightly on his, and said, calmly enough,

"Before you go, there is one thing I should like you to do—you see I am willing to accept a favor from you, though you refused mine."

"Certainly, Madame la Comtesse; you have only to speak."

"And because I bear that title, because you are just entering a new life, I can ask it—Say, 'Adèle, I forgive you.'"

She raised her beseeching eyes to his face. He fairly flung her hand from him.

"I won't do it!" he said, harshly. "I don't forgive you—I never shall! You broke my heart—you destroyed my youth! Why, you so utterly ruined my life that now, though you are nothing to me—nothing, I repeat, thank God!—the memory of what you made me suffer leaves me capable of only half enjoying my present happiness."

She bowed her head in patient submission.

"I was wrong to ask it," she answered; "but I thought now you might, because I had passed utterly out of your life. I am the same as dead—we don't bear enmity against them."

"I am not sure," he retorted.

"I am," she replied, "and I speak from experience."

"I don't know why you should care to have my forgiveness anyway."

"I'll tell you why, Clifford. Perhaps I ought not to call you that, but I always used, and it comes so natural that I forgot."

"You'll tell me why," he amended, so bewildered between anger and pain that he could not decide whether she was acting or earnest.

"Because I have learned how wrong and wicked I was; because the ambitions and triumphs for which I threw away my youth have proved Dead Sea fruits; because I despise and loathe the worldly girl who caused your trouble more thoroughly than you can possibly do."

"You have changed," he said bitterly. "I remember when you declared that youthful dreams were folly and never lasted; that nothing was a real good except money and position."

"I have not forgotten, Clifford! You need not add to the bitterness of my confession by reminding me of my old creeds. I won the stake I played for—title, position; and to-day my life is so utterly desolate that the poorest beggar would not change with me if he could know the truth."

"Believe me, I am sorry——"

"You can't be, unless you forgive me," she interrupted. "I haven't spoken to excite your sympathy; do believe this is not a bit of fine comedy! I always meant you should know the truth—not to make you pity me. It seemed that the telling you would be a sort of expiation—a proof that I repented my sin."

"I suppose you only acted in accordance with the doctrines in which you had been brought up," he said, more gently.

"But that is no excuse," she replied.

"I was poor then. Your father would not have allowed you to marry me if you had been willing. Lily told me that he threatened to cut you off with a shilling if you did."

"All true enough, but that was not what deterred me! I was as worldly as my father; I wanted to buy rank with his republican wealth, just as I told you. Well, I did it—let that go! I have said all I wished now; it has been in my mind for months, years! I wanted you to know that however deeply I wronged you in the old time, you have been bitterly avenged."

"I didn't want vengeance, Adèle."

"And yet you cannot forgive me!"

"Yes, I do—freely; there is my hand! There shall never be another harsh thought in my mind toward you," he said, with the impulsiveness which no amount of living could rid him of.

"You have done me more good than you can imagine," she returned, smiling sadly. "Now we begin on new terms. We must meet, and there need be no feeling on either side to make us constrained and give people a chance to pity or blame us."

"I don't care for people!"

"Nor I much—not enough, I fear. But I do care for Dora, and I want you both to be happy. I am sure that the forgiveness you have promised me will help you. I won't keep you any longer—you might miss the train. Go away to Dora. It was not kind of Lily to make her keep the truth from me; but I would rather let them know in my own way that I have discovered it."

"I shall only say that I saw you."

"And give Dora my love—I mean it! Good-by, Clifford! You'll be happy—very happy. I am sure of that, and I thank Heaven for it. At least I did not utterly ruin your future."

She went away out of the room through the twilight shadows which had begun to darken it, and Clifford Stuyvesant stood and watched her, and knew that the future could never give any happiness like that of his early dream.

But he had known this from the first, he told himself over and over, as he hurried along the path which led through the fields to the station. Dora was gentle, and tender, and kind. He loved her after what he might have believed a good fashion, if he had never known a better—at least a more fervid one. He had watched her grow up; child as she was, she had been his only confidante in the first days of his wretchedness, when Adèle Laurence went forth in her search for title and position.

During those years he had become rich; partly by the result of a voyage to South America, partly through some of the wonderful means by which Wall street has made so many men rich during the past few years. And this last winter, coming back to town after a few months absence, he had found Dora so much more charming than ever that he proposed and was accepted, and told himself that the future would do well enough—well enough; as much as any man need expect who had nearly reached thirty.

The remainder of the summer passed with Madame de Soissons in a monotonous round, which it would be neither useful nor pleasant to chronicle, though I think she did not altogether waste the days from the very fact that she tried not to rebel against the loneliness and desolation of her life. She acknowledged always that she had brought it upon herself by sacrificing love to ambition, believing the world's doctrine that all youthful affection must speedily lose its glory, that wealth and pomp are the only lasting basis on which to build up the sort of happiness the mind needs as it forsakes its early romance.

Mrs. Laurence and Dora both wrote to her pleasant, chatty letters, and she answered them; but there was no question concerning Clifford Stuyvesant on either side. Early in the autumn, the two ladies returned, expecting to be followed by a gay party in the course of the following week.

"A little excitement will do you good, Countess," her father's widow said.

"I shall not try the experiment just now," Adèle replied. "I am going to make a short journey during this lovely autumn weather."

"All by yourself?" asked Lily, in amazement.

"I'll take my maid and my man. I'm sure they will do for griffins or sheep dogs."

"Oh, there's no harm in it, only I thought you would be glad to see people after these solitary weeks. Where shall you go?"

"Up into the Catskills. I want to see the mountains once more in their October dress."

"It is of no use to tease you," Lily answered; "but all the same, I am very sorry to have you go."

She was heartily glad for some reason, and Adèle saw it; so she contented herself by replying with a smile; but it was so very significant that Lily colored under the *soupeçon* of rouge she had lately taken to wearing. Fortunately, Dora came in at the instant, and Mrs. Laurence took refuge in lamentations to her. Dora declared herself disappointed at the Countess's determination, and Adèle saw that she meant it.

"You'll have enough of me before the winter is over," she said with her rare smile, which was so beautiful. "Let me follow my own caprices. Have you a large party coming, Lily?"

Mrs. Laurence began enumerating. There would be a house full, many of them old friends of Adèle's, Lily said.

"But you forget to mention one old friend of mine, though of course he is coming," the Countess answered.

Lily was a veteran actress and did an innocent look of inquiry very well; but Dora colored to the tips of her pretty little ears. "Let me see," observed Lily, thoughtfully. "Who else? Oh, to be sure—the Howards and Mrs. Peyton and——"

"Clifford Stuyvesant," added the Countess, sweetly. "My dear Lily, I think when I first came you might have given me an opportunity of congratulating Dora. Of course, she hardly knew me well enough to make the confidence herself."

Mrs. Laurence was absolutely confused, and began several sentences—"It was a secret—I thought—well——"

The Countess paid no attention to her failures; she had risen, and was standing near the blushing Dora. She touched the girl's chin with her finger—raised it so as to look in her face, and said, kindly and heartily,

"I do congratulate you now, though, dear; and I wish you all the happiness I am sure you deserve."

"Thank you," Dora said, more charmed with her than ever.

"But who told you?" asked Lily, incautiously. She could have bitten her tongue out for the heedless speech a second after, but it was too late.

"Mr. Stuyvesant himself, of course," replied the Countess, placidly.

Thomas, at this crisis, announced that Madame de Soissons's horse was waiting, and with a parting kiss to Dora, she went away to prepare for her ride.

Lily glanced at Dora, and Dora became absorbed in studying the pattern of the table-cover. They were both uncomfortable, as the Countess had known they would be. It was her one bit of revenge for their secrecy.

"Clifford did not say he had told her," Mrs. Laurence said.

"I don't——" Dora had begun to prevaricate, but she checked herself. "No; but it was very natural he should. I am glad. It seemed so shabby not to mention it, and so strange."

Mrs. Laurence did not say that for Clifford Stuyvesant to have been silent concerning his confidence to the Countess might also come under the head of "strange," but her face showed she thought it.

"I never could see the good of not owning it to people," she said; "everybody else does."

"Time enough next winter," Dora answered, cheerfully; but she did not feel cheerful in the least.

After Mrs. Laurence had left her, she sat pondering over Clifford's reticence, perplexing herself with weary questions; and though she tried to put them out of her mind, they would come back very often during the weeks that followed, though they were pleasant weeks on the whole, and Stuyvesant was one of the guests at the house, merry and contented as a man who had never had any dead to bury, or their unquiet ghosts to lay, after.

The autumn passed; the troop of visitors left the old mansion; the Countess returned from her expedition to watch the falling leaves among the mountains; the three women were comfortably established in the town house, and the wheels of time apparently rolled on velvet.

The "season" began and rushed on toward a brilliant culmination, till between dinners, balls, and the thousand dissipations society contrives, Mrs. Laurence and Dora, like the rest of Fashion's devotees, worked harder than bond-slaves.

The Countess did not work; she took life in an idle, disdainful way, like one who had learned that it was not worth wearying over. She made no pretence of widow's weeds. She had done with pretences of all sorts, she told herself. If she chose to be visible at Lily's parties, she was; sometimes took her seat in the opera-box, or could be occasionally deluded into dinners. What anybody said she did not in the least care; it was inclination, no fear of gossip, which made her live quietly, and kept her in attire that might be considered a species of mourning dress.

Naturally, Clifford Stuyvesant was a good deal at the house, but the Countess rarely saw him. When they did meet, there was nothing to excite suspicion in the manner of either, not even an effort at avoiding conversation. Mrs. Laurence admitted that Adèle had no evil designs, she believed, and got neatly snubbed by Dora for venturing to hint that she could make trouble if she had.

The young lady and the Countess were absolutely fond of each other. Adèle was astonished to find that she had such capabilities for liking left; and as both were of the order of women who do not consider that friendship means gushing and talking one's self over, they got on admirably.

Lily sometimes, when she had a moment to think, did the injured and reproachful to each in turn for showing more affection toward a comparative stranger than to her; but the Countess fairly laughed in her face with good-natured scorn, and Dora denied the charge once for all, and then took refuge in what her cousin termed "the obstinate Hastings silence."

But it was written in the books of Fate that Madame de Soissons should not yet attain the undisturbed quiet she desired. Another trouble rose to haunt her and bring the punishment for another folly.

Henri de Rivière came over from France—a worthless fellow, who, in the days of Adèle's Parisian triumphs, had maintained a decent position in the world, thanks to the importance of his family. But within the last year he had lost even that. Some flagrant misconduct at a gaming-table had been made public; his relatives discarded him, and he found it necessary to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." He appeared in America; he wanted money for his present needs and assistance in marrying a Yankee heiress, and he relied on the Countess for both. In spite of the rumors which followed him over, he did for a time succeed in holding his own, made Adèle recognize him, and floated into Murray Hill saloons on the strength of her name. It was one of the most galling annoyances that had ever befallen the haughty woman; but she could not at once rid herself of the yoke. In the mad Parisian days she had flirted dreadfully with de Rivière; indeed, there had been a quarrel between her and the Count in regard to him, and she had written the young man a dozen foolish letters which she had long ago forgotten.

But Henri de Rivière had not forgotten, and those letters were safe in his dressing-case when he reached America. He made his determination plain enough. Adèle should either help him, purchase his silence, or he would introduce their faded romance into a book he was writing.

For several weeks he tormented her almost out of her senses. There was nothing wrong in the letters—that is, nothing worse than the folly of a married woman writing sentimental epistles to another than her husband; but the Countess knew that, if they were made public just now, when evil reports concerning her had only lately been laid at rest, slander would blacken her character in an irretrievable fashion.

Nobody dreamed of her trouble except Dora. She did tell Dora. In her whole life before, Madame had never accepted a confidante; but she was so weary and broken down now that her old strength of will could not support her; she wanted sympathy, and she told Dora every thing. At last, de Rivière found that the Countess would only help him on condition of receiving a tangible return. He wanted money dreadfully; concluded that he should stand a better chance among the heiresses of South America than he did among those of the North, owing to the unpleasant gossip which pursued him and made his position in New York more and more doubtful. He consented to Adèle's offer—he would sell her the letters for five thousand dollars. But when it came to the point he haggled—demurred—threatened—appointed interviews in compromising places, then would appear without the documents, and tormented her in every possible way. He discovered at length that he had reached the limit; she grew desperate and dared him to do his worst.

For several days after the meeting in which she vowed that nothing should induce her to notice him further, he could not gain admittance to her presence, and she paid no attention to his notes. He became alarmed then, for he knew that money was better than revenge. So he wrote to say that if she would be

in Brady's gallery the next morning at eleven o'clock, with the check ready, she should have the letters.

Dora entered Adèle's room as she was reading the easy, impudent pages, and the Countess handed them to her.

"He means fair play this time. My silence has frightened him, as you thought it would," she said, with a weary smile.

Dora congratulated her, and kissed and petted her, but Adèle was too ill with nervous anxiety and a feverish cold to be either hopeful or at rest. The next morning she was not fit to go out; but she dressed nevertheless, and would not listen to Dora's expostulations until she found herself nearly fainting under the fatigue and weakness.

"You shall lie down," Dora said, authoritatively. "I will go myself."

The Countess refused to permit her; but Dora insisted, and her companion was too dizzy and sick to think fairly.

"It can do no harm," Dora urged. "Anybody may go to a photographic gallery. You have the check signed by your lawyer. I'll exchange it with that fiend for the letters. I shall know them, and will be careful they are all there."

Adèle had been able to recall the times when the epistles were written, and knew the exact number of them; a silly, girlish journal she kept had luckily not been destroyed, and she had allowed Dora to read it. So Dora was as well up in the case as herself.

The two argued as long as the Countess was able; but at length she had to lay her aching head back on her pillow and allow Dora to have her own way.

"Go to sleep," the girl said. "I'll be back in an hour."

She started on her errand bravely enough, too angry with the miserable man and too full of sympathy for Adèle to think of any unpleasant consequences to herself; though if she had, the thought would not have deterred her. She entered the gallery. There was nobody visible that she knew; passed on toward the front; and there, lounging in a window-seat, was the chevalier. He rose to greet her with elaborate compliments, never dreaming her appearance other than accidental; but she speedily set him right.

"Monsieur," said she, in as pretty French as he could have uttered himself, "I come on behalf of Madame de Soissons. You have some letters of hers. I have a check for you in return. Let us make an exchange and be done."

He was fairly taken aback, and tried to take refuge in smiling menaces and assertions that he must see the Countess.

"She will not see you," replied Dora, quietly. "This is your last opportunity to settle the matter. If you want the money, here it is; if you prefer revenge, take it. Make the letters public to-day, and to-morrow we shall have the pleasure of knowing that a good friend has shot you through the head."

These dreadful American girls! De Rivière was frightened out of his petty senses by her coolness, and the sweet way in which she explained that if he refused to fight a duel he must be branded as a coward whose word would meet with no credence. He fluttered—he stammered. At last, hardly knowing what he did, he gave up the letters. Dora counted them, looked at the date on each, made sure they were all there, and handed him the check.

"If I could explain, Mademoiselle," he began, but she cut him short.

"Good morning," she said; "I would advise you to sail for South America at once. I doubt if the air here will agree with you."

She turned away, and was hiding the letters in her pocket, when she heard her name pronounced; looked up and saw Clifford Stuyvesant, and a very white, angry man he was.

"Allow me to offer you my arm," he said, and swept her down stairs before she could speak. "Did you walk?" he asked.

She pointed to the hired carriage in which she had come; he assisted her in without a word.

"Come with me," she found voice to say.

"Shall I tell the man to drive you home?" he questioned.

She bowed her head; he gave the order, and turned without speaking again; the carriage drove off. Till she reached the house Dora was so confused and frightened that she was incapable of realizing the trouble that had overtaken her. But once safe in her room, she did. She had promised Clifford never to speak to the man—had said she had a very slight acquaintance with him—and now her lover's eyes had seen her part from him; had seen, too, that package of letters. She could not defend herself without betraying Adèle, and she felt that the woman would almost rather the whole world should know than Clifford.

But she left her own troubles to console her friend—gave her the letters—told the story, and behaved so naturally, the Countess did not perceive there was anything amiss. It was a long day to Dora. Adèle had fallen asleep; Lily was out; Clifford did not come. She was frightened and troubled, but he would believe her. She could not explain; she would tell him frankly that she had done what was right; he could not doubt her.

In the dusk of the evening she was down in the library. Clifford had not appeared. Adèle was in her room; Lily sent word that she was going to dine with a friend, but would be back in time to dress and take Dora to the ball of that evening; so Dora ordered dinner away, and took refuge among the shadows.

Clifford Stuyvesant found her there, coming in only the more angry after those hours of reflection. The bitter experience of his youth had made him sceptical where women were concerned, and now he found that he had a second time been deceived—even this frank, sunny-faced girl proved untruthful and false.

"I have been waiting for you all day," Dora said.

"And what have you to say to me now that I am here?" he asked.

"O Clifford!" she exclaimed, with a pathetic reproach in her voice that only irritated him.

"I thought I had found one woman who could keep her word," he said, quickly; "one woman who could be truthful; but I was mistaken."

"I seem to have acted deceitfully," she answered, "but when I give you my word that I have not, you must believe me."

"Do you think me an idiot, Dora? Don't tell me you met that man by accident. I was watching you from the first—I saw everything."

"I had no intention of telling you so, Clifford."

"What took you there; what did he give you?"

"I cannot answer you," she said, slowly. "You must have faith in me—I have been doing right! It may be a hard test, but if you love me it ought not! O Clifford, I would have trusted you without a word."

He stood appalled by her audacity; she did not try to screen herself by lies; she took a bolder ground—this was a trial of his affection, and he was to submit!

"Will you believe me, Clifford?" she asked.

"Believe what? That you expect me to be a patient dupe—an easy, good-natured fool, content to let the girl who is to bear my name compromise herself with a man like that, and say I am perfectly satisfied?"

His voice rose as he put the angry questions; it reached Madame de Sois-

sons, who had at that instant come down stairs and entered the little room separated from the library by heavily-curtained door-ways. She stood still and listened.

"You put it harshly," Dora said.

"But truthfully, you cannot deny."

"Perhaps it is too much to ask," she said.

"Too much?" and he laughed in wrath and pain. "More than any creature lower than the angels would grant, I fancy."

She did not speak; he poured out a torrent of angry words, but she made no reply until he exclaimed:

"Tell me why you met that fellow—give me any reason; I'll believe you—I will!"

"I cannot," she answered, gently; "I can only repeat that I went there because it was my duty—because I should have been a pitiful coward, unworthy to be your wife, if I had not acted as I did. Once more I ask you to believe, to trust me. Clifford, I shall never ask you again."

"Do you mean that our engagement is at an end—that you throw me over—that this has been a game you played——"

"Stop," she interrupted; "don't speak things you will regret! I only say that you must accept my word. I want nothing changed; but unless you believe me you cannot wish our engagement continued."

"And this is all you can say?"

"All. It is very little; but if love means anything, it means implicit faith."

Her voice was low and firm; she stood there in the dim light, pale, but very calm; she had made her resolve, and would abide by it.

"Your conduct has at least the merit of originality," he sneered. "Other women lie; you scorn to do that—you only insist on my shutting my eyes and following meekly where you lead."

"I tell you that I have behaved as any good man would desire the woman he loved to do; that ought to be as conclusive as any other explanation."

"Unfortunately, I am not good enough to accept it! The truth, Dora, or——"

"Clifford, Clifford!"

"Or we part," he finished, sternly.

Before she could answer, the velvet curtains parted noiselessly, and Adèle de Soissons stood in the doorway. It would be fine to say that at the first word she caught she rushed in to make her avowal; but human nature is a poor thing. She stood still, and in those moments of waiting seven times seven devils tore at the heart of the beautiful woman, and strove for mastery. If she remained silent the affair between the two ended here! Clifford had never loved that child—the old dream had power over his soul still. His trouble and anger during that meeting in the summer proved it. She need do nothing—let matters take their course; happiness might yet be hers—the vision she had lived upon during her homeward voyage might be fulfilled.

No; Adèle did something nobler than to rush upon the pair, and avow the truth without hesitation. She stood still and prayed for help as she had never prayed in her whole life, while the legion of demons struggled and counselled and sought to hold her back, and she conquered.

"Clifford," she said; they turned and saw her. "Dora went to meet that man for my sake. Those were my letters! She did a brave, noble thing; it is only I who was weak and mean, as usual. I had flirted with him in the days when my husband's cruelty drove me mad. I called it right because I did not absolutely let him make love to me. Now I have had to buy my letters back to

keep my name out of his book. I was ill, and Dora went in my place. It was a miserable action to let her go, but what else could be expected from me?"

"You could not help yourself, Adèle," Dora exclaimed. "I was glad to do it!"

"You hear her," Adèle said, turning toward Stuyvesant, who had remained silent, so harrowed by conflicting emotions that he could find no voice; "you hear her! And that you may fully appreciate the difference between her and me, you shall have the rest of the truth. I have stood in that room listening, ready to go away and let you two be separated by my wickedness; and where there is one woman like her, there are a thousand like me! Clifford Stuyvesant, go down on your knees and beg her forgiveness, and God's likewise."

"He has my forgiveness," Dora said, and was gone.

She would see neither of them that night; the Countess had to send this word down to Stuyvesant, and he went away—humiliated, ashamed, vowing to be worthy of the pure girl's love, and feeling that the half heart he had given was nearly taken from her.

The next morning Dora saw him, and announced a decision to which she held fast—she would not marry him. Mrs. Laurence was glad enough now that the engagement had been kept secret; furious with Adèle, though she knew none of the particulars. Dora made ready for a visit to Boston, and nothing could stop her.

"I wish I had died a year ago," Adèle cried, in her misery. "I have ruined your life."

"You have done no such thing," Dora answered; "you are not in the question. A crisis—no matter what—has proved that Clifford did not truly love me; if you had been dead, somewhere a similar crisis would have come. Thank Heaven, for both our sakes, it was not too late! His conduct has made me aware that my affection was not real either, because his doubt and hardness have killed it."

She went away. Adèle in her penitence would not even see Clifford, and he hurried off to be miserable by himself at his old country seat. They might have both spared themselves remorse; for while she was in Boston Dora's boy lover—Howard Fane—appeared. He had left home five years before, when he was only nineteen—disowned by his father for some misdemeanor—and it was said and believed that he had been drowned in the China seas. He had done a much more sensible thing—landed safely among the Celestials, worked manfully in his uncle's tea house, and, finding himself rich, came back to forgive and be forgiven.

He met Dora visiting his relatives, and told her that he loved her as he did in his boyish days, and had never ceased to do—that he had come back for her sake. She knew, as she listened, that she need not learn to care for him; the old memory had never died out of her soul. Her affection for Clifford had grown up from the sympathy she felt in his trouble, coming just at the time when her girlish heart was saddened by the news that the daring, reckless youth, her old playmate and her "baby husband," had gone down beneath those far-off waves.

Late in May there was a brilliant wedding reception at Mrs. Laurence's house, and Dora was the bride. Clifford and the Countess stood side by side in the church while the vows between the youthful pair were uttered; stood side by side in the crowded drawing-room after, and watched and were glad in the happiness they saw, but scarcely spoke to each other, though until that morning they had only once met since that revelation Adèle made.

When the bridal party went away, and the guests disappeared, Lily took refuge in her boudoir; but the Countess could not follow her example, for Clifford still lingered, and they sat together in the very apartment where Adèle had fought so sorely with her demons many weeks before.

"I think," Clifford said, after a long talk, "that God has forgiven us both, and allows us another chance of happiness. Let us forgive each other ! Adèle, I love you ; I have always. Come to me ; let us be at rest."

She crept tearfully into the shelter of his arms, and knew that after all her errors, her mistakes, she was permitted to find peace, and the last trace of worldliness slipped from her with the coronet which had been so dearly purchased, and which she flung so gladly away.

FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

POPPIES.

THE corn-blades glitter in the sun
 New-risen from the sea :
 Another summer's day begun
 All laughter, light, and glee
 So long a day for me !

Ye western winds that curl the wave,
 Swift on your wild wings fly—
 Across the waters howl and rave,
 Lash all your tempests high,
 But speed the twilight nigh.

Faint slumberous visions through the day
 Like shadows flit and flee,
 Till Hesper's soft, mysterious ray
 Brings home the toiling bee
 Then sleep caresses me.

The scarlet blooms of utter rest
 Clasped in her cool hands glow :
 They fall upon my brow and breast,
 They kiss me soft and slow ;
 O Love ! thy lips they know.

Too long asleep, at length awake !
 No sunshine frights thee now,
 This living thirst of anguish slake,
 Breathe rest upon my brow—
 Renew thy tender vow.

Return ! return ! nor time nor fate
 Shall wrest thy soul from mine !
 In dreams I am not desolate,
 I see thy fond hopes shine,
 I hear thy voice divine.

But when the dawn comes reddening slow
 Along the tranquil sea,
 I feel beneath their scarlet glow
 How black the sleep-flowers lie :
 How long is day to me !

ROSE TERRY.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE mighty reflux, which, after a short struggle, overpowered the rush of water from the windows, and carried Grace Carden's helpless body away from the tree, drove her of course back towards the houses, and she was whirled past Little's window with fearful velocity, just as he was going to leap into the flood, and perish in an insane attempt to save her. With a loud cry he seized her by her long floating hair, and tried to draw her in at the window; but the mighty water pulled her from him fiercely, and all but dragged him in after her; he was only saved by clutching the side of the wall with his left hand: the flood was like some vast solid body drawing against him; and terror began to seize on his heart. He ground his teeth; he set his knee against the horizontal projection of the window; and that freed his left hand; he suddenly seized her arm with it, and, clutching it violently, ground his teeth together, and, throwing himself backward with a jerk, tore her out of the water by an effort almost superhuman. Such was the force exerted by the torrent on one side, and the desperate lover on the other, that not her shoes only, but her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her in that fierce struggle.

He had her in his arms, and cried aloud, and sobbed over her, and kissed her wet cheeks, her lank hair, and her wet clothes, in a wild rapture. He went on kissing her and sobbing over her so wildly and so long, that Coventry, who had at first exulted with him at her rescue, began to rage with jealousy.

"Please remember she is my wife," he shrieked: "don't take advantage of her condition, villain."

"Your wife, you scoundrel! You stole her from me once; now come and take her from me again. Why didn't you save her? She was near to you. You let her die: she lives by me, and for me, and I for her." With this he kissed her again, and held her to his bosom. "D'y'e see that? liar! coward! villain!"

Even across that tremendous body of rushing death, from which neither was really safe, both rivals' eyes gleamed hate at each other.

The wild beasts that a flood drives together on to some little eminence, lay down their natures, and the panther crouches and whimpers beside the antelope: but these were men, and could entertain the fiercest of human passions in the very jaws of death.

To be sure it was but for a moment; a new danger soon brought them both to their senses: an elm tree whirling past grazed Coventry's plane tree; it was but a graze, yet it nearly shook him off into the flood, and he yelled with fear; almost at the same moment a higher wave swept into Little's room, and the rising water set everything awash, and burst over him as he knelt with Grace. He got up drenched and half blinded with the turbid water, and, taking Grace in his arms, waded waist high to his bed, and laid her down on it.

It was a moment of despair. Death had entered that chamber in a new, unforeseen, and inevitable form. The ceiling was low, the water was rising steadily; the bedstead floated; his chest of drawers floated, though his rifle and pistols lay on it, and the top drawers were full of the tools he always had about him;

in a few minutes the rising water must inevitably jam Grace and him against the ceiling, and drown them like rats in a hole.

Fearful as the situation was, a sickening horror was added to it by the horrible smell of the water; it had a foul and appalling odor, a compound of earthiness and putrescence; it smelt like a newly-opened grave; it paralyzed like a serpent's breath.

Stout as young Little's heart was, it fainted now, when he saw his bedstead, and his drawers, and his chairs, all slowly rising towards the ceiling, lifted by that cold, putrescent, liquid death.

But all men, and even animals, possess greater powers of mind, as well as of body, than they ever exert, unless compelled by dire necessity: and it would have been strange indeed if a heart so staunch, and a brain so inventive, as Little's, had let his darling die like a rat drowned in a hole—without some new and masterly attempt first made to save her.

To that moment of horror and paralysis succeeded an activity of mind and body almost incredible. He waded to the drawers, took his rifle, and fired both barrels at one place in the ceiling, bursting a hole, and cutting a narrow joist almost in two. Then he opened a drawer, got an axe and a saw out, and tried to wade to the bed; but the water now took him off his feet, and he had to swim to it instead; he got on it, and with his axe and his saw he contrived to paddle the floating bed under the hole in the ceiling, and then with a few swift and powerful blows of his axe soon enlarged that aperture sufficiently; but at that moment the water carried the bedstead away from the place.

He set to work with his saw and axe, and paddled back again.

Grace, by this time, was up on her knees, and in a voice, the sudden firmness of which surprised and delighted him, asked if she could help.

"Yes," said he, "you can. On with my coat."

It lay on the bed. She helped him on with it, and then he put his axe and saw into the pockets, and told her to take hold of his skirt.

He drew himself up through the aperture, and Grace, holding his skirts with her hands and the bed with her feet, climbed adroitly on to the head of the bed—a French bed made of mahogany—and Henry drew her through the aperture.

They were now on the false ceiling, and nearly jammed against the roof; Little soon hacked a great hole in that, just above the parapet, and they crawled out upon the gutter.

They were now nearly as high as Coventry on his tree; but their house was rocking, and his tree was firm.

In the next house were heard the despairing shrieks of poor creatures, who saw no way of evading their fate; yet the way was as open to them as to this brave pair.

"Oh, my angel," said Grace, "save them. Then, if you die, you go to God."

"All right," said Henry. "Come on."

They darted down the gutter to the next house. Little hacked a hole in the slates, and then in the woodwork, and was about to jump in, when the house he had just left tumbled all to pieces, like a house of sugar, and the *débris* went floating by, including the bedstead that had helped to save them.

"Oh God!" cried Little, "this house will go next; run on to the last one."

"No, Henry, I would rather die with you than live alone. Don't be frightened for me, my angel. Save lives, and trust to Jesus."

"All right," said Little; but his voice trembled now.

He jumped in, hacked a hole in the ceiling, and yelled to the inmates to give him their hands.

There was a loud cry of male and female voices.

"My child first," cried a woman, and threw up an infant, which Little caught, and handed to Grace. She held it, wailing, to her breast.

Little dragged five more souls up. Grace helped them out, and they ran along the gutter to the last house, without saying "Thank you."

The house was rocking. Little and Grace went on to the next, and he smashed the roof in, and then the ceiling, and Grace and he were getting the people out, when the house they had just left melted away, all but a chimney-stack, which adhered in jagged dilapidation to the house they were now upon.

They were now upon the last. Little hacked furiously through the roof and ceiling, and got the people out; and now twenty-seven souls crouched in the gutter, or hung about the roof of this one house; some praying, but most of them whining and wailing.

"What is the use howling?" groaned Little.

He then drew his Grace to his panting bosom; and his face was full of mortal agony.

She consoled him. "Never mind, my angel. God has seen you. He is good to us, and lets us die together."

At this moment the house gave a rock, and there was a fresh burst of wailing. This, connected with his own fears, enraged Henry.

"Be quiet," said he, sternly. "Why can't you die decently, like your betters?"

Then he bent his head in noble silence over his beloved, and devoured her features as those he might never see again.

At this moment was heard a sound like the report of a gun; a large tree, whirled down by the flood, struck the plane tree just below the fork, and cut it in two, as promptly as a scythe would go through a carrot.

It drove the upper part along, and, going with it, kept it perpendicular for some time: the white face and glaring eyes of Frederick Coventry sailed past those despairing lovers; he made a wild clutch at them, then sank in the boiling current, and was hurried away.

This appalling incident silenced all who saw it, for a moment. Then they began to wail louder than ever.

But Little started to his feet, and cried "Hurrah!"

There was a general groan.

"Hold your tongues," he roared. "I've got good news for you. The water was over the top windows; now it is an inch lower. The reservoir must be empty by now. The water will go down as fast as it rose. Keep quiet for two minutes, and you will see."

Then no more was heard, but the whimpering of the women, and, every now and then, the voice of Little; he hung over the parapet, and reported every half minute the decline of the water; it subsided with strange rapidity, as he had foreseen.

In three minutes after he had noticed the first decline, he took Grace down through the roof, on the second floor.

When Grace and Henry got there, they started with dismay: the danger was not over: the front wall was blown clean out by the water; all but a jagged piece shaped like a crescent, and it seemed a miracle that the roof thus weakened and crowded with human beings, had not fallen in.

"We must get out of this," said Little. "It all hangs together by a thread."

He called the others down from the roof, and tried to get down by the staircase, but it was broken into sections and floating about.

Then he cut into the floor near the wall, and, to his infinite surprise, found the first floor within four feet of him. The flood had lifted it bodily, more than six feet.

He dropped on to it, and made Grace let herself down to him, he holding her round the waist, and landing her light as a feather.

Henry then hacked through the door, which was jammed tight; and, the water subsiding, presently the wrecks of the staircase left off floating, and stuck in the mud and water: by this means they managed to get down, and found themselves in a layer of mud, and stones, and *débris*, alive and dead, such as no imagination had hitherto conceived.

Dreading, however, to remain in a house so disembowelled within, and so shattered without, that it seemed to survive by mere cohesion of mortar, he begged Grace to put her arm round his neck, and then lifted her and carried her out into the night.

"Take me home to papa, my angel," said she.

He said he would; and tried to find his way to the road which he knew led up the hill to Woodbine Villa. But all landmarks were gone; houses, trees, hedges, all swept away; roads covered three feet thick with rocks, and stones, and bricks, and carcasses. The pleasant valley was one horrid quagmire, in which he could take few steps, burdened as he was, without sticking, or stumbling against some sure sign of destruction and death: within the compass of fifty yards he found a steam-boiler and its appurtenances (they must have weighed some tons, yet they had been driven more than a mile), and a dead cow, and the body of a wagon turned upside down: [the wheels of this same wagon were afterwards found fifteen miles from the body].

He began to stagger and pant.

"Let me walk, my angel," said Grace. "I'm not a baby."

She held his hand tight, and tried to walk with him step by step. Her white feet shone in the pale moonlight.

They made for rising ground, and were rewarded by finding the *débris* less massive.

"The flood must have been narrow hereabouts," said Henry. "We shall soon be clear of it, I hope."

Soon after this, they came under a short but sturdy oak that had survived; and, entangled in its close and crooked branches, was something white. They came nearer; it was a dead body: some poor man or woman hurried from sleep to Eternity.

They shuddered and crawled on, still making for higher ground, but sore perplexed.

Presently they heard a sort of sigh. They went towards it, and found a poor horse stuck at an angle; his efforts to escape being marred by a heavy stone to which he was haltered.

Henry patted him, and encouraged him, and sawed through his halter; then he struggled up, but Henry held him, and put Grace on him. She sat across him and held on by the mane.

The horse, being left to himself, turned back a little, and crossed the quagmire till he got into a bridle-road, and this landed them high and dry on the turnpike.

Here they stopped, and, by one impulse, embraced each other, and thanked God for their wonderful escape.

But soon Henry's exultation took a turn that shocked Grace's religious sentiments, which recent acquaintance had strengthened.

"Yes," he cried, "now I believe that God really does interpose in earthly things; I believe everything; yesterday I believed nothing. The one villain is swept away, and we two are miraculously saved. Now we can marry to-morrow—no, to-day, for it is past midnight. Oh, how good He is, especially for killing that scoundrel out of our way. Without his death, what was life worth to me? But now—oh, Heavens! is it all a dream? Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Oh, Henry, my love!" said Grace imploringly; "pray, pray, do not offend Him, by rejoicing at such a moment over the death, perhaps the everlasting death, of a poor, sinful fellow-creature."

"All right, dearest. Only don't let us descend to hypocrisy. I thank Heaven he is dead, and so do you

"Pray, don't say so."

"Well, I won't: let him go. Death settles all accounts. Did you see me stretch out my hand to save him?"

"I did, my angel, and it was like you: you are the noblest and the greatest creature that ever was, or ever will be."

"The silliest, you mean. I wondered at myself, next minute. Fancy me being such an idiot as to hold out a hand to save him, and so wither both our lives—yours and mine; but I suppose it is against nature not to hold out a hand. Well, no harm came of it, thank Heaven."

"Let us talk of ourselves," said Grace, lovingly. "My darling, let no harsh thought mar the joy of this hour. You have saved my life again. Well, then, it is doubly yours. Here, looking on that death we have just escaped, I devote myself to you. You don't know how I love you; but you shall. I adore you."

"I love you better still."

"You do not: you can't. It is the one thing I can beat you at, and I will."

"Try. When will you be mine?"

"I am yours. But, if you mean when will I marry you, why, whenever you please. We have suffered too cruelly, and loved too dearly, for me to put you off a single day for affectations and vanities. When you please, my own."

At this Henry kissed her little white feet with rapture, and kept kissing them, at intervals, all the rest of the way: and the horrors of the night ended, to these two, in unutterable rapture, as they paced slowly along to Woodbine Villa, with hearts full of wonder, gratitude, and joy.

Here they found lights burning, and learned from a servant that Mr. Carden was gone down to the scene of the flood in great agitation.

Henry told Grace not to worry herself, for that he would find him and relieve his fears.

He then made Grace promise to go to bed at once, and to lie within blankets. She didn't like that idea, but consented. "It is my duty to obey you now, in everything," said she.

Henry left her, and ran down to the Town Hall.

He was in that glorious state of bliss in which noble minds long to do good actions; and the obvious thing to do was to go and comfort the living survivors of the terrible disaster he had so narrowly escaped.

He found but one policeman there; the rest, and Ransome at their head, were doing their best, all but two, drowned on their beat in the very town of Hillsborough.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ROUND a great fire in the Town Hall were huddled a number of half-naked creatures, who had been driven out of their dilapidated homes ; some of them had seen children or relatives perish in the flood they had themselves so narrowly escaped, and were bemoaning them with chattering teeth.

Little spoke them a word of comfort, promised them all clothes as soon as the shops should open, and hurried off to the lower part of the town in search of Ransome.

He soon found the line the flood had taken. Between Poma Bridge and Hillsborough it had wasted itself considerably in a broad valley, but still it had gone clean through Hillsborough twelve feet high, demolishing and drowning. Its terrible progress was marked by a layer of mud a foot thick, dotted with rocks, trees, wrecks of houses, machinery, furniture, barrels, mattresses, carcasses of animals, and dead bodies, most of them stark naked, the raging flood having torn their clothes off their backs.

Four corpses and two dead horses were lying in a lake of mud about the very door of the railway station ; three of them were females in absolute nudity. The fourth was a male, with one stocking on. This proved to be Hillsbro' Harry, warned in vain up at Damflask. When he actually heard the flood come hissing, he had decided, on the whole, to dress, and had got the length of that one stocking, when the flying lake cut short his vegetation.

Not far from this, Little found Ransome, working like a horse, with the tear in his eye.

He uttered a shout of delight and surprise, and, taking Little by both shoulders, gazed earnestly at him, and said, "Can this be a living man I see?"

"Yes, I am alive," said Little, "but I had to work for it : feel my clothes."

"Why they are dryer than mine."

"Aye ; yet I have been in water to the throat ; the heat of my body and my great exertions dried them. I'll tell you all another day : now show me how to do a bit of good ; for it is not one nor two thousand pounds I'll stick at this night."

"Come on."

Strange sights they saw that night. They found a dead body curled round the top frame of a lamp-post, and, in the suburbs, another jammed between a beam and the wall of a house.

They found some houses with the front wall carried clean away, and, on the second floor, such of the inmates as had survived huddled together in their night-clothes, unable to get down. These, Ransome and his men speedily relieved from their situation.

And now came in word that the whole village of Poma Bridge had been destroyed.

Little, with Ransome and his men, hurried on at these sad tidings as fast as the mud and ruins would allow, and, on the way, one of the policemen trod on something soft. It was the body of a woman, embedded in the mud.

A little farther they saw, at some distance, two cottages in a row, both gutted and emptied. An old man was alone in one, seated on the ground floor in the deep mud.

They went to him, and asked what they could do for him.

"Do? Why let me die," he said.

They tried to encourage him ; but he answered them in words that showed how deeply old Shylock's speech is founded in nature.

"Let the water take me,—it has taken all I had."

When they asked after his neighbors, he said he believed they were all drowned. Unluckily for *him* he had been out when the flood came.

Little clambered into the other cottage, and found a little boy and girl placidly asleep in a cupboard upstairs.

Little yelled with delight, and kissed them, and cuddled them, as if they had been his own, so sweet was it to see their pretty innocent faces, spared by death. The boy kissed him in return, and told him the room had been full of water, and dada and mamma had gone out at the window, and they themselves had floated in the bed so high he had put his little sister on the top shelf, and got on it himself, and then they had both felt very sleepy.

"You are a dear good boy, and I take you into custody," said Ransome, in a broken voice.

Judge if this pair were petted up at the Town Hall.

At Poma Bridge the devastation was horrible. The flood had bombarded a row of fifty houses, and demolished them so utterly that only one arch of one cellar remained ; the very foundations were torn up, and huge holes of incredible breadth and depth bored by the furious eddies.

Where were the inhabitants ?

Ransome stood and looked, and shook like a man in an ague.

"Little," said he, "this is awful. Nobody in Hillsborough dreams the extent of this calamity. *I dread the dawn of day.* There must be scores of dead bodies hidden in this thick mud, or perhaps swept through Hillsborough into the very sea."

A little farther, and they came to the "Reindeer," where he had heard the boon companions singing—over their graves ; for that night, long before the cock did crow, or the day daw', their mouths were full of water and mud, and not the barley bree.

To know their fate needed but a glance at the miserable, shattered, gutted fragment of the inn that stood. There was a chimney, a triangular piece of roof, a quarter of the inside of one second-floor room, with all the boards gone, and half the joists gone, and the others either hanging down perpendicular or sticking up at an angle of forty-five. Even on the side farthest from the flood the water had hacked and ploughed away the wall so deeply, that the miserable wreck had a jagged waist, no bigger in proportion than a wasp's.

Not far from this amazing ruin was a little two-storied house, whose four rooms looked exactly as four rooms are represented in section on the stage, the front wall having been blown clean away, and the furniture and inmates swept out ; the very fender and fire-irons had been carried away : a bird cage, a clock, and a grate were left hanging to the three walls.

As a part of this village stood on high ground, the survivors were within reach of relief ; and Little gave a policeman orders to buy clothes at the shop, and have them charged to him.

This done, he begged Ransome to cross the water, and relieve the poor wretches who had escaped so narrowly with him. Ransome consented at once ; but then came a difficulty—the bridge, like every bridge that the flying lake had struck, was swept away. However, the stream was narrow, and, as they were already muddy to the knee, they found a place where the miscellaneous ruin made stepping-stones, and by passing first on to a piece of masonry, and from that to a broken water-wheel, and then on to a rock, they got across.

They passed the coiner's house. It stood on rather high ground, and had got off cheap. The water had merely carried away the doors and windows, and washed every movable out of it.

Ransome sighed. "Poor Shifty!" said he. "You'll never play us another trick. What an end for a man of your abilities!"

And now the day began to dawn, and that was fortunate, for otherwise they could hardly have found the house they were going to.

On the way to it they came on two dead bodies, an old man of eighty and a child scarce a week old. One fate had united these extremes of human life, the ripe sheaf and the spring bud. It transpired afterwards that they had been drowned in different parishes. Death, that brought these together, disunited hundreds. Poor Dolman's body was found scarce a mile from his house, but his wife's eleven miles on the other side of Hillsborough; and this wide separation of those, who died in one place by one death, was constant, and a pitiable feature of the tragedy.

At last they got to the house, and Little shuddered at the sight of it; here not only was the whole front wall taken out, but a part of the back wall; the jagged chimneys of the next house still clung to this miserable shell, whose upper floors were slanting sieves, and on its lower was a deep layer of mud, with the carcass of a huge sow lying on it, washed in there all the way from Hatfield village.

The people had all run away from the house, and no wonder, for it seemed incredible that it could stand a single moment longer; never had ruin come so close to demolition and then stopped.

There was nothing to be done here, and Ransome went back to Hillsborough keeping this side the water.

Daybreak realized his worst fears: between Poma Bridge and the first suburb of Hillsborough the place was like a battle-field; not that many had been drowned on the spot, but that, drowned all up the valley by the flood at its highest, they had been brought down and deposited in the thick layer of mud left by the abating waters.

Some were cruelly gashed and mangled by the hard objects with which they had come in contact.

Others wore a peaceful expression and had color in their cheeks. One drew tears from both these valiant men. It was a lovely little girl, with her little hands before her face to keep out the sight of death.

Here and there a hand or a ghastly face appearing above the mud showed how many must be hidden altogether, and Ransome hurried home to get more assistance to disinter the dead.

Just before the suburb of Allerton the ground is a dead flat, and here the flying lake had covered a space a mile broad, doing frightful damage to property but not much to life, because wherever it expanded it shallowed in proportion.

In part of this flat a gentleman had a beautiful garden and pleasure grounds over night: they were now under water, and their appearance was incredible; the flood expanding here and then contracting, had grounded large objects and left small ones floating. In one part of the garden it had landed a large wheat-rick, which now stood as if it belonged there, though it had been built five miles off.

In another part was an inverted summer-house and a huge water-wheel, both of them great travellers that night.

In the large fish-pond, now much fuller than usual, floated a wheel-barrow, a hair mattress, an old wooden cradle, and an enormous box or chest.

Little went splashing through the water to examine the cradle: he was richly rewarded. He found a little child in it awake but perfectly happy, and enjoying the fluttering birds above and the buoyant bed below, whose treacherous nature was unknown to him. This incident the genius of my friend Mr. Millais is about to render immortal.

Little's shout of delight brought Ransome splashing over directly.

They took up the cradle and contents to carry it home, when all of a sudden Ransome's eye detected a finger protruding through a hole in the box.

"Hollo!" said he. "Why, there's a body inside that box."

"Good heavens!" said Little, "he may be alive."

With that he made a rush and went in over head and ears.

"Confound it," said he as soon as he got his breath. But, being in for it now, he swam to the box, and getting behind it shoved it before him to Ransome's feet.

Ransome tried to open it, but it shut with a spring. However, there were air-holes, and still this finger sticking out of one—for a signal no doubt.

"Are ye alive or dead?" shouted Ransome to the box.

"Let me out and you'll see," replied the box; and the sound seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth.

Little had his hatchet in his pocket and set to work to try and open it. The occupant assisted him with advice how to proceed, all of which sounded subterraneous.

"Hold your jaw," said Little. "Do you think you can teach me?"

By a considerable exertion of strength as well as skill, he at last got the box open, and discovered the occupant seated pale and chattering, with knees tucked up.

The two men lent him a hand to help him up; Ransome gave a slight start, and then expressed the warmest satisfaction.

"Thank heaven!" said he. "Shake hands old fellow. I'm downright glad. I've been groaning over you; but I might have known you'd find some way to slip out of trouble. Mr. Little, this is Shifty himself. Please put your arm under his; he is as strong as iron, and as slippery as an eel."

The Shifty, hearing this account given of himself, instantly collapsed, and made himself weak as water, and tottered from one of his guards to the other in turn.

"I was all that once, Mr. Ransome," said he, in a voice that became suddenly as feeble as his body; "but this fearful night has changed me. Miraculously preserved from destruction, I have renounced my errors, and vowed to lead a new life. Conduct me at once to a clergyman, that I may confess and repent, and disown my past life with horror; then swear me in a special constable, and let me have the honor of acting under your orders, and of coöperating with you, sir" (to Little), "in your Christian and charitable acts. Let me go about with you, gentlemen, and relieve the sufferings of others, as you have relieved mine."

"There!" said Ransome, proudly; "there's a man for you. He knows every move of the game,—can patter like an archbishop." So saying, he handcuffed the Shifty with such enthusiasm, that the convert swore a horrible oath at him.

Ransome apologized, and beckoning a constable, handed him the Shifty.

"Take him to the Town Hall, and give him every comfort. He is Number one."

This man's escape was not so strange as it appeared. The flood never bombarded his house,—he was only on the hem of it. It rose and filled his house,

whereupon he bored three holes in his great chest, and got in. He washed about the room till the abating flood contracted, and then it sucked him and his box out of the window. He got frightened, and let the lid down, and so drifted about till at last he floated into the hands of justice.

Little and Ransome carried the child away, and it was conveyed to the hospital and a healthy nurse assigned it.

Ransome prevailed on Little to go home, change his wet clothes, and lie down for an hour or two. He consented, but first gave Ransome an order to lay out a thousand pounds, at his expense, in relief of the sufferers.

Then he went home, sent a messenger to Raby Hall that he was all right, took off his clothes, rolled exhausted into bed, and slept till the afternoon.

At four o'clock he rose, got into a hansom, and drove up to Woodbine Villa, the happiest man in England.

He inquired for Miss Carden. The man said he believed she was not up; but would inquire.

"Do," said Little. "Tell her who it is. I'll wait in the dining-room."

He walked into the dining-room before the man could object, and there he found a sick gentleman, with Dr. Amboyne and a surgeon examining him. The patient lay on a sofa, extremely pale, and groaning with pain.

One glance sufficed. It was Frederick Coventry.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"WHAT! you alive?" said Little, staring.

"Alive, and that is all," said Coventry. "Pray excuse me for not dying to please you."

Ere Little could reply, Mr. Carden, who had heard of his arrival, looked in from the library, and beckoned him in.

When they were alone, he began by giving the young man his hand, and then thanked him warmly for his daughter. "You have shown yourself a hero in courage. Now go one step farther; be a hero in fortitude and self-denial; that unhappy man in the next room is her husband; like you, he risked his life to save her. He tells me he heard the dam was going to burst, and came instantly with a ladder to rescue her. He was less fortunate than you, and failed to rescue her; less fortunate than you again, he has received a mortal injury in that attempt. It was I who found him; I went down, distracted with anxiety, to look for my daughter; I found this poor creature jammed tight between the tree he was upon and a quantity of heavy timber that had accumulated and rested against a bank. We released him with great difficulty. It was a long time before he could speak; and then, his first inquiry was after *her*. Show some pity for an erring man, Mr. Little; some consideration for my daughter's reputation. Let him die in peace: his spine is broken; he can't live many days."

Little heard all this, and looked down on the ground for some time in silence. At last he said firmly, "Mr. Carden, I would not be inhuman to a dying man; but you were always his friend, and never mine. Let me see *her*, and I'll tell her what you say, and take her advice."

"You shall see her, of course; but not just now. She is in bed, attended by a Sister of Charity, whom she telegraphed for."

"Can I see that lady?"

"Certainly."

Sister Gratiota was sent for, and, in reply to Little's anxious inquiries, told him that Sister Amata had been very much shaken by the terrible events of the night, and absolute repose was necessary to her; in further conversation she told him she was aware of Sister Amata's unhappy story, and had approved her retirement from Hillsborough, under all the circumstances; but that now, after much prayer to God for enlightenment, she could not but think it was the Sister's duty, as a Christian woman, to stay at home and nurse the afflicted man, whose name she bore, and above all devote herself to his spiritual welfare.

"Oh, that is your notion, is it?" said Henry. "Then you are no friend of mine."

"I am no enemy of yours, nor of any man, I hope. May I ask you one question, without offence?"

"Certainly."

"Have you prayed to God to guide you in this difficulty?"

"No."

"Then seek his throne without delay; and, until you have done so, do not rashly condemn my views of this matter, since I have sought for wisdom where alone it is to be found."

Henry chafed under this; but he commanded his temper, though with difficulty, and said, "Will you take a line to her from me?"

The Sister hesitated. "I don't know whether I ought," said she.

"Oh, then the old game of intercepting letters is to be played."

"Not by me: after prayer I shall be able to say Yes or No to your request. At present, being at a distance from my Superior, I must needs hesitate."

"Right and wrong must have made very little impression on your mind, if you don't know whether you ought to take a letter to a woman, from a man who has just saved her life—or not."

The lady colored highly, curtsied, and retired, without a word.

Little knew enough of human nature to see that the Sister would not pray against feminine spite: he had now a dangerous enemy in the house, and foresaw that Grace would be steadily worked on through her religious sentiments.

He went away, sick with disappointment, jealousy, and misgivings, hired a carriage, and drove at once to Raby Hall.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MRS. LITTLE saw her son arrive, met him in the hall, and embraced him, with a great cry of maternal joy, that did his heart good for a moment.

He had to tell her all; and, during the recital, she often clasped him to her bosom.

When he had told her all, she said: "Much as I love you, darling, I am ready to part with you for your good: there is a cure for all your griefs: there is a better woman in this house than ever Grace Carden was or will be. Be a man; shake off these miserable trammels, leave that vacillating girl to nurse her villain, and marry the one I have chosen for you"

Henry shook his head. "What, when a few months perhaps will free my Grace from her incumbrance. Mother, you are giving me bad advice for once."

"Unwelcome advice, dear, not bad. Will you consult Dr. Amboyne? he sleeps here to-night. He often comes here now, you know." Then the widow colored just a little.

"Oh, yes, I know; and I approve."

Doctor Amboyne came to dinner. In the course of the evening he mentioned his patient Coventry, and said he would never walk again, his spine was too seriously injured.

"How soon will he die? that is what I want to know," said Henry, with that excessive candor which the polite reader has long ago discovered in him, and been shocked.

"Oh, he may live for years. But what a life! An inert mass below the waist, and, above it, a sick heart, and a brain as sensitive as ever to realize the horrid calamity. Even I, who know and abhor the man's crimes, shudder at the punishment Heaven inflicts on him."

There was dead silence round the table, and Little was observed to turn pale. He was gloomy and silent all the evening.

Next morning, directly after breakfast, his mother got him, and implored him not to waste his youth any longer.

"The man will never die;" said she: "he will wear you out. You have great energy and courage; but you have not a woman's humble patience, to go on, year after year, waiting for an event you cannot hasten by a single moment. Do you not see it is hopeless? End your misery by one brave plunge. Speak to dear Jael."

"I can't—I can't!"

"Then let me."

"Will it make you happy?"

"Very happy. Nothing else can."

"Will it make her happy?"

"As happy as a queen."

"She deserves a better fate."

"She asks no better. There, unless you stop me, I shall speak to her."

"Well, well," said Henry, very wearily.

Mrs. Little went to the door.

"Wait a moment," said he. "How about Uncle Raby? He has been a good friend to me. I have offended him once, and it was the worst job I ever did. I won't offend him again."

"How can you offend him by marrying Jael?"

"What, have you forgotten how angry he was when Mr. Richard Raby proposed to her? There, I'll go and speak to him."

"Well, do."

He was no sooner gone than Mrs. Little stepped into Jael's room, and told her how matters stood.

Jael looked dismayed, and begged her on no account to proceed: "For," said she, "if Mr. Henry was to ask me, I should say No. He would always be hankering after Miss Carden: and, pray don't be angry with me, but I think I'm worth a man's whole heart; for I could love one very dearly, if he loved me."

Mrs. Little was deeply mortified. "This I did *not* expect," said she. "Well, if you are all determined to be miserable—*be*."

Henry hunted up Mr. Raby, and asked him bluntly whether he would like him to marry Jael Dence.

Raby made no reply for some time, and his features worked strangely.

"Has she consented to be your wife?"

"I have never asked her. But I will, if you wish it."

"Wish it?"

"Why, sir, if you don't wish it, please forbid it, and let us say no more at all about it."

"Excuse me," said Raby, with his grandest air: "a gentleman may dislike a thing, yet not condescend to forbid it."

"That is true, sir; and an ex-workman may appreciate his delicacy, and give the thing up at once. I will die a bachelor."

"Henry—my boy—give me your hand—I'll tell you the truth. I love her myself. She is a pattern of all I admire in woman."

"Uncle, I suspected this, to tell the truth. Well, if you love her—marry her."

"What, without her consent?"

"Oh, she will consent. Order her to marry you; she will never disobey the Lord of the Manor."

"That is what I fear: and it is base to take advantage of her in that way."

"You are right, sir," said Henry, and ran off directly.

He found Jael, and said, "Jael, dear, couldn't you like Uncle Raby? he loves you dearly."

He then appealed to her heart, and spoke of his uncle's nobleness in fearing to obtain an unfair advantage over her.

To his surprise, Jael blushed deeply, and her face softened angelically, and presently a tear ran down it.

"Hallo!" said Henry. "That is the game is it? You stay here."

He ran back to Mr. Raby, and said: "I've made a discovery. She loves you, sir. I'll take my oath of it. You go and ask her."

"I will," said Raby; and he went to Jael, like a man, and said, "Jael, he has found me out; I love you dearly. I'm old, but I'm not cold. Do you think you could be happy as my wife, with all the young fellows admiring you?"

"Sir," said Jael, "I wouldn't give your little finger for all the young men in Christendom. Once I thought a little too much of Mr. Henry, but that was over long ago. And since you saved my life, and cried over me in this very room, you have been in my head, and in my heart; but I wouldn't show it; for I had vowed I never would let any man know my heart till he showed me his."

In short this pair were soon afterwards seen walking arm in arm, radiant with happiness.

That sight was too much for Henry Little. The excitement of doing a kind thing, and making two benefactors happy, had borne him up till now; but the reaction came: the contrast of their happiness with his misery was too poignant. He had not even courage to bid them good-by, but fled back to Hillsborough, in anguish of spirit, and deep despair.

When he got home, there was a note from Grace Carden.

"MY OWN DEAREST HENRY,—I find that you have called, and been denied me; and that Mr. Coventry had been admitted into the house.

"I have therefore left Woodbine Villa, and taken lodgings opposite. Sister Gratiola has convinced me I ought to labor for the eternal welfare of the guilty, unhappy man, whose name it is my misfortune to bear. I will try to do so: but nobody shall either compel, nor persuade, me to be cruel to my dear Henry, to whom I owe my life once more, and who is all the world to me. I shall now be employed nearly all the day, but I reserve two hours, from three till five, when you will always find me at home. Our course is clear. We must pray for patience.

"Yours, to eternity,

"GRACE."

After reading this letter, and pondering it well, Henry Little's fortitude revived, and, as he could not speak his mind to Grace at that moment, he wrote to her, after some hours of reflection, as follows :

"MY OWN DEAREST GRACE,—I approve, I bless you. Our case is hard, but not desperate. We have been worse off than we are now. I agree with you that our course is clear ; what we have got to do, as I understand it, is to outlive a crippled scoundrel. Well, love and a clear conscience will surely enable us to outlive a villain, whose spine is injured, and whose conscience must gnaw him, and who has no creature's love to nourish him.

"Yours, in this world, and, I hope, in the next,

"HENRY."

Sister Gratosia, to oblige Grace, stayed at Woodbine Villa. She was always present at any interview of Coventry and Grace.

Little softened her, by giving her money whenever she mentioned a case of distress. She had but this one pleasure in life, a pure one, and her poverty had always curbed it hard. She began to pity this poor sinner, who was ready to pour his income into her lap, for Christian purposes.

And so the days rolled on. Raby took into his head to repair the old church, and be married in it. This crotchet postponed his happiness for some months.

But the days and weeks rolled on.

Raby became Sheriff of the county.

Coventry got a little better, and moved to the next villa.

Then Grace returned at once to Woodbine Villa ; but she still paid charitable visits with Sister Gratosia to the wreck whose name she bore.

She was patient.

But Little, the man of action, began to faint.

He decided to return to the United States for a year or two, and distract his mind.

When he communicated this resolve, Grace sighed.

"The last visit there was disastrous," said she. "But," recovering herself, "we cannot be deceived again, nor doubt each other's constancy again." So she sighed, but consented.

Coventry heard of it, and chuckled inwardly. He felt sure that in time he should wear out his rival's patience.

A week or two more, and Little named the very day for sailing.

The assizes came on. The Sheriff met the Judges with great pomp, and certain observances which had gone out. This pleased the Chief Justice ; he had felt a little nervous ; Raby's predecessor had met him in a carriage and pair and no outriders, and he had felt it his duty to fine the said Sheriff £100 for so disrespecting the Crown in his person.

So now alluding to this, he said, "Mr. Sheriff, I am glad to find you hold by old customs, and do not grudge outward observances to the Queen's justices.

"My lord," said the Sheriff, "I can hardly show enough respect to justice and learning, when they visit us in the name of my sovereign."

"That is very well said, Mr. Sheriff," said my lord.

The Sheriff bowed.

The Chief Justice was so pleased with his appearance, and his respectful, yet dignified manner, that he conversed with him repeatedly during the pauses of the trials.

Little was cording his boxes for America when Ransome burst in on him, and said, "Come into court; come into court. Shifty Dick will be up directly."

Little objected that he was busy; but Ransome looked so mortified that he consented, and was just in time to see Richard Martin, alias Lord Davenport, alias Tom Pain, alias Sir Henry Gulstone, alias the Quaker, alias Shifty Dick, etc., etc., appear at the bar.

The indictment was large, and charged the prisoner with various frauds of a felonious character, including his two frauds on the Gosshawk.

Counsel made a brief exposition of the facts, and then went into the evidence. But here the strict, or, as some think, pedantic rules of English evidence, befriended the prisoner, and the Judge objected to certain testimony on which the prosecution had mainly relied. As for the evidence of coining, the flood had swept all that away.

Ransome, who was eager for a conviction, began to look blue.

But presently a policeman, who had been watching the prisoner, came and whispered in his ear.

Up started Ransome, wrote the Crown solicitor a line, begging him to keep the case on its legs anyhow for half an hour, and giving his reason. He then dashed off in a cab.

The case proceeded, under discouraging remarks from the Judge, most of them addressed to the evidence; but he also hinted that the indictment was rather loosely drawn.

At last the Attorney-General, who led, began to consult with his junior whether they could hope for a conviction.

But now there was a commotion; then heads were put together, and, to the inexpressible surprise of young Little and of the Sheriff, Grace Coventry was put into the witness-box.

At the sight of her the learned Judge, who was, like most really great lawyers, a keen admirer of beautiful women, woke up, and became interested.

After the usual preliminaries, counsel requested her to look at that man, and say whether she knew him.

Grace looked, and recognized him. "Yes," said she, "it is Mr. Beresford: he is a clergyman."

Whereupon there was a loud laugh.

Counsel. "What makes you think he is a clergyman?"

Witness. "I have seen him officiate. It was he who married me to Mr. —." Here she caught sight of Henry, and stopped, blushing.

"What is that?" said the Judge, keenly. "Did you say that man performed the marriage ceremony over you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"When and where was that?"

She gave the time and place.

"I should like to see the register of that parish."

"Let me save you the trouble," said the prisoner. "Your lordship's time has been wasted enough with falsehoods: I will not waste it further by denying the truth. The fact is, my lord, I was always a great church-goer (a laugh), and I was disgusted with the way in which the clergy deliver the Liturgy, and with their hollow discourses, that don't go home to men's bosoms. Vanity whispered, 'You could do better.' I applied for the curacy of St. Peter's. I obtained it. I gave universal satisfaction; and no wonder; my heart was in the work; I trembled at the responsibility I had undertaken. Yes, my lord, I united that young

lady in holy matrimony to one Frederick Coventry. I had no sooner done it, than I began to realize that a clergyman is something more than a reader and a preacher. Remorse seized me. My penitence, once awakened, was sincere. I retired from the sacred office I had usurped—with much levity, I own, but, as heaven is my witness, with no guilty intent.”

The Judge to Grace. “Did you ever see the prisoner on any other occasion?”

Grace. “Only once. He called on me after my marriage. He left the town soon after.”

The Judge then turned to Grace, and said, with considerable feeling, “It would be unkind to disguise the truth from you. You must petition Parliament to sanction this marriage by a distinct enactment; it is the invariable course, and Parliament has never refused to make these marriages binding. Until then, pray understand that you are Miss Carden and not Mrs. Coventry.”

The witness clasped her hands above her head, uttered a loud scream of joy, and was removed all but insensible from the box.

The Judge looked amazed. The Sheriff whispered, “Her husband is a greater scoundrel than this prisoner.”

Soon after this the Judge withdrew to luncheon, and took the Sheriff along with him. “Mr. Sheriff,” said he, “you said something to me in court I hardly understood.”

Then Raby gave the Judge a brief outline of the whole story, and, in a voice full of emotion, asked his advice.

The Judge smiled at this bit of simplicity; but his heart had been touched, and he had taken a fancy to Raby. “Mr. Sheriff,” said he, “etiquette forbids me to advise you——”

“I am sorry for that, my lord.”

“But humanity suggests—— Tell me, now, does this Coventry hold to her? Will he petition Parliament?”

“It is very possible, my lord.”

“Humph! Get a special license, and marry Grace Carden to Henry Little, and have the marriage consummated. Don’t lose a day, nor an hour. I will not detain you, Mr. Sheriff.”

Raby took the hint, and soon found Henry, and told him the advice he had got. He set him to work to get the license, and, being resolved to stand no nonsense, he drove to Grace, and invited her to Raby Hall. “I am to be married this week,” said he, “and you must be at the wedding.”

Grace thought he would be hurt if she refused, so she colored a little, but consented.

She packed up, with many a deep sigh, things fit for a wedding, and Raby drove her home. He saw her to her room, and then had a conversation with Mrs. Little, the result of which was that Henry’s mother received her with well-feigned cordiality.

Next day Henry came to dinner, and, after dinner, the lovers were left alone. This, too, had been arranged beforehand.

Henry told her he was going to ask her a great favor; would she consider all they had suffered, and, laying aside childish delays, be married to him in the old church to-morrow, along with Mr. Raby and Jael Dence?

Oh, then she trembled, and blushed, and hesitated; and faltered out, “What all in a moment like that? what would your mother think of me?”

Henry ran for his mother and brought her into the room.

"Mother," said he, "Grace wants to know what you will think of her, if she should lay aside humbug and marry me to-morrow."

Mrs. Little replied, "I shall say, here is a dear child, who has seen what misery may spring from delay, and so now she will not coquet with her own happiness, nor trifle with yours."

"No, no," said Grace: "only tell me you will forgive my folly, and love me as your child."

Mrs. Little caught her in her arms, and, in that attitude, Grace gave her hand to Henry, and whispered "Yes."

Next day, at eleven o'clock, the two couples went to the old church, and walked up the aisle to the altar. Grace looked all around. Raby had effaced every trace of Henry's sacrilege from the building: but not from the heart of her whose life he had saved on that very spot.

She stood at the altar, weeping at the recollections the place revived, but they were tears of joy. The parson of the parish, a white-haired old man, the model of a pastor, married the two couples according to the law of England.

Raby took his wife home, *more majorum*.

Little whirled his prize off to Scotland, and human felicity has seldom equalled his and his bride's.

Yet, in the rapture of conjugal bliss, she did not forget duty and filial affection. She wrote a long and tender letter to her father, telling him how it all happened, and hoping that she should soon be settled, and then he would come and live with her and her adored husband.

Mr. Carden was delighted with this letter, which, indeed, was one gush of love and happiness. He told Coventry what had taken place, and counselled patience.

Coventry broke out into curses. He made wonderful efforts for a man in his condition; he got lawyers to prepare a petition to Parliament; he had the register inspected, and found that the Shifty had married two poor couples; he bribed them to join in his petition, and inserted in it that, in consideration of this marriage, he had settled a certain farm and buildings on his wife for her separate use, and on her heirs forever.

The petition was read in Parliament, and no objection taken. It was considered a matter of course.

But, a few days afterwards, one of the lawyers in the House, primed by a person whose name I am not free to mention, recurred to the subject, and said that, as regarded one of these couples, too partial a statement had been laid before the house; he was credibly informed that the parties had separated immediately after the ceremony, and that the bride had since been married, according to law, to a gentleman who possessed her affections, and had lived with him ever since the said marriage.

On this another lawyer got up, and said that "if that was so, the petition must be abandoned. Parliament was humane, and would protect an illegal marriage *per se*, but not an illegal marriage competing with a legal one. That would be to tamper with the law of England, and, indeed, with morality; would compel a woman to adultery in her own despite."

This proved a knock-down blow; and the petition was dropped, as respected Frederick Coventry and Grace Little.

Coventry's farm was returned to him, and the settlement cancelled.

Little sent Ransome to him with certain memoranda, and warned him to keep quiet, or he would be indicted for felony.

He groaned, and submitted

He lives still, to expiate his crimes.

While I write these lines, there still stands at Poma Bridge one disembowelled house, to mark that terrible flood: and, even so, this human survivor lives a wreck. "Below the waist an inert mass; above it, a raging, impotent, despairing criminal." He often prays for death. Since he can pray for anything, let us hope he will one day pray for penitence, and life everlasting.

Little built a house in the suburbs leading to Raby Hall. There is a forge in the yard, in which the inventor perfects his inventions with his own hand. He is a wealthy man, and will be wealthier, for he lives prudently and is never idle.

Mr. Carden lives with him. Little is too happy with Grace to bear malice against her father.

Grace is lovelier than ever, and blissfully happy in the husband she adores, and two lovely children.

Guy Raby no longer calls life one disappointment: he has a loving and prudent wife, and loves her as she deserves; his olive branches are rising fast around him; and as sometimes happens to a Benedict of his age, who has lived soberly, he looks younger, feels younger, talks younger, behaves younger, than he did ten years before he married. He is quite unconscious that he has departed from his favorite theories, in wedding a yeoman's daughter. On the contrary, he believes he has acted on a system, and crossed the breed so judiciously as to attain greater physical perfection by means of a herculean dam, yet retain that *avitam fidem*, or traditional loyalty, which (to use his own words) "is born both in Rabys and Dences, as surely as a high-bred setter comes into the world with a nose for game."

Mrs. Little has rewarded Doctor Amboyne's patience and constancy. They have no children of their own, so they claim all the young Littles and Rabys, present and to come; and the Doctor has bound both the young women by a solemn vow to teach them, at an early age, the art of putting themselves into his place, her place, their place. He has convinced these young mothers that this "great transmigratory art," although it comes of itself only to a few superior minds, can be taught to vast numbers; and he declares that, were it to be taught as generally as reading and writing, that teaching alone would quadruple the intelligence of mankind, and go far to double its virtue.

But time flies, and space contracts: the words and the deeds of Amboyne, are they not written in the Amboyniana?

One foggy night, the house of a non-Union fender grinder was blown up with gunpowder, and not the workman only—the mildest and most inoffensive man I ever talked with—but certain harmless women and innocent children who had done nothing to offend the Union, were all but destroyed. The same barbarous act had been committed more than once before, and with more bloody results, but had led to no large consequences—*carebat quia vate sacro*; but this time there happened to be a vates in the place, to wit, an honest, intrepid journalist, with a mind in advance of his age. He came, he looked, he spoke to the poor shaken creatures—one of them shaken for life, and doomed now to start from sleep at every little sound till she sleeps forever—and the blood in his brave heart boiled. The felony was publicly reprobated, and with horror, by the Union, which had, nevertheless, hired the assassins; but this well-worn lie did not impose on the vates or chronicler ahead of his time. He went round to all the

manufacturers, and asked them to speak out. They durst not, for their lives ; but closed all doors, and then, with bated breath, and all the mien of slaves well trodden down, hinted where information might be had. Thereupon the vates aforesaid—Holdfast yeleft—went from scent to scent, till he dropped on a discontented grinder, with fish-like eyes, who had been in “many a night job.” This man agreed to split, on two conditions : he was to receive a sum of money, and to be sent into another hemisphere, since his life would not be worth a straw, if he told the truth about the Trades in this one. His terms were accepted, and then he made some tremendous revelations ; and, with these in his possession, Holdfast wrote leader upon leader, to prove that the Unions must have been guilty of every Trade outrage that had taken place for years in the district ; but adroitly concealing that he had positive information.

Grotait replied incautiously, and got worsted before the public. The ablest men, if not writers, are unwise to fence with writers.

Holdfast received phonetic letters threatening his life ; he acknowledged them in his journal, and invited the writers to call.

He loaded a revolver and went on writing the leaders with a finger on the trigger. *California!* O dear no, the very centre of England.

Ransome coöperated with him and collected further evidence, and then Holdfast communicated privately with a portion of the London press, and begged them to assist him to obtain a Royal Commission of inquiry, in which case he pledged himself to prove that a whole string of murders and outrages had been ordered and paid for by the very Unions which had publicly repudiated them in eloquent terms, and been believed.

The London press took this up ; two or three members of the House of Commons, wild, eccentric men, who would not betray their country to secure their reelection to some dirty borough, sided with outraged law ; and by these united efforts a Commission was obtained. The Commission sat, and, being conducted with rare skill and determination, squeezed out of an incredible mass of perjury some terrible truths, whose discovery drew eloquent leaders from the journals : these filled simple men, who love their country, with a hope that the Government of this nation would shake off its lethargy, and take stringent measures to defend the liberty of the subject against so cruel and cowardly a conspiracy, and to deprive the workmen, in their differences with the masters, of an unfair and sanguinary weapon, which the masters could use, but never have *as yet* ; and, by using which, the workmen do themselves no lasting good, and, indeed, have driven whole trades and much capital out of the oppressed districts, to their own great loss.

That hope, though not extinct, is fainter now than it was. Matters seem going all the other way. An honest, independent man, who did honor to the Senate, has lost his seat solely for not conniving at these Trade outrages, which the hypocrites, who have voted him out, pretend to denounce. Foul play is still rampant and triumphant. Its victims were sympathized with for one short day, when they bared their wounds to the Royal Commissioners ; but that sympathy has deserted them : they are now hidden in holes and corners from their oppressors, and have to go by false names, and are kept out of work ; for *odisse quem lazeris* is the fundamental maxim of their oppressors. Not so the assassins : they flourish. I have seen with these eyes one savage murderer employed at high wages, while a man he all but destroyed is refused work on all hands, and was separated by dire poverty from another scarred victim, his wife, till I brought them together. Again, I have seen a wholesale murderer employed on

the very machine he had been concerned in blowing up, employed on it at the wages of three innoxious curates. And I find this is the rule, not the exception. "No punishment but for already punished innocence; no safety but for triumphant crime."

The *Executive* is fast asleep in the matter—or it would long ago have planted the Manchester district with a hundred thousand special constables—and the globule of *legislation* now prescribed to Parliament, though excellent in certain respects, is null in others; would, if passed into law, rather encourage the intimidation of one man by twenty, and make him starve his family to save his skin—cruel alternative—and would not seriously check the darker and more bloody outrages, nor prevent their spreading from their present populous centres all over the land. Seeing these things I have drawn my pen against cowardly assassination and sordid tyranny; I have taken a few undeniable truths, out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day, which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand *realizes*, until Fiction—which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts—comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests, the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live.

THE END.

A SIGH.

[Imitated from the French of Sully Prudhomme.]

NEVER to see her nor hear her,
To speak her name aloud never,
To hold her always the dearer,
To love her forever.

To sleep and dream I am near her,
To hate the daybeams that sever,
To think of death as a cheerer,
Yet love her forever.

To see from day to day clearer
She blights both hope and endeavor,
Yet absolve her, bless her, revere her,
Yet love her forever.

Never to see her nor hear her,
To speak her name aloud never,
Yet wilder, tenderer, dearer,
To love her forever.

J. W. DE FOREST.

THE NEW LAMPS OF HISTORY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

I.

IF it be asked what is the cause of the difference between history as written by Herodotus or Froissart, and history as written by Niebuhr, or Montesquieu, or Buckle, I suppose it may be a sufficient answer to say that it is the extension into the domain of human affairs of that same method of study which, in its application to nature, has built up the splendid structure of modern science. The genius of Induction, the Positive Philosophy—call it what you will, the thing is larger than the name—that habit of mind which brings to the investigation of physical phenomena the firm belief that it will find everywhere the reign of law and the unvarying sequences of cause and effect, has ended by claiming history also as its possession, and has stamped it with the seal and superscription of its sovereignty.

Whether or not this claim shall be allowed as of right, it is at least not difficult to discover how it came to be made. For when science had triumphantly demonstrated the prevalence of order throughout all material forms and forces, when it had proved this dominancy even in those seemingly most capricious (so that the very winds and waves were seen to be obedient to law), it was not so bold a venture to deem that society also may be subject to like governance.

It may be that there is something of the excess which is apt to attend the flush of large discoveries in the anticipations that are formed of what is called the Science of History; it may be needful to considerably restrict the sense in which it is allowable to apply the term "law" to the free development of mankind; perhaps, also, we may be compelled to refuse assent to much in the method and in the interpretations of the new historical school. But after all abatements are made, I believe it will be found that there remains a great and fruitful conception in the new historical views which are dawning on the horizon of our thoughts; that in the light of this conception history acquires a fresh elevation and importance in relation to modern culture; and that the results of this study are destined profoundly to influence legislation, morals, religion, and the life of society.

The conception of history as an organic whole is, from its very nature, modern: it could not have sprung from the Greek or Roman or Byzantine brain; and the reason why it was not possible for it to take shape among even these advanced nations, is that the idea of history in this large sense presupposes the idea of humanity, and this is a conception which never arose in the antique mind. It is only within the past hundred years that the perception of law in history is distinctly traceable as a positive thought held by a few eminent intellects, although, long prior, it flashes as a bright intuition in the utterances of some elder seers. Such anticipations might indeed be looked for, since it is a prime result of the new historical method to allow to all philosophic truths an ample background of development—indeed, to expect that such truths will project themselves from afar as purple mirages before they flame full-orbed above the horizon. It cannot, therefore, be a useless endeavor to mark the primitive outlines and the growing form of this great idea.

I have said that we look in vain through ancient culture for that broad grasp

of mankind which is the necessary antecedent of true history. And yet, though it does not appear in articulate form, there is warrant for believing that its germinal force was present and operative in some characteristic creations of the noblest of the elder nations. What but it could have breathed into Greek tragedy the deep consciousness of a Nemesis or moral law ruling human affairs, and given Greek plastic art its stamp of ideal or universal beauty? It uttered itself through the Hebrew prophets and sages, who, during a thousand years, proclaimed the fundamental principle of all philosophy of history, the triumph of truth and justice; and it crowned the conquests of the Roman arms with the grand conception of the *jus gentium*, or law of nations.

If, in spite of these lofty realizations of the true spirit of history, there was no advance to the idea of humanity, we can only say that the times were not yet ripe. If even the superior nations of antiquity were not able to overleap the bounds of national exclusiveness, the fact may find justification in the circumstance that the existing state of enlightenment in the world was not such that the *élite*, or chosen people, could rightly confound themselves with the undeveloped mass of inferior races; for an intense sense of national individuality was, in fact, one of the necessary conditions of the preservation of civilization.

The genius of Christianity first projected into the firmament of human thought the stellar truth of the brotherhood of mankind, and, by claiming a universal mission, presupposed at once the sentiment and the conception of humanity. This truth never disappeared out of the sky. The Middle Ages—better understood than they used to be, thanks to the new method of interpreting history—were the fecund generatrix of the modern societies with their freer polities, and at least the germ of real international relations. Then science arrived to formulate what Christianity had foreshadowed, and under its ministry this striking result came about: the doctrine which the apostles had preached as an aspiration was, by the school of French philosophers of the eighteenth century, established as a scientific principle. There are at least three illustrious thinkers belonging to the latter half of that century who distinctly perceived and stated the general truth that the course of affairs forms a great and connected whole, which is the history of humanity; that this history is a natural phenomenon, and that, like other phenomena, it must have a law.

The first of these is Turgot, of whom Cousin has said that he created the philosophy of history. Whether or not this be conceded, there can be no question that before him no one had given such complete expression to the general truth which is the foundation of philosophic history. "All the ages," says he, "are connected by a sequence of causes and effects which ally the state of the world at any one time with all that preceded it. The multiplied signs of language and of writing, by giving men the means of securing the possession of their ideas and of communicating them to each other, have made all the accumulations of special knowledge a common treasure, which one generation transmits to another as a heritage, which is ever augmented by the discoveries of each epoch; and mankind, looked at from its origin, appears to the eye of the philosopher an immense whole, which, like the individual, has had its infancy and its successive stages of advance." This is a striking statement, and nothing could more emphatically express the doctrine of the vital connection of the ages—a truth which indeed Pascal had already proclaimed in the lofty utterance that the history of humanity is the history of "one man ever living and ever learning." I may mention that to this eminent thinker belongs of right the glory of having first stated the subjective source of the ancient conceptions of nature. He points

out how natural it was that men, before they were acquainted with the real relations of physical phenomena, should suppose these to be produced by intelligent beings or gods; and how, when philosophers came to perceive the absurdity of these fables, "they conceived the notion of explaining phenomena by abstract expressions, such as essences or faculties—expressions which, nevertheless, explained nothing, and on which they reasoned as though they had been real beings, new divinities substituted for the old ones." You will recognize that, in substance and form, this piece of analysis is precisely that famous law of evolution through the three stages, the theological, metaphysical, and positive, which Auguste Comte developed, and which, though a just statement of the order of growth of scientific thought, Comte certainly did not improve by attempting to convert it into a formula of the entire historical development of mankind.

The second of the philosophers to whom I have referred is Condorcet, that illustrious victim of the French Revolution, who occupied the days he passed in prison (the doors of which opened only to conduct him to the guillotine) in composing a dissertation on the "Historical Progress of the Human Mind"—a strange and admirable stroke of philosophic stoicism, considering how much there was in the spectacle of his times and his personal fate to inspire despairing views of the destinies of his kind. The mere title of Condorcet's work is sufficient evidence of how firmly he grasped the real character of the philosophy of history. It is true, there is much in the execution of the sketch which is unequal to the conception; and, with the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century for sole guide in a task which eminently demanded a constructive philosophy, this could hardly have been otherwise.

The last name it remains to mention in connection with the philosophy of history in the eighteenth century, is Immanuel Kant. In a tractate which is comparatively little known, and which bears the title "Idea of a Universal History from the Point of View of Humanity," the author of the "Critique of Pure Reason" sketched the outlines of a theory of history which exhibits the life of the human race as following a line of predetermined evolution. He shows that "whatever metaphysical conception we may form to ourselves of free will, the manifestations of free will in human actions are, like other natural phenomena, determined by the general laws of nature;" and that what in the individual appears confused and arbitrary, in the race presents the aspect of a continuous though slow development of original impulses. At the same time, "as nature does nothing in vain, and as the human faculties do not attain their full unfoldment in the individual, who is ephemeral, they must receive it in the species, which is eternal; and the history of mankind may be considered as the accomplishment of a secret plan of nature, which had for its end to produce a perfect political constitution and society as the theatre on which she might develop all the dispositions she had implanted in humanity." You perceive the spinal conception of this remarkable sketch. But it is evident that, aside from the perception of the fact that history must be subject to determinate conditions, and that consequently it forms a rational and logical entirety, the theory rests on a sandy foundation. This theory is a supposed "secret plan of nature," which is a mere subjective view—an intuition, perhaps a bright one—but not a scientific principle; for I need hardly remark that science does not in the least concern itself with what nature may or may not have planned. Nevertheless, with such abatement as may be necessary on this account, it must be conceded that these views stamp Kant as one of the three or four men in the last century who conceived the true nature of history.

II.

SUCH, then, in rapid outline, are the steps by which, from the national exclusiveness and narrow egotism of the Hellenic, and Hebrew, and Roman cultures, the proscriptive spirit of which rendered genuine history impossible—for no nation can be interpreted apart from its relations with mankind, any more than zoology can be constructed without taking in the entire succession of animate forms—the advance was made to that broad and hospitable temper and that clear grasp of the prevalence of law which characterize the modern historian.

It is to be observed, however, that before the new historical doctrine could become really available, it was needful that there should be both a large accumulation of historical data and the aid of some new methods of historical investigation and criticism. I shall set before you one or two examples of such data, and also attempt to sketch the growth of philologic, ethnologic, and antiquarian research, so far as to indicate the manner in which these became instruments of historical investigation. The creation of these auxiliaries to history is itself a very splendid piece of history.

And, to begin with, it is manifest that, so far as concerns what is called Ancient History, there could be no adequate view until we had attained a much more thorough and comprehensive knowledge of antiquity than reached us in the inheritances of classic or Hebrew lore. As history was written a century ago, the annals of the Jews and Greeks may be said to have comprehended the whole of antiquity; for, if there was casual mention of other peoples, *those* were made the pivots of all historical treatment. But there was no Greek chronology prior to the Olympiads (776 B. C.), while in that of the Hebrews there were no sure datings anterior to Solomon (1017 B. C.); and, save these, the fugitive notices of ancient empires contained in the Greek historians were little more than a nebulous float of mythus and fable. It came about, however, that at the beginning of this century there took place the disinterment, so to speak, of two venerable nationalities, which prodigiously enlarged the background of historic antiquity by revealing the existence of great independent cultures at least two or three thousand years older than the Hellenic or Hebrew people. I mean, of course, Egypt and India.

The story of the discovery of the secret of Egypt contains a great deal of the romance of scholarship: the Napoleonic expedition with its battalion of savants—the accidental upturning at Rosetta, by the French artillery officer Bouchart, of the trilingual-inscribed block of basalt, in the last month of the last year of last century—the prophetic gleam of light its yet veiled mystery seemed to emit—the circulated copies of the inscription undergoing the guesses of the scholars—the twenty years of patient groping and fruitless endeavor—the bright intuition of Young—the keener insight of Champollion—his true conviction (which became his guiding clue) that the hieroglyphs were real phonetics—the gradual reconstruction of the alphabet—its application to the deciphering of the monuments—the assured proof that the inscriptions, for thousands of years back, were resolvable into living Coptic words, thus putting a tongue into every stone—the formation of the “Grammar of Egyptian Hieroglyphics”; and then the completion of the work by the corps of philologists and archæologists, Rosellini, Lepsius, Lanci, De Saulcy, Birch, Brugsch, till that wonderful result was reached, the reconstruction of Egyptian civilization in the very lineaments of its antique life.

The bearings of Egypt upon the general conception of history were of the

first importance. For here was the staggering yet indisputable conclusion which resulted from her resurrection: that yonder, in that Nile Valley, more than five thousand years ago (for the date of Menes as fixed at 3893 B. C. is established beyond cavil) lived a race with a stable political and social organism; a language perfect after its plan and having elaborate systems of writing; an architecture the most grandiose ever created by the building instinct of man; a religion not undeserving the epithet sublime; a copious literature, and all the elements of a comprehensive civilization. It was a matter of inevitable inference that these heritages came from earlier and earliest times; that Egypt's historical age rested on an ante-historical age, out of whose depths arose only echoes, while it shrouded its form behind the mists of an all-enveloping mythology.

If Egypt revealed an unknown civilization, India disclosed a buried literature. The key to this, I need hardly say, was the introduction to scholars (toward the close of last century and beginning of this) of a knowledge of Sanscrit, the ancient and sacred speech of the Hindoos. In this dialect was found embalmed a body of writings, the Vedic literature, which has proved to be of singular intrinsic interest, of profound importance in the intellectual history of man, and older, by at least a thousand years, than the oldest known monument of so-called classic antiquity. The historic influence of India was not less notable indirectly than it was directly. For the acquaintance with the Sanscrit proved to be not merely the acquisition of a new type of human speech, not only the key to a remarkable body of writings, but a key-stone as well; for it furnished the synthesis of a vast mass of linguistic research, heretofore of little meaning, because lacking generalization, and it for the first time gave a truly scientific character to a study which has become a potent instrument of historical investigation. This study is Comparative Philology, which challenges our attention as one of the most valuable of the historic helps to which I have referred.

It is one of the fine results of modern inquiry to have raised what in ancient learning was mere speculation on words—ingenious speculation, no doubt, but utterly fruitless—into a genuine science of speech. This it has effected by the systematic study of the substance and forms of languages, which it treats as living organisms, subject to organic laws of growth and decay. And just as there is a science of Comparative Anatomy which deals with the relations of structure in animate forms, so there is a science of Comparative Philology based on the relations of structure in the different types of speech. But this science takes a step beyond: from the affinities of languages it infers affinity in the peoples speaking these languages. To be sure, this application has sometimes been rashly made, and bizarre affiliations of race have been deduced from genuine affiliations of speech; but this abuse does not invalidate philology, properly used, as a real instrument of ethnologic research.

Now, what rendered the discovery of Sanscrit an epoch-making event in the science of language was this: Many isolated researches had been instituted into the Greek and Latin and Teutonic tongues, between which many analogies had been pointed out; yet there was nothing to generalize them into a systematic whole. The Sanscrit revelation took place; with delight scholars discovered that here was the type to which these tongues might all be referred, which would explain and justify their hitherto inexplicable resemblances. Presently the tracings were extended beyond the classic tongues—it was seen that the sacred speech of India had relation not merely to Greek and Latin, but to the Teutonic as well; so this generalization expressed itself in the term "Indo-Germanic." Eventually, however, this also was seen to be too narrow, since similar affinities

were found belonging to the Slavic and Lithuanian and Celtic languages ; and accordingly "Indo-European" came into use as the proper expression for the new and larger generalization.

Well, you will perceive the far-reaching historical deductions which flowed from the establishment of these conclusions. For what conditions could satisfy this startling kinship of speech ? Why, this alone : that at some period far back in the prehistoric age, these European races, the ancestors of the Celts and Teutons and Greeks and Latins and Slavonians, were themselves emigrants from the Orient ; that together they had dwelt in Western Asia ; that side by side with them had dwelt a branch of the same stock, the Sanscrit-speaking Aryans ; that after those mysterious propulsive movements of migration which transported the former races westward into Europe had taken place, there occurred another movement, which carried the Sanscrit-speaking Brahminic Aryans south and eastward across the snowy Himalaya into India ; and thus it came about that the Sanscrit language, representing one of the most ancient collateral lines of the old family stock, remained as the purest type of all these tongues, and survived to tell us this strange yet veracious story of the migration of the primeval races.

If these far-reaching vistas make on our imaginations and intellects the impression which they are fitted to make, we shall gain a fresh realization of how far, happily, we have departed from that narrow basis on which rested the scheme of ancient history before the broad areas of the modern discoveries were opened to our view. Take, for example, the "Universal History" of the learned and pious and eloquent Bossuet, composed in that boasted age of illumination, the age of Louis XIV. He centres his entire historical drama in the Jews, the annals of all other peoples being but episodes of the Hebrew people. But every man of intelligence now knows that the Hebrews formed only a single branch of a great stock, namely, the Semitic ; that this stock has a long anterior history in that seat of ancient culture, the seat of Chaldean and Babylonian empire ; and that, moreover, these Semites do not represent a primitive ethnic floor, for comparative philology reveals a succession of underlying strata.

These reflections lead us up to the very door of a question which may not be eschewed in any investigation like this : I mean the question of chronology. It cannot have escaped your attention that there is a deal of inquiry into, a sort of intellectual ferment on, the subject of the antiquity of man on the earth. There is perhaps a growing conviction that we must needs enlarge our historical bounds—in some cases not unaccompanied with the fear lest this new departure should a little shake old and cherished faiths.

On this question I shall frankly state my own position, which is one of entire acquiescence in the approved conclusions of all genuine research, accompanied by the firm conviction that chronology, which is of time, can bring no hurt to spirituality, which is of eternity. We know that in point of fact there is no Biblical chronology, although there are some schemes, the creation of rabbinical ingenuity, made up from the partial genealogical data found in the Hebrew Scriptures. Thus there is the system found in the Septuagint version, which places the creation at 5509 B. C. Then there is the computation of Ussher, which has been rather the most generally received, and the character of which you know. That much-figuring Archbishop of Armagh came to the conclusion that the heavens and earth were created at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, in the month of September, at the equinox of the year B. C. 4004 ; and an act of the British Parliament as yet unrepealed legalized the reckoning as the sole

and proper one to be received by Christians and Britons. I believe the English Parliament does acknowledge that it cannot make a woman a man, but I suppose this concession exhausts the limits of what it can't do, and leaves it at entire liberty to fix so simple a thing as the proper date of the creation of the universe. I know of nothing which attains precisely the same elevation of audacity, save that royal French proclamation against the Almighty's farther working of miracles :

De par le roi, defense à Dieu
Faire des miracles dans ce lieu,

which, with indifferent success, I have tried to render thus—

By King's command: God is forbidden
To work his miracles this place in.

In the meantime, to confront these systems we have: first, some ancient national literatures a thousand or two years older than any we until lately possessed; secondly, the revelations of several great empires, which go up so near to the outer limits of the received reckonings as to crowd us for the time we must allow for the development of the languages, arts, religions, politics, and cultures with which they present themselves; and, thirdly, and most important of all, some geologic findings which have come to push from their stools all our time-honored chronologies. I refer here, of course, to those remarkable discoveries of flint implements in the French diluvian drift, which were first communicated some thirty years back by M. Boucher de Perthes, but which were comparatively unnoticed till taken up by Sir Charles Lyell a year or two ago, and made the basis of his work on the "Antiquity of Man." The gist of these is this: that far below the surface of the earth, twenty or thirty feet, at depths where traces of man had never been dreamed of, overlaid by beds of sand and gravel and the growths of forests, were found copious vestiges of human industry, rude flint axes, hammers, and knives, weapons, utensils, and amulets—associated with fossil elephants, mastodons, and crocodiles, the contemporaries of the men who fashioned those tools.

Now, what are we to say of these? As lovers of all science, we shall be compelled to say that we welcome these accessions to our knowledge of primeval times. But we shall not cease to exercise a rigid criticism upon these disturbers of our old beliefs. And it behooves us to do this; for there is a great deal that is very nebulous in all the geologic discoveries relating to primitive humanity. I do not refer merely to the supposed findings of fossil man—whereof we had in California, a little while back, a pleiocene specimen—but even in the case of the authentic relics of human workmanship found in the strata of France and Belgium and Italy, though they are of the greatest interest and value in archæology, they so wholly lack anything like an element of time, or even an approximate measure of time, that we are forced to at least adjourn opinion as to any bearings they may have on the vexed question of man's age on the earth.

My own position, then, on this subject, is that of one who waits further light, and is fully prepared to accept whatever is proven. And to sum up my own conviction on the matter, I believe the answer to this question will, in a very large measure, hang on a consideration which has perhaps not been sufficiently taken into account. If there were nothing involved but this or that date, it would be of small moment how the dispute were decided. But the important thing, in fact the one important thing, in the question, is the law of historic classification. If it could be supposed that the heritages of civilization with which the primeval peoples swim into our ken were of miraculous creation (as you will remember fos-

sils were supposed to be a century or two ago), the greater or less margin of anterior time would be of no consequence. But, if we are compelled to believe these heritages to be growths, we shall require an antiquity in whose flowing periods may be embraced the slow gestation of the primeval races, the formation of language, and the development of religion, society, and civilization; while humanity and its organic creations will stand stratified in the order of a new and intellectual palæontology. It is certain that a liberal chronology allows us to form a conception of the beginning of mankind that is more in harmony with our most elevated conceptions of the providential government of the human race, which, like the providential government in nature, operates by the laws of order and continuity and growth, rather than by sudden creations or leaps or interferences.

The next of the lamps of history which I shall set before you is Ethnology, or the doctrine of race. This doctrine assumes, in the several types of mankind, moral and intellectual dispositions native to these types, and which difference them as markedly from each other as do the more palpable physical peculiarities that meet the eye. It claims that the quality of race goes deeper than skin or skull, that it reaches to the wit, and that could we, by some subtle anatomy, lay bare the metaphysique of a people, we should find preëxistent in the make of its mind all that afterwards takes embodiment in its institutions and culture. It asserts that the study of the mere political organization into which societies form themselves dims our perception of the essential matter, which is the blood and brain of a people; that every nation, monarchy, republic, empire is doomed to decay,—but not so the races, which continually recombine into new forms, as the water-borne and crumbling *débris* of the antique worlds are wrought up into the solid structure of new continents.

Now, after having been a somewhat ardent student of ethnology, I have been led to the belief that the doctrine of race has perhaps been overstated. At the same time I cannot see the justice of that opposite extreme—the result, no doubt, of an intellectual reaction—which is exhibited by such men as Buckle and John Stuart Mill, who hold that the element of race in the estimate of civilization is a nullity. For it must be evident to the historical student that a Semitic or Slavic or Saxon race element is a fact, positive and substantial. It must be evident that there are progressive and passive, political and nomadic, artistic and non-artistic *races*. We owe, for example, to the Semites those profound spiritual intuitions which have formulated the faiths of the world for these two thousand years or more; and yet no people of that race (Jew, Arab, or Phœnician) ever rose above the rudest art-attempts. The Egyptian monuments exhibit the physical types of mankind not less distinct and individualized four thousand years ago than we are to-day: no doubt the persistence of mental traits has been not less complete. Read the descriptions of the Celtic race as it appeared eighteen hundred years ago, and they will answer for this hour. Cæsar found the Celts a turbulent, factious set of folks, smitten with the love of conquest and glory; and that same impulsive, acute, generous, gay, naïf nature which marks the modern Celt, whether Irishman or Frenchman, crops out in all the relics and reminiscences of ancient Gaul. Already their characteristic eagerness and curiosity distinguished them; for Diodorus Siculus tells us they used to press-gang strangers seizing them in the market or highway, and compelling them to talk. They were laughers, communists, haranguers, fickle, a little perfidious, and Livy says they “broke faith with a jest.” On the other hand, take Tacitus’s picture of the ancient Germans, and you will detect the very same qualities which are the

deepest characteristics of all the branches of the Teutonic race—the same passionate, longing, melancholic nature, the same regard for woman and home, the same quenchless instinct of liberty.

The fact is, perhaps, that the theory of race has not been so much overstated as misstated. The antagonists of ethnology have perceived that the assertion of distinctive characteristics *naturally inherent* in the several races is not susceptible of proof—which is true. They aver that the impulses are indefinitely modifiable—which probably also contains a great deal of truth. But the real question is not whether these intellectual characteristics are inherent or not. The dispositions of the races were doubtless shaped by the totality of conditions, outward and inward, which acted upon them. Some profound inquirer, at once physiologist and philosopher, may some day give us the application of the Darwinian doctrine—and I believe it is capable of such application—to the genesis of the interior peculiarities of man; he may show us how conditions of existence developed adaptabilities, and how natural selection operated in the accumulation of slight peculiarities, till in time distinctive characteristics were produced. But until this is done, we may be content to take the term “race” as the expression of the summation of all the influences that have shaped the mental and moral and physical traits of the diverse types of man. And, within the proper limitation, we are certainly authorized in using ethnology as a guide that will aid us in solving many perplexing problems in history.

It would not be possible here to do more than hint at the other auxiliaries which the historian finds in the modern inquiries, and the neglect of which must cripple him in his vocation. There is the striking light cast on the history of civilization by physical geography, both in the influence exercised by the aspects of nature on the mind of man (an influence not to be overrated as it is not to be underrated), and in the characteristics of given regions with regard to their productive forces, the resulting distribution of wealth, and the consequent forms of political and social organizations. Closely connected with this study are the considerations opened up by statistics, or social physics, as they are sometimes called, and which, also, are of very great value provided they are not divorced from their right relations. In our own generation, the Belgian statistician Quetelet has raised the observation and generalization of the data of social physics to somewhat the dignity of a science—a science by which Buckle sets very great store, though perhaps it figures more prominently in his theory of history than it does in his historical applications. The basis of this doctrine is that, in specific actions of masses of men, given periods of time present striking recurrences in the numbers expressing the quantity of these actions. Thus, in any country where statistics have been carefully kept, it is possible to form a very accurate estimate of how many persons will commit suicide each year, how many will drop unaddressed letters into the post-office, how many women will go about in men's clothes, etc; and while it is impossible to tell what individual Frenchman will commit a crime next year, it is quite certain that one out of about every 650 Frenchmen will commit a crime next year. These startling uniformities have suggested the notion that there is in society a given amount of crime, and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances. It must be owned that there is at first blush, something decidedly seductive in the possession of what seems to be an instrument of historic prophecy; but the glamour to a considerable degree vanishes when we look closely into the mystery of these recurring numbers. Do they do any more than express that general average in social phenomena

which is to be expected from the similarity of the "conditions" at given periods? Certainly not. It seems preposterous therefore to regard these uniformities as a decree of fate; while the inference which some have drawn from these uniformities against moral responsibility in the actions of men, is not less illogical than it is immoral.

In fine, the student of the history of humanity finds helps to the proper mastery of his great theme in all special research, which indeed subserves its true uses only when it is lifted out of pedantry and reveals its historic element. Winckelmann, the illustrious critic of art, could not rest satisfied until he had connected together the æsthetic creations of man as steps of an historic evolution. For it seems that even in these the impassable bounds of race and time circumscribe every people. And hence it is that in each monument of art there is an inherent and indelible nationality; so that the least experienced eye can detect the difference between Egyptian and Assyrian, Indian and Chinese, Greek and Etruscan art. In like manner mythology, which might seem mere fantasy and caprice, is almost as historical as history itself; because, when we closely examine these apparently wild and detached shapings of imagination, we find the old stratification reappearing here, and the fossils of fancy taking their definite place. 'Tis thus that from myths and songs and sagas, so dear to the people, which live so long in their memory, we can trace the kinship of the Aryan nations through a common body of tradition, and follow the Celtic and Germanic and Hellenic peoples, by affiliations of belief and reminiscence, back across all their wanderings to the Persian and Indian fountains.

III.

HAVING thus set before you some of the leading means and methods of historical investigation—or, as I have called them, in I hope a not unwarrantable figure, the Lamps of History—you may permit me in conclusion to touch briefly on that fact which gives history a philosophy, and makes it a worthy instrument of intellectual culture and moral discipline. This fact is Progress; for if there were no progress, there could be no philosophy of history.

The doctrine of progress is, like all our most advanced historical conceptions, a modern one. There is no hint of it in Aristotle, the most acute dialectician and comprehensive observer of antiquity. And, in fact, the ancient belief was that order and progress are incompatible; whereas science has taught us that they are inseparable, and shown us that even our entire solar system is advancing in space.

I do not propose to set up any abstract formula of the development of humanity, or any "law of evolution" in history. It is in fact, as both Goldwin Smith and the Duke of Argyll have shown, only in a metaphorical sense that we can apply the term "law" to human actions. A law, indeed, is a generalization from a totality of given phenomena. But in history we have cognizance only of that small part of social phenomena which is imperfectly recorded as having occurred in the past, while of the future we know absolutely nothing. How, then, with our bit of an arc, can we hope to draw the mighty orbit of God's plan in humanity? Nor has the success of those who have attempted to reduce the history of man to a theory been such as to invite any repetition of the effort. It is plain to any one who will look into the so-called philosophies of history, that the greater part of the philosophy in them consists of the mental fictions and

idols of the cave which their authors have imported into their historic treatment. Nowhere than in history is Goethe's maxim more strikingly illustrated, that "the eye sees only what it brings with it." Bossuet sees in it the steps of an everlasting degeneracy; Vico, a series of recurring cycles; Condorcet, the terms of an eternal progress; Comte, the blessed hegira from theology into science; Carlyle, the work of individual heroes; Buckle, the development of great general laws; Hegel, the exemplification in time of the categories of speculative thought. Of course, these theories respectively exclude each other, and one presently reaches the conclusion that, though each point of view may afford partial glimpses of the grand scheme, history is too free, rich, and varied to be made to fit into the Procrustes-bed of metaphysical abstractions. True, the historian explains the past; he shows how new growths came from existing conditions. But these growths were the result of man's freedom, not of fate; and it is just because they were not the result of fate but of freedom, that, to conform our language to the fact, we must speak of the philosophy of history rather than of the science of history.

Our future studies will fully exhibit the law of progress operating in all the great creations of civilized man. If, then, I touch now on two or three examples of this law in language, morals, and science, it will be rather by way of illustration than of exposition.

When we embrace the totality of languages in their evolution, we observe a series of developments perfectly analogous to the ascending scale of animal life. From rudimentary types, such as the Chinese, in which words are, as it were, dead atoms, algebraic signs, capable only of mechanical juxtaposition, we advance through the agglutinative class—represented by those of the Tartar type—up to the great culture-tongues (those of our Indo-European family), with their highly organized structure and free plastic powers. When we come down nearer our own times, the same law of growth is seen to be operative in the formation of new languages. Take for instance those representative tongues, the English, French, and German. It is well known that these all refer back to that period of ethnic flux and fusion, the six or eight centuries succeeding the dissolution of the Roman Empire. Here the elements at work were the Teutonic and Celtic on the one side, and the Roman on the other. The vigorous, individual German genius, acting on the decaying Latin, dissolved, and as it were burst asunder the compact structure of the classic mould, freeing the grammatical forms from their absorption in the terminations of nouns and verbs, erecting them into independent auxiliaries, and generating a type of speech greatly superior to the old classic tongues. It is thus that the renovation of speech is provided for. When a tongue has become petrified, the national mind walks out of it. "A secondary formation," says Max Müller, "grows up slowly and imperceptibly, at first in the idiom of common people, till at last the reviving spirit, rising upward, sweeps away like the waters in spring the frozen surface of an effete language, priesthood, government, and literature."

It would perhaps be hardly worth while pointing out that there is an element of progress in morals, were it not that Buckle has attempted to show that morals are stationary. Assuredly, when Buckle took this position, he exhibited less than his usual acuteness; for, so far from this being the case, the changes in the moral type, and the causes and consequences of these changes, are a very important branch of history, and possess singular value for the illustration of that law of growth which Buckle has done so much to exhibit in other departments. And, in addition to this, it is plain that we cannot leave out the ethical element in the

history of civilization, seeing that the moral condition of peoples is inseparably connected with their intellectual condition, as indeed we might expect when we reflect that the mind is a unit. History is not without illustrations of how moral depravity can so react on the intellect of a nation as to turn its very civilization into a petrified Byzantine formalism.

Finally, we shall find the perfect illustration of progress in the history of science. In most of the departments of human effort growth is through so many lapses and reactions, and is, on the whole, so like the incoming of the tides, that it is difficult to trace the advance save in great secular periods. In science, on the contrary, progress is linear and holds securely all it gains. Nevertheless, it was long before the rational mind awoke to consciousness. It would seem that the ancient Semites were never capable of pure scientific conceptions. It was a race eternally haunted by the supernatural world. With the Japhites came the normal vision, and we may say that with the Greeks scientific reason was for the first time born. The suns of Hellenic and Arabian genius lighted the Middle Ages, and fructified the germs of thought in the European nations into that mighty development which came with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then it was that the occidental mind, astir under the precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo, arose to break the spell of scholasticism and superstition which had so long fettered the intellect of man, and prepare the way for that splendid series of inductions of all departments of nature which are the glory of our age.

The study of history in this spirit will make us very tolerant of everything in the past. And this for two reasons. First, because it will show us that every institution, strange or monstrous though it may appear to us, grew out of antecedent conditions. Slavery was once a necessary social fact, a normal growth—beneficent even, as it superseded cannibalism and the sacrifice of prisoners. On the other hand, proofs are abundant of the most prodigious political power unable to produce a single durable effect, because moving in opposition to the genius of historical development—as in the case of Julian, Philip II., and Charles V. Secondly, because it will teach us that throughout history the law of progress is the law of amelioration. This is that subtle chemistry, that sublime *vis medicatrix*, which converts evil into good, and, in the fine expression of Bacon, works ever toward the “betterment of man’s estate.” Not that the historian will be an unreasoning optimist. He will vacate his highest function when he ceases to apply ethical laws to the scourging of the great wrongs of history. But he will do this with a large catholicity, and he will not fail to point out the consoling truth that, while the evil was temporary, the good is eternal.

Such, then, are the methods and aims of modern historical study. You see how different is the new from the old conception; and so we return to the point at which we set out, with Herodotus and Froissart. In place of mere pictorial narration of events, it seeks out the connections and dependences of events; in place of occupying itself with formal and individual details, it aims to grasp the great movements of society, and inquires into the laws of its advance; in place of restricting itself to a single people, it embraces mankind.

It seems to me we are peculiarly well placed for the large and free treatment which the history of civilization demands; since, standing here on the westernmost fringe of the continent, we may almost descry, looming up across our own Pacific sea, the shadowy outlines of the vast mysterious Orient, land of births and beginnings.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

MR. WELLES IN ANSWER TO MR. WEED.

THE FACTS OF THE ABANDONMENT OF GOSPORT NAVY-YARD

IN THE GALAXY for June there was published a chapter from the autobiography of Mr. Thurlow Weed, which contains, with a vast amount of egotism, some facts perverted, and no little fiction. The author has a very fertile recollection, a prodigiously prolific memory, and in his conceits and details he remembers, and relates with a minuteness that is wonderful, events that never took place, or which occurred under circumstances widely different from his narration of them.

This chapter of the autobiography commences with an account of two visits which were made to Washington in March and April, 1861—an interesting period of our history. Mr. Weed describes not only his observations, but the vigilant supervision which he exercised over the Government, and the admonitions, promptings, and instructions which he kindly administered to the President and various Departments. It is pleasant to read the incidents he relates. It is still more pleasant to witness the self-satisfied complacency and the modest and unaffected self-conceit which crop out in almost every sentence. That the autobiographer was as officious and intrusive as he states, perhaps without any intention of being impertinent, is altogether probable. Unfortunately for the accuracy of his memory and the truthfulness of his statements, many of his reminiscences are inconsistent with facts. The two opening paragraphs will bear republication. Mr. Weed says:

The first and only inauguration of a President I ever attended was that of Mr. Lincoln in 1861. It was known that designs upon his life while on his way from Springfield to Washington were providentially averted. It was also known that the question of seizing upon the Government and its archives had been contemplated. The few troops in Washington were therefore stationed around the Capitol. During the ceremony of inauguration I walked about the grounds, encountering Major-General Wool, with a detachment of United States troops ready for action, and two pieces of cannon posted so as to rake an important avenue. I soon after found Lieutenant-General Scott, with the same number of cannon (on one of which the veteran was resting his elbow), posted in an equally advantageous position. This, in a country so long exempted from serious internal collisions, occasioned painful reflections. General Scott assured me that these precautions were not unnecessary, and that they had not been taken a moment too early. All, however, passed without either an attack or an alarm. But it was not long before unequivocal symptoms of rebellion were manifested. When in Washington a few days afterward, I was awakened early one morning by Horace H. Riddell, formerly a resident of and representative from Alleghany county, N. Y., but then living at Harper's Ferry, who informed me that unless immediately reinforced the arsenal and armory at that place would be attacked and taken by enemies of the Government, who were banding together for that purpose; adding that there was not an hour to lose. I went immediately to the Secretary of War with this information. He thought the danger could not be so imminent, but said that the subject should have immediate attention. I went from the Secretary of War to General Scott, who promptly said that my information was confirmatory of that which he had received the evening previous. "But," he added, "what can I do? My effective force, all told, for the defence of the capital, is twenty-one hundred. Washington is as much in danger as Harper's Ferry. I shall repel any attack upon this city, but I cannot hazard the capital of the Union, as I should do by dividing my force, even to save Harper's Ferry." My friend Riddell's information was but too reliable. The next day brought us intelligence of the loss of Harper's Ferry.

Soon after this, our first taste of rebellion, I received information from an equally reliable source that Gosport, with its vast supply of munitions of war, was in danger. Of this I informed the Secretary of the Navy at the breakfast table of Willard's Hotel. Believing from his manner that he attached but little importance to my information, I reiterated it with emphasis, assuring him that it would be occasion for deep regret if Gosport were not immediately strengthened. Meeting the Secretary at dinner the same day, I renewed the conversation, and was informed that the matter *would* be attended to. This did not quiet my solicitude, and leaving the Secretary to the placid enjoyment of his dinner, I repaired to the White House. Mr. Lincoln, however, had driven out to visit some fortifications. I made another attempt in the evening to see him, but he was again out. Early the next morning, however, I found him, and informed him what I had heard of the danger that threatened Gosport, and how, as I feared, I had failed to impress the Secretary of the Navy with the accuracy of my information or the necessity of immediate action. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "we can't

afford to lose all those cannon; I'll go and see Father Welles myself," as he did immediately. The result was that Admiral Paulding, who was then despatched to Norfolk, arrived just in time to enjoy an illumination occasioned by the burning of Government property, and witness the capture of Gosport.

I do not affect to misunderstand the scope and purpose of the allusions to myself, nor the impressions which the autobiographer seeks to convey. They are in character and keeping with years of misrepresentation in relation to the abandonment of the navy-yard at Norfolk, and other events by which the administration of the Navy Department was for years maligned and wronged. This detraction and these slanders, covertly made, I wasted no time to correct, when employed in duties which demanded all my attention. Nor should I now notice them but for certain associations of the autobiographer, nor have given them a thought if they had been repeated by an anonymous defamer. Time and truth will dissipate the errors which have been industriously and insidiously sown—some of which pervade the pages of what purport to be histories of the civil war and the two last administrations.

Dates are important in developing history, and are sometimes essential to verify statements and facts. The arsenal and armory at Harper's Ferry were destroyed and the place was abandoned on the evening of the 18th of April, 1861. The navy-yard at Norfolk, as it is familiarly called, but, correctly speaking, Gosport, was abandoned on the night of the 20th.

Commodore Paulding testified before the Congressional Committee, who inquired into and reported upon the subject of "the destruction of the property of the United States at the navy-yard in Norfolk, and the armory at Harper's Ferry," as follows:

I was sent to Norfolk on the 16th day of April, 1861. Under verbal orders of the Secretary of the Navy, left the Navy Department that evening and arrived at Norfolk the following afternoon, conveying despatches to Commodore McCauley, and with directions from the Secretary of the Navy to confer with him and Commodore Pendergrast with reference to the safety of the public property at the Norfolk Navy-yard. I performed that duty, and left Norfolk in the Baltimore boat on the afternoon of the 17th of April.

He further testifies that he returned and reported to me, and that immediately after,

On the afternoon of April 18th, I received from the Secretary of the Navy instructions to proceed to Norfolk with the Pawnee. I left Washington on the evening of the 19th of April in the Pawnee, and arrived at Fortress Monroe on the following day at about four o'clock.

Mr. Weed says, after his friend Riddell awakened him early one morning:

The next day brought us intelligence of the loss of Harper's Ferry. *Soon after* this, our first taste of rebellion, I received information from an equally reliable source that Gosport, with its vast supply of munitions of war, was in danger. Of this I informed the Secretary of the Navy at the breakfast table of Willard's Hotel. Believing from his manner that he attached but little importance to my information, I reiterated it with emphasis, etc.

This interview, if it ever took place, of which, however, I have no recollection, must have been on the morning of the 19th, succeeding the abandonment of Harper's Ferry, which was on the 18th of April. When, therefore, Mr. Weed came to me with his "reliable information," which was no news to me, whatever it may have been to him, my "manner" did not indicate excitement or sensational alarm. I heard his story, and its reiteration with emphasis, calmly and, I trust, respectfully; for I knew, what he did not know, that Commodore Paulding had at that moment my orders in his pocket, directing him to proceed to Norfolk, investing him with full power to protect the public property, and that he had been and was then collecting his forces to proceed as soon as his vessel and men could be got ready for the service. These facts I did not communicate to Mr. Weed, although he had given me what information he possessed.

The President, on whom Mr. Weed represents he called with his information,

was cognizant of these facts, and appears to have been equally uncommunicative, and, in order to rid himself of an inquisitive and perhaps troublesome gentleman who had no information to impart, dismissed him with the remark that he would see me. In point of fact, the President and myself had been two or three times in consultation the preceding day—one a very lengthened interview with General Scott—on the subject of the danger and defences of Norfolk Navy-yard.

These frequent interviews were necessary in consequence of the avalanche of duties and difficulties that were precipitated upon us in that eventful week, which commenced with the fall of Sumter and the issuing of the proclamation calling for troops; but was especially necessary on the 18th, from the fact that Chief Engineer Isherwood had arrived on the morning of that day, and reported the strange and unaccountable conduct of Commodore McCauley, and the unfortunate condition of affairs at the yard under his command. Immediately on receiving this report, I went with the President to General Scott with a view of getting a military force and a competent military officer to defend the station. I had some time previously had interviews with General Scott on this subject, who uniformly said, as he now repeated, that he would send troops for the shore defence, as was his duty, if he had them. But Congress had provided neither men nor means for this great and terrible crisis. On this occasion he bewailed the necessity which compelled him to leave Harper's Ferry and its armory and arms to destruction—a military station in which his duty and his honor as the head of the army were concerned; but he had no men to send for their protection, and the Massachusetts volunteers, who were directed to report there and at Fortress Monroe, had none of them arrived. The property there and at the navy-yard must, he said, be sacrificed.

Mr. Weed says he "repaired to the White House" after seeing me. Mr. Lincoln, however, had driven out to visit some fortifications. There were, unfortunately for the autobiography, no fortifications about Washington at that time for the President to drive out and visit. Mr. Weed remembers too much, an unhappy infirmity with which he is sadly afflicted. As the President was "out," he called "early the next morning," the 20th, "stated the danger that threatened Gosport, and how, as I feared, I had failed to impress the Secretary of the Navy with the accuracy of my information or the necessity of immediate action." Commodore Paulding quietly left Washington in the Pawnee on the evening of the 19th, and was well on his way to Norfolk when this interview with the President purports to have taken place. I know not that the President was at that time aware of this fact, but he was fully conversant with all of the attending circumstances, at the same time knowing that special injunctions were imposed to give no publicity to the movement. He must have been amused when Mr. Weed related his interview with me, my manner, and his fears that he had failed to impress me. The President on his part was as reticent as myself; but allowed the author of the autobiography to cheer himself with the belief that he had impressed the President, if he had failed with the Secretary of the Navy, by an assurance that we could not afford to lose all those cannon, and he would "see Father Welles."

The appellation "Father Welles" was at a later period often applied to me by naval officers, sailors, and others, but not at that early period of the administration, and never, that I am aware of, by President Lincoln. Nor would he then, or at any time, be likely to use the expression as regards myself, when three of the members of the Cabinet—Messrs. Bates, Cameron, and Seward—were my seniors. The term was sometimes kindly and affectionately applied by him to

Attorney-General Bates, the eldest of his political family, for whom he had a tender regard. The remark which is quoted in the autobiography may have been made by the President; but it is more likely to be the offspring of that prolific and fertile memory to which I have adverted, which could recollect details that never took place, and manufacture facts with facility for any emergency.

Mr. Riddell may have awakened Mr. Weed "early one morning," and he may have gone immediately to Secretary Cameron with tidings that Harper's Ferry was in danger; but in doing so he communicated no more information than when he told the Secretary of the Navy that Gosport was in danger. Mr. Cameron, like the Secretary of the Navy, was not as much excited as Mr. Weed expected he would be. He therefore went to General Scott, who "promptly said that my information was confirmatory of that which he had received the previous evening." Each of the Secretaries might with truth have given him the same answer as General Scott, for he told them nothing new. The truth is, the Government had other, earlier, and more authentic sources of information than Mr. Weed. The information which the Departments received did not always come through him, strange as it may seem to him, and to those who read and credit the pages of his autobiography. Despatches sometimes reached the Secretaries direct, without passing under his inspection, or through his hands, and there were, as he well knows, departments of the government which never made him their confidant. I do not question that he was as active, as busy, as officious, and as intrusive as he describes; but he was of vastly less consequence than his imagination led him to suppose. In the matter of the autobiography, due allowance must be made for one who is the hero of his own story, and a mind never endowed with a very scrupulous regard for facts in a partisan practice of half a century of fierce and reckless party warfare.

I had not, as already stated, during the eventful years of the war, the leisure to correct the errors and misrepresentations which were made by unscrupulous partisans, some of which have been, in ignorance of the facts, incorporated into what purport to be the histories of those times.

This occasion is not inappropriate to bring out the facts in relation to the condition and capture of the navy-yard at Norfolk, the policy of the Government, the course which the Administration pursued, and the attending circumstances, all of which have been much misrepresented and only imperfectly understood.

At the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and for several weeks thereafter, he and others indulged the hope of a peaceful solution of the pending questions, and a desire, amounting almost to a belief, that Virginia and the other border States might, by forbearance and a calm and conciliatory policy, continue faithful to the Union. Two-thirds of the Convention then in session at Richmond were elected as opponents of secession, and the people of that State were in about that proportion opposed to it. But the Union element, in the Convention and out of it, was passive and acquiescent, while the secessionists were positive, aggressive, and violent; and, as is almost always the case in revolutionary times, the aggressive force continually increased in strength and exactions at the expense of those who were peacefully inclined. It was charged that the new Administration was inimical to the South, was hostile to Southern institutions, and would use its power to deprive the people and States of their rights by coercive measures. In order to counteract these unfounded prejudices and to do away with these misrepresentations, which were embarrassing to the Administration just launched upon a turbulent sea, and to conciliate and satisfy the people

of Virginia and the Convention then in session, the President desired that there should be no step taken which would give offence ; and, to prevent any cause of irritation, he desired that not even the ordinary local political changes, which are usual on a change of administration, should be made. In regard to the navy-yard at Norfolk, he was particularly solicitous that there should be no action taken which would indicate a want of confidence in the authorities and people, or which would be likely to beget distrust. No ships were to be withdrawn, no fortifications erected. We had reports from that station and from others that there were ardent secessionists among the civil and naval officers, and assurances, on the other hand, that most of them were patriotic and supporters of the Union. It was difficult, there and elsewhere, to distinguish between the true and the disaffected officers of the service. Some had already sent in their resignations ; others, it was understood, proposed to do so if any conflict took place between the State and Federal Governments ; and there were many who occupied an equivocal and doubtful position. Among those who hesitated to avow themselves on either side, and were undetermined how to act, were officers who subsequently took a firm stand and rendered gallant service in the war which followed.

Commodore McCauley, who was in command of the Norfolk yard, I had personally known in former years, and esteemed as a worthy and estimable officer. His reputation as a Union man in 1861 was good, and all my inquiries in relation to him were satisfactorily answered. His patriotism and fidelity were beyond doubt ; but events proved that he was unequal to the position he occupied in that emergency.

Commodore Alden, whom I sent to Norfolk in special trust on the 11th of April, with orders to take command of and bring out the Merrimack, but who was prevented by Commodore McCauley, wrote me the succeeding November, six months after the abandonment of the navy-yard, in regard to Commodore McCauley :

I believe, indeed I know, that the old hero who has fought so well for his country could have none but the best and purest motives in all he did ; but he was surrounded by *masked traitors* whom he did not suspect, and in whose advice he thought there was safety. The cry, too, was raised, and in everybody's mouth, officers and all, " If they raise that ship, the Merrimack, it will bring on a collision with the people outside, who are all ready, if anything of the kind is done, to take the yard." Besides, Commodore Paulding, whom I accompanied to Norfolk, expressed the idea that if we could not do anything better, she (the Merrimack), with her guns on board, would make a good battery for the defence of the yard. This opinion influenced Commodore McCauley not a little.

If Commodore McCauley had not the activity and energy which were essential to a revolutionary period, he was an old and trusted officer, who had not served out one-third his term as commandant of the station. To remove him would have necessitated extensive changes, involving an entire reorganization of the government of the yard, and consequently a departure from the President's policy of permitting things to continue undisturbed in Virginia. Whatever negotiations, complications, or correspondence were going forward at that period to insure harmony and peace, though connected more or less with the occurrences here related, need not be now detailed. It is sufficient to say that no military force was ordered to Norfolk ; no fortifications were erected for the defence of the navy-yard ; a passive course was enjoined upon the Navy Department, and the military also, in relation to that station. A large amount of property had been accumulated at the navy-yard, and a number of vessels were then in a dismantled condition, without armament or crews. To attempt to refit them or put them in condition to be removed, or to remove the stores, would, it was thought, indicate distrust, and give the secessionists an argument to be used against the Administration, accused of a design to subjugate and coerce Virginia.

Not until the last of March did the President fully and finally decide to attempt to relieve Fort Sumter. He never proposed or intended to order it to be evacuated; but certain assurances and committals which had been made embarrassed him, and a hope that in some way there would be an adjustment of difficulties without a resort to arms caused him to hesitate, and delayed his final decision. The condition of that fort and the garrison had received immediate attention after the inauguration, and the Cabinet was earnest and almost unanimous for its prompt reinforcement. Numerous consultations were held on the subject, to some of which Generals Scott and Totten were invited. The deliberate and united opinion of these officers was unqualified against any attempt to reinforce or supply the garrison, which they pronounced utterly impracticable, and which, if attempted, would result in a failure, with a waste of blood and treasure.

These arguments, and an elaborate written report which they submitted by order of the President, had an influence on him and several of the members of the Cabinet, who felt that the opinions of military men should have weight on a military question. It is generally known, however, that one of the members of the Cabinet had from the first opposed any attempt to relieve the garrison, and one had been and continued throughout persistent and emphatic in its favor. For some days the President was undetermined what course to take. Delay was moreover important until the Administration could get in working order; but the supplies at Sumter were getting short, and he finally decided, on the 30th of March, that an effort should be made to send supplies to the garrison.

The attempt to relieve Major Anderson, though a military question, was a political necessity. It became a duty of the Government after all conciliatory efforts were exhausted. The expedition to supply the garrison was under the direction of the War Department, in which the navy coöperated. But the whole combined military and naval force of the Government was feeble. Congress had adjourned on the 4th of March without making any provision for increasing the naval strength, although the danger of a civil war was imminent; no increased appropriations were made. The navy was restricted to a strictly peace establishment, with a force limited by law to eight thousand five hundred men. But five vessels were in commission in all our Atlantic ports.*

The Navy Department had quietly commenced recruiting, and on the 29th of March Commodore Breese, then in command of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, was ordered to send two hundred and fifty seamen to Norfolk, a vulnerable point if Virginia should attempt to secede. On the next day, however, the 30th of March, the President informed me that he had come to the conclusion that supplies should be sent to Major Anderson, and, if resistance was made, that the garrison should be reinforced. To execute, and, if it became necessary, to enforce his orders, a naval force would be required. As we then had but three naval steamers that were available—two having a few days previous been sent to the Gulf by special request of General Scott—the *Harriet Lane*, a revenue cutter, was transferred by the Secretary of the Treasury to the navy to form a part of the expedition. The two hundred and fifty seamen on the receiving-ship at Brooklyn, whom I had directed on the 29th to be sent to Norfolk, were transferred to the *Powhatan*, which was to be the flag-ship of the squadron. The *Pocahontas*, one of the vessels of the Home Squadron, which I had detained and ordered to Norfolk by way of precaution early in March, was one of the three vessels temporarily detached and detailed for the expedition. To supply her place I, on the 30th of March, the day I received the President's decision, ordered the sloop-

of-war Cumberland, then at Hampton Roads, destined for the West Indies, to proceed to Norfolk. The Cumberland was a sailing vessel which could not be made available for the Sumter expedition. She was the flag-ship of Commodore Pendergrast, who was in command of the Home Squadron, and it was a satisfaction that so experienced an officer could be associated with Commodore McCauley, with a full crew, in case of an emergency. The President and Secretary of State proposed that Commodore Pendergrast should go to Vera Cruz, in consequence of certain complications in that quarter; but the condition of affairs at home made it advisable that he and his flag-ship should be detained in the waters of Virginia. With the exception of the Cumberland, the Sumter expedition took from the Navy Department on the 6th of April every available naval vessel. It was at this culminating period that vessels were most wanted in the Chesapeake and on the Potomac; for, in case of a conflict at Charleston, it was uncertain what would be the attitude of Virginia. I felt hopeful, however, that the Cumberland would be adequate for the protection of the yard from any attack by water. The defence by land was a military measure, in which she could also participate, and render efficient assistance, if necessary.

There were many circumstances attending the Sumter expedition which are interwoven with this subject, that are not generally known; but, as I have said, they belong to the history of those times. Allusion to some of them cannot be wholly omitted in stating the proceedings of the navy and the Navy Department, and the policy and acts of the Administration attending the destruction of the navy-yard at Norfolk. The men on the receiving-ship at Brooklyn, whom Commodore Breese had been directed on the 29th of March to send to Norfolk, were diverted to that expedition, and placed on the Powhatan. This important vessel was, by an irregular and most extraordinary proceeding, and against the final and express orders of the President, detached from the expedition she was to lead after she left the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and withdrawn for several weeks, until after Sumter fell and Norfolk was abandoned, from the control of the Navy Department, and sent to the Gulf, where she was not needed, instead of going to Charleston and then returning North, where she was most wanted.

On the 6th of April every available naval steamer at the disposal of the Department, and all the men excepting those on the Cumberland, sailed for Sumter. What was to be their reception, what would be the determination of the secession organization at Charleston, and what the result of the attempt to relieve the garrison, were matters uncertain, but of deep anxiety. In a few days all doubts were removed. The secessionists, on being apprised of the determination of the Administration, and of the departure of the expedition, commenced immediate hostilities. They opened fire on Sumter on the 12th of April, before the vessels reached Charleston. The fort was evacuated on the 14th. Three days after the evacuation of Sumter, the Virginia Convention joined the Confederates. In that period of uncertainty, while hoping for the best, but in anticipation of the worst, I wrote Commodore McCauley, in command of the Norfolk Navy-yard, on the 19th of April, the squadron being then on its way to Charleston, that, "in view of the peculiar condition of the country and of events that have already transpired, it becomes necessary that great vigilance should be exercised in guarding and protecting the public interests and property committed to your charge. . . . If other precautions are required, you will immediately apprise the Department."

In the same communication he was informed, in view of the President's policy and the attitude of Virginia, "it is desirable that there should be no steps

taken to give needless alarm; but it may be best to order most of the shipping to sea or to other stations"; and he was further directed to "keep the Department advised of the condition of affairs; of any cause of apprehension, should any exist."

On the 11th of April I directed Commodore Breese to send two hundred men to Norfolk, if that number had been enlisted. Commander—now Commodore—Alden, the present Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was ordered on the same day, the 11th, to report to Commodore McCauley, to take charge of the steamer Merrimack, and deliver her over to the commanding officer at Philadelphia. Orders were sent to Commodore McCauley at the same time to have the Merrimack and Plymouth prepared immediately for removal, and that there should be no delay. Mr. Isherwood, Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, was directed on the following day, the 12th, to proceed to Norfolk and give his personal attention to putting the engines of the Merrimack in working condition.

On the 14th of April Fort Sumter was evacuated, and on the 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops. On the succeeding day the following letters were sent, respectively, to Commodore McCauley, commanding the navy-yard, and to Commodore Pendergrast, commanding the above squadron, by the hands of Commodore Paulding:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 16, 1861.

SIR: The events which have transpired since my confidential communication to you of the 10th instant impose additional vigilance and care in protecting the public property under your charge, and placing the vessels and stores, if necessary, beyond jeopardy. Referring to my letter of the 10th, you will continue to carry out the instructions therein contained. The Engineer-in-Chief, B. F. Isherwood, who was despatched to Norfolk to aid in putting the Merrimack in condition to be moved, reports that she will be ready to take her departure on Thursday. It may not be necessary, however, that she should leave at that time unless there is immediate danger pending. But no time should be lost in getting her armament on board; and you will also place the more valuable public property, ordnance stores, etc., on shipboard, so that they can at any moment be moved beyond the reach of seizure. With diligence on your part, it is not anticipated that any sudden demonstration can be made which will endanger either the vessels or stores. The Plymouth and Dolphin should be placed beyond danger of immediate assault at once, if possible. The Germantown can receive on board stores and ordnance from the yard, and be towed out by the Merrimack if an assault is threatened. Men have been ordered from New York to man and assist in moving the vessels; but recent demands have left an insufficient number to meet the requisition. Under these circumstances, should it become necessary, Commodore Pendergrast will assist you with men from the Cumberland. You will please to submit this letter and my confidential communication of the 10th to Commodore Pendergrast who will assist and coöperate with you in carrying the views of the Department into effect. As it is difficult at this distance to give instructions in detail, the Department has thought proper to despatch Commodore Paulding to Norfolk, who will be the bearer of this communication, and explain to yourself and Commodore Pendergrast the views and purposes of the Department. You will be pleased to advise with him freely and fully as to your duties and the interests of the Government in the present threatening emergency. The vessels and stores under your charge you will defend at any hazard, repelling by force, if necessary, any and all attempts to seize them, whether by mob violence, organized effort, or any assumed authority.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours, etc.,

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Commodore C. S. MCCAULEY, Norfolk, Virginia.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 16, 1861.

SIR: A state of things has arisen which renders the immediate departure of the Cumberland, as originally intended, inexpedient. Events of recent occurrence, and the threatening attitude of affairs in some parts of our country, call for the exercise of great vigilance and energy at Norfolk. Confidential communications have been heretofore made to Commodore McCauley on these subjects, which he will submit to you; and Commodore Paulding, who brings this letter to you, will verbally and more in detail explain the views of the Department. Please to advise freely and fully with both these gentlemen, and coöperate with them in defending the vessels and public property at the navy-yard. As there is an insufficiency of men in the service at that station for moving the vessels, it may become necessary to render assistance from the force under your command.

Until further orders the departure of the Cumberland to Vera Cruz will be deferred. In the mean time you will lend your assistance and that of your command toward putting the vessels now in the yard in condition to be moved, placing the ordnance and ordnance stores on board for moving, and in case of invasion, in-

urrection, or violence of any kind, to suppress it, repelling assault by force if necessary. The Cumberland can render efficient service, and it is deemed fortunate that the Government is enabled to avail itself of your service and that of your command at this juncture, at Norfolk.

I am sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Commodore G. J. PENDERGRAST, commanding U. S. sloop Cumberland, Norfolk, Virginia.

Commodore Paulding was at that time attached to the Navy Department as its detailing officer; and lest there should be some misapprehension, neglect, or wrong, I gave him verbal orders to go to Norfolk, personally inspect the condition of the navy-yard, satisfy himself of the fidelity and vigilance of the officers and men, and to consult and advise at his discretion with Commodores McCauley and Pendergrast. Many of the most important orders given at that early day were verbal, unwritten instructions, for great infidelity pervaded the departments. Confidence was impaired, distrust prevailed, and, when treachery was so extended and deep, penetrating every branch of the Government, extreme caution became necessary in regard to every movement.

Commodore McCauley wrote me on the 16th that the Merrimack would probably be ready for temporary service on the evening of the next day. Commodore Paulding returned on the 17th, and made a favorable report of affairs, of the fidelity and Union feeling of the officers in command; said that the engines of the Merrimack were in order, and she would leave on the following day. But Chief Engineer Isherwood returned to Washington the next morning—the 18th—and reported that Commodore McCauley had refused to permit the Merrimack to depart after her engines were in order and men to move her were on board, and had directed the fires that were kindled to be drawn.

Immediately on receiving this report I went with the President to General Scott to procure a competent military officer, and, if possible, a military force, for the shore defences of the navy-yard. Information had reached us that the Convention at Richmond had yielded to secession. We also heard of the rapid rising of the insurgents, and of their intention to seize at once Harper's Ferry, the navy-yard at Norfolk, and Fortress Monroe, not one of which had a proper military support. There were no fortifications whatever to defend the navy-yard from the insurgents, no military force was there, and the expectation that the Cumberland and the small number of sailors would be able to temporarily hold the yard until military assistance could arrive was shaken by the intelligence that morning received, and the further fact that vessels were being sunk to obstruct the channel. General Scott, on our application for military aid, said we were asking an impossibility. He assured us he had no troops to send for the defence of the navy-yard, and that it was not susceptible of defence if he had them; that any men he might order there would almost certainly be captured; that it was enemy's country, without fortifications or batteries for them to occupy; that seamen and marines who might be on shipboard for water defence could perhaps do something toward protecting the public property, and escape if overwhelmed, provided the obstructions which we heard were being sunk in the channel did not prevent, but there could be no escape for soldiers. The General stated, with a heavy heart, that he had no troops to spare for the defence of Harper's Ferry, and that the arms and stores at that place must inevitably be lost.

The garrison at Fortress Monroe was, he feared, insufficient to repel the force which it was understood was organizing to attack it. He had not, he said, men sufficient to protect Washington if a formidable demonstration was made. At length he promised to send Colonel Delafield of the Engineer Corps, and I

think consented, before the Pawnee left, that a battalion of the Massachusetts volunteers, raised under the proclamation of the 15th, might accompany Commodore Paulding, provided they had reached Hampton Roads. They were, he said, undisciplined—would be good for nothing as yet for serious fighting, but would be serviceable in throwing up batteries under the direction of the engineer. For the present, his first great duty, with his feeble force, was to defend Washington, and next to Washington, Fortress Monroe, which was the key to Washington, Norfolk, Baltimore, Chesapeake Bay, and the rivers which entered it. He therefore could not, and would not, consent to part with a single regular for either Harper's Ferry or the Norfolk Navy-yard; and his opinion frankly expressed to us was that the public property in each of those places must, in case of an attack, be sacrificed. The most that could be done was to prevent the vessels and stores from passing into the hands of the insurgents.

Harper's Ferry was abandoned that evening.

As but little assistance could be derived from the military, I lost not a moment, after parting from the President and General Scott, in giving the following order to Commodore Paulding:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 18, 1861.

SIR: You are directed to proceed forthwith to Norfolk and take command of all the naval forces there afloat.

With the means placed at your command, you will do all in your power to protect and place beyond danger the vessels and property belonging to the United States. On no account should the arms and munitions be permitted to fall into the hands of the insurrectionists, or those who would wrest them from the custody of the Government; and, should it finally become necessary, you will, in order to prevent that result, destroy the property.

In carrying into effect these orders, you are invested with full power to command the services of the entire naval force, and you will, if necessary, repel force by force in carrying out these instructions. It is understood that the War Department will detail Colonel Richard Delafield, or some other competent officer, with a command to aid and assist in protecting and guarding the yard and property at Gosport and vicinity, and you will coöperate with that officer in this object.

I am sir, respectfully, etc.,

GIDRON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Commodore HIRAM PAULDING, Washington, D. C.

This order was to repel, not to assail; the Administration continued to be forbearing, and to the last was not aggressive. Extreme men were dissatisfied and censorious because the Administration did not attack, though not prepared. On to Sumter was the word, as at a later period the cry, equally inconsiderate, was "On to Richmond."

Commander Alden, who, as already remarked, had been sent on special duty to Norfolk on the 11th of April, returned on the morning of the 19th, and confirmed the statements of Chief Engineer Isherwood. The Cabinet was in session when he arrived. The loss of Harper's Ferry the preceding evening, and the movements at Norfolk, with the threatened attack upon the navy-yard and upon Fortress Monroe, were among the matters under consideration. When Commander Alden arrived he went to the Navy Department, and finding me absent, followed to the Executive Mansion, and, calling me from the council, related the strange condition of things at Norfolk, and the bewildered and incapacitated state of mind of Commodore McCauley. After hearing his statement I introduced him to the President and Cabinet, to whom he recapitulated the statement which he had made to me. He was immediately attached to the expedition under Commodore Paulding, and returned to Norfolk that evening.

The Pawnee reached Washington from the Sumter expedition just in time to be despatched to Norfolk. She was placed at the disposal of Commodore Paulding, with all the naval officers, men, and means that were at command, and

left Washington on the evening of the 19th. Captain Wright, of the army engineers, now Brevet Major-General Wright, was substituted for Colonel Delafield, and accompanied the expedition. The Pawnee reached Fortress Monroe on the afternoon of the 20th. Commodore Paulding procured from Colonel Dimmick, in command, three hundred and fifty Massachusetts volunteers, who had been enlisted, embarked at Boston, and reached Hampton Roads within four days after the proclamation of the President of the 15th.

When Commodore Paulding arrived at Norfolk on the evening of the 20th, he found that the vessels at the yard had been scuttled and were sinking. Nothing, in his opinion, remained but to burn them and destroy such property as could not be carried away by the Cumberland and Pawnee, as General Scott had said would be inevitable, to prevent it from passing into the possession of the insurgents.

Of the manner in which the orders of the Navy Department were executed, or of the expediency and necessity of the measures taken in the first instance by Commodore McCauley, after consulting with and being advised by Commodore Pendergrast to scuttle the vessels and destroy the guns, and of the completion of the work of destruction thus commenced by Commodore Paulding when he arrived, it is unnecessary to speak at this time. The whole was an exercise of judgment and of authority by three experienced, brave, tried, and faithful officers in a great emergency, for which Congress had not provided and the country was not prepared. Great censure has been bestowed upon them by persons who know little of the circumstances, and who had none of the responsibilities. Whether the conclusions of these officers were right or wrong, they were such as in their judgment were best—and were precisely such as General Scott had said would be inevitable.

These proceedings, it will be borne in mind, were all of them before a blockade had been ordered. The first proclamation of the President, directing a blockade or closing of the Southern ports, was issued on the 19th of April, the day on which Commodore Paulding went a second time to Norfolk, invested with plenary powers. But this proclamation did not include Virginia; that State and North Carolina were exempted from its operation. The Administration was determined to occupy no hostile attitude toward Virginia so long as a single hope remained that her Government and people would continue faithful to the Union. It was not until the 27th of April that her ports were ordered to be put under blockade, just one week after the abandonment of Norfolk.

GIDEON WELLES.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE FENIAN FIZGIG.

THERE is a wondrous gregariousness in the Celtic nature, which accounts for many of its phenomena, and for the Fenian phenomena among the rest. Scepticism is solitary, but confidence is contagious; while, in natural reverse, as the lonely thinker is more apt to be a doubter or disbeliever, so herded intellects and spirits are sympathetic in creed and opinion. The Irish, as a nation, are the most gregarious of civilized people, and every good grandam among them is a Mrs. Grundy. Singularity of thought and independence of action, so common to Americans, are far less frequent among them. They have, in its highest development, "shoulder-to-shoulder" courage, and easily shine in battle, which calls for the courage of company. Emulation kindles them, and appeals made to them in mass are so effective that it is no wonder the Irish produce orators and soldiers. Conspicuous exceptions there are, all around us, to this rule of gregariousness, but they only help to prove it, since an Irishman who loses that one trait in intellect, sentiment, and action, grows to be remarkably un-Irish in general character—thereafter becoming cosmopolitan and universal.

In labor strikes, no people are more united than Irishmen. Americans understand as well as anybody that "in union there is strength," and are familiar with the fable of the fagots; but there are always "crooked sticks" in their bundle that cannot be tied together, whereas Celts dovetail and fit in a perfect harmony of thought and action, and pack like herrings. Perhaps for this very reason they can strike as solidly and successfully for an imaginary grievance as for a real one, without a cause as with one,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell.

In this Fenian frenzy, had there been a simultaneous revolution in Ireland, there would be less that is curious and characteristic in a Fenian flank movement on Canada. But Ireland is perfectly tranquil. This is the test of gregariousness in action—that it does not look to fitness of times, or means, or causes, and depends wholly on excited feeling. To people who have this trait, for all practical purposes a cloud-fleece is as solid as the pyramids.

Once on a time, a flock of sheep were crossing Milldale bridge. Just as the head of column had got to the arch, the mast of a pleasure boat, tied near by, swung suddenly between the sheep and the sun, and darted its long, black shadow across the bridge under the nose of the old bell-wether. He, very much astonished, and taking the shadow for a log, leaped it, high in the air. So did the next, and so the next, and the next, none of whom had the slightest excuse for these gymnastics except their "follow-my-leader" nature. So the whole flock jumped, without exception. I thought of this scene in reading how the Fenians had followed O'Neill across the line into Canada.

CONCERNING CLUBS.

THESE last years, a million of us New Yorkers have found a swift river gliding between the daily office and the domestic hearth. We are "crowded out," and have been divorced, by dint of too much rent or too little rail, from our fellow-million on Manhattan Island. Nights in town are becoming to us episodes or remarkable incidents in life, so that the places that once knew us now know us no more. Ever and anon I still stroll, of an evening, into the Pilgrim Club, haunt of other days; and whenever I do, there is always something new to notice there—a new waiter, or some ostentatious energy of reform in a re-plated door-knob or fresh patch of paint. But the faces are familiar, and so is the time-honored talk—that good-natured grumble over traditional trifles which makes club-life so easy a burden.

'Tis astonishing, it is comforting, to see with what topics men—men of business, of the world, of money, of mind—can amuse themselves, if they but resolutely set about it, with clubs to help them. Take, for example, the commonest subject of club-talk—the House Committee—and the commonest way of treating this subject, namely, cursing the committee. Surely, this is a harmless pastime, and a resting one. Perhaps it may be compared to the game of "Aunt Sally," which succeeded by reason of its gentle insipidity. After trading, dancing, dining, flirting, or whatever the day's severer duties, to fling light clubs at a toy with a pipe in its mouth is an irresistibly inane di-

version; and hardly less refreshing is grumbling at the House Committee.

The House Committee is the *soothe-douleur* of the club. It provides a needed escape for the day's bottled wrath, on which the sun has gone down; it moderately stirs the bile; and, in addition to offering opportunities to grumble on general principle, the House Committee's action is often of the most provoking, not to say maddening, description. Yonder, by the fire, musing on elder days, and moralizing on these degenerate ones of blondes and bronze, sits old Tudor. He prattles as ever of an age that seemed golden years ago. "I saw La Pasta in Tancred at Milan, with your father, Jos, in '29; and Tacchinardi, whose daughter you must have heard under her other name, which I forget (but what a nightingale she was!) his *départ* must have been forty—forty-five—bless me! how time flies! He was ugly and crooked as this stick; and when the people saw his bandy legs, they hissed till he cried, quite pale, 'Hear me first!' and I promise you they cheered him when they did hear. Stir up the fire. James, the poker, for I won't spoil my cane. How—what—when—what the d—! Got to fetch it? 'House Committee ordered poker away from fire?' Well, upon my word, Jos, if in my time a House Committee should," etc., etc., etc.

You see, it is irresistible; and, whatever his temper or time of life, the talker tails off with this conclusion. Three merchants, Petersham, old Jean Schurz, and Bleecker, are ruminating over to-day's failure of Tucker, Serge & Co., and tracing it to their advances to the Undershot Mills, and hoping young Poplin, who joined the house only last year, will not be badly cut up; and, speaking of houses, the House Committee comes into the discussion, quite naturally, of course. Daetyl and Pallet are talking of their rivals, and defining "the artistic temperament," and saying they feel sorry for Pigment and Spondee. To them enter Candor and Grundy, with the last bit of domestic scandal, which Mrs. C. and Mrs. G. say is mentioned and doubted in the "Evening Titbit." Where is this journal? House Committee, as appears on inquiry, have ordered all the periodicals into the Green Room, which, as everybody knows, is one of the non-smoking chambers. House Committee undertook this revolutionary measure on their own responsibility, and without consulting the club, though after a close vote

in committee, it seems—the issue being whether smoking and reading are, or of right ought to be, compatible.

There is no end to the crimes of the House Committee—or, which is much the same thing, to the crimes laid at their door. The Steward, too—the very knave of clubs—what a ruthless villain he often is! His sins are lumped, by custom, with the House Committee's, on account of their intimate relations. Young De Lacy Curtin is this moment at his usual post, the bow-windows, where he is a kind of permanent fixture, night and day. As usual, he has said nothing for an hour, till, of a sudden, "Aaah-pah!" he mutters, with disgust, "House Committee's changed the brandy again!" Flint quickly says "Bless my soul," and anxiously gulps at his. Flint always takes good care to have it alone—not on unsocial but on economical grounds; and now, when he has tasted, he puts down his glass, and joins the younger man in a maledictory duet over the grog and the House Committee. Night wears on, and pretty soon drop in, one by one, the diners-out, in full dress, wanting an hour's quiet smoke; and, of course, their special grievance is the cigars, which are too loosely rolled, too green, too anti-Cuban, and so on. Quick, quick, good recording angel—quick with your blotting arrangement, and let it be copious, for the Pilgrim cigars are, in truth, very bad.

Club-life thus becomes a life-long struggle with tyranny—the tyranny of the House Committee. It is a battle bequeathed from sire to son; which beardless youth begin; and when gray heads are missed from the warm corner, it is said of them that their last words in that corner were a protest against the House Committee. There are not enough waiters; not enough papers; the frescoes are too gaudy; the furniture too clumsy; the gin is bad; the brandy and water worse; the smoking-rooms are too many, or too few. At the Pilgrim, the House Committee is also the Hanging Committee, and when a picture is hung on the north wall, A always grumbles; if changed to the south, B regularly protests; if transferred to the east, C decidedly objects; but if hung on the west wall, D angrily says "Just like that House Committee!" While E remarks "too much light," F suggests "Egyptian darkness;" and G and H respectively find the pictures "in a glare" and in "total eclipse."

"By Jove, Phil," says Phil's friend, Fred,

"House Committee ought not to allow Bread-and-Butter to be charged on a man's restaurant bill. So dam mean, you know. Never have a bill of any size without 'B.-&-B.' peppered and salted all through it." If gas pipes are wrong for reading—and they always *are* wrong—the House Committee is to blame; and if the gas flickers and burns badly—as it usually does—we all know whose fault it is. The wretched condition of the furniture is always due to the House Committee. The other day the House Committee of the Locust ordered the newspaper files upstairs, though they had been kept down-stairs for forty years. When they told Homard of this, he grew so red with rage (he had unhappily dined profusely) that fears were entertained of his "going off the hooks" by the short cut his father took.

I heard a woman lately wondering in a public assembly what made men's clubs so enthralling. These, gracious madam, are our intellectual exercises—our club-life is spent chiefly in anathematizing the House Committee. You have your rights, dear to you, and we ours, dear to us. Yet club-life here is in its babyhood, compared with London, where it becomes the serious business of life. It is there, where the regular *habitué* is at his club all day and night, and day after day, and night after night, that this existence has its largest development, and somnolent, soggy time-killing is raised to one of the fine arts. There the interior economy of the club doubtless becomes the leading idea of life, and domestic details the pivotal point of existence. Club etiquette in such an atmosphere, grows to be a prodigious affair, and how not to tread on anybody's toes is an abstruse science. Such essays as "Strange to say, Written on Club Paper," give us a glimpse of how the greatest and wisest of writers and men can dawdle, and the Yates quarrels carry a wondrous moral. "Punch" depicts two old "buffers" facing each other at a club. One has fallen asleep, with his head in his neck, and his arms folded close over his breast, clasping the morning paper with all the energy of the youth and his flag in "Excelsior." It is this paper which he now clutches that has at length produced his grateful slumber. The other, who has passed some angry hours in waiting for the paper, now rings violently for the waiter to wake up the gentle sleeper, and dispossess him of the paper on the ground that he is violating club rules. It is a volume at a stroke.

LAUGHTER AS A FINE ART.

I WONDER if the ancient who described man as *animal cachinnabile*—the "animal capable of laughing"—ever dreamed that laughter would be taught as an art, and that it would have its text-books and professors, like language? Mr. J. J. Watson, instructor in laughter, tells us it is "one of the most interesting and healthful of all exercises"; and, sooth to say, could it turn out such experts as Mr. Beecher, who once said his two points in college were laughing and sleeping, we ought to install chairs of laughter with all the gravity (if that might be) of the chairs of literature.

"It may be," proceeds Mr. Watson, "either vocal or respiratory," and it is taught as follows: "Commencing with vocal laughter, the instructor will first utter a tonic, and then prefixing the oral element of *h*, and accompanied by the class, he will produce the syllable continuously, subject only to the interruptions that are incidental to inhalations and bursts of laughter, as *a, ha, ha, ha, ha, etc., a, ha, ha, ha, etc.*" Nor need the student fear this diverting employment may pall by monotony. Visions are vouchsafed us of laughter like the "many-twinkling smile of Ocean," in Æschylus, or, to render it the other way, like that "measureless laughing roar of the waves;" for "there are," goes on the Professor, "no less than thirty-two well-defined varieties of laughter in the English language, eighteen of which are produced in connection with *tonics*, nine with the *subtonics* of *l, m, n, ng, r, th, v,* and *z*, and five with the *atonic*s of *f, h, s, th,* and *sh.*"

Thus we see that there are depths in this subject which we had not dreamed of; and that the rotund and rubicund Falstaffs who roar at the tavern to make the rafters ring, are unconsciously illustrating eighteen distinct varieties of guffaw in connection with their "tonics," to say nothing of their subtonics or mere "smiles." And yet, such is science, that, with all these varieties, each as well-defined and several as the odors of Cologne, "laughter," we are told, "by the aid of phonetics, is *easily* taught, as an art." Nay, "the attention of the students will be called to the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and they will be taught to pass naturally and easily from one variety to another."

All this is fine, and itself not unprovocative of mirth. Democritus himself, "the laughing philosopher," might have looked complacently on it; for surely life will be en-

durable when all mankind can achieve the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and may even aspire to the "inextinguishable" Homeric laughter of the heroes and the gods. Besides, the art will help us in many ways. Instead of the inexpressive signs which now form the staple of the reports of Congressional debates—" (laughter)," " (renewed laughter)," " (increased merriment)," " (roars of laughter from all parts of the house)"—we shall grade good-humor with mathematical nicety on a scale of units, from 1 to 32. Congress specially aims to laugh and grow fat; but, passing to other jocular assemblies, we shall have a variety of appropriate laughers for Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon; we shall have a tonic for Tambourine, an atonic for Brudder Bones, and a subtonic for the majestic, diamond-pinned "middle-man." Punch and PUNCHINELLO will be laughed at with precision, and their jokes subjected to a discriminating gamut of two-and-thirty stops.

By the way, Democritus was hardly a "laughing philosopher" in this improved modern sense, and, so far as known, never cultivated both the "vocal and respiratory" in thirty-two forms. Immortality has maltreated him popularly as a sort of Bacchus, the founder of ale-house jollity—the Joe Miller of antiquity. But his cheerfulness being rather of temperament than of expression, or of feeling than elocution, he cannot be fathered with the "art of laughter." This last is a discovery, not of philosophy but of phonetics. No; the Thracian sage, as scholars tell us, was content with serenity and cheerfulness as objects of culture, and looked at the sunny side of human life in order to acquire that peace of mind and freedom from fear which comes, he said, from "hating what is wrong" and "hoping for the best." It would be just as fitting to call Mr. Seward, the optimist of our age, a "laughing philosopher," and to send him down to posterity with cap and bells.

But, to return to "laughing as a fine art"—what a fine cloak for knavery and treachery it will be, when everybody has learned to laugh agreeably in any one of thirty-two ways! Even with the present ignorance of this science, there is no greater trick and fraud than laughter. Half the successful villany in the world is accomplished under

this mask. Most of the cheating in trade is achieved by men who can laugh on call. Habit and culture, indeed, have so much to do with laughing, that peals of it come to order, like floods of tears. The Alfred Jingles of swindling are as plenty as the Job Trotters, and as dangerous. Good actors, and, in fact, *any* actors, will set the house on a roar, simply by the infection of their laughter; and though so manifestly sham, it is none the less irresistible. Indeed, an actor who can do nothing else, can at least laugh till everybody's eyes water with mirth. Women laugh musically with hearts of malice. Clown roars till the tent roars with him from pit to outermost tier, and his wife or child is dying, and he is tortured with suspense. Wall street men laugh together while they cut each other's throats. The most hypocritical group of people I have seen laughed more heartily and easily and on less pretext than any similar collection I now remember. They were always in a high state of risibility, and, to misuse Mr. Beecher's beautiful simile, "when they came to you, it was like sunrise": but they slaughtered each other like savages, or like the Kilkenny cats. Nobody is so merciless, heartless, remorseless, as not to be able to laugh; and your grim and melancholy villains and cut-and-dried devils of genteel romance are fitter for nursery rhymes and Sunday-School books. Beware of the loud laughter, in a bargain.

You say, this is only one side of the question. So it is, and the weaker side at that; and all the more necessary, therefore, to be propped up with protests against the popular panegyrics of the other side. Cheerfulness, good temper, and hearty ways are inestimable; but laughter is not so sure—and not simply because it is "as the crackling of thorns under the pot," for genuine laughter over genuine fun is always good, but because so much of the loud laughing in life is malicious, and directed against things not at all to be laughed at. You might as well look for mirth in *L'homme qui rit*, or take as a parlor pet the "laughing hyena," as to count necessarily on the good heart that lies beneath laughter. One can "smile and smile," says Hamlet, "and be a villain;" and so he can roar and roar, and be aascal.

PHILIP QUILLBEET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"To him that hath shall be given." How true this is in every department of life! In money matters, for instance. How capital begets capital! What investments the rich man can make during hard times because he always has spare income to capitalize! What liberties a popular singer can take with his audience! What liberties a successful author may take with *his* audience, the reading public! Would any ordinary poetaster dare to rhyme *wight* with *requite* as Scott did, or dash a man to earth and let him *lay* there as Byron did? Would any man who does "padding" for magazines have the assurance to offer at a large price such verses as Tennyson was writing a few years ago, or if he had the assurance would he get the money?

Add to this consideration the fact that the judicious public is after all very like Panurge's (or anybody's) sheep, and prone to "follow my leader," and we see how any new work by a distinguished or notorious writer is likely to make a hit, unless it be very bad indeed.

One thing we suspect Mr. Disraeli's warmest admirers would scarce venture to deny. "Lothair" starts on the principle of the doubtful old proverb, "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Let any educated gentleman read the first chapter without knowing whose work it is, ask him his opinion of it, and see if he will not answer to this effect: "The author is a thorough snob, and, moreover, cannot write correct English." Just listen to this phrase:

Two fair sisters more remote occasionally burst into melody.

And this sentence

Her husband was as distinguished for his appearance and manners as *his* bride, and those who speculated on race were interested in watching the development of their progeny, *who*, in form and color and voice and mind, were a reproduction of their parents, *who* seemed only the elder brother and sister of a gifted circle.

Why, it is worthy of Mrs. Southworth!

Of course, the book improves as it goes on; it could hardly do otherwise. By and by we run against our friend Goldwin Smith in very large type. Disraeli was famous of old for his personalities. How far such writing can be justified is a question, and

rather a complicated one. George Sand makes a formal and plausible defence of the practice. We will not stop to discuss the propriety, but only examine the different kinds of pen-portraiture. You may make one imaginary character out of two real ones. This is the rude and primitive form of the *type-character*; rude we call it, though some very superior artists have adopted it, Sand among the number. You may reverse the process and cut a real person into two characters. Hook, who was fortunate in very eccentric friends, used to do this. Then you may *daguerreotype* or *caricature*. French writers usually prefer the former mode; Disraeli prefers the latter.

But the figures in "Lothair" are not all caricatures. Some of them are excellent specimens of the type-character, which is the next best thing to a grand original creation. And the best of these is Phœbus, the painter. He represents the sensuous and Pagan reaction in art and literature against Puritanism. There are bits of Gérôme in him and bits of Swinburne, and he quotes Taine without giving him credit—an old failing of the author's. St. Aldegonde, too, represents handsomely what Matthew Arnold calls the barbarian element of English civilization. The hero himself is rather a type than a portrait. But with these are mixed up many shadowy and commonplace persons. The American colonel is a mere walking gentleman. The Scotch earl is no better. The cardinal is very carefully and accurately drawn; but surely we have met him many times before in French and English literature. Nay, even the "divine Theodora," the miraculous Theodora—if we have not known her, we have known her sisters and cousins—all but the miracle.

The strong points of the book are the type-characters, the epigrammatic sayings (though these are not all original*), and finally the knowledge of life and human nature which it displays. For it *does* show much of that knowledge, despite the author's snobbish over-estimate and over-use of wealth and his Oriental fondness for jewels. The growing

* *E. g.*: "You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature and art." How much better and more forcibly is this put by Swift!

perplexities of a young man of fortune and position with his growing knowledge and experience, his turnings and haltings of soul, the wild way in which he gives up now and then and rushes off to cards and cobblers—all this has never been better illustrated than in Lothair's case. The weakest of its weak points is the plot. Not only is there a lack of those stirring scenes which were the glory of "Vivian Grey," of "Coningsby," and of "Sibyl," but the turning point of the story is contemptible. The author has so entangled his hero in the snares of Rome that he can only extricate him by a miracle in the Protestant interest, the supernatural appearance of his departed Platonic love!

Der Breitmann flung his hat away
And cried, "Pe't lut or miss,
I've heard o' miracles afore,
But none so hunk as this!"

No, it won't do! The old establishment has the plant and the fixtures, and understands how to work the machinery, and can get up this sort of thing much better. Seriously speaking, the miracles which Protestant faith accepts are those of inward grace. Their results only are visible. They come not with the outward sign of a phantasmagorical apparition. And the author has just before been satirizing a Romish miracle with real French-like wit worthy of About or "Droz"! It confirms us in the opinion that a man may possess much humor and yet have an imperfect sense of the ridiculous, when he himself is the object.

In the books of an eminent writer we look for *les défauts de son caractère*—his characteristic faults. But we also expect his characteristic merits. Thus, when a new work of Victor Hugo's appears, we are prepared for the most monstrous perversions of history and the most absurd travesties of philosophy, but also for dramatic tableaux of stupendous interest and wildly original conceptions. A new novel by Disraeli should naturally contain much paradox and sophistry, much barbaric pearl and gold, much over-florid description, at times verging dangerously on bombast; but also very powerful detached scenes, and a reasonable plot. In these respects we have been disappointed. And this would be our judgment on "Lothair" as the novel of a professional novelist. But when we recollect who the author is, a leading politician and ex-Premier, how he has written this book merely *en passe-temps*, as a pastime and recreation, and how utterly incompetent all our politicians and ex-secre-

taries together would be to produce anything half so good, we feel like unsaying most of what we have said.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have just published another of George Sand's novels,* translated by Miss Virginia Vaughan. This translation of "Antonia" is even better than the translation of "Mauprat," excellent as that was. To translate from a foreign language so that no internal evidence of the alien origin of the thoughts shall remain, is usually as difficult as to speak such a language without a foreign accent. Miss Vaughan does something more than translate; she transmutes the ideas in their completeness from one form to another, from the foreign to the vernacular. If "Mauprat" arrested attention by its force, intensity, and originality, "Antonia" will fascinate by its sweetness, tenderness, and grace. None of George Sand's novels are more perfectly artistic and finished than this love idyl, which seems to exhale the fragrance of the rare exotic lily after which it is named. It is perfectly pure in tone, the situations are singularly poetic and romantic, the style is masterly in its transparent simplicity, the characters are true, beautiful, and noble. The discussion of philosophical or social topics, which characterize so many of George Sand's novels, are not to be found in this book, but, as a romance, it has a distinct beauty and perfection in which it stands unrivalled. This publishing a series of George Sand's novels, gives occasion, as could be foreseen, for a discussion of the question as to what constitutes immorality in art; a subject in regard to which so many vague, contradictory, and false opinions are loosely urged. A work of art must necessarily be the embodiment of an idea, which will determine its character; it can only be important or influential in proportion to the beauty and truth of the idea, principle, aspiration, it expresses; it is the flower or fruit of this moral root. On the other hand, to attempt to control art by a commonplace *bourgeois* code of the minor conventional proprieties, to allow the *philistine* to determine the form in which the artist—his natural and heaven-ordained opponent—is to express himself, is to rob literature of all its grand and all its useful qualities, to condemn it to mediocrity, and, thence following, to

* "Antonia." A novel. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

speedy annihilation. Subserviency, expediency, hypocrisy, are the most fatal form of immorality in art, and this sort of immorality is English and not French. No one can deny that there has been a great stagnation in the intellectual life of this country, as expressed in literature, during the last quarter of a century. Many causes have conduced to bring about this shameful lethargy, but it is due chiefly to our false ideal of art and false standard of criticism. We have allowed English cant, English materialism, which Mathew Arnold and Stuart Mill are so bravely combatting in England, to make their stronghold here, and they have succeeded in stifling, if not in strangling, the national imagination. It is time to bring our subserviency to England, in matters of opinion, to an end. In spite of the many more or less successful poetical efforts that have been made in this generation, the novel is the form in which it has expressed its creative genius most fully and most naturally, and it is in the novel, therefore, that we must seek the truest interpretation of its civilization and intellectual life. Under these circumstances, to reject the works of one of the great representative minds of European literature of the present day, from prejudice or ignorance, would be an unpardonable stupidity. The country which has already given birth to a Hawthorne cannot be incapable of appreciating the pure art, the exquisite romance, the subtle insight and philosophy of George Sand.

In the Memoir of Grace Aguilar which accompanies the "Vale of Cedars" and "Home Scenes," just issued in a new edition by the Appletons, we learn that in the year 1835 she was attacked by measles: we might almost wish, speaking from the standpoint of to-day, that she had never survived the affliction; but this wish is stifled in its inception when we think of what was asked by certain readers of another age, and what was given them. Grace Aguilar and her writings thirty years ago were sources of joy to a multitude which in those days was full of romance and idealism, but which to-day has grown hard, practical, sceptical, and literal, and which demands from the author a statement of facts and situations to be met with in our everyday experience.

Of all Grace Aguilar's works none will ever be so attractive or live so long as the "Days of Bruce." That, as a tale of chivalry, possesses for youth a certain charm that will

ever fascinate. Had it not been for this, we do not doubt she would have been already forgotten; but the "Days of Bruce" will float her other productions, which in the light of the writings of to-day cannot but appear weak, unreal, and full of sentiment, foreign to our modern ideas and demands. Stilted language and highflown metaphor belong to the past; why not let them remain where they rightly belong?

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Memoirs of the late Marquis de Boissy, compiled from his correspondence and from notes left by him, with the addition of a biographical preface by his widow, the *ci-devant* Countess Guiccioli, have been published in Paris. The Marquis's experience in life—beginning a mere youth in the body-guard of Louis XVIII., continued as a diplomat under Charles X., a Peer of France under Louis Philippe, and a Senator from the commencement of the second Empire—makes these memoirs extremely curious and varied.

The Marquis de Boissy was born in Paris in 1798, and belonged to the ancient house of Rouillé, in Berry. He was an only son, and heir to great wealth. Enrolled at a very early age as one of the body-guard of Louis XVIII., he was scarcely nineteen when he entered the diplomatic career as *attaché* to the Embassy in London under the famous poet Châteaubriand, who was then ambassador to the Court of St. James. He still continued with him when transferred to Rome, but shortly returned to France, where he married Mademoiselle de Musnier de Folleville, one of the richest heiresses in the country. Sent soon after to the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he became while in Florence very intimate with the Prince de Carignan, afterward Charles Albert, the ill-fated King of Sardinia. Some disagreement with the Minister of Foreign Affairs caused him to resign his position and bid farewell to diplomacy. On his return to his native country he took up his residence at one of his fine estates in Berry, the castle of Castelnau, and exercised the hospitality of a *grand seigneur*. Here his wife died, and the Marquis was left a widower at the age of thirty-six, with an only child, a daughter, who afterward married the Prince de Léon, eldest son of the Duke de Rohan.

His restless energies, and also his vexation at seeing France inferior to England in

commerce, led him to build forges and factories on his estates, which were rich in minerals. In 1838 his father died, leaving him an immense fortune; the King also appointed him to the seat left vacant by the old Marquis in the Chamber of Peers, and here began his veritable career. He founded a newspaper, the "*Legislateur*," which had, however, but an ephemeral existence, and he then entered upon his parliamentary duties with ardor. He was never voluntarily absent from a single sitting of the Chamber. During the session he was always on the ramparts, ready with a sally or repartee, and almost always of the opposition. He constantly exasperated the Duke Pasquier, the President of the Chamber, and on one occasion was called to order by him no less than ten times; and yet the Duke was one of his most intimate friends, and his portrait hung in the Marquis's bed-room.

In 1847 he married the Countess Guiccioli, whom he first met at a reception given by the Austrian Ambassadors, the Countess Appony. Almost immediately after his marriage began the excitement precursor to the revolution of 1848. Notwithstanding all the opposition and the abuse of the government, no one anticipated the overthrow of the Orleans family. M. de Boissy, however, presaged danger. The night before the famous 24th of February, at a ball given by the Prince de Ligne, a group of politicians were eagerly discussing the agitation of the public mind and the speeches in the Chambers; they however agreed that there would be only a change of Ministry. M. de Boissy remarked: "It is all very well; take it quietly; you will soon be awakened by the noise of the guns of a Republic!" One of the statesmen replied mockingly and almost insultingly to this prophecy; the next day witnessed his downfall. During the existence of the Provisional Government, M. de Boissy was named by Lamartine Minister to Florence; but he had scarcely received his nomination when it was revoked by the order of Bastide, who declared he would have nothing to do with an aristocrat and a marquis! During the insurrection in June he put on the uniform of the National Guard, forced several of his men servants to do the same, and was one of the first to combat on the side of law and order. He behaved so courageously and with so much daring during those days, that he received from M. Sénard, then Minister, a letter of compliments and thanks. In the mêlée at the

Faubourg St. Antoine he was aimed at by a Republican, who on recognizing him turned away his gun, and afterward meeting M. de Boissy acknowledged that he did so because he admired his independence and courage.

Through the influence of his wife, who was an old friend of Queen Hortense, and consequently of her son, M. de Boissy was induced to receive Louis Napoleon, then newly arrived in Paris, and invited him to dine with him in his villa at Enghien. There Prince Louis was put in relation with influential men of the different parties, particularly the legitimists, who hoped to make him play the rôle of General Monk. M. de Boissy, with his practical good sense, did not share their illusion; he said that "a Bonaparte could never be a Monk"; but he looked for a government under the presidency of the Prince which should make France more respected than she had been of late years.

When Napoleon had been elected by the national vote, M. de Boissy again turned his thoughts to taking an active part in the affairs of the nation. He presented himself as candidate for Deputy from the department of the Cher, and published a striking manifesto, in which he included the following letter from the President of the Republic:

ELYSEE NATIONAL, Feb. 4, 1850.

MY DEAR M. DE BOISSY: You ask me if I should be pleased with your election as representative from the department of the Cher. I do not hesitate to tell you that it is my sincere wish that the electors of Bourges should give you their vote. Under the last government you were always in the opposition; but, as it was based on a profound sentiment of nationality and love of the public good, that remembrance is an additional reason for me to favor you. I cannot, either, forget the zeal you showed for my election, and believe me that I shall always be happy to give you proofs of my sentiments of esteem and friendship.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Marquis, nevertheless, lost his election, and shortly afterward left Paris on a visit to Italy. While at Nice he received the news of the *coup d'état*, and returned at once. When the Empire was declared, M. de Boissy was one of the first appointed Senators. During the early days of the imperial government, when people contemplated with affright into what an abyss they might have fallen, M. de Boissy remained quiet; but, as the government gained strength and the people reclaimed more liberty, the Marquis was again of the vanguard of the opposition. In a letter to a friend he says:

Independence of speech is a family tradition with

us. One of my ancestors served France under the Regency—he was Secretary of State; he drank, as was the custom of the day, but he did not steal; he was honest. One day in the Council he was opposed in opinion to the Regent, who in a bad humor said, "President Rouillé, that smells of the bottle." "Perhaps, Monseigneur; but certainly it does not smell of the *pot de vin*." * Thus, a hundred years ago there was already independence in our blood; it has not degenerated in passing through my veins.

In accordance with the family tradition, M. de Boissy was again in his element. He spoke on every subject with a frankness which he did not seek to disguise. His language abounded in spicy sallies; he talked in the Senate Chamber as he would in his own drawing-room, paying no attention to the regularity of his remarks, provided he could succeed now and then in getting off a good hit; always wearing out the patience of the presiding officer by his obstinacy and repartee; never so much delighted as when he had called down upon his head a thorough tempest. He had so much subtle humor, so much of that *fin esprit Gaulois* which most resembles Attic salt, that all were forced to listen to him, whether they would or no, and to admire even while blaming him. He never prepared a discourse, but spoke on the spur of the moment; he said what he pleased; his hearers protested, he disregarded their protests and overpowered them with ridicule; he was the genuine *enfant terrible* of the Senate. Independence of speech not being a distinguishing characteristic of that imperial body, made him but the more remarkable. The Marquis's hatred of England amounted to a mania; he never lost an opportunity of making a thrust at the government or the nation. To show the inconsistency which was perhaps what alone prevented him from being a great statesman, we will quote from a discourse pronounced by him in the Senate at the session of the 29th of April, 1864, of which part was suppressed in the official report in the "Moniteur," although a law of the Senatus Consultum had decreed the reproduction of all discourses *in extenso*. It was on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to England, where his brilliant reception by the aristocracy, and the friendly call made him by the Prince of Wales, had aroused M. de Boissy's ire. The following suppressed portion of the speech is (we think) for the first time in print:

We have seen, O shame for our century, shame for a certain country—thank Heaven, not our own!—we have seen the heir of the English throne contaminate

* This word literally means a mug of wine, but in French idiom signifies a bribe.

his royal hand by the contact of the hand of a filibuster in a state of rebellion against the laws of his country, against his king, and who calls Mazzini his master and his friend! It is '93 which is advancing upon England, and which I invoke upon her as a merited chastisement. The Revolution, cajoled by princes, in return cajoles them; it is well. Do not let him deceive himself, this imprudent prince; the steps which he has taken to descend into the mire are the first steps taken toward the scaffold.

Such were the contradictions of this singular character! Liberal, yet aristocrat to the tips of his fingers; at variance in opinion with all his family traditions, with all his relatives and connections, yet not able to forget them sufficiently to be purely republican. France was his idol, and to defend her he took service under each successive government. Always abusing England and the English, yet constantly entertaining them at his table, and saying in one of his speeches, "Why are not our politics similar to those of England? Our citizens would be more respected." He even frankly wrote the following words: "I have for English politics all the hatred that an ugly and wicked woman has for a good and beautiful one; my hatred is not the hatred of contempt, but of envy."

Being too wealthy and too secure in a high position to desire anything from government, he could do and say what he pleased. He spent the whole amount of his emolument as Senator in hospitality; his *chef de cuisine* was one of the best in Paris; his house admirably constructed for entertaining both large and small assemblages, his guests comprised the most brilliant personages of Europe in intellect and station, and his wife was one of the most charming of hostesses. Always surrounded by statesmen and men of letters, literary and political questions were discussed at his table and at his *petites réunions* with a brilliancy which, reminded one of the best days of the Hôtel Rambouillet. A loyal and devoted friend of a nature none the less kindly because the tongue could be biting and satirical, all who really knew him were strongly attached to him; his *bons mots* would fill pages were the spirit of them translatable. His death was caused by the gout, to which he had been more or less subject for the last few years of his life. His gayety did not desert him, even at his last moments. Upon making his dying confession, he said to the priest: "I have told you everything, and you have given me absolution; but remember that you will pay the forfeit if I do not deserve it."

He calmly gave orders for his funeral, and precise details about the form and style of his coffin. Calling his wife to his bedside, he begged her to promise that she would be interred by his side in his family vault at Manancourt; "for without that promise," he said, "I would not wish to be buried there myself." He bade farewell to each member of his family, and breathed his last in his beautiful villa at Luciennes, near Paris, in the fall of 1866, in the 69th year of his age. The little parish church at Rueil, where the funeral service was performed, was thronged with the poor of the neighborhood, to whom he had been a constant benefactor. In him we have nearly seen the last of that type of *gentilhomme français* who went to the battlefield or the scaffold with a smile on his lip and a jest on his tongue.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

MR. RODOLPHE LINDAU, a late European tourist through the United States, in recording his impressions of Chicago, speaks of that city as an epitome of the United States. He found there, he relates, all the peculiar qualities and striking characteristics which have made the Americans the greatest, mightiest, and richest nation in the world; *but*—and his but is comprehensive and powerful!—he also remarked such a total absence of all sense of the beautiful, as renders all interchange of ideas between a European and an American sorely difficult, if not impossible. "We stand astounded," he says, "at the sight of an energy and power unequalled, and feel that we are indeed in the presence of a great people. And this astonishment is so great, so legitimate, that we would hasten to give it the fullest and most emphatic expression, were it not that the Americans themselves hinder the offering of our free homage by demanding it rather as a tribute lawfully due them. Patriotism is certainly an admirable thing, and should be respected, even in its exaggeration. But when it seeks its own elevation at the expense of every other land under the sun, we are apt to look upon it as not precisely just, and, moreover, something of a bore. The stranger in the United States hears from his American host the same everlasting self-glorifying declamation, which may be thus summed up: 'We are great,

rich, young, and free. You are weak, old, poor, and oppressed.' This goes on for some time, until finally the stranger, losing all patience, breaks out somewhat in this strain: 'Yes, you are great in commerce and in enterprise. Money is nothing to you, and no obstacle daunts you. You are free, and are only governed by such men as you yourselves may elect to govern you; but you have no idea of the truly beautiful and noble, nor do you possess any capacity for such ideas. You have no poet, no philosopher, no musician, no sculptor, no painter of the first rank. You are orators, but not thinkers; and you live, with rare exceptions, in utter ignorance of the elegant sciences and of the fine arts. You are young—that is to say, you are children. You deify yourselves on the strength of valueless qualities, and have no true estimate of what is truly correct and great.'" And so on for pages, giving expression to judgments even more bitter and biting. Our author is, evidently, not one of the singers in the great chorus of praise which, it must be acknowledged, we Americans love better than any music, even of Haydn or Mozart. But, after all, a *solo obligato doleroso appassionato*, of this sort may occasionally be listened to with profit if not with pleasure by the patriotic ear.

This is not the place to enter into a defence of American art or literature, and it may be sufficient reply to our European pessimist simply to suggest that if Germany or France found herself suddenly called upon to hew down endless forests, to rescue vast territories from the grasp of wild savages and then populate and organize them into self-governing commonwealths, to navigate and curb within their banks gigantic rivers the like of which Europe knows not, to snatch deserts from aridity and make them the granaries of the world, to cover the wilderness with towns and cities, to belt a continent with railroads—to do all this and much more that is grand and gigantic, her men must needs handle rifle, pickaxe, trowel, and plough, instead of lexicon, pen, pencil, and chisel.

Any nation with healthy blood in its veins possesses the same average amount of industry and energy as any other nation. In Germany, for instance—where the forest exists only to be preserved, not destroyed, where the whoop of the wild Indian is only known through a translation of Cooper, where civilization has no longer any terri-

* Works mentioned in this article may be had of F. Steiner, German bookseller, No. 22 and 24 Franklin Street, New York.

† In the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

torial conquest to make—the man who here in America would be the Indian fighter, the pioneer, the hunter, is of necessity at home pushed into fields of bloodless struggle, and becomes the scholar, the poet, the historian. Instead of taking the living, palpitating route to the wilds of California or Oregon, he explores the highways of dead nations, and, like Niebuhr, discovers a new world in the history of Rome. Instead of searching Rocky Mountain gulches, equipped with revolver and shovel, for nuggets of shining gold, he, like Winckelmann, disinters for us the glories of antiquity from the dust of ages. Instead of hunting the Sioux and the Camanche, he constructs for us from worm-eaten annals the story of Arminius and his forest warriors. Instead of making legal statutes for a community born yesterday, he annotates Justinian, and illustrates the codes of antiquity. In both cases there is the same unbending energy, indomitable perseverance, and a courage not to be daunted by any obstacle.

If we had time to make it, an interesting parallel might be run between the history of German literature—the youngest of the literatures of Europe—and the history of the American Republic; for they are about the same age, and properly date from the last quarter of the last century. Germany started late in the race for intellectual distinction; but she overtook her predecessors and competitors with gigantic strides. With her literature in its belletristic forms we are all more or less familiar; but as a mere question of courageous and painstaking art, it is much more remarkable and meritorious in the field of historical, critical, and archaeological research. Its exploration extends unto the ends of the earth, and into the night of ages. It unfolds to us the history of nations looked upon by the Romans as belonging to antiquity, and, from the forgotten memorials of the past reconstructs the annals of dead empires. The Wolffs, Jahns, Schleiermachers, and Schlegels of a past generation have found worthy successors in the present.

Given ten more years of the learning and industry which for the past thirty years have there prevailed, and still prevail in the most arid and forbidding paths of research among the works of centuries ago, and it is difficult to imagine that any problem of history, be it ever so remote and complicated, will remain unsolved. We have only to glance at the current publications of Germany to

find ample grounds for such a belief. Here is an octavo volume of three hundred and six pages, by A. W. Zumpt, of chronological research as to the precise date of the birth of our Saviour. Here, the third volume (an octavo of eight hundred and eighty-seven pages) of Hergenrother's great work on Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, which necessarily contains the history of the Greek schism. Going back into the darkness of antiquity are Von Plath's researches (in various octavos and quartos) as to the manners and customs of the ancient Chinese. Then we have the learned work of Giesebrecht, and the still more learned one of Meiker, on the ecclesiastical legislation of Gregory VII. Then, too, the huge quarto chronicles of the ancient German cities, published under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, and Wattenbach's grand treatise on the sources of German Middle Age history. Of Ranke's "Wallenstein"—the work of his declining years—we have already spoken. But any attempt at enumeration in this class of books would take us too far.

AMONG new works of general interest we notice one by W. Ahlers, entitled "The Notabilities of the Animal Kingdom" ("Die Notabilitäten der Thierwelt"). The manuscript of this work was submitted to the International Society for the Protection of Animals, at its fourth Congress at Paris in 1869, with the request of the author for permission to dedicate it to the Society, which request, on examination of the work, was enthusiastically granted.

The first division of the book is devoted to the mammalia, and its hero is Barry, one of the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard. This well-known canine race is said by some to be a cross of the English bull-dog and the Spanish setter. Others maintain its origin to be the offspring of a shepherd's dog and a dog brought from Greenland in the middle of the last century by Count Mazzini. These St. Bernard animals are large, long-haired, spotted white and dark brown, stoutly built, and with well-formed heads. Barry is known to have saved forty human lives. As soon as a snow-storm began he always manifested the greatest desire to be let out, and the moment the thunder of an avalanche struck his ear nothing could retain him. Rushing to the place where, with wonderful instinct, he could always divine the greatest danger to be, he barked loudly to make his

presence known, and then, with all the powers of eye, ear, and his wonderful scent, he would strive to discover if the glacier had made any victims. On one occasion a mother and her boy were covered by an avalanche. The woman was killed on the spot, but the child had succeeded in working his way to the surface of the snow, where he fainted from fright, hunger, and fatigue. Barry soon discovered him, and, rushing to his side, strove to draw the boy's attention to the small basket of bread and drink he carried tied to his neck. At sight of the huge, hairy animal, the child was more frightened than ever; and now began a struggle between the boy's fears and the dog's intelligence. By dint of licking the little half-frozen hands and the most expressive manifestations of affection, confidence was established, and the child endeavored to respond to Barry's perfectly intelligible invitation to go with him. But he found his limbs too stiff to allow of any movement, and Barry, instantly appreciating the situation, bent down before him, plainly inviting the boy to put his arms around his shaggy neck and get on his back. In a moment Barry was trotting toward the hospice of the good monks of St. Bernard with his precious burden, and his triumphal entry into the convent with his living freight snatched from the jaws of death is remembered and related there to this day.

Our author is not the only writer who has become enthusiastic in recounting the noble humanitarian prowess of Barry, long and frequently celebrated in prose and verse.

Then we have the story of the famed dog that gave the alarm to the garrison of the Acropolis at Athens; of the horrible Bezerillo, the Spanish bloodhound, under whose fangs a hundred poor savages fell in one day; of Dryden's Dragon, and of Benvenuto Cellini's four-footed watchman.

Following these, we have a succession of pictures of the cats of Mohammed, Alexander's Bucephalus, the ass of Abdera, the cranes of Ibycus, the lion of Androclus, Balaam's ass, the dogs of Lazarus and of Pyrrhus, etc., etc.

PASSING from animals living to animals dead, we meet with a book of great merit on a subject which German science has singularly advanced—that of Taxidermy. It is by Philip Leopold Martin, a writer already distinguished for his contributions to the literature of natural history. The work is more especially for the use of students and

collectors of specimens, who need a rapid and simple process for preserving the skins of animals and plumage of birds they gather on their expeditions. It is an octavo volume published at Weimar.

"THE History of the Italian Drama" (*"Geschichte des Italienischen Dramas"*), by I. L. Klein, to be completed in seven volumes, of which four have been published, the first volume containing nine hundred and twenty-five pages, is a work as remarkable for its erudition as for its talent, and exemplifies the wonderful aptitude and power in German literary life for absorbing and reproducing all that is most remarkable in foreign literature. There is, positively, nothing remarkable in any literature, ancient or modern, from the *"Zend-Avesta"* down to Bigelow's Yankee rhymes, that has not found its appreciative German interpreter to present it in an intelligible form to all the peoples from the Baltic to Italy. The labors and genius of Schiller, Schlegel, Voss, Wieland, and Tieck, and those of their more modern successors, have made Shakespeare almost as much at home in Berlin as in London; and we have heard his *"Romeo and Juliet"* more effectively and beautifully rendered in Vienna than we ever did in New York. So with Calderon, and Dante, and Alfieri. Philosophical philologists trace much of the wonderful richness and flexibility of modern German to the ceaseless effort of German authors and scholars to reproduce in their own tongue all the masterpieces of all foreign languages. Beyond all others, the German language is essentially the language of translation. Here is an opinion—that of Goethe—it may not be amiss to cite on this point: "The English are quite right in applying themselves so diligently as they have recently done to the German language. It is not only that our language on its own account deserves this attention, but it is also impossible to deny that he who now knows German well may dispense with the knowledge of almost every other language. I do not here include the French, for that is the language of conversation, and is indispensable as a universal interpreter to every gentleman who moves beyond the four corners of his own home. It is a peculiarity of the German mind to give its due and natural value to what is foreign, and to accommodate itself to the particular character of every kind of national poetry. This, taken along with the great power and

flexibility of our tongue, renders German translations as perfect in the whole as they are accurate in detail."

After all, we fear that the expression, "masterpieces," we have used, might be taken as limiting too closely the number of foreign books rendered into German. We might more properly have used the term "works of merit." At the present time, for instance, German scholars are busy in rendering not only Tennyson and Longfellow, but no later than last month we saw new versions of Burns and of Cowper announced. If this wholesale reproduction of exotics constituted the whole or even a large part of German literature, the serious objection of want of originality would lie with great force; but we all know that it does not, and that it is evidently the result of an exuberance of talent and an energy irrepressible.

A CURIOUS light is thrown on some portions of the history of the War of the Rebellion by a German soldier of the well-known De Kalb regiment, commanded by Colonel von Gilsa. The soldier's name is Otto Hensinger, and he gives the result of his military experience in the United States in a book entitled "Amerikanische Kriegsbilder, Aufzeichnungen aus dem Jahren 1861-65." The regiment's first keen sorrow was the change in its uniform. On its formation the Prussian Jäger uniform had been adopted, but a merciless Secretary of War ordered that and all other fancy costumes to be laid aside for the regulation blue. The De Kalb regiment was soon incorporated with the division commanded by Blenker. Our author speaks favorably of Blenker personally, but fully admits the want of discipline, insubordination, and predatory talents for which his troops bore a well-deserved reputation. Officers who have served within hailing distance of them doubtless remember the expression by which the impossible-

to-account-for sudden loss of a blanket, bridle, or other valuable article, was usually described as having been "Blenkerized."

With Sigel our German soldier, while recording the satisfaction with which the regiment heard they were to be placed under his command in Pope's army, finds fault on account of his tendency to be a politician. Much interesting information as to the horrible barbarities exercised in rebel military prisons is given; and our author appears to have satisfied himself, by some process we cannot exactly understand, that our negro troops were worthless and would not stand fire. The weight of testimony appears to bear in another direction.

A NOTEWORTHY book descriptive of Oriental life is Julius Braun's "Gemälde der Mohammedanischen Welt," completed just before the author's sudden death. Its pictures of Mohammedan humanity in Medina, Damascus, Bagdad, Persia, and among the Druses and Maronites, are life-like.

OF German novels, poetry, and the drama, we would require five times our allotted space to give a reasonable account. In novels Germany is fully as prolific as France or England, and in poetry and the drama far more so. Of the varieties of dramatic poetry the famous enumerative description of Polonius would utterly fail to give the faintest idea; and of the poetry of sentiment and the ballad it is sufficient to say that it still flows with the same strong current—certainly more polished if not quite so strong. A distinguished German critic, in speaking of this, says: "No longer does German poetry resemble a primeval forest, in whose pathless wilds the gnarled vine-clad giant trees* awake the astonishment and wonder of the lonely wanderer.

* The reader may judge for himself as to the correct translation of the words "vine-clad giant trees." The original reads "schling pflanzen-umsponnen Baumriesen."

A new Novel, of English and American life, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY, will be begun in the September Number of THE GALAXY.

A new Novel, by MRS. EDWARDS, the author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc., will be begun at the opening of the new year.

MEMORANDA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER ONCE.

I DID not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window, with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture, practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:

"Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.

"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that, every year, millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree——"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody, that knows anything, will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out, and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elabor-

ately tip-toeing toward me, till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said :

"There—you wrote that. Read it to me, quick ! Relieve me—I suffer."

I read as follows—and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come—I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape :

The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin, as a shade tree, is a failure.

Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—

The excited listener sprang toward me, to shake hands, and said :

"There, there—that will do ! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy ; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain ; and now it *is* certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went

back. Good-by, sir, good-by—you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. Good-by, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them ; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in ! [I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in ; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad, and perplexed, and dejected. He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said :

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity ; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind ? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature ? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing ; you talk of the moulting season for cows ; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a rat-ter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to

throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming, and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwag, and who never have had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—gam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-covered novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. You try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of inter-

est to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios."

I then left.

THE "TOURNAMENT" IN A D. 1870.

LATELY there appeared an item to this effect, and the same went the customary universal round of the press:

A telegraph station has just been established upon the traditional site of the Garden of Eden.

As a companion to that, nothing fits so aptly and so perfectly as this:

Brooklyn has revived the knightly tournament of the Middle Ages.

It is hard to tell which is the most startling, the idea of that highest achievement of human genius and intelligence, the telegraph, prating away about the practical concerns of the world's daily life in the heart and home of ancient indolence, ignorance, and savagery, or the idea of that happiest expression of the brag, vanity, and mock-heroics of our ancestors, the "tournament," coming out of its grave to flaunt its tinsel trumpery and perform its "chivalrous" absurdities in the high noon of the nineteenth century, and under the patronage of a great, broad-awake city and an advanced civilization.

A "tournament" in Lynchburg is a thing easily within the comprehension of the average mind; but no commonly gifted person can conceive of such a spectacle in Brooklyn without straining his powers. Brooklyn is part and parcel of the city of New York, and there is hardly romance enough in the entire metropolis to re-supply a Virginia "knight" with "chivalry," in case he happened to run out of it. Let the reader, calmly and dispassionately, picture to himself "lists"—in Brooklyn; heralds, pursuivants, pages, garter king-at-arms—in Brooklyn; the marshalling of the fantastic hosts of "chivalry" in slashed doublets, velvet trunks, ruffles, and plumes—in Brooklyn; mounted on omnibus and livery-stable patriarchs, promoted, and referred to in cold blood as "steeds," "destriers," and "chargers," and divested of their friendly, humble names—these meek old "jims"

and "Bobs" and "Charleys," and renamed "Mohammed," "Bucephalus," and "Saladin"—in Brooklyn; mounted thus, and armed with swords and shields and wooden lances, and cased in pasteboard hauberts, morions, greaves, and gauntlets, and addressed as "Sir" Smith, and "Sir" Jones, and bearing such titled grandeurs as "The Disinherited Knight," the "Knight of Shenandoah," the "Knight of the Blue Ridge," the "Knight of Maryland," and the "Knight of the Secret Sorrow"—in Brooklyn; and at the toot of the horn charging fiercely upon a helpless ring hung on a post, and prodding at it intrepidly with their wooden sticks, and by and by skewering it and cavorting back to the judges' stand covered with glory—this in Brooklyn; and each noble success like this duly and promptly announced by an applauding toot from the herald's horn, and "the band playing three bars of an old circus tune"—all in Brooklyn, in broad daylight. And let the reader remember, and also add to his picture, as follows, to wit: when the show was all over, the party who had shed the most blood and overturned and hacked to pieces the most knights, or at least had prodded the most muffin-rings, was accorded the ancient privilege of naming and crowning the Queen of Love and Beauty—which naming had in reality been done *for* him by the "cut-and-dried" process, and long in advance, by a committee of ladies, but the crowning he did in person, though suffering from loss of blood, and then was taken to the county hospital on a shutter to have his wounds dressed—these curious things all occurring in Brooklyn, and no longer ago than one or two yesterdays. It seems impossible, and yet it is true.

This was doubtless the first appearance of the "tournament" up here among the rolling-mills and factories, and will probably be the last. It will be well to let it retire permanently to the rural districts of Virginia, where, it is said, the fine mailed and plumed, noble-natured, maiden-rescuing, wrong-redressing, adventure-seeking knight of romance is accepted and believed in by the peasantry with pleasing simplicity, while they reject with scorn the plain, unpolished verdict whereby history exposes him as a braggart, a ruffian, a fantastic vagabond, and an ignoramus.

All romance aside, what shape would our admiration of the heroes of Ashby de la Zouch be likely to take, in this practical age,

if those worthies were to rise up and come here and perform again the chivalrous deeds of that famous passage of arms? Nothing but a New York jury and the insanity plea could save them from hanging, from the amiable Bois-Guilbert and the pleasant Front-de-Bœuf clear down to the nameless ruffians that entered the riot with unpictured shields, and did their first murder and acquired their first claim to respect that day. The doings of the so-called "chivalry" of the Middle Ages were absurd enough, even when they were brutally and bloodily in earnest, and when their surroundings of castles and donjons, savage landscapes and half-savage peoples, were in keeping; but those doings gravely reproduced with tinsel decorations and mock pageantry, by bucolic gentlemen with broomstick lances, and with muffin-rings to represent the foe, and all in the midst of the refinement and dignity of a carefully-developed modern civilization, is absurdity gone crazy.

Now, for next exhibition, let us have a fine representation of one of those chivalrous wholesale butcheries and burnings of Jewish women and children, which the crusading heroes of romance used to indulge in in their European homes, just before starting to the Holy Land, to seize and take to their protection the Sepulchre and defend it from "pollution."

ENIGMA.

NOT wishing to be outdone in literary enterprise by those magazines which have attractions especially designed for the pleasing of the fancy and the strengthening of the intellect of youth, we have contrived and builded the following enigma, at great expense of time and labor:

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 7, 9, 4, 4, is a village in Europe.

My 7, 14, 5, 7, is a kind of dog.

My 11, 13, 13, 9, 2, 7, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13, is a peculiar kind of stuff.

My 2, 6, 12, 8, 9, 4, is the name of a great general of ancient times (have spelt it to best of ability, though may have missed the bull's eye on a letter or two, but not enough to signify).

My 3, 11, 1, 9, 15, 2, 2, 6, 2, 9, 13, 2, 6, 15, 4, 11, 2, 3, 5, 1, 10, 4, 8, is the middle name of a Russian philosopher, up whose full cognomen fame is slowly but surely climbing.

My 7, 11, 4, 12, 3, 1, 1, 9, is an obscure but very proper kind of bug.

My whole is—but perhaps a reasonable amount of diligence and ingenuity will reveal that.

We take a just pride in offering the customary gold pen or cheap sewing machine for correct solutions of the above.

UNBURLESQUABLE THINGS.

THERE are some things which cannot be burlesqued, for the simple reason that in themselves they are so extravagant and grotesque that nothing is left for burlesque to take hold of. For instance, all attempts to burlesque the "Byron Scandal" were failures because the central feature of it, incest, was a "situation" so tremendous and so imposing that the happiest available resources of burlesque seemed tame and cheap in its presence. Burlesque could invent nothing to transcend incest, except by enlisting two crimes, neither of which is ever mentioned among women and children, and one of which is only mentioned in rare books of the law, and then as "the crime without a name"—a term with a shudder in it! So the reader never saw the "Byron Scandal" successfully travestied in print, and he may rest satisfied that he never will.

All attempts to burlesque the monster musical "Peace Jubilee" in Boston were mournful failures. The ten thousand singers, the prodigious organ, the hundred anvils, and the artillery accompaniment made up an unintentional, but complete, symmetrical and enormous burlesque, which shamed the poor inventions of the sketchers and scribblers who tried to be funny over it in magazines and newspapers. Even Cruikshank failed when he tried to pictorially burlesque the English musical extravaganza which probably furnished Mr. Gilmore with his idea.

There was no burlesquing the "situation" when the French Train, Henri Rochefort, brayed forth the proclamation that whenever he was arrested forty thousand *ouvriers* would be there to know the reason why—when, alas! right on top of it one single humble policeman took him and marched him off to prison through an atmosphere with never a taint of garlic in it.

There is no burlesquing the McFarland trial, either as a whole or piecemeal by selection. Because it was sublimated burlesque itself, in any way one may look at it. The court gravely tried the prisoner, *not* for murder, apparently, but as to his sanity or insanity. His counsel attempted the intellectual miracle of proving the prisoner's deed

to have been a *justifiable homicide by an insane person*. The Recorder charged the jury to—well, there are different opinions as to what the Recorder wanted them to do, among those who have translated the charge from the original Greek, though his general idea seemed to be to scramble first to the support of the prisoner and then to the support of the law, and then to the prisoner again, and back again to the law, with a vaguely perceptible desire to help the prisoner a little the most without making that desire unofficially and ungracefully prominent. To wind up and put a final polish to the many-sided burlesque, the jury went out and devoted nearly two hours to trying for his life a man whose deed would not be accepted as a capital crime by the mass of mankind even though all the lawyers did their best to prove it such. It is hardly worth while to mention that the emotional scene in the court room, following the delivery of the verdict, when women hugged the prisoner, the jury, the reporters, and even the remorselessly sentimental Graham, is eminently unburlesquable.

But first and last, the splendid feature of the McFarland comedy was the *insanity* part of it. Where the occasion was for dragging in that poor old threadbare lawyer-trick, is not perceptible, except it was to make a *show* of difficulty in winning a verdict that would have won itself without ever a lawyer to meddle with the case. Heaven knows insanity was disreputable enough, long ago; but now that the lawyers have got to cutting every gallows rope and picking every prison lock with it, it is become a sneaking villainy that ought to hang and keep on hanging its sudden possessors until evil-doers should conclude that the safest plan was to never claim to have it until they came by it legitimately. The very calibre of the people the lawyers most frequently try to save by the insanity subterfuge, ought to laugh the plea out of the courts, one would think. Any one who watched the proceedings closely in the McFarland-Richardson mockery will believe that the insanity plea was a rather far-fetched compliment to pay the prisoner, inasmuch as one must first have brains before he can go crazy, and there was surely nothing in the evidence to show that McFarland had enough of the raw material to justify him in attempting anything more imposing than a lively form of idiocy.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, recom-

mends his Legislature to so alter the laws that as soon as the insanity plea is offered in the case of a person accused of crime, the case shall be sent up to a high State court and the insanity part of the matter inquired into and settled permanently, *by itself*, before the trial for the crime charged is touched at all. Anybody but one of this latter-day breed of "lunatics" on trial for murder will recognize the wisdom of the proposition at a glance.

There is one other thing which transcends the powers of burlesque, and that is a Fenian "invasion." First we have the portentous mystery that precedes it for six months, when all the air is filled with stage whisperings; when "Councils" meet every night with awful secrecy, and the membership try to see who can get up first in the morning and tell the proceedings. Next, the expatriated Nation struggles through a travail of national squabbles and political splits, and is finally delivered of a litter of "Governments," and Presidents McThis, and Generals O'That, of several different complexions, politically speaking; and straightway the newspapers teem with the new names, and men who were insignificant and obscure one day find themselves great and famous the next. Then the several "governments," and presidents, and generals, and senates get by the ears, and remain so until the customary necessity of carrying the American city elections with a minority vote comes around and unites them; then they begin to "sound the tocsin of war" again—that is to say, in solemn whisperings at dead of night they secretly plan a Canadian raid, and publish it in the "World" next morning; they begin to refer significantly to "Ridgway," and we reflect bodingly that there is no telling how soon that slaughter may be repeated. Presently the "invasion" begins to take tangible shape; and as no news travels so freely or so fast as the "secret" doings of the Fenian Brotherhood, the land is shortly in a tumult of apprehension. The telegraph announces that "last night, 400 men went north from Utica, but refused to disclose their destination—were extremely reticent—answered no questions—were not armed, or in uniform, but *it was noticed that they marched to the depot in military fashion*"—and so on. Fifty such despatches follow each other within two days, evidencing that squads of locomotive mystery have gone north from a hundred different points and rendezvoused on the Ca-

nadian border—and that, consequently, a horde of 25,000 invaders, at least, is gathered together; and then, hurrah! they cross the line; hurrah! they meet the enemy; hip, hip, hurrah! a battle ensues; hip—no, not hip nor hurrah—for the U. S. Marshal and one man seize the Fenian General-in-Chief on the battle-field, in the midst of his "army," and bowl him off in a carriage and lodge him in a common jail—and, presto! the illustrious "invasion" is at an end!

The Fenians have not done many things that seemed to call for pictorial illustration; but their first care has usually been to make a picture of any performance of theirs that would stand it as soon as possible after its achievement, and paint everything in it a violent green, and embellish it with harps and pickaxes, and other emblems of national grandeur, and print thousands of them in the severe simplicity of primitive lithography, and hang them above the National Palladium, among the decanters. Shall we have a nice picture of the battle of Pigeon Hill and the little accident to the Commander-in-Chief?

No, a Fenian "invasion" cannot be burlesqued, because it uses up all the material itself. It is harmless fun, this annual masquerading toward the border; but America should not encourage it, for the reason that it may some time or other succeed in embroiling the country in a war with a friendly power—and such an event as that would be ill compensated by the liberation of even so excellent a people as the Downtrodden Nation.

THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[Never put off till to-morrow what you can do day after to-morrow just as well.—B. F.]

THIS party was one of those persons whom they call Philosophers. He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded in accordance with the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birth-places to the stranger anyhow, and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of this memoir was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the invention of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. His simplest acts, also, were contrived with a

view to their being held up for the emulation of boys forever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soap-boiler; and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap-boilers. With a malevolence which is without parallel in history, he would work all day and then sit up nights and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all other boys might have to do that also or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown up to them. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water, and studying astronomy at meal time—a thing which has brought affliction to millions of boys since, whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys. Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of peanuts, his father says, "Remember what Franklin has said, my son,—'A groat a day's a penny a year;'" and the comfort is all gone out of those peanuts. If he wants to spin his top when he is done work, his father quotes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." If he does a virtuous action, he never gets anything for it, because "Virtue is its own reward." And that boy is hounded to death and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once in one of his inspired flights of malignity—

Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me through my parents' experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence, and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning. And a guileless

public would go home chirping about the "wisdom" and the "genius" of the hoary Sabbath-breaker. If anybody caught him playing "mumble-peg" by himself, after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be ciphering out how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well, and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies, or making mud pies, or sliding on a cellar-door, he would immediately look wise, and rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before, trying to appear absent-minded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost devilish satisfaction he took in it, by his giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

To the subject of this memoir belongs the honor of recommending the army to go back to bows and arrows in place of bayonets and muskets. He observed, with his customary force, that the bayonet was very well, under some circumstances, but that he doubted whether it could be used with accuracy at long range.

Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for his country, and made her young name to be honored in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or cover it up. No; the simple idea of it is to snub those pretentious maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavor to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways, when he ought to have been foraging for soap-fat, or constructing candles. I merely desired to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous idea among heads of families that Franklin acquired his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting

till morning like a Christian, and that this programme, rigidly inflicted, will make a Franklin of every father's fool. It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the *evidences* of genius, not the *creators* of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

THE EDITORIAL OFFICE BORE.

HE arrives just as regularly as the clock strikes nine in the morning. And so he even beats the editor sometimes, and the porter must leave his work and climb two or three pairs of stairs to unlock the "Sanctum" door and let him in. He lights one of the office pipes—not reflecting, perhaps, that the editor may be one of those "stuck-up" people who would as soon have a stranger defile his tooth-brush as his pipe-stem. Then he begins to loll—for a person who can consent to loaf his useless life away in ignominious indolence has not the energy to sit up straight. He stretches full length on the sofa awhile; then draws up to half length; then gets into a chair, hangs his head back and his arms abroad, and stretches his legs till the rims of his boot-heels rest upon the floor; by and by sits up and leans forward, with one leg or both over the arm of the chair. But it is still observable that with all his changes of position, he never assumes the upright or a fraudulent affectation of dignity. From time to time he yawns, and stretches, and scratches himself with a tranquil, mangy enjoyment, and now and then he grunts a kind of stuffy, overfed grunt, which is full of animal contentment. At rare and long intervals, however, he sighs a sigh that is the eloquent expression of a secret confession, to wit: "I am useless and a nuisance, a cumberer of the earth."

The bore and his comrades—for there are usually from two to four on hand, day and night—mix into the conversation when men come in to see the editors for a moment on business; they hold noisy talks among them-

selves about politics in particular, and all other subjects in general—even warming up, after a fashion, sometimes, and seeming to take almost a real interest in what they are discussing; they ruthlessly call an editor from his work with such a remark as: "Did you see this, Smith, in the 'Gazette'?" and proceed to read the paragraph while the sufferer reins in his impatient pen and listens; they often loll and sprawl around the office hour after hour, swapping anecdotes and relating personal experiences to each other—hairbreadth escapes, social encounters with distinguished men, election reminiscences, sketches of odd characters, etc. And through all those hours they smoke, and sweat, and sigh, and scratch, and perform such other services for their fellow-men as come within the purview of their gentle mission upon earth, and never seem to comprehend that they are robbing the editors of their time, and the public of journalistic excellence in next day's paper. At other times they drowse, or dreamily pore over exchanges, or droop limp and pensive over the chair-arms for an hour. Even this solemn silence is small respite to the editor, for the next most uncomfortable thing to having people look over his shoulder, perhaps, is to have them sit by in silence and listen to the scratching of his pen.

If a body desires to talk private business with one of the editors, he must call him outside, for no hint milder than blasting powder or nitro-glycerine would be likely to move the bores out of listening distance.

To have to sit and endure the presence of a bore day after day; to feel your cheerful spirits begin to sink as his footstep sounds on the stair, and utterly vanish away as his tiresome form enters the door; to suffer through his anecdotes and die slowly to his reminiscences; to feel always the fetters of his clogging presence; to long hopelessly for one single day's privacy; to note with a shudder, by and by, that to contemplate his funeral in fancy has ceased to soothe, to imagine him undergoing in strict and faithful detail the tortures of the ancient Inquisition has lost its power to satisfy the heart, and that even to wish him millions and millions and millions of miles in Tophet is able to bring only a fitful gleam of joy: to have to endure all this, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, is an affliction that transcends any other that men suffer. Physical pain is pastime to it, and hanging a pleasure excursion.

"THE church was densely crowded that lovely summer Sabbath," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "and all, as their eyes rested upon the small coffin, seemed impressed by the poor black boy's fate. Above the stillness the pastor's voice rose, and chained the interest of every ear as he told, with many an envied compliment, how that the brave, noble, daring little Johnny Greer, when he saw the drowned body sweeping down toward the deep part of the river whence the agonized parents never could have recovered it in this world, gallantly sprang into the stream and at the risk of his life towed the corpse to shore, and held it fast till help came and secured it. Johnny Greer was sitting just in front of me. A ragged street boy, with eager eye, turned upon him instantly, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"No, but did you though?"

"Yes."

"Towed the carkiss ashore and saved it yo'self?"

"Yes."

"Cracky! What did they give you?"

"Nothing."

"W-h-a-t!" (with intense disgust.)

"D'you know what I'd a done? I'd a anchored him out in the stream and said, *Five dollars, gents, or you can't have yo' nigger.*"

A DARING ATTEMPT AT A SOLUTION OF IT.

THE Fenian invasion failed because George Francis Train was absent. There was no lack of men, arms, or ammunition, but there was sad need of Mr. Train's organizing power, his coolness and caution, his tranquillity, his strong good sense, his modesty and reserve, his secrecy, his taciturnity and above all his frantic and bloodthirsty courage. Mr. Train and his retiring and diffident private secretary were obliged to be absent, though the former must certainly have been lying at the point of death, else nothing could have kept him from hurrying to the front, and offering his heart's best blood for the Downtrodden People he so loves, so worships, so delights to champion. He *must* have been in a disabled condition, else nothing could have kept him from invading Canada at the head of his "children."

And indeed, this modern Samson, solitary and alone, with his formidable jaw, would have been a more troublesome enemy than five times the Fenians that did invade Canada, because *they* could be made to retire,

but G. F. would never leave the field while there was an audience before him, either armed or helpless. The invading Fenians were wisely cautious, knowing that such of them as were caught would be likely to hang; but the Champion would have stood in no such danger. There is no law, military or civil, for hanging persons afflicted in his peculiar way.

He was not present, alas!—save in spirit. He could not and would not waste so fine an opportunity, though, to send some ecstatic lunacy over the wires, and so he wound up a ferocious telegram with this:

WITH VENGEANCE ENTERED IN WORMWOOD'S GALL!
 1) — D OLD ENGLAND, SAY WE ALL!

And keep your powder dry.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

SUPERMAN HOUSE,

CHICAGO, Noon, Thursday, May 26.

P. S.—Just arrived and addressed grand Fenian meeting in Fenian Armory, donating \$50.

This person could be made really useful by roosting him on some Hatteras light-house or other prominence where storms prevail, because it takes so much wind to keep him going that he probably moves in the midst of a dead calm wherever he travels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To those parties who have offered to send me curious obituaries, I would say that I shall be very glad to receive such. A number have already been sent me. The quaint epitaph business has had a fair share of attention in all generations, but the village obituaries—those marvellous combinations of ostentatious sorrow and ghastly "fine writing"—have been unkindly neglected. Inquirers are informed that the "Post-mortem Poetry" of last month really came, without alteration, from the Philadelphia "Ledger." The "Deaths" have long been a prominent feature in the "Ledger."

Those six or eight persons who have written me from various localities, inquiring with a deal of anxiety if I am permanently engaged to write for THE GALAXY, have been surprised, may be, at the serene way in which I let the days go by without making any sort of reply. Do they suppose that I am one of that kind of birds that can be walked up to and captured by the process of putting salt on its tail? Hardly. These people want to get me to say Yes, and then stop their magazine. The subscriber was not fledged yesterday.

NEBULÆ.

— BEHIND the scandalous incidents of a recent notorious criminal trial lie some principles which have a permanent value quite beyond and independent of the demerits of any persons concerned. One of these principles is the great caution and allowance with which a woman's correspondence should always be judged. Her expansive nature is specially apt to find vent in writing. Women, even the most reserved and backward in conversation, almost invariably "gush" when they have a chance to pour themselves out on paper, so that whereas a man frequently writes less than he means, a woman usually writes more than she means. In the first place, she writes much more than a man in actual quantity. It was a good hit in Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple" to balance six or eight long letters of the heroine against one short letter of the hero. Then she thinks it necessary to turn herself inside out, as much as possible, and finally she embroiders and amplifies to any extent. Take a trivial instance from every-day life. Mr. and Mrs. Jones on a visit to the Metropolis, are well received by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. The Robinsons do for them all that is proper according to the conventions of "our set." When they are going away, Jones says to Robinson that he is exceedingly obliged to him for all his kindness, and hopes to be able to reciprocate it some day. Perhaps, if they are old friends, his gratitude may so far deviate into the familiar as to bring out the announcement of his conviction that Robinson is a brick. What does Mrs. Jones meanwhile? She indites a lovely little note (four pages crossed) to Mrs. R., setting forth how she shall never forget Mrs. R.'s overwhelming attentions, to which she is indebted for the *pleasanteſt* week she *ever* passed in her life, etc., etc., etc. Mrs. Jones could not do otherwise, in her own opinion, without leaving an important social duty unperformed, and a proper impulse of her heart ungratified. Here the embroidery is very pretty and does no harm. Not so in other cases. The late N. P. Willis, who, whatever his faults may have been, was a keen and accurate observer of human nature, once uttered some shrewd remarks *à propos* of a small local scandal.

Their purport was this: that a woman writing to a man about some trifling gift—a glove, a flower, any little *souvenir* of her in his possession—would often use language from which a stranger might infer a compromise of her virtue. We once happened (in a perfectly legitimate way) to see a correspondence between two thoroughly good and pure women which might easily have been misinterpreted into something utterly abominable. A woman's very innocence often leads her into ambiguous and dangerous expressions—dangerous because ambiguous to those who know more. Then there are women who in actual life can't say bo! to an interviewer, but will say almost anything to almost anybody when they once "get a-going" on paper. A female essayist of some celebrity once addressed a well-known literary man of our acquaintance in a letter as "dear little Charley," whence an outsider might naturally infer a dear little intimacy between them. In fact they had never seen each other: The lady has been described to us as shy and timid to a fault in conversation: had the two ever met, her remarks would doubtless have been of a painful decorum. The moral of all which is twofold. First, female letters, when they are to become the basis of important action, should be taken with many grains of salt. An isolated fragment of a woman's correspondence is worth next to nothing as evidence; with the whole context it is not worth a great deal. And this principle extends much further than the court-room and the jury-box. It applies to every father, brother, lover, husband, into whose hands his daughter's, sister's, sweetheart's, wife's correspondence may fall. Secondly, since women will write superfluous letters, and keep them, and leave them behind after death, apparently on purpose to cause trouble, there is a plain duty before their heirs and executors. If there is no difficulty or likelihood of difficulty about money matters, if the pecuniary succession is clear, let the survivor make a summary holocaust of all letters and papers that the unfortunate deceased has left loose. It can do no appreciable harm, and may save a world of annoyances.

— A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent takes issue with our late Nebular assertion that "no foreigner, however accomplished, speaks English in such a manner as to be mistaken for an Englishman or American." He says:

"I am a foreigner, a Prussian, and while I do not arrogate to myself the manner of Kossuth, the mouthings of Fichter, nor the scholastic attainments of the late lamented Herzen, I claim, and my discriminating acquaintances for me, a thorough mastery of the English idiom. I saw the light of America at the age of seventeen, commenced the study of the English language in New Haven, and, after applying myself with all due diligence to the task for one year, I took charge of a select school in Orange county, N. Y., where I was taken, by those whom I did not acquaint with my nativity, for a man 'to the manner born.' Mark Twain, editor of THE GALAXY's Agricultural 'Memoranda,' can bear me out that I speak English trippingly, betray not the slightest foreign accent, and while I am, in an unguarded moment, *i. e.*, when warmed in an argument, taken for an Irishman or Scotchman, I have never yet been taken for a genuine German. The circle of your foreign relations must be limited, else you would certainly find, as I have found, many men from Northern Europe who have not only mastered the English language in an incredibly short period of time, but have also acquired the faculty of expressing the English language in exactly the same manner as Americans. I know nothing of Miss McFlimsey, who spent a season in Paris; but shall be pleased to convince you, whenever you shall deem it expedient to take a trip to San Francisco, that though 'Napoleon never learned to speak French like a Frenchman,' I have learned to speak English like an American."

We dare not doubt what our California friend so confidently avers, but we still persist in our assertion that *we* never met a foreigner who spoke English in such a manner as to lead us to mistake him for an Englishman or American. May it not be that our correspondent has been thrown with well-bred people, who kindly flattered his conceit? Or is he one of those rare mortals who has learned the art of seeing himself as others see him?

— ARE we not in danger of overworking the popular adjective—practical? Ever and

anon we see the sign of a "practical plumber." What is a theoretical plumber? Is a plumber anything if not practical? A "practical Protestant gardener" advertised recently for a place. Was this man's Protestantism or his gardenership "practical"? Probably the latter. People's religion nowadays is apt to be too speculative.

— ARE people (in the country as well as in town, but especially those who inhabit large cities) aware how often, instead of breathing the breath of life, they breathe the breath of death? By sure analytic experiment it is proved that the exhalations from the lungs carry a deadly poison. The re-inhaling of these in any quantity is a procedure similar to that of attempting to dine on carrion. Long before science had demonstrated, and accounted for, the putridity of air that has just been used to cleanse the blood, empiricism had proclaimed it notably from the Black Hole of Calcutta. Most of our churches, lecture-rooms, theatres, concert-halls, and all in-door places of public or crowded meeting, are black holes of Calcutta, more or less mitigated. Worst of all, from the depth and breadth of its destructiveness, is the atmospheric foulness of most schoolrooms. Not only hereby are the physical functions depraved, the body being undermined by the deoxygenated mephitic air taken into the lungs, but the tone and capacity of the mind is lowered, the mental faculties of the pupils being weakened, benumbed, partially paralyzed. In such air a material, clogging filth penetrates to the finest fibres of the brain. Between most of our schoolrooms and the Black Hole of Calcutta the difference is only one of degree. This is one of the worst evils of an advanced civilization, with its great and growing crowds; and civilization should have the inventiveness to counteract and uproot it. Already something has been done. Books have been published on ventilation and the means to effect it, and much expense has been incurred in applying these means to public buildings. One may now and then find a schoolroom well ventilated, where, from the fresh vitality of the air inhaled to the last, neither teacher nor pupil feels that lassitude, that heaviness, that want of intellectual alacrity which is felt in most schools after a couple of hours' session. But much remains to be done in applying the principles, by means of apparatus and flues, that a building in whose rooms or halls crowds congregate should be

what it ought to be—that is, a breathing organism, momentarily, like the lungs of the human body, exhaling old, used air, and inhaling new. Large basements should be so constructed and fitted with apparatus, as to perform this most important function of supplying, besides heated air in winter, a constant stream of pure air at all seasons to ascend through the building, taking the place of the feculent, dead air, which should, by means of lively draughts, be drawn off. Surely American invention and enterprise will not be baffled before this great beneficent problem—how to keep large rooms and halls filled, when most crowded, with the wholesome breath of life.

— IN our speculations on the relations of the sexes, it is customary to say, "Men under certain circumstances think and act thus; women thus." Which is all very well as a broad generality; but on looking into the subject more closely we find that, viewed in their intersexual relations, there are different kinds of men and women. There are *men's men* and *women's men*, just as there are *men's women* and *women's women*. The distinction holds good all over Christendom. In some countries one type predominates, in others the other. England and Italy may perhaps be taken as the two extremes. For the present we beg the reader to accompany us a few moments in examining the characteristics of the men's man. He is a man who, other things being equal, prefers the society of his own sex. It does not follow that he has a low opinion of women, still less that he is immoral and dissipated, "perpetually simmering in lust and nicotine," as Miss Strong-i'-the-lungs Knowall put it the other day at a Woman's Rights Convention. But his pet relaxations and pleasures are with men. He is a pillar of his club. He likes dinner-parties where the men sit at table after the ladies. He prefers a supper to a reception, a reception to a ball. Indeed, he is rarely a dancer; out-door exercise suits him better. He abhors the "strong-minded," thinking them only bad imitations of men. He has a very imperfect sympathy with the professed belle, regarded in any other light than as a pretty picture. The sort of woman that he usually likes best is a *bon garçon*—just a shade of fastness without positive impropriety. Under certain conditions he may be more respected by women than the women's man, but he can never be so popular among

them. He has not that ever-ready devotion which, even in its counterfeit, goes so far with the other sex, and he is inferior in dexterity of manner. If he fall in love, he will not persevere after rejection, nay, after a check. For which reasons, if possessing no special gifts of fortune, position, or person, he may probably enough remain unmarried. Then, if virtuous, he turns misogynist; if vicious, his dissipation is outside of respectable society; he never fills the part of the "dangerous man." But, should his worldly advantages make him a desirable *parti*, he is even more likely to marry than the women's man, who, after the precedent of *Barbe-Bleue*, "loves the whole sex," and concentrates himself with difficulty on an individual. He is perfectly capable of a serious and lasting attachment. But, as he is not an enterprising lover, his lady-love must come part of the way to meet him. Whence the chances are in favor of his marrying a men's woman. Nor is such a marriage necessarily unhappy. It may be very harmonious and satisfactory. The tastes of the husband and wife unite in preferring men's society, and their house may become a very agreeable rendezvous from a literary, artistic, or purely social point of view. Still, such a household has its drawbacks. A suspicion of undue fastness (whether well-founded or not) always attaches itself to an establishment where there are few lady guests or habitual visitors. If there is not the fire of rapidity, there is at any rate the smoke of *abandon*. The manners of the club encroach on the drawing-room, perhaps even on the boudoir. Above all, it is not a house in which to bring up young girls. The men's woman who marries a men's man should take Macbeth's advice and bring forth men children only. But he may marry a women's woman. In her case, as in his, a general preference for one's own sex is not incompatible with the truest and warmest attachment to an individual of the opposite. Then the elements will combine more harmoniously than seems probable at first sight. He does not cut his bachelor friends after marriage; he would not be a true men's man if he did. He may go out to them, but his wife is content with friends of her own sex, and does not require the constant attentions of a man. They may come to him: she does not expect them to pay court to her. He may stay at home without them: she is secure against his making love to her com-

passions. The two sets may not mix perfectly, but they do not interfere. Men's men do not quarrel about women, whether the object of their pursuit be legitimate or illegitimate. Their jealousy does not go to desperate lengths. When a woman is the ostensible cause of quarrel between them, the real reason generally lies behind—a feeling of wounded honor, a sentiment of anterior grudge. With women's men it is just the reverse; they make some other pretext for quarrel when the real cause is a woman. The distinctions thus hastily and imperfectly sketched are no mere refinements of fashionable society. *Mulatis mutantis*, they extend through all conditions, and a failure to appreciate them often causes serious mistakes in judgment—as when it is concluded that a man must be wanting in family affection and duty because he is not always at his wife's heels when he has a leisure moment; or that he has a small opinion of womankind because he is not perpetually running after his female acquaintances; or, on the other hand, that he is a profligate seducer because he does run after them; and so on in numerous cases.

— EVERY now and then we find, to our surprise and disgust, that some article in ordinary use contains a dangerous poison. At one time wall-paper, at another some variety of confectionery, then children's balloons; and now another apparently most innocent article threatens to swell the perilous list. At least such was the experience of one of our friends. While at a German watering-place he was suddenly attacked by a painful eruption about the mouth and chin. A Continental spa naturally abounds in doctors. To one of the two most celebrated our friend repaired, and was informed that his trouble arose from *suppressed asthma*, and was serious, if not dangerous. A course of external and internal remedies having produced no good effect in a week, the patient was tempted to consult the other high-priest of Æsculapius, who applied to his affection a different name and a different treatment, but with the same result. Our friend took flight to another watering-place and an eminent English physician who made the skin his specialty. While differing from his predecessors as to the nature and treatment of the disease, the learned Briton agreed with them as to its gravity. Unfortunately, his remedies also agreed with theirs in their inefficiency. Suffering in

body and mind, the New Yorker gave up a projected tour in Holland, "struck" for Paris, and hastened to a distinguished specialist there. The Frenchman congratulated his patient on the possession of a very rare disease (name quite new), which had, however, the slight drawback of being nearly incurable. Thoroughly frightened, the invalid took the first steamer home. During the few days that intervened before starting, the Parisian treatment produced no change for the better. A spell of sea-sickness on the passage seemed to do good, but scarcely had he made his first toilet in New York when the eruption broke out with redoubled intensity. The family physician gave it a fifth name, but, like his European brethren, pronounced it extremely grave. "Shall I prepare for the worst?" thought the suffering man, when just then his brother popped in from the country. "Why, George, what's the matter with your face? I have just had a like annoyance from a very absurd cause. There is a tenant of mine—a perfumer—who will make me presents out of his stock. Last week he forced on me a cake of shaving soap——" Ere the sentence could be finished it flashed on the mind of the moribund with the five diseases, that *he* had bought a new cake of soap just before his attack. To spring from his chair, rush to his dressing-room, and project the remains of that soap as far into space as the adjoining houses would permit, was the work of half a moment. He rubbed his face well with cold cream, and was a sound man next day. Moral, *à la* Tupper:

Doctors are not infallible no more than is the Pope:
But there sometimes is much mischief in a little shaving soap.

— WE suppose it will of course be regarded by foreigners as a new proof of the colonial character of our society, that another "book of decorum" has just been issued from the press of one of our largest and most respectable publishing houses. Nor can we altogether blame them for the inference. This sort of literature must always find a market in a country where any successful speculator may at any time be a leader of the German. As a cynical friend of ours puts it, with us a man has hardly learned how to decently conduct himself, before, in the natural course of trade, he finds out he is a pauper: and in the agony of impecuniosity he not only forgets his former good manners, but necessarily neglects to

instruct his children in what may have contributed to his own ruin. If we take this view of the matter, any book of decorum is a needed text-book for the aspirants after the higher honors of social life, and if it keeps pace with the civilization of the day, and is not too brutally plain and offensive in its rules and maxims, perhaps we ought to hail it as a help toward the amelioration of our social condition. The particular volume before us is certainly an improvement in this respect upon any we remember to have seen. The author, however, seems to forget at the outset one cardinal maxim of good breeding—that coarseness has no excuse; for he speaks of lips resembling the “shrivelled, purplish ones of a sick negress,” and likens certain ears to “gigantic oysters and asinine excrescences.” Nor does he seem to always remember that what we know as “etiquette” and good manners are not necessarily parts of an artificial code, but the natural expression of a respect for ourselves and our neighbors. We are not surprised therefore to find his view of manners and customs quite conventional, and some of his maxims really ludicrous. Yet many a person who fancies himself above instruction may read the book with profit. What a boon it would be to the more fastidious of mankind if the contents of this little volume could be thoroughly mastered by many of our fellow travellers with whom we are unavoidably thrown in contact. It might, indeed, serve as a text-book for a society for the prevention of “public sneezing, expectorating, and blowing of noses.” We presume he who preaches, practises. If such should by any chance be the case with the author of this work, what a pleasure it must be to examine his ears, his hair, his teeth, to observe his manners, and, moreover, to satisfy one’s self whether his toes are as he has described others’ to be: “irregular as a bit of pudding stone, where the distorted toes are so imbedded in the snags and mutilated by the pressure that it is impossible to pick them out in the individuality and completeness of their original forms!”

— THE aquarians are not in the habit of counting landlords among their allies. Nevertheless, Boniface is indirectly one of their strongest abettors by the exorbitant prices which he attaches to his wines. Two hundred per cent. profit on table claret and

one hundred per cent. on champagne is the usual tariff. Guests for the season may reduce these charges to one hundred per cent. and fifty per cent. by the corkage arrangement; but for the transient lodger the only refuge from extortion is aquarianism. There is no such thing as cheap wine at an American hotel. A French landlord’s profit is usually from twenty-five to thirty per cent., while the German host frequently considers himself a wine-merchant, and charges only the usual retail price. When our magnificent “proprietors” deign to give any reason for this difference, their plea is that “so few people comparatively drink wine,” wherefore they must logically do their “level best” to diminish the number. Has any one of them ever tried the experiment of reducing his tariff?

— IT is related of Montesquieu that once, when on a visit to Marseilles, he took a row-boat for an excursion beyond the port. Among the rowers was a young man who had nothing of the tone and bearing of a sailor, from whom he learnt that only on Sundays and holidays was he given to rowing, doing it in order to try to earn something toward ransoming his father, who had been made prisoner by a pirate, and was then a slave in Tetuan. Montesquieu drew from the young man the particulars. Shortly after this the father is liberated and returns to his family, without knowing whence came the unexpected help. A year later the young man—who feels that he owes the deliverance of his father to the stranger in the boat—meets him, throws himself at his feet with emotion, begging that he will go home with him and see what a happy family he has made. Montesquieu denies it all, refuses to be the object of a gratitude so legitimate, and abruptly leaves the young man. Only at his death was it revealed that it was he who had been the benefactor. Sainte-Beuve relates the incident to exemplify the stoic nature of Montesquieu, and concludes with the following comment, which, from the aptness and character of the illustration, and the significant conclusion, is so characteristic of the great French critic: “Here I think I see in Montesquieu one of those gods, the benefactors of humanity, but who share not its feeling. Thus in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, at the moment when the young hero is about to die, Diana takes her departure, although it seems that she loved him; but whatever

may be the love of the ancient divinities for a mortal, to us are forbidden to their eyes. *For God-Man had not yet come.*"

— WHO shall say that the Southern States are not rapidly reconstructing? About a month ago the Charlestonians had a convention, a balloon ascension, a flower show, a railroad accident, and an opera night, all in one week.

— PAUL DE SAINTE-VICTOR is one of the most brilliant in a brilliant corps of living French writers. Lamartine said he is so dazzling that one has to put on blue glasses to read him; and Victor Hugo wrote that it was reward enough for having written a book to have him review it. These playful compliments are justified by a volume of essays, selected from the journals in which they first appeared, and lately republished under the title of "*Hommes et Dieux*" (Men and Gods), in which we think M. de Sainte-Victor shows himself hardly less sound in judgment than sparkling in style. Our purpose in mentioning him just now is to cite his opinion of "*Gil Blas*," a book which for one hundred years has been a favorite in all Christian countries, and which is, nevertheless, a low book. Sainte-Victor says, truly: "You only find in '*Gil Blas*' the vulgar features of an inferior humanity. . . It is through the servants'-hall that he makes his entrance into the world, and, whether *Le Sage* so purposed or not, his hero remains a valet through all his metamorphoses. He never loses the obliqueness of manner, the thievish instincts, the low sentiments of servitude." After a rapid critical sketch of *Gil Blas*'s variegated career, Sainte-Victor continues: "Such is *Gil Blas*, reduced to his simplest expression, and withdrawn from the whirlwind of adventures in the midst of which he becomes invisible, veiled by the rapidity of his transformations: a low intriguer, at once active and limited, malleable to vices, invulnerable to passions, having no ambition but that of selfish well-being, incapable of quitting the flat level of daily interest; in a word, a subaltern in mind and heart. In this amusing but debased mask of a comic valet, I refuse to recognize the average man that some people have taken him to be." This well describes *Gil Blas*; and it is the evil of such a book that it lowers human nature, and ourselves with it. The constant view of so much roguery, such petty selfishness, such cease-

less self-seeking, demoralizes more than would actual temporary contact; for while we do not personally suffer from it, it is persistently presented to us as a picture of human life.

— THE sweeping assertion that republics are ungrateful is neither just nor true. Yet we may say with justice and truth that our national gratitude is intermittent and inconsistent. As to our national dignity, it is a still more variable quantity. Sometimes it mounts to a high figure; then again it runs down to zero. It is one of the necessities of our democratic institutions that much political power is placed in the hands of people who have not the remotest conception of the requirements of any social position different from their own. The public representatives of these persons (often to conceal profligate expenditure in other directions) are constantly currying favor with their constituents by little acts of meanness, sometimes ungrateful, sometimes undignified, frequently both. The underpayment of our diplomatic agents is a long-standing notoriety. A first class mission or even a chargé-shipping nearly reproduces the old Athenian *liturgy*: it is honorable no doubt, but very expensive, unless the fortunate man is a boor and a screw. Let an attempt be made to put our envoys on something like a footing with their European associates, and then comes up a cry about republican simplicity and feudal funkiness, and putting burdens on the honest workmen (who don't pay income tax), etc., etc. Change the fortune of one of these sturdy patriots, send him to Europe after the usual custom of parvenus, and he will be the first to complain if his Minister does not entertain him handsomely. The recent adverse report of the Senate Committee on Mrs. Lincoln's pension appears to be generally indorsed by popular opinion—at least outside of our large towns. More's the pity. It is a document worthy of a country pettifogger—adroit, unfair, and mean. It talks about precedents in a case altogether exceptional, neither having nor affording a precedent. It raises a false issue on the demerits (asserted or implied) of the petitioner. It makes no allowances for the circumstances of a woman, hurled in a moment and without warning from splendor to obscurity, and then left long in doubt as to her pecuniary position. Mrs. Lincoln has doubt-

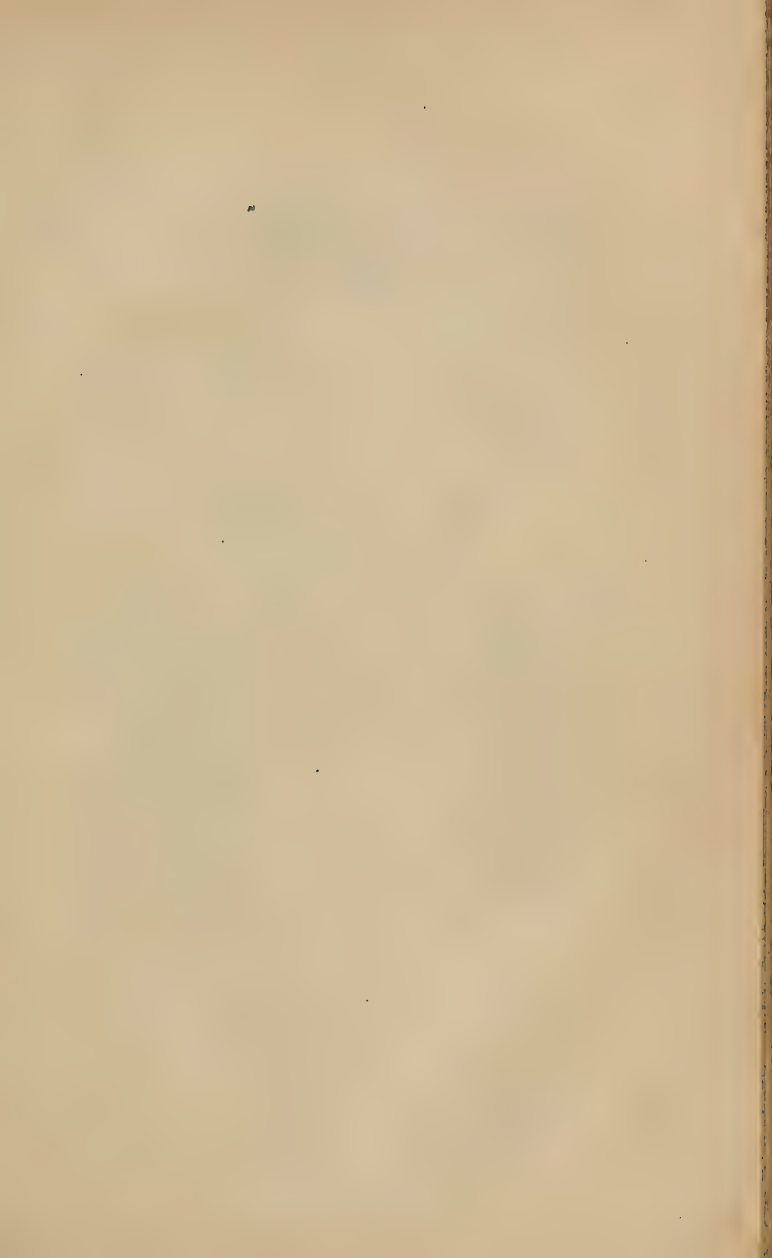
less shown a great want of dignity. Unfortunately, she is not the only party that has lost dignity in the transaction.

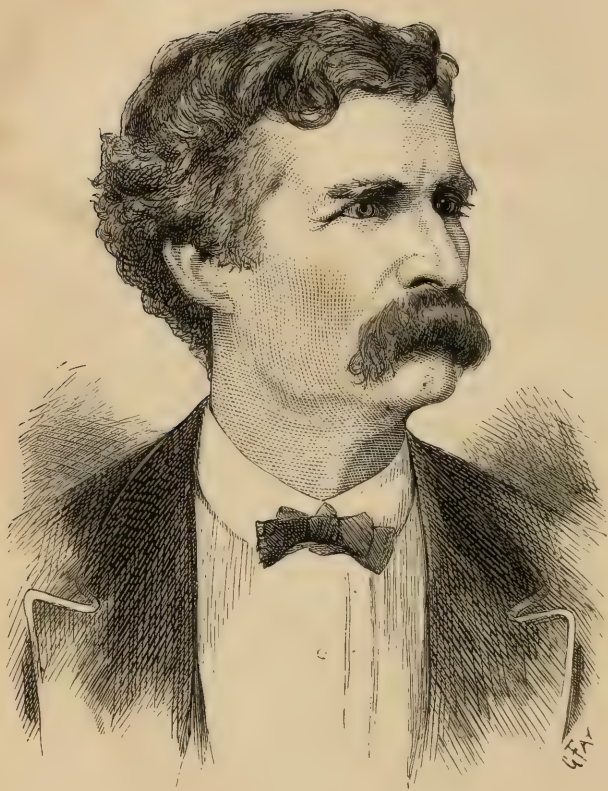
— AN Englishman once related to us a little incident, which ceases to be little when seen to be nationally characteristic. On the wharf of a town on the banks of the Danube he was watching a stream of passengers embarking on a steamboat. Almost every other one of them was tripped or snagged by a nail that projected from the plank of the gangway; and for some time not one so assailed turned back upon the assailant, until a wiry, keen-eyed man came along, who, without speech, took a stone and drove the nail deep out of reach of foot or petticoat. The beholding Englishman said to him: "An Englishman, or an American?" "You are right: I am an American." The moral of the incident is, that only men who enjoy political freedom have the inward, self-propelling power to step beyond the routines of life; that only such possess that largeness of feeling and mental courage that prompt to private deeds for public ends, that personal spirit which projects a man beyond the beaten track. All the other passengers were so accustomed to have liveried officials do for them everything except what was exclusively individual to themselves—and even in much of this were constantly sensible of government pressure—that they would have felt themselves taking an undue liberty doing an audacious thing; nay, so drilled was each one to mind his own private business that no one felt the slightest impulse to remove the nail, and when they saw one of their number remove it, most of them looked upon the man who did so as a bold intruder; while he himself felt that he was then especially minding his own business.

— A DISTINCTIVE feature of our country is the number of associations, societies, combinations, institutions, which, originating in the wants, desires, aspirations of citizens, grow up spontaneously, and maintain themselves within but independent of the State; so many *imperia in imperio*. Hardly any day's newspaper but has a report of the proceedings of some temperance, free trade, women's rights, workingmen's, Methodist, Presbyterian, or other sectarian meeting, or benevolent, or artistic, or scientific society—all private organizations, formed

for the purpose of cultivating and propagating certain principles and practices, and all contributing more or less to the general welfare. Besides these, which make the first and higher class, there are countless industrial combinations for furthering especial objects of capital or labor. All, whatever their aim or amplitude, are so many centres of self-government, anticipating much of the work of public, political authority, and at once the evidence of, and a school for, self-direction, a result and support of political freedom. The further you go East the fewer there are of the first class, and even of the second, of these free, voluntary, public-spirited associations. England, next to ourselves, has the most of them. In France, under the Louis Napoleon *régime*, they cannot thrive. In Italy and Spain, since these nations have begun to regenerate themselves, they are springing up; also in Germany. Under Asiatic despotism they cannot exist.

— NAPOLEON, when in 1812 he entered on the campaign against Russia, wrote to the Emperor Alexander: "I have seen that fate had determined it to be, and that the invisible Providence, whose rights and sway I acknowledge, had decided on this affair as on so many others." When a man believes that a deed which he has deliberately resolved on and planned is the work of Providence, believes that he is "a villain by necessity, a knave by spherical predominance, and all that he is evil in by a divine thrusting on," he has so unsphered himself, so broken the cardinal law of personal responsibility, that there is no hope for him, and he must be lost. A fearful spectacle it is, that of a man of gigantic intellectual power driving on his wilful way, so self-besotted as to be utterly unconscious of the spiritual darkness in which his mind revolves. The consciousness of inward moral law, the divine sense of duty, this it is, and only this, which makes our manhood: without this we were but intellectual beasts. An egotism which is transcendent and absorbing kills the higher, the spiritual self, and leaves the individual a prey to the ambitious animal. Such was that of Napoleon, whose only aim and consideration was a mundane material success, using any means, however cruel and destructive, to attain that success, and ignoring all moral motives, bearings, and consequences.





MARK TWAIN.

THE GALAXY.

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OVERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

IN those days, Santa Fé, New Mexico, was an undergrown, decrepit, out-at-elbows ancient hidalgo of a town, with not a scintillation of prosperity or grandeur about it, except the name of capital.

It was two hundred and seventy years old; and it had less than five thousand inhabitants. It was the metropolis of a vast extent of country, not destitute of natural wealth; and it consisted of a few narrow, irregular streets, lined by one-story houses built of sun-baked bricks. Owing to the fine climate, it was difficult to die there; but owing to many things not fine, it was almost equally difficult to live.

Even the fact that Santa Fé had been for a period under the fostering wings of the American eagle did not make it grow much. Westward-ho emigrants halted there to refit and buy cattle and provisions; but always started resolutely on again, westward-hoing across the continent. Nobody seemed to want to stay in Santa Fé, except the aforesaid less than five thousand inhabitants, who were able to endure the place because they had never seen any other, and who had become a part of its gray, dirty, lazy lifelessness and despondency.

For a wonder, this old atom of a metropolis had lately had an increase of population, which was nearly as great a wonder as Sarah having a son when she was "well stricken in years." A couple of new-comers—not a man nor woman less than a couple—now stood on the flat roof of one of the largest of the sun-baked brick houses. By great good luck, moreover, these two were, I humbly trust, worthy of attention. The one was interesting because she was the handsomest girl in Santa Fé, and would have been considered a handsome girl anywhere; the other was interesting because she was a remarkable woman, and even, as Mr. Jefferson Brick might have phrased it, "one of the most remarkable women in our country, sir." At least so she judged, and judged it too with very considerable confidence, being one of those persons who say, "If I know myself, and I think I do."

The beauty was of a mixed type. She combined the blonde and the brunette fashions of loveliness. You might guess at the first glance that she had in her the blood of both the Teutonic and the Latin races. While her skin was clear

and rosy, and her curling hair was of a light and bright chestnut, her long, shadowy eyelashes were almost black, and her eyes were of a deep hazel, nearly allied to blackness. Her form had the height of the usual American girl, and the round plumpness of the usual Spanish girl. Even in her bearing and expression you could discover more or less of this union of different races. There was shyness and frankness; there was mistrust and confidence; there was sentimentality and gayety. In short, Clara Muñoz García Van Diemen was a handsome and interesting young lady.

Now for the remarkable woman. Sturdy and prominent old character, obviously. Forty-seven years old, or thereabouts; lots of curling iron-gray hair twisted about her round forehead; a few wrinkles, and not all of the newest. Round face, round and earnest eyes, short, self-confident nose, chin sticking out in search of its own way, mouth trembling with unuttered ideas. Good figure—what Lord Dunsany would call “dem robust,” but not so sumptuous as to be merely ornamental; tolerably convenient figure to get about in. Walks up and down, man-fashion, with her hands behind her back—also man-fashion. Such is Mrs. Maria Stanley, the sister of Clara Van Diemen’s father, and best known to Clara as Aunt Maria.

“And so this is Santa Fé?” said Aunt Maria, rolling her spectacles over the little wilted city. “Founded in 1581; two hundred and seventy years old. Well, if this is all that man can do in that time, he had better leave colonization to woman.”

Clara smiled with an innocent air of half wonder and half amusement, such as you may see on the face of a child when it is shown some new and rather awe-striking marvel of the universe, whether a jack-in-a-box or a comet. She had only known Aunt Maria for the last four years, and she had not yet got used to her rough-and-ready mannish ways, nor learned to see any sense in her philosophizings. Looking upon her as a comical character, and supposing that she tilted mainly for the fun of the thing, she was disposed to laugh at her doings and sayings, though mostly meant in solemn earnest.

“But about your affairs, my child,” continued Aunt Maria, suddenly gripping a fresh subject after her quick and startling fashion. “I don’t understand them. How is it possible? Here is a great fortune gone; gone in a moment; gone incomprehensibly. What does it mean? Some rascality here. Some man at the bottom of this.”

“I presume my relative, García, must be right,” commenced Clara.

“No, he isn’t,” interrupted Aunt Maria. “He is wrong. Of course he’s wrong. I never knew a man yet but what he was wrong.”

“You make me laugh in spite of my troubles,” said Clara, laughing, however, only through her eyes, which had great faculties for sparkling out meanings. “But see here,” she added, turning grave again, and putting up her hand to ask attention. “Mr. García tells a straight story, and gives reasons enough. There was the war,” and here she began to count on her fingers. “That destroyed a great deal. I know when my father could scarcely send on money to pay my bills in New York. And then there was the signature for Señor Pedraez. And then there were the Apaches who burnt the hacienda and drove off the cattle. And then he——”

Her voice faltered and she stopped; she could not say, “He died.”

“My poor, dear child!” sighed Aunt Maria, walking up to the girl and caressing her with a tenderness which was all womanly.

“That seems enough,” continued Clara, when she could speak again. “I

suppose that what Garcia and the lawyers tell us is true. I suppose I am not worth a thousand dollars."

"Will a thousand dollars support you here?"

"I don't know. I don't think it will."

"Then if I can't set this thing straight, if I can't make somebody disgorge your property, I must take you back with me."

"Oh! if you would!" implored Clara, all the tender helplessness of Spanish girlhood appealing from her eyes.

"Of course I will," said Aunt Maria, with a benevolent energy which was almost terrific.

"I would try to do something. I don't know. Couldn't I teach Spanish?"

"You *shan't*," decided Aunt Maria. "Yes, you *shall*. You shall be professor of foreign languages in a Female College which I mean to have founded."

Clara stared with astonishment, and then burst into a hearty fit of laughter, the two finishing the drying of her tears. She was so far from wishing to be a strong-minded person of either gender, that she did not comprehend that her aunt could wish it for her, or could herself seriously claim to be one. The talk about a professorship was in her estimation the wayward, humorous whim of an eccentric who was fond of solemn joking. Mrs. Stanley, meanwhile, could not see why her utterance should not be taken in earnest, and opened her eyes at Clara's merriment.

We must say a word or two concerning the past of this young lady. Twenty-five years previous a New Yorker named Augustus Van Diemen, the brother of that Maria Jane Van Diemen now known to the world as Mrs. Stanley, had migrated to California, set up in the hide business, and married by stealth the daughter of a wealthy Mexican named Pedro Muñoz. Muñoz got into a Spanish Catholic rage at having a Yankee Protestant son-in-law, disowned and formally disinherited his child, and worried her husband into quitting the country. Van Diemen returned to the United States, but his wife soon became homesick for her native land, and, like a good husband as he was, he went once more to Mexico. This time he settled in Santa Fé, where he accumulated a handsome fortune, lived in the best house in the city, and owned haciendas.

Clara's mother dying when the girl was fourteen years old, Van Diemen felt free to give her, his only child, an American education, and sent her to New York, where she went through four years of schooling. During this period came the war between the United States and Mexico. Foreign residents were ill-treated; Van Diemen was sometimes a prisoner, sometimes a fugitive; in one way or another his fortune went to pieces. Four months previous to the opening of this story he died in a state little better than insolvency. Clara, returning to Santa Fé under the care of her energetic and affectionate relative, found that the deluge of debt would cover town house and haciendas, leaving her barely a thousand dollars. She was handsome and accomplished, but she was an orphan and poor. The main chance with her seemed to lie in the likelihood that she would find a mother (or a father) in Aunt Maria.

Yes, there was another sustaining possibility, and of a more poetic nature. There was a young American officer named Thurstane, a second lieutenant acting as quartermaster of the department, who had met her heretofore in New York, who had seemed delighted to welcome her to Santa Fé, and who now called on her nearly every day. Might it not be that Lieutenant Thurstane would want to make her Mrs. Thurstane, and would have power granted him to induce her to consent to the arrangement? Clara was sufficiently a woman, and

sufficiently a Spanish woman especially, to believe in marriage. She did not mean particularly to be Mrs. Thurstane, but she did mean generally to be Mrs. Somebody. And why not Thurstane? Well, that was for him to decide, at least to a considerable extent. In the mean time she did not love him; she only disliked the thought of leaving him.

While these two women had been talking and thinking, a lazy Indian servant had been lounging up the stairway. Arrived on the roof, he advanced to La Señorita Clara, and handed her a letter. The girl opened it, glanced through it with a flushing face, and cried out delightedly, "It is from my grandfather. How wonderful! O holy Maria, thanks! His heart has been softened. He invites me to come and live with him in San Francisco. *O Madre de Dios!*"

Although Clara spoke English perfectly, and although she was in faith quite as much of a Protestant as a Catholic, yet in her moments of strong excitement she sometimes fell back into the language and ideas of her childhood.

"Child, what are you jabbering about?" asked Aunt Maria.

"There it is. See! Pedro Muñoz! It is his own signature. I have seen letters of his. Pedro Muñoz! Read it. Oh! you don't read Spanish."

Then she translated the letter aloud. Aunt Maria listened with a firm and almost stern aspect, like one who sees some justice done, but not enough.

"He doesn't beg your pardon," she said at the close of the reading.

Clara, supposing that she was expected to laugh, and not seeing the point of the joke, stared in amazement.

"But probably he is in a meeker mood now," continued Aunt Maria. "By this time it is to be hoped that he sees his past conduct in a proper light. The letter was written three months ago."

"Three months ago," repeated Clara. "Yes, it has taken all that time to come. How long will it take me to go there? How shall I go?"

"We will see," said Aunt Maria, with the air of one who holds the fates in her hand, and doesn't mean to open it till she gets ready. She was by no means satisfied as yet that this grandfather Muñoz was a proper person to be intrusted with the destinies of a young lady. In refusing to let his daughter select her own husband, he had shown a very squinting and incomplete perception of the rights of woman.

"Old reprobate!" thought Aunt Maria. "Probably he has got gouty with his vices, and wants to be nursed. I fancy I see him getting Clara without going on his sore marrow-bones and begging pardon of gods and women."

"Of course I must go," continued Clara, unsuspecting of her aunt's reflections. "At all events he will support me. Besides, he is now the head of my family."

"Head of the family!" frowned Aunt Maria. "Because he is a man? So much the more reason for his being the tail of it. My dear, you are your own head."

"Ah—well. What is the use of all *that*?" asked Clara, smiling away those views. "I have no money, and he has."

"Well, we will see," persisted Aunt Maria. "I just told you so. We will see."

The two women had scarcely left the roof of the house and got themselves down to the large, breezy, sparsely furnished parlor, ere the lazy, dawdling Indian servant announced Lieutenant Thurstane.

Lieutenant Ralph Thurstane was a tall, full-chested, finely-limbed gladiator of perhaps four and twenty. Broad forehead; nose straight and high enough; lower part of the face oval; on the whole a good physiognomy. Cheek bones

rather strongly marked ; a hint of Scandinavian ancestry supported by his name. Thurstane is evidently Thor's stone or altar ; forefathers priests of the god of thunder. His complexion was so reddened and darkened by sunburn that his untanned forehead looked unnaturally white and delicate. His yellow, one might almost call it golden hair, was wavy enough to be handsome. Eyes quite remarkable ; blue, but of a very dark blue, like the coloring which is sometimes given to steel : so dark indeed that one's first impression was that they were black. Their natural expression seemed to be gentle, pathetic, and almost imploring ; but authority, responsibility, hardship, and danger had given them an ability to be stern. In his whole face, young as he was, there was already the look of the veteran, that calm reminiscence of trials endured, that preparedness for trials to come. In fine, taking figure, physiognomy, and demeanor together, he was attractive.

He saluted the ladies as if they were his superior officers. It was a kindly address, but ceremonious ; it was almost humble, and yet it was self-respectful.

"I have some great news," he presently said, in the full masculine tone of one who has done much drilling. "That is, it is great to me. I change station."

"How is that?" asked Clara eagerly. She was not troubled at the thought of losing a beau ; we must not be so hard upon her as to make that supposition ; but here was a trustworthy friend going away just when she wanted counsel and perhaps aid.

"I have been promoted first lieutenant of Company I, Fifth Regiment, and I must join my company."

"Promoted ! I am glad," said Clara.

"You ought to be pleased," put in Aunt Maria, staring at the grave face of the young man with no approving expression. "I thought men were always pleased with such things."

"So I am," returned Thurstane. "Of course I am pleased with the step. But I must leave Santa Fé. And I have found Santa Fé very pleasant."

There was so much meaning obvious in these last words that Clara's face colored like a sunset.

"I thought soldiers never indulged in such feelings," continued the unmollified Aunt Maria.

"Soldiers are but men," observed Thurstane, flushing through his sunburn.

"And men are weak creatures."

Thurstane grew still redder. This old lady (old in his young eyes) was always at him about his manship, as if it were a crime and disgrace. He wanted to give her one, but out of respect for Clara he did not, and merely moved uneasily in his seat, as men are apt to do when they are set down hard.

"How soon must you go? Where?" demanded Clara.

"As soon as I can close my accounts here and turn over my stores to my successor. Company I is at Fort Yuma on the Colorado. It is the first post in California."

"California !" And Clara could not help brightening up in cheeks and eyes with fine tints and flashes. "Why, I am going to California."

"We will see," said Aunt Maria, still holding the fates in her fist.

Then came the story of Grandfather Muñoz's letter, with a hint or two concerning the decay of the Van Diemen fortune, for Clara was not worldly wise enough to hide her poverty.

Thurstane's face turned as red with pleasure as if it had been dipped in the

sun. If this young lady was going to California, he might perhaps be her knight-errant across the desert, guard her from privations and hardships, and crown himself with her smiles. If she was poor, he might—well, he would not speculate upon that; it was too dizzying.

We must say a word as to his history in order to show why he was so shy and sensitive. He had been through West Point, confined himself while there closely to his studies, gone very soon into active service, and so seen little society. The discipline of the Academy and three years in the regular army had ground into him the soldier's respect for superiors. He revered his field officers; he received a communication from the War Department as a sort of superhuman revelation; he would have blown himself sky-high at the command of General Scott. This habit of subordination, coupled with a natural fund of reverence, led him to feel that many persons were better than himself, and to be humble in their presence. All women were his superior officers, and the highest in rank was Clara Van Diemen.

Well, hurrah! he was to march under her to California! and the thought made him half wild. He would protect her; he would kill all the Indians in the desert for her sake; he would feed her on his own blood, if necessary.

As he considered these proper and feasible projects, the audacious thought which he had just tried to expel from his mind forced its way back into it. If the Van Diemen estate were insolvent, if this semi-divine Clara were as poor as himself, there was a call on him to double his devotion to her, and there was a hope that his worship might some day be rewarded.

How he would slave and serve for her; how he would earn promotion for her sake; how he would fight her battle in life! But would she let him do it? Ah, it seemed too much to hope. Poor though she was, she was still a heaven or so above him; she was so beautiful and had so many perfections!

Oh, the purity, the self-abnegation, the humility of love! It makes a man scarcely lower than the angels, and quite superior to not a few revered saints.

CHAPTER II.

"I MUST say," observed Thurstane—"I beg your pardon for advising—but I think you had better accept your grandfather's invitation."

He said it with a pang at his heart, for if this adorable girl went to her grandfather, the old fellow would be sure to love her and leave her his property, in which case there would be no chance for a proud and poor lieutenant. He gave his advice under a grim sense that it was his duty to give it, because the following of it would be best for Miss Van Diemen.

"So I think," nodded Clara, fortified by this opinion to resist Aunt Maria, and the more fortified because it was the opinion of a man.

After a certain amount of discussion the elder lady was persuaded to loosen her mighty grip and give the destinies a little liberty.

"Well, it *may* be best," she said, pursing her mouth as if she tasted the bitter of some half-suspected and disagreeable future. "I don't know. I won't undertake positively to decide. But, if you do go," and here she became authentic and despotic—"if you do go, I shall go with you and see you safe there."

"Oh! *will* you?" exclaimed Clara, all Spanish and all emotion for an instant. "How sweet and good and beautiful of you! You are my guardian angel. Do you know? I thought you would offer to go. I said to myself, She came on to Santa Fé for my sake, and she will go to California. But oh, it is too much for me to ask. How shall I ever pay you?"

"I will pay myself," returned Aunt Maria. "I have plans for California."

It was as if she had said, "Go to, we will make California in our own image."

The young lady was satisfied. Her strong-minded relative was a mighty mystery to her, just as men were mighty mysteries. Whatever she or they said could be done and should be done, why of course it would be done, and that shortly.

By the time that Aunt Maria had announced her decision, another visitor was on the point of entrance. Carlos Maria Muñoz García de Coronado was a nephew of Manuel García, who was a cousin of Clara's grandfather; only, as García was merely his uncle by marriage, Coronado and Clara were not related by blood, though calling each other cousin. He was a man of medium stature, slender in build, agile and graceful in movement, complexion very dark, features high and aristocratic, short black hair and small black moustache, eyes black also, but veiled and dusky. He was about twenty-eight, but he seemed at least four years older, partly because of a deep wrinkle which slashed down each cheek, and partly because he was so perfectly self-possessed and elaborately courteous. His intellect was apparently as alert and adroit as his physical action. A few words from Clara enabled him to seize the situation.

"Go at once," he decided without a moment's hesitation. "My dear cousin, it will be the happy turning point of your fortunes. I fancy you already inheriting the hoards, city lots, haciendas, mines, and cattle of our excellent relative Muñoz—long may he live to enjoy them! Certainly. Don't whisper an objection. Muñoz owes you that reparation. His conduct has been—we will not describe it—we will hope that he means to make amends for it. Unquestionably he will. My dear cousin, nothing can resist you. You will enchant your grandfather. It will all end, like the tales of the Arabian Nights, in your living in a palace. How delightful to think of this long family quarrel at last coming to a close! But how do you go?"

"If Miss Van Diemen goes overland, I can do something toward protecting her and making her comfortable," suggested Thurstane. "I am ordered to Fort Yuma."

Coronado glanced at the young officer, noted the guilty blush which peeped out of his tanned cheek, and came to a decision on the instant.

"Overland!" he exclaimed, lifting both his hands. "Take her overland! My God! my God!"

Thurstane reddened at the insinuation that he had given bad advice to Miss Van Diemen; but though he wanted to fight the Mexican, he controlled himself, and did not even argue. Like all sensitive and at the same time self-respectful persons, he was exceedingly considerate of the feelings of others, and was a very lamb in conversation.

"It is a desert," continued Coronado in a kind of scream of horror. "It is a waterless desert, without a blade of grass, and haunted from end to end by Apaches. My little cousin would die of thirst and hunger. She would be hunted and scalped. O my God! overland!"

"Emigrant parties are going all the while," ventured Thurstane, very angry at such extravagant opposition, but merely looking a little stiff.

"Certainly. You are right, Lieutenant," bowed Coronado. "They do go. But how many perish on the way? They march between the unburied and withered corpses of their predecessors. And what a journey for a woman—for a lady accustomed to luxury—for my little cousin! I beg your pardon, my dear Lieutenant Thurstane, for disagreeing with you. My advice is—the isthmus."

"I have, of course, nothing to say," admitted the officer, returning Coronado's bow. "The family must decide."

"Certainly, the isthmus, the steamers," went on the fluent Mexican. "You sail to Panama. You have an easy and safe land trip of a few days. Then steamers again. Poff! you are there. By all means, the isthmus."

We must allot a few more words of description to this Don Carlos Coronado. Let no one expect a stage Spaniard, with the air of a matador or a guerrillero, who wears only picturesque and outlandish costumes, and speaks only magniloquent Castilian. Coronado was dressed, on this spring morning, precisely as American dandies then dressed for summer promenades on Broadway. His hat was a fine panama with a broad black ribbon; his frock-coat was of thin cloth, plain, dark, and altogether civilized; his light trousers were cut gaiter-fashion, and strapped under the instep; his small boots were patent-leather, and of the ordinary type. There was nothing poetic about his attire except a reasonably wide Byron collar and a rather dashing crimson neck-tie, well suited to his dark complexion.

His manner was sometimes excitable, as we have seen above; but usually he was like what gentlemen with us desire to be. Perhaps he bowed lower and smiled oftener and gestured more gracefully than Americans are apt to do. But there was in general nothing Oriental about him, no assumption of barbaric pompousness, no extravagance of bearing. His prevailing deportment was calm, grave, and deliciously courteous. If you had met him, no matter how or where, you would probably have been pleased with him. He would have made conversation for you, and put you at ease in a moment; you would have believed that he liked you, and you would therefore have been disposed to like him. In short, he was agreeable to most people, and to some people fascinating.

And then his English! It was wonderful to hear him talk it. No American could say that he spoke better English than Coronado, and no American surely ever spoke it so fluently. It rolled off his lips in a torrent, undefiled by a mispronunciation or a foreign idiom. And yet he had begun to learn the language after reaching the age of manhood, and had acquired it mainly during three years of exile and teaching of Spanish in the United States. His linguistic cleverness was a fair specimen of his general quickness of intellect.

Mrs. Stanley had liked him at first sight—that is, liked him for a man. He knew it; he had seen that she was a person worth conciliating; he had addressed himself to her, let off his bows at her, made her the centre of conversation. In ten minutes from the entrance of Coronado Mrs. Stanley was of opinion that Clara ought to go to California by way of the isthmus, although she had previously taken the overland route for granted. In another ten minutes the matter was settled: the ladies were to go by way of New Orleans, Panama, and the Pacific.

Shortly afterward, Coronado and Thurstane took their leave; the Mexican affable, sociable, smiling, smoking; the American civil, but taciturn and grave.

"Aha! I have disappointed the young gentleman," thought Coronado as they parted, the one going to his quartermaster's office and the other to Garcia's house.

Coronado, although he had spent great part of his life in courting women, was a bachelor. He had been engaged once in New Mexico and two or three times in New York, but had always, as he could tell you with a smile, been disappointed. He now lived with his uncle, that Señor Manuel Garcia whom Clara has mentioned, a trader with California, an owner of vast estates and much cattle, and

reputed to be one of the richest men in New Mexico. The two often quarrelled, and the elder had once turned the younger out of doors, so lively were their dispositions. But as Garcia had lost one by one all his children, he had at last taken his nephew into permanent favor, and would, it was said, leave him his property.

The house, a hollow square built of *adobe* bricks in one story, covered a vast deal of ground, had spacious rooms and a court big enough to bivouac a regiment. It was, in fact, not only a dwelling, but a magazine where Garcia stored his merchandise, and a caravansary where he parked his wagons. As Coronado lounged into the main doorway he was run against by a short, puffy old gentleman who was rushing out.

"Ah! there you are!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in Spanish. "O you pig! you dog! you never are here. O Madre de Dios! how I have needed you! There is no time to lose. Enter at once."

A dyspeptic, worn with work and anxieties, his nervous system shattered, Garcia was subject to fits of petulance which were ludicrous. In these rages he called everybody who would bear it pigs, dogs, and other more unsavory nicknames. Coronado bore it because thus he got his living, and got it without much labor.

"I want you," gasped Garcia, seizing the young man by the arm and dragging him into a private room. "I want to speak to you in confidence—in confidence, mind you, in confidence—about Muñoz."

"I have heard of it," said Coronado, as the old man stopped to catch his breath.

"Heard of it!" exclaimed Garcia, in such consternation that he turned yellow, which was his way of turning pale. "Has the news got here? O Madre de Dios!"

"Yes, I was at our little cousin's this evening. It is an ugly affair."

"And *she* knows it?" groaned the old man. "O Madre de Dios!"

"She told me of it. She is going there. I did the best I could. She was about to go overland, in charge of the American, Thurstane. I broke that up. I persuaded her to go by the isthmus."

"It is of little use," said Garcia, his eyes filmy with despair, as if he were dying. "She will get there. The property will be hers."

"Not necessarily. He has simply invited her to live with him. She may not suit."

"How?" demanded Garcia, open-eyed and open-mouthed with anxiety.

"He has simply invited her to live with him," repeated Coronado. "I saw the letter."

"What! you don't know, then?"

"Know what?"

"Muñoz is dead."

Coronado threw out, first a stare of surprise, and then a shout of laughter.

"And here they have just got a letter from him," he said presently; "and I have been persuading her to go to him by the isthmus!"

"May the journey take her to him!" muttered Garcia. "How old was this letter?"

"Nearly three months. It came by sea, first to New York, and then here."

"My news is a month later. It came overland by special messenger. Listen to me, Carlos. This affair is worse than you know. Do you know what

Muñoz has done? Oh, the pig! the dog! the villainous pig! He has left everything to his granddaughter."

Coronado, dumb with astonishment and dismay, mechanically slapped his boot with his cane and stared at Garcia.

"I am ruined," cried the old man. "The pig of hell has ruined me. He has left me, his cousin, his only male relative, to ruin. Not a doubloon to save me."

"Is there *no* chance?" asked Coronado, after a long silence.

"None! Oh—yes—one. A little one, a miserable little one. If she dies without issue and without a will, I am heir. And you, Carlos" (changing here to a wheedling tone), "you are mine."

The look which accompanied these last words was a terrible mingling of cunning, cruelty, hope, and despair.

Coronado glanced at Garcia with a shocking comprehension, and immediately dropped his dusky eyes upon the floor.

"You know I have made my will," resumed the old man, "and left you everything."

"Which is nothing," returned Coronado, aware that his uncle was insolvent in reality, and that his estate when settled would not show the residuum of a dollar.

"If the fortune of Muñoz comes to me, I shall be very rich."

"When you get it."

"Listen to me, Carlos. Is there no way of getting it?"

As the two men stared at each other they were horrible. The uncle was always horrible; he was one of the very ugliest of Spaniards; he was a brutal caricature of the national type. He had a low forehead, round face, bulbous nose, shaking fat cheeks, insignificant chin, and only one eye, a black and sleepy orb, which seemed to crawl like a snake. His exceedingly dark skin was made darker by a singular bluish tinge which resulted from heavy doses of nitrate of silver, taken as a remedy for epilepsy. His face was, moreover, mottled with dusky spots, so that he reminded the spectator of a frog or a toad. Just now he looked nothing less than poisonous; the hungriest of cannibals would not have dared eat him.

"I am ruined," he went on groaning. "The war, the Yankees, the Apaches, the devil—I am completely ruined. In another year I shall be sold out. Then, my dear Carlos, you will have no home."

"*Sangre de Dios!*" growled Coronado. "Do you want to drive me to the devil?"

"O God! to force an old man to such an extremity!" continued Garcia. "It is more than an old man is fitted to strive with. An old man—an old, sick, worn-out man!"

"You are sure about the will?" demanded the nephew.

"I have a copy of it," said Garcia, eagerly. "Here it is. Read it. O Madre de Dios! there is no doubt about it. I can trust my lawyer. It all goes to her. It only comes to me if she dies childless and intestate."

"This is a horrible dilemma to force us into," observed Coronado, after he had read the paper.

"So it is," assented Garcia, looking at him with indescribable anxiety. "So it is; so it is. What is to be done?"

"Suppose I should marry her?"

The old man's countenance fell; he wanted to call his nephew a pig, a dog,

and everything else that is villainous; but he restrained himself and merely whimpered, "It would be better than nothing. You could help me."

"There is little chance of it," said Coronado, seeing that the proposition was not approved. "She likes the American lieutenant much, and does not like me at all."

"Then——" began Garcia, and stopped there, trembling all over.

"Then what?"

The venomous old toad made a supreme effort and whispered, "Suppose she should die?"

Coronado wheeled about, walked two or three times up and down the room, returned to where Garcia sat quivering, and murmured, "It must be done quickly."

"Yes, yes," gasped the old man. "She must—it must be childless and intestate."

"She must go off in some natural way," continued the nephew.

The uncle looked up with a vague hope in his one dusky and filmy eye.

"Perhaps the isthmus will do it for her."

Again the old man turned to an image of despair, as he mumbled, "O Madre de Dios! no, no. The isthmus is nothing."

"Is the overland route more dangerous?" asked Coronado.

"It might be made more dangerous. One gets lost in the desert. There are Apaches."

"It is a horrible business," growled Coronado, shaking his head and biting his lips.

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" groaned Garcia. "Muñoz was a pig, and a dog, and a toad, and a snake."

"You old coward! can't you speak out?" hissed Coronado, losing his patience. "Do you want me both to devise and execute, while you take the purses? Tell me at once what your plan is."

"The overland route," whispered Garcia, shaking from head to foot. "You go with her. I pay—I pay everything. You shall have men, horses, mules, wagons, all you want."

"I shall want money, too. I shall need, perhaps, two thousand dollars. Apaches."

"Yes, yes," assented Garcia. "The Apaches make an attack. You shall have money. I can raise it; I will."

"How soon will you have a train ready?"

"Immediately. Any day you want. You must start at once. She must not know of the will. She might remain here, and let the estate be settled for her, and draw on it. She might go back to New York. Anybody would lend her money."

"Yes, events hurry us," muttered Coronado. "Well, get your cursed train ready. I will induce her to take it. I must unsay now all that I said in favor of the isthmus."

"Do be judicious," implored Garcia. "With judgment, with judgment. Lost on the plains. Stolen by Apaches. No killing. No scandals. O my God, how I hate scandals and uproars! I am an old man, Carlos. With judgment, with judgment."

"I comprehend," responded Coronado, adding a long string of Spanish curses, most of them meant for his uncle.

CHAPTER III.

THAT very day Coronado made a second call on Clara and her Aunt Maria, to retract, contradict, and disprove all that he had said in favor of the isthmus and against the overland route.

Although his visit was timed early in the evening, he found Lieutenant Thurstane already with the ladies. Instead of scowling at him, or crouching in conscious guilt before him, he made a cordial rush for his hand, smiled sweetly in his face, and offered him incense of gratitude.

"My dear Lieutenant, you are perfectly right," he said, in his fluent English. "The journey by the isthmus is not to be thought of. I have just seen a friend who has made it. Poisonous serpents in myriads. The most deadly climate in the world. Nearly everybody had the *vomito*; one-fifth died of it. You eat a little fruit; down you go on your back—dead in four hours. Then there are constant fights between the emigrants and the sullen, ferocious Indians of the isthmus. My poor friend never slept with his revolver out of his hand. I said to him, 'My dear fellow, it is cruel to rejoice in your misfortunes, but I am heartily glad that I have heard of them. You have saved the life of the most remarkable woman that I ever knew, and of a cousin of mine who is the star of her sex.'"

Here Coronado made one bow to Mrs. Stanley and another to Clara, at the same time kissing his sallow hand enthusiastically to all creation. Aunt Maria tried to look stern at the compliment, but eventually thawed into a smile over it. Clara acknowledged it with a little wave of the hand, as if, coming from Coronado, it meant nothing more than good-morning, which indeed was just about his measure of it.

"Moreover," continued the Mexican, "overland route? Why, it is overland route both ways. If you go by the isthmus, you must traverse all Texas and Louisiana, at the very least. You might as well go at once to San Diego. In short, the route by the isthmus is not to be thought of."

"And what of the overland route?" asked Mrs. Stanley.

"The overland route is the *other*," laughed Coronado.

"Yes, I know. We must take it, I suppose. But what is the last news about it? You spoke this morning of Indians, I believe. Not that I suppose they are very formidable."

"The overland route does not lead directly through paradise, my dear Mrs. Stanley," admitted Coronado with insinuating candor. "But it is not as bad as has been represented. I have never tried it. I must rely upon the report of others. Well, on learning that the isthmus would not do for you, I rushed off immediately to inquire about the overland. I questioned Garcia's teamsters. I catechized some newly-arrived travellers. I pumped dry every source of information. The result is that the overland route will do. No suffering; absolutely none; not a bit. And no danger worth mentioning. The Apaches are under a cloud. Our American conquerors and fellow-citizens" (here he gently patted Thurstane on the shoulder-strap), "our Romans of the nineteenth century, they tranquillize the Apaches. A child might walk from here to Fort Yuma without risking its little scalp."

All this was said in the most light-hearted and airy manner conceivable. Coronado waved and floated on zephyrs of fancy and fluency. A butterfly or a humming-bird could not have talked more cheerily about flying over a parterre of flowers than he about traversing the North American desert. And, with all

this frivolous, imponderable grace, what an accent of verity he had! He spoke of the teamsters as if he had actually conversed with them, and of the overland route as if he had been studiously gathering information concerning it.

"I believe that what you say about the Apaches is true," observed Thurstane, a bit awkwardly.

Coronado smiled, tossed him a little bow, and murmured in the most cordial, genial way, "And the rest?"

"I beg pardon," said the Lieutenant, reddening. "I didn't mean to cast doubt upon any of your statements, sir."

Thurstane had the army tone; he meant to be punctiliously polite; perhaps he was a little stiff in his politeness. But he was young, had had small practice in society, was somewhat hampered by modesty, and so sometimes made a blunder. Such things annoyed him excessively; a breach of etiquette seemed something like a breach of orders; hadn't meant to charge Coronado with drawing the long bow; couldn't help coloring about it. Didn't think much of Coronado, but stood somewhat in awe of him, as being four years older in time and a dozen years older in the ways of the world.

"I only meant to say," he continued, "that I have information concerning the Apaches which coincides with yours, sir. They are quiet, at least for the present. Indeed, I understand that Red Sleeve, or Manga Colorada, as you call him, is coming in with his band to make a treaty."

"Admirable!" cried Coronado. "Why not hire him to guarantee our safety? Set a thief to catch a thief. Why does not your Government do that sort of thing? Let the Apaches protect the emigrants, and the United States pay the Apaches. They would be the cheapest military force possible. That is the way the Turks manage the desert Arabs."

"Mr. Coronado, you ought to be Governor of New Mexico," said Aunt Maria, stricken with admiration at this project.

Thurstane looked at the two as if he considered them a couple of fools, each bigger than the other. Coronado advanced to Mrs. Stanley, took her hand, bowed over it, and murmured, "Let me have your influence at Washington, my dear Madame." The remarkable woman squirmed a little, fearing lest he should kiss her fingers, but nevertheless gave him a gracious smile.

"It strikes me, however," she said, "that the isthmus route is better. We know by experience that the journey from here to Bent's Fort is safe and easy. From there down the Arkansas and Missouri to St. Louis it is mostly water carriage; and from St. Louis you can sail anywhere."

Coronado was alarmed. He must put a stopper on this project. He called up all his resources.

"My dear Mrs. Stanley, allow me. Remember that emigrants move westward, and not eastward. Coming from Bent's Fort you had protection and company; but going towards it would be different. And then think what you would lose. The great American desert, as it is absurdly styled, is one of the most interesting regions on earth. Mrs. Stanley, did you ever hear of the Casas Grandes, the Casas de Montezuma, the ruined cities of New Mexico? In this so-called desert there was once an immense population. There was a civilization which rose, flourished, decayed, and disappeared without a historian. Nothing remains of it but the walls of its fortresses and palaces. Those you will see. They are wonderful. They are worth ten times the labor and danger which we shall encounter. Buildings eight hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty feet deep, Mrs. Stanley. The resting-places and wayside strongholds of the Aztecs on

their route from the frozen North to found the Empire of the Montezumas ! This whole region is strewn, and cumbered, and glorified with ruins. If we should go by the way of the San Juan——”

“The San Juan !” protested Thurstane. “Nobody goes by the way of the San Juan.”

Coronado stopped, bowed, smiled, waited to see if Thurstane had finished, and then proceeded.

“Along the San Juan every hilltop is crowned with these monuments of antiquity. It is like the castled Rhine. Ruins looking in the faces of ruins. It is a tragedy in stone. It is like Niobe and her daughters. Moreover, if we take this route we shall pass the Moquis. The independent Moquis are a fragment of the ancient ruling race of New Mexico. They live in stone-built cities on lofty eminences. They weave blankets of exquisite patterns and colors, and produce a species of pottery which almost deserves the name of porcelain.”

“Really, you ought to write all this,” exclaimed Aunt Maria, her imagination fired to a white heat.

“I ought,” said Coronado, impressively. “I owe it to these people to celebrate them in history. I owe them that much because of the name I bear. Did you ever hear of Coronado, the conqueror of New Mexico, the stormer of the seven cities of Cibola ? It was he who gave the final shock to this antique civilization. He was the Cortes of this portion of the continent. I bear his name, and his blood runs in my veins.”

He held down his head as if he were painfully oppressed by the sense of his crimes and responsibilities as a descendant of the waster of aboriginal New Mexico. Mrs. Stanley, delighted with his emotion, slyly grasped and pressed his hand.

“Oh, man ! man !” she groaned. “What evils has that creature man wrought in this beautiful world ! Ah, Mr. Coronado, it would have been a very different planet had woman had her rightful share in the management of its affairs.”

“Undoubtedly,” sighed Coronado. He had already obtained an insight into this remarkable person’s views on the woman question, the superiority of her own sex, the stolidity and infamy of the other. It was worth his while to humor her on this point, for the sake of gaining an influence over her, and so over Clara. Cheered by the success of his history, he now launched into pure poetry.

“Woman has done something,” he said. “There is every reason to believe that the cities of the San Juan were ruled by queens, and that some of them were inhabited by a race of Amazons.”

“Is it possible ?” exclaimed Aunt Maria, flushing and rustling with interest.

“It is the opinion of the best antiquarians. It is my opinion. Nothing else can account for the exquisite earthenware which is found there. Women, you are aware, far surpass men in the arts of beauty. Moreover, the inscriptions on hieroglyphic rocks in these abandoned cities evidently refer to Amazons. There you see them doing the work of men—carrying on war, ruling conquered regions, founding cities. It is a picture of a golden age, Mrs. Stanley.”

Aunt Maria meant to go by way of the San Juan, if she had to scalp Apaches herself in doing it.

“Lieutenant Thurstane, what do you say ?” she asked, turning her sparkling eyes upon the officer.

“I must confess that I never heard of all these things,” replied Thurstane, with an air which added, “And I don’t believe in most of them.”

"As for the San Juan route," he continued, "it is two hundred miles at least out of our way. The country is a desert and almost unexplored. I don't fancy the plan—I beg your pardon, Mr. Coronado—but I don't fancy it at all."

Aunt Maria despised him and almost hated him for his stupid, practical, unpoetic common sense.

"I must say that I quite fancy the San Juan route," she responded, with proper firmness.

"I venture to agree with you," said Coronado, as meekly as if her fancy were not of his own making. "Only a hundred miles off the straight line (begging your pardon, my dear Lieutenant), and through a country which is naturally fertile—witness the immense population which it once supported. As for its being unexplored, I have explored it myself; and I shall go with you."

"Shall you!" cried Aunt Maria, as if that made all safe and delightful.

"Yes. My excellent Uncle Garcia (good, kind-hearted old man) takes the strongest interest in this affair. He is resolved that his charming little relative here, La Señorita Clara, shall cross the continent in safety and comfort. He offers a special wagon train for the purpose, and insists that I shall accompany it. Of course I am only too delighted to obey him."

"Garcia is very good, and so are you, Coronado," said Clara, very thankful and profoundly astonished. "How can I ever repay you both? I shall always be your debtor."

"My dear cousin!" protested Coronado, bowing and smiling. "Well, it is settled. We will start as soon as may be. The train will be ready in a day or two."

"I have no money," stammered Clara. "The estate is not settled."

"Our good old Garcia has thought of everything. He will advance you what you want, and take your draft on the executors."

"Your uncle is one of nature's noblemen," affirmed Aunt Maria. "I must call on him and thank him for his goodness and generosity."

"Oh, never!" said Coronado. "He only waits your permission to visit you and pay you his humble respects. Absence has prevented him from attending to that delightful duty heretofore. He has but just returned from Albuquerque."

"Tell him I shall be glad to see him," smiled Aunt Maria. "But what does he say of the San Juan route?"

"He advises it. He has been in the overland trade for thirty years. He is tenderly interested in his relative Clara; and he advises her to go by way of the San Juan."

"Then so it shall be," declared Aunt Maria.

"And how do you go, Lieutenant?" asked Coronado, turning to Thurstone.

"I had thought of travelling with you," was the answer, delivered with a grave and troubled air, as if now he must give up his project.

Coronado was delighted. He had urged the northern and circuitous route mainly to get rid of the officer, taking it for granted that the latter must join his new command as soon as possible. He did not want him courting Clara all across the continent; and he did not want him saving her from being lost, if it should become necessary to lose her.

"I earnestly hope that we shall not lose your company," he said.

Thurstone, in profound thought, simply bowed his acknowledgments. A few minutes later, as he rose to return to his quarters, he said, with an air of solemn resolution, "If I can possibly go with you, I *will*."

All the next day and evening Coronado was in and out of the Van Diemen

house. Had there been a mail for the ladies, he would have brought it to them ; had it contained a letter from California, he would have abstracted and burnt it. He helped them pack for the journey ; he made an inventory of the furniture and found storeroom for it ; he was a valet and a spy in one. Meantime Garcia hurried up his train, and hired suitable muleteers for the animals and suitable assassins for the travellers. Thurstane was also busy, working all day and half of the night over his government accounts, so that he might if possible get off with Clara.

Coronado thought of making interest with the post-commandant to have Thurstane kept a few days in Santa Fé. But the post-commandant was a grim and taciturn old major, who looked him through and through with a pair of icy gray eyes, and returned brief answers to his musical commonplaces. Coronado did not see how he could humbug him, and concluded not to try it. The attempt might excite suspicion ; the major might say, " How is this your business ? " So, after a little unimportant tattle, Coronado made his best bow to the old fellow, and hurried off to oversee his so-called cousin.

In the evening he brought Garcia to call on the ladies. Aunt Maria was rather surprised and shocked to see such an excellent man look so much like an infamous scoundrel. " But good people are always plain," she reasoned ; and so she was as cordial to him as one can be in English to a saint who understands nothing but Spanish. Garcia, instructed by Coronado, could not bow low enough nor smile greasily enough at Aunt Maria. His dull commonplaces, moreover, were translated by his nephew into flowering compliments for the lady herself, and enthusiastic professions of faith in the superior intelligence and moral worth of all women. So the two got along famously, although neither ever knew what the other had really said.

When Clara appeared, Garcia bowed humbly without lifting his eyes to her face, and received her kiss without returning it, as one might receive the kiss of a corpse.

" Contemptible coward ! " thought Coronado. Then, turning to Mrs. Stanley, he whispered, " My uncle is almost broken down with this parting."

" Excellent creature ! " murmured Aunt Maria, surveying the old toad with warm sympathy. " What a pity he has lost one eye ! It quite injures the benevolent expression of his face."

Although Garcia was very distantly connected with Clara, she gave him the title of uncle.

" How is this, my uncle ? " she said, gaily. " You send your merchandise trains through Bernalillo, and you send me through Santa Anna and Rio Arriba."

Garcia, cowed and confounded, made no reply that was comprehensible.

" It is a newly discovered route," put in Coronado, " lately found to be easier and safer than the old one. Two hundred and fifty years in learning the fact, Mrs. Stanley ! Just as we were two hundred and fifty years without discovering the gold of California."

" Ah ! " said Clara. Absent since her childhood from New Mexico, she knew little about its geography, and could be easily deceived.

After a while Thurstane entered, out of breath and red with haste. He had stolen ten minutes from his accounts and stores to bring Miss Van Diemen a piece of information which was to him important and distressing.

" I fear that I shall not be able to go with you," he said. " I have received orders to wait for a sergeant and three recruits who have been assigned to my company. The messenger reports that they are on the march from Fort Bent

with an emigrant train, and will not be here for a week. It annoys me horribly, Miss Van Diemen. I thought I saw my way clear to be of your party. I assure you I earnestly desired it. This route—I am afraid of it—I wanted to be with you."

"To protect me?" queried Clara, her face lighting up with a grateful smile, so innocent and frank was she. Then she turned grave again, and added, "I am sorry."

Thankful for these last words, but nevertheless quite miserable, the youngster worshipped her and trembled for her.

This conversation had been carried on in a quiet tone, so that the others of the party had not overheard it, not even the watchful Coronado.

"It is too unfortunate," said Clara, turning to them. "Lieutenant Thurstane cannot go with us."

Garcia and Coronado exchanged a look which said, "Thank—the devil!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day brought news of an obstacle to the march of the wagon train through Santa Anna and Rio Arriba.

It was reported that the audacious and savage Apache chieftain, Manga Colorada, or Red Sleeve, under pretence of wanting to make a treaty with the Americans, had approached within sixty miles of Santa Fé to the west, and camped there, on the route to the San Juan country, not making treaties at all, but simply making hot beefsteaks out of Mexican cattle and cold carcasses out of Mexican rancheros.

"We shall have to get those fellows off that trail and put them across the Bernalillo route," said Coronado to Garcia.

"The pigs! the dogs! the wicked beasts! the devils!" barked the old man, dancing about the room in a rage. After a while he dropped breathless into a chair and looked eagerly at his nephew for help.

"It will cost at least another thousand," observed the younger man.

"You have had two thousand," shuddered Garcia. "You were to do the whole accursed job with that."

"I did not count on Manga Colorada. Besides, I have given a thousand to our little cousin. I must keep a thousand to meet the chances that may come. There are men to be bribed."

Garcia groaned, hesitated, decided, went to some board which he had put aside for great needs, counted out a hundred American eagles, toyed with them, wept over them, and brought them to Coronado.

"Will that do?" he asked. "It must do. There is no more."

"I will try with that," said the nephew. "Now let me have a few good men and your best horses. I want to see them all before I trust myself with them."

Coronado felt himself in a position to dictate, and it was curious to see how quick he put on magisterial airs; he was one of those who enjoy authority, though little and brief.

"Accursed beast!" thought Garcia, who did not dare just now to break out with his "pig, dog," etc. "He wants me to pay everything. The thousand ought to be enough for men and horses and all. Why not poison the girl at once, and save all this money? If he had the spirit of a man! O Madre de Dios! Madre de Dios! What extremities! what extremities!"

But Garcia was like a good many of us ; his thoughts were worse than his deeds and words. While he was cogitating thus savagely, he was saying aloud, "My son, my dear Carlos, come and choose for yourself."

Turning into the court of the house, they strolled through a medley of wagons, mules, horses, merchandise, muleteers, teamsters, idlers, white men and Indians. Coronado soon picked out a couple of rancheros whom he knew as capital riders, fair marksmen, faithful and intelligent. Next his eye fell upon a man in Mexican clothing, almost as dark and dirty too as the ordinary Mexican, but whose height, size, insolence of carriage, and ferocity of expression marked him as of another and more pugnacious, more imperial race.

"You are an American," said Coronado, in his civil manner, for he had two manners as opposite as the poles.

"I be," replied the stranger, staring at Coronado as a Lombard or Frankish warrior might have stared at an effeminate and diminutive Roman.

"May I ask what your name is ?"

"Some folks call me Texas Smith."

Coronado shifted uneasily on his feet, as a man might shift in presence of a tiger, who, as he feared, was insufficiently chained. He was face to face with a fellow who was as much the terror of the table-land, from the borders of Texas to California, as if he had been an Apache chief.

This noted desperado, although not more than twenty-six or seven years old, had the horrible fame of a score of murders. His appearance mated well with his frightful history and reputation. His intensely black eyes, blacker even than the eyes of Coronado, had a stare of absolutely indescribable ferocity. It was more ferocious than the merely brutal glare of a tiger ; it was an intentional malignity, super-beastly and sub-human. They were eyes which no other man ever looked into and afterward forgot. His sunburnt, sallow, haggard, ghastly face, stained early and for life with the corpse-like coloring of malarious fevers, was a fit setting for such optics. Although it was nearly oval in contour, and although the features were or had been fairly regular, yet it was so marked by hard, and one might almost say fleshless muscles, and so brutalized by long indulgence in savage passions, that it struck you as frightfully ugly. A large dull-red scar on the right jaw and another across the left cheek added the final touches to this countenance of a cougar.

"He is my man," whispered Garcia to Coronado. "I have hired him for the great adventure. Sixty piastres a month. Why not take him with you to-day ?"

Coronado gave another glance at the gladiator and meditated. Should he trust this beast of a Texan to guard him against those other beasts the Apaches ? Well, he could die but once ; this whole affair was detestably risky ; he must not lose time in shuddering over the first steps.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "very glad to know that you are with us. Can you start in an hour for the camp of Manga Colorada ? Sixty miles there. We must be back by to-morrow night. It would be best not to say where we are going."

Texas Smith nodded, turned abruptly on the huge heels of his Mexican boots, stalked to where his horse was fastened, and began to saddle him.

"My dear uncle, why didn't you hire the devil ?" whispered Coronado as he stared after the cutthroat.

"Get yourself ready, my nephew," was Garcia's reply. "I will see to the men and horses."

In an hour the expedition was off at full gallop. Coronado had laid aside his American dandy raiment, and was in the full costume of a Mexican of the provinces—broad-brimmed hat of white straw, blue broadcloth jacket adorned with numerous small silver buttons, velvet vest of similar splendor, blue trousers slashed from the knee downwards and gay with buttons, high, loose embroidered boots of crimson leather, long steel spurs jingling and shining. The change became him; he seemed a larger and handsomer man for it; he looked the caballero and almost the hidalgo.

Three hours took the party thirty miles to a hacienda of Garcia's, where they changed horses, leaving their first mounting for the return. After half an hour for dinner, they pushed on again, always at a gallop, the hoofs clattering over the hard, yellow, sunbaked earth, or dashing recklessly along smooth sheets of rock, or through fields of loose, slippery stones. Rare halts to breathe the animals; then the steady, tearing gallop again; no walking or other leisurely gait. Coronado led the way and hastened the pace. There was no tiring him; his thin, sinewy, sun-hardened frame could bear enormous fatigue; moreover, the saddle was so familiar to him that he almost reposed in it. If he had needed physical support, he would have found it in his mental energy. He was capable of that executive furor, that intense passion of exertion, which the man of Latin race can exhibit when he has once fairly set himself to an enterprise. He was of the breed which in nobler days had produced Gonsalvo, Cortes, Pizarro, and Darien.

These riders had set out at ten o'clock in the morning; at five in the afternoon they drew bridle in sight of the Apache encampment. They were on the brow of a stony hill—a pile of bare, gray, glaring, treeless, herbless layers of rock; a pyramid truncated near its base, but still of majestic altitude; one of the pyramids of nature in that region; in short, a butte. Below them lay a valley of six or eight miles in length by one or two in breadth, through the centre of which a rivulet had drawn a paradise of verdure. In the middle of the valley, at the head of a bend in the rivulet, was a camp of human brutes. It was a bivouac rather than a camp. The large tents of bison hide used by the northern Indians are unknown to the Apaches; they have not the bison, and they have less need of shelter in winter. What Coronado saw at this distance was, a few huts of branches, a strolling of many horses, and some scattered riders.

Texas Smith gave him a glance of inquiry which said, "Shall we go ahead—or fire?"

Coronado spurred his horse down the rough, disjointed, slippery declivity, and the others followed. They were soon perceived; the Apache swarm was instantly in a buzz; horses were saddled and mounted, or mounted without saddling; there was a consultation, and then a wild dash toward the travellers. As the two parties neared each other at a gallop, Coronado rode to the front of his squad, waving his sombrero. An Indian who wore the dress of a Mexican caballero, jacket, loose trousers, hat, and boots, spurred in like manner to the front, gestured to his followers to halt, brought his horse to a walk, and slowly approached the white man. Coronado made a sign to show that his pistols were in his holsters; and the Apache responded by dropping his lance and slinging his bow over his shoulder. The two met midway between the two squads of staring, silent horsemen.

"Is it Manga Colorada?" asked the Mexican, in Spanish.

"Manga Colorada," replied the Apache, his long, dark, haggard, savage face lighting up for a moment with a smile of gratified vanity.

"I come in peace, then," said Coronado. "I want your help; I will pay for it."

In our account of this interview we shall translate the broken Spanish of the Indian into ordinary English.

"Manga Colorada will help," he said, "if the pay is good."

Even during this short dialogue the Apaches had with difficulty restrained their curiosity; and their little wiry horses were now caracoling, rearing, and plunging in close proximity to the two speakers.

"We will talk of this by ourselves," said Coronado. "Let us go to your camp."

The conjoint movement of the leaders toward the Indian bivouac was a signal for their followers to mingle and exchange greetings. The adventurers were enveloped and very nearly ridden down by over two hundred prancing, screaming horsemen, shouting to their visitors in their own guttural tongue or in broken Spanish, and enforcing their wild speech with vehement gestures. It was a pandemonium which horribly frightened the Mexican rancheros, and made Coronado's dark cheek turn to an ashy yellow.

The civilized imagination can hardly conceive such a tableau of savagery as that presented by these Arabs of the great American desert. Arabs! The similitude is a calumny on the descendants of Ishmael; the fiercest Bedouins are refined and mild compared with the Apaches. Even the brutal and criminal classes of civilization, the pugilists, roughs, burglars, and pickpockets of our large cities, the men whose daily life is rebellion against conscience, commandment, and justice, offer a gentler and nobler type of character and expression than these "children of nature." There was hardly a face among that gang of wild riders which did not outdo the face of Texas Smith in degraded ferocity. Almost every man and boy was obviously a liar, a thief, and a murderer. The air of beastly cruelty was made even more hateful by an air of beastly cunning. Taking color, brutality, grotesqueness, and filth together, it seemed as if here were a mob of those malignant and ill-favored devils whom Dante has described and the art of his age has painted and sculptured.

It is possible, by the way, that this appearance of moral ugliness was due in part to the physical ugliness of features, which were nearly without exception coarse, irregular, exaggerated, grotesque, and in some cases more like hideous masks than like faces.

Ferocity of expression was further enhanced by poverty and squalor. The mass of this fierce cavalry was wretchedly clothed and disgustingly dirty. Even the showy Mexican costume of Manga Colorada was ripped, frayed, stained with grease and perspiration, and not free from sombre spots which looked like blood. Every one wore the breech-cloth, in some cases nicely fitted and sewed, in others nothing but a shapeless piece of deerskin tied on anyhow. There were a few, either minor chiefs, or leading braves, or professional dandies (for this class exists among the Indians), who sported something like a full Apache costume, consisting of a helmet-shaped cap with a plume of feathers, a blanket or *serape* flying loose from the shoulders, a shirt and breech-cloth, and a pair of long boots, made large and loose in the Mexican style and showy with dyeing and embroidery. These boots, very necessary to men who must ride through thorns and bushes, were either drawn up so as to cover the thighs or turned over from the knee downward, like the leg-covering of Rupert's cavaliers. Many heads were bare, or merely shielded by wreaths of grasses and leaves, the greenery contrasting fantastically with the unkempt hair and fierce faces, but producing at a distance an effect which was not without sylvan grace.

The only weapons were iron-tipped lances eight or nine feet long, thick and

strong bows of three or three and a half feet, and quivers of arrows slung across the thigh or over the shoulder. The Apaches make little use of firearms, being too lazy or too stupid to keep them in order, and finding it difficult to get ammunition. But so long as they have to fight only the unwarlike Mexicans, they are none the worse for this lack. The Mexicans fly at the first yell; the Apaches ride after them and lance them in the back; clumsy *escopetos* drop loaded from the hands of dying cowards. Such are the battles of New Mexico. It is only when these red-skinned Tartars meet Americans or such high-spirited Indians as the Opatos that they have to recoil before gunpowder.

The fact that Coronado dared ride into this camp of thieving assassins shows what risks he could force himself to run when he thought it necessary. He was not physically a very brave man; he had no pugnacity and no adventurous love of danger for its own sake; but when he was resolved on an enterprise, he could go through with it.

There was a rest of several hours. The rancheros fed the horses on corn which they had brought in small sacks. Texas Smith kept watch, suffered no Apache to touch him, had his pistols always cocked, and stood ready to sell life at the highest price. Coronado walked deliberately to a retired spot with Manga Colorada, Delgadito, and two other chiefs, and made known his propositions. What he desired was that the Apaches should quit their present post immediately, perform a forced march of a hundred and forty miles or so to the southwest, place themselves across the overland trail through Bernalillo, and do something to alarm people. No great harm. He did not want men murdered nor houses burned; they might eat a few cattle, if they were hungry: there were plenty of cattle, and Apaches must live. And if they should yell at a train or so and stampede the loose mules, he had no objection. But no slaughtering. He wanted them to be merciful: just make a pretence of harrying in Bernalillo; nothing more.

The chiefs turned their ill-favored countenances on each other, and talked for a while in their own language. Then, looking at Coronado, they grunted, nodded, and sat in silence, waiting for his terms.

"Send that boy away," said the Mexican, pointing to a youth of twelve or fourteen, better dressed than most Apache urchins, who had joined the little circle.

"It is my son," replied Manga Colorada. "He is learning to be a chief."

The boy stood upright, facing the group with dignity, a handsomer youth than is often seen among his people. Coronado, who had something of the artist in him, was so interested in noting the lad's regular features and tragic firmness of expression, that for a moment he forgot his projects. Manga Colorada, mistaking the cause of his silence, encouraged him to proceed.

"My son does not speak Spanish," he said. "He will not understand."

"You know what money is?" inquired the Mexican.

"Yes, we know," grunted the chief.

"You can buy clothes and arms with it in the villages, and aguardiente."

Another grunt of assent and satisfaction.

"Three hundred piastres," said Coronado.

The chiefs consulted in their own tongue, and then replied, "The way is long."

"How much?"

Manga Colorada held up five fingers.

"Five hundred?"

A unanimous grunt.

"It is all I have," said Coronado.

The chiefs made no reply.

Coronado rose, walked to his horse, took two small packages out of his saddle-bags and slipped them slyly into his boots, and then carried the bags to where the chiefs sat in council. There he held them up and rolled out five *rouleaux*, each containing a hundred Mexican dollars. The Indians tore open the envelopes, stared at the broad pieces, fingered them, jingled them together, and uttered grunts of amazement and joy. Probably they had never before seen so much money, at least not in their own possession. Coronado was hardly less content; for while he had received a thousand dollars to bring about this understanding, he had risked but seven hundred with him, and of these he had saved two hundred.

Four hours later the camp had vanished, and the Indians were on their way toward the southwest, the moonlight showing their irregular column of march, and glinting faintly from the heads of their lances.

At nine or ten in the evening, when every Apache had disappeared, and the clatter of ponies had gone far away into the quiet night, Coronado lay down to rest. He would have started homeward, but the country was a complete desert, the trail led here and there over vast sheets of trackless rock, and he feared that he might lose his way. Texas Smith and one of the rancheros had ridden after the Apaches to see whether they kept the direction which had been agreed upon. One ranchero was asleep already, and the third crouched as sentinel.

Coronado could not sleep at once. He thought over his enterprise, cross-examined his chances of success, studied the invisible courses of the future. Leave Clara on the plains, to be butchered by Indians, or to die of starvation? He hardly considered the idea; it was horrible and repulsive; better marry her. If necessary, force her into a marriage; he could bring it about somehow; she would be much in his power. Well, he had got rid of Thurstane; that was a great obstacle removed. Probably, that fellow being out of sight, he, Coronado, could soon eclipse him in the girl's estimation. There would be no need of violence; all would go easily and end in prosperity. Garcia would be furious at the marriage, but Garcia was a fool to expect any other result.

However, here he was, just at the beginning of things, and by no means safe from danger. He had two hundred dollars in his boot-legs. Had his rancheros suspected it? Would they murder him for the money? He hoped not; he just faintly hoped not; for he was becoming very sleepy; he was asleep.

He was awakened by a noise, or perhaps it was a touch, he scarcely knew what. He struggled as fiercely and vainly as one who fights against a nightmare. A dark form was over him, a hard knee was on his breast, hard knuckles were at his throat, an arm was raised to strike, a weapon was gleaming.

On the threshold of his enterprise, after he had taken its first hazardous step with safety and success, Coronado found himself at the point of death.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Coronado regained a portion of the senses which had been throttled out of him, he discovered Texas Smith standing by his side, and two dead men lying near, all rather vaguely seen at first through his dizziness and the moonlight.

"What does this mean?" he gasped, getting on his hands and knees, and then on his feet. "Who has been assassinating?"

The borderer, who, instead of helping his employer to rise, was coolly re-

loading his rifle, did not immediately reply. As the shaken and somewhat unmanned Coronado looked at him, he was afraid of him. The moonlight made Smith's sallow, disfigured face so much more ghastly than usual, that he had the air of a ghoul or vampyre. And when, after carefully capping his piece, he drawled forth the word "Patchies," his harsh, croaking voice had an unwholesome, unhuman sound, as if it were indeed the utterance of a feeder upon corpses.

"Apaches!" said Coronado. "What! after I had made a treaty with them?"

"This un is a 'Patchie," remarked Texas, giving the nearest body a shove with his boot. "Thar was two of 'em. They knifed one of your men. T'other cleared, he did. I was comin' in afoot. I had a notion of suthin' goin' on, 'n' left the critters out thar, with the rancheros, 'n' stole in. Got in just in time to pop the cuss that had you. T'other un vamosed."

"Oh, the villains!" shrieked Coronado, excited at the thought of his narrow escape. "This is the way they keep their treaties."

"Mought be these a'n't the same," observed Texas. "Some 'Patchies is wild, 'n' live separate, like bachelor beavers."

Coronado stooped and examined the dead Indian. He was a miserable object, naked, except a ragged, filthy breech-clout, his figure gaunt, and his legs absolutely scaly with dirt, starvation, and hard living of all sorts. He might well be one of those outcasts who are in disfavor with their savage brethren, lead a precarious existence outside of the tribal organization, and are to the Apaches what the Texas Smiths are to decent Americans.

"One of the bachelor-beaver sort, you bet," continued Texas. "Don't run with the rest of the crowd."

"And there's that infernal coward of a ranchero," cried Coronado, as the runaway sentry sneaked back to the group. "You cursed poltroon, why didn't you give the alarm? Why didn't you fight?"

He struck the man, pulled his long hair, threw him down, kicked him, and spat on him. Texas Smith looked on with an approving grin, and suggested, "Better shute the dam cuss."

But Coronado was not bloodthirsty; having vented his spite, he let the fellow go. "You saved my life," he said to Texas. "When we get back you shall be paid for it."

At the moment he intended to present him with the two hundred dollars which were cumbering his boots. But by the time they had reached Garcia's hacienda on the way back to Santa Fé, his gratitude had fallen off seventy-five per cent., and he thought fifty enough. Even that diminished his profits on the expedition to four hundred and fifty dollars. And Coronado, although extravagant, was not generous; he liked to spend money, but he hated to give it or pay it.

During the four days which immediately followed his safe return to Santa Fé, he and Garcia were in a worry of anxiety. Would Manga Colorada fulfil his contract and cast a shadow of peril over the Bernalillo route? Would letters or messengers arrive from California, informing Clara of the death and will of Mufioz? Everything happened as they wished; reports came that the Apaches were raiding in Bernalillo; the girl received no news concerning her grandfather. Coronado, smiling with success and hope, met Thurstane at the Van Diemen house, in the presence of Clara and Aunt Maria, and blandly triumphed over him.

"How now about your safe road through the southern counties?" he said. "Apaches!"

"So I hear," replied the young officer soberly. "It is horribly unlucky."

"We start to-morrow," added Coronado.

"To-morrow!" replied Thurstane, with a look of dismay.

"I hope you will be with us," said Coronado.

"Everything goes wrong," exclaimed the annoyed lieutenant. "Here are some of my stores damaged, and I have had to ask for a board of survey. I couldn't possibly leave for two days yet, even if my recruits should arrive."

"How very unfortunate!" groaned Coronado. "My dear fellow, we had counted on you."

"Lieutenant Thurstane, can't you overtake us?" inquired Clara.

Thurstane wanted to kneel down and thank her, while Coronado wanted to throw something at her.

"I will try," promised the officer, his fine, frank, manly face brightening with pleasure. "If the thing can be done, it will be done."

Coronado, while hoping that he would be ordered by the southern route, or that he would somehow break his neck, had the superfine brass to say, "Don't fail us, Lieutenant."

In spite of the managements of the Mexican to keep Clara and Thurstane apart, the latter succeeded in getting an aside with the young lady.

"So you take the northern trail?" he said, with a seriousness which gave his blue-black eyes an expression of almost painful pathos. Those eyes were traitors. However discreet the rest of his face might be, they revealed his feelings; they were altogether too pathetic to be in the head of a man and an officer.

"But you will overtake us," Clara replied, out of a charming faith that with men all things are possible.

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely.

"Besides, Coronado knows," she added, still trusting in the male being. "He says this is the surest road."

Thurstane did not believe it, but he did not want to alarm her when alarm was useless, and he made no comment.

"I have a great mind to resign," he presently broke out.

Clara colored. She did not fully understand him, but she guessed that all this emotion was somehow on her account; and a surprised, warm Spanish heart beat at once its alarm.

"It would be of no use," he immediately added. "I couldn't get away until my resignation had been accepted. I must bear this as well as I can."

The young lady began to like him better than ever before, and yet she began to draw gently away from him, frightened by a consciousness of her liking.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Van Diemen," said Thurstane, in an inexplicable confusion.

"There is no need," replied Clara, equally confused.

"Well," he resumed, after a struggle to regain his self-control, "I will do my utmost to overtake you."

"We shall be very glad," returned Clara, with a singular mixture of consciousness and artlessness.

There was an exquisite innocence and almost childish simplicity in this girl of eighteen. It was, so to speak, not quite civilized; it was not in the style of American young ladies; our officer had never, at home, observed anything like it; and, of course—O yes, of course, it fascinated him. The truth is, he was so far gone in loving her that he would have been charmed by her ways no matter what they might have been.

On the very morning after the above dialogue Garcia's train started for Rio

Arriba, taking with it a girl who had been singled out for a marriage which she did not guess, or for a death whose horrors were beyond her wildest fears.

The train consisted of six long and heavy covered vehicles, not dissimilar in size, strength, and build to army wagons. Garcia had thought that two would suffice. Six wagons, with their mules, etc., were a small fortune: what if the Apaches should take them? But Coronado had replied: "Nobody sends a train of two wagons; do you want to rouse suspicion?"

So there were six; and each had a driver and a muleteer, making twelve hired men thus far. On horseback, there were six Mexicans, nominally cattle-drivers going to California, but really guards for the expedition—the most courageous bullies that could be picked up in Santa Fé, each armed with pistols and a rifle. Finally, there were Coronado and his terrible henchman, Texas Smith, with their rifles and revolvers. Old Garcia perspired with anguish as he looked over his caravan, and figured up the cost in his head.

Thurstane, wrretched at heart, but with a cheering smile on his lips, came to bid the ladies farewell.

"What do you think of this?" Aunt Maria called to him from her seat in one of the covered wagons. "We are going a thousand miles through deserts and savages. You men suppose that women have no courage: I call this heroism."

"Certainly," nodded the young fellow, not thinking of her at all, unless it was that she was next door to an idiot.

Although his mind was so full of Clara that it did not seem as if he could receive an impression from any other human being, his attention was for a moment arrested by a countenance which struck him as being more ferocious than he had ever seen before except on the shoulders of an Apache. A tall man in Mexican costume, with a scar on his chin and another on his cheek, was glaring at him with two intensely black and savage eyes. It was Texas Smith, taking the measure of Thurstane's fighting power and disposition. A hint from Coronado had warned the borderer that here was a person whom it might be necessary some day to get rid of. The officer responded to this ferocious gaze with a grim, imperious stare, such as one is apt to acquire amid the responsibilities and dangers of army life. It was like a wolf and a mastiff surveying each other.

Thurstane advanced to Clara, helped her into her saddle, and held her hand while he urged her to be careful of herself, never to wander from the train, never to be alone, etc. The girl turned a little pale; it was not exactly because of his anxious manner; it was because of the eloquence that there is in a word of parting. At the moment she felt so alone in the world, in such womanish need of sympathy, that had he whispered to her, "Be my wife," she might have reached out her hands to him. But Thurstane was far from guessing that an angel could have such weak impulses; and he no more thought of proposing to her thus abruptly than of ascending off-hand into heaven.

Coronado observed the scene, and guessing how perilous the moment was, pushed forward his uncle to say good-by to Clara. The old scoundrel kissed her hand; he did not dare to lift his one eye to her face; he kissed her hand and bowed himself out of reach.

"Farewell. Mr. Garcia," called Aunt Maria. "Poor, excellent old creature! What a pity he can't understand English! I should so like to say something nice to him. Farewell, Mr. Garcia."

Garcia kissed his fat fingers to her, took off his sombrero, waved it, bowed a dozen times, and smiled like a scared devil. Then, with other good-bys, delivered right and left, from everybody to everybody, the train rumbled away.

Thurstane was about to accompany it out of the town when his clerk came to tell him that the board of survey required his immediate presence. Cursing his hard fate, and wishing himself anything but an officer in the army, he waved a last farewell to Clara, and turned his back on her, perhaps forever.

Santa Fé is situated on the great central plateau of North America, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Around it spreads an arid plain, sloping slightly where it approaches the Rio Grande, and bordered by mountains which toward the south are of moderate height, while toward the north they rise into fine peaks, glorious with eternal snow. Although the city is in the latitude of Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, its elevation and its neighborhood to Alpine ranges give it a climate which is in the main cool, equable, and healthy.

The expedition moved across the plain in a southwesterly direction. Coronado's intention was to cross the Rio Grande at Peña Blanca, skirt the southern edge of the Jemez Mountains, reach San Isidoro, and then march northward toward the San Juan region. The wagons were well fitted out with mules, and as Garcia had not chosen to send much merchandise by this risky route, they were light, so that the rate of progress was unusually rapid. We cannot trouble ourselves with the minor incidents of the journey. Taking it for granted that the Rio Grande was passed, that halts were made, meals cooked and eaten, nights passed in sleep, days in pleasant and picturesque travelling, we will leap into the desert land beyond San Isidoro.

The train was now seventy-five miles from Santa Fé. Coronado had so pushed the pace that he had made this distance in the rather remarkable time of three days. Of course his object in thus hurrying was to get so far ahead of Thurstane that the latter would not try to overtake him, or would get lost in attempting it.

Meanwhile he had not forgotten Garcia's little plan, and he had even better remembered his own. The time might come when he would be driven to *lose* Clara; it was very shocking to think of, however, and so for the present he did not think of it; on the contrary, he worked hard (much as he hated work) at courting her.

It is strange that so many men who are morally in a state of decomposition should be, or at best can be, sweet and charming in manner. During these three days Coronado was delightful; and not merely in this, that he watched over Clara's comfort, rode a great deal by her side, gathered wild flowers for her, talked much and agreeably, but also in that he poured oil over his whole conduct, and was good to everybody. Although his natural disposition was to be domineering to inferiors and irascible under the small provocations of life, he now gave his orders in a gentle tone, never stormed at the drivers for their blunders, made light of the bad cooking, and was in short a model for travellers, lovers, and husbands. Few human beings have so much self-control as Coronado, and so little. So long as it was policy to be sweet, he could generally be a very honeycomb; but once a certain limit of patience passed, he was like a swarm of angry bees; he became blind, mad, and poisonous with passion.

"Mr. Coronado, you are a wonder," proclaimed the admiring Aunt Maria. "You are the only man I ever knew that was patient."

"I catch a grace from those who have it abundantly and to spare," said Coronado, taking off his hat and waving it at the two ladies.

"Ah, yes, we women know how to be patient," smiled Aunt Maria. "I think we are born so. But, more than that, we learn it. Moreover, our physical nature teaches us. We have lessons of pain and weakness that men know

nothing of. The great, healthy savages! If they had our troubles, they might have some of our virtues."

"I refuse to believe it," cried Coronado. "Man acquire woman's worth? Never! The nature of the beast is inferior. He is not fashioned to become an angel."

"How charmingly candid and humble!" thought Aunt Maria. "How different from that sulky, proud Thurstane, who never says anything of the sort, and never thinks it either, I'll be bound."

All this sort of talk passed over Clara as a desert wind passes over an oasis, bringing no pleasant songs of birds, and sowing no fruitful seed. She had her born ideas as to men and women, and she was seemingly incapable of receiving any others. In her mind men were strong and brave, and women weak and timorous; she believed that the first were good to hold on to, and that the last were good to hold on; all this she held by birthright, without ever reasoning upon it or caring to prove it.

Coronado, on his part, hooted in his soul at Mrs. Stanley's whimsies, and half supposed her to be of unsound mind. Nor would he have said what he did about the vast superiority of the female sex, had he supposed that Clara would attach the least weight to it. He knew that the girl looked upon his extravagant declarations as merely so many compliments paid to her eccentric relative, equivalent to bowings and scrapings and flourishes of the sombrero. Both Spaniards, they instinctively comprehended each other, at least in the surface matters of intercourse. Meanwhile the American strong-minded female understood herself, it is to be charitably hoped, but understood herself alone.

Coronado did not hurry his courtship, for he believed that he had a clear field before him, and he was too sagacious to startle Clara by overmuch energy. Meantime he began to be conscious that an influence from her was reaching his spirit. He had hitherto considered her a child; one day he suddenly recognized her as a woman. Now a woman, a beautiful woman especially, alone with one in the desert, is very mighty. Matches are made in trains overland as easily and quickly as on sea voyages or at quiet summer resorts. Coronado began—only moderately as yet—to fall in love.

But an ugly incident came to disturb his opening dream of affection, happiness, wealth, and success. Toward the close of his fourth day's march, after he had got well into the unsettled region beyond San Isidoro, he discovered, several miles behind the train, a party of five horsemen. He was on one summit and they on another, with a deep, stony valley intervening. Without a moment's hesitation, he galloped down a long slope, rejoined the creeping wagons, hurried them forward a mile or so, and turned into a ravine for the night's halt.

Whether the cavaliers were Indians or Thurstane and his four recruits he had been unable to make out. They had not seen the train; the nature of the ground had prevented that. It was now past sundown, and darkness coming on rapidly. Whispering something about Apaches, he gave orders to lie close and light no fires for a while, trusting that the pursuers would pass his hiding place.

For a moment he thought of sending Texas Smith to ambush the party, and shoot Thurstane if he should be in it, pleading afterwards that the men looked, in the darkness, like Apaches. But no; this was an extreme measure. He revolted against it a little. Moreover, there was danger of retribution: settlements not so far off; soldiers still nearer.

So he lay quiet, chewing a bit of grass to allay his nervousness, and talking stronger love to Clara than he had yet thought needful or wise.

AMERICAN TIMIDITY.

MANY faults have been ascribed, by many critics, to the American national character. Like the painting that the classic artist submitted to the corrections of the public, its features have been quite covered with dabs of dispraise. And yet it has a fault which we do not fully recognize, a weakness which is the more serious in proportion to the slightness of the attention which it attracts. It is multiform ; it appears under many guises in different features of our life ; nor can it be easily defined in a word. Yet if I were so to name it, I should say : A characteristic American fault is *timidity*.

Not much, it may be thought, can be said upon this subject. Our best and our severest critics have far more frequently complained of qualities in us that belong to the opposite pole of demerit. Thus Alexander von Humboldt (as reported in a recent volume of "Conversations with a Young Friend," a volume that is not likely to be translated into the "American language") says : "In their fanatical party-spirit, and in a certain coarseness of ideas, that are of a piece with their habit of carrying weapons upon their persons, that prevails even in some of the older States, the Americans stand far behind the cultivation of the mother country." Lamartine was once indignant over what he called "the American brutality." He had, however, just offered a book in our market which we refused to buy, so that we can forgive him this terrible phrase. But of the varied forms and subtle causes of the faults which lie in a quite opposite direction—of our bashfulness, our want of spirit, our timorousness—we have no sufficient account from either detractors or critics. Let me endeavor to trace briefly these faults in the American character. Our negative qualities first manifest themselves to the stranger in the silence which Americans observe when placed in circumstances where people of other nations are most demonstrative. Americans at the table of a hotel or boarding-house are doubtless the most unsocial assemblage that exists in civilization. Especially at the city boarding-house, that institution which a popular Brooklyn preacher likens, with some severity, to Sodom and Gomorrah, is the spiritual depression at meal-times profound. A deep and even sepulchral gloom rests upon those who sit at the banquet—a gloom not wholly attributable to the hash. In our hotels we see no glimpse of the lively good-humor of the French *restaurant* or the Italian *trattoria* ; nothing of the geniality that characterizes an English table. The spirit of lead is in our faces as well as in our pie-crusts.

The causes of this gloom are subtle. There is more in it than bashfulness ; in part, it is a matter of pride. Each person at the table is engaged, more or less consciously, in the effort to keep up an air of superiority over the rest. The stylish young lady of the boarding-house family enters with a simper and a supercilious air ; for her ambition is to show that though she cannot afford to live in her own house, yet she is a rightful member of the aristocracy. She has neither culture nor native wit ; so her *rôle* is that of contemptuous silence toward acquaintances, far her superiors in all fine qualities, who may have taken their seats for months at the same table. Her effort is to intimidate the rest of the company by a supercilious demeanor. Hers is but a single form of the social artifices which prevail where definite social classifications do not exist. The arrogant air becomes almost of necessity our characteristic method of self-assertion.

Personal importance, which elsewhere is defined with more or less accuracy by means of rank, title, or descent, is here obliged to find its expression in *hauteur*. The American scale of rank is a scale of surliness. We have nothing more permanent than money to give us position; we cannot fall back upon birth, prescription, or honors; and consequently, instead of relying upon personal dignity and force, we live in the effort to overbear our fellows. The Old World nobility has at least the advantage that it holds an assured position, that its supremacy is recognized; and it has, in consequence, less frequent need to appeal to the artifices of demeanor. No republicans are simpler in their manners than the English nobility, and none are more amiable than the Italian. In these highly developed nations each class has its own well-defined position and prerogatives; the *status* of each class is recognized; and a free social intercourse is possible, at least within the limits of each class. But in America wealth, demeanor, and dress are the main criterions, and a man is estimated according to his adroitness in masquerading. This circumstance accounts for our peculiar deference to the fashions. In England or France a man dares dress as he pleases; here, it requires almost the boldness of an adventurer to depart from the regulation routine. The same timidity obtains in respect of money. Fortune is, with us, the only generally recognized proof of merit. We agree in seeking it, to the exclusion of those varied honors of rank, culture, and scientific or literary reputation that in other countries are recognized as of equal or superior attractiveness, and that afford, under more diversified developments of life than our own, a basis for happiness quite as solid as money. Among us, therefore, it is essential to have at least the appearance of wealth. Hence our slavishness toward the fashions, our deference to tradesmen, our fear to challenge exorbitant prices, and, in consequence, our unhesitating surrender to all manner of extortion. Hence, too, our ostentatious wastefulness. Where money means everything that is desirable, it will not do to seem poor. We are ashamed to be thought poor, and we have a boyish dread of seeming stingy. This timidity makes us confound economy with niggardliness, and leads us into a shamefaced habit of untruthfulness. "No Yankee tries to save a dollar without telling a lie about it," says Wendell Phillips; and our head scoldier is right for once at least. In other countries economy is recognized as a virtue; but with us it is hardly respectable. The great majority of the "American noblemen" who take up their residence in Europe remain there, if the facts were known, because they are permitted to demand money's worth in return for their money—a thing that they do not venture to do at home.

A similar timidity characterizes our society. In our cities this is not so noticeable; for here the social elements are so numerous that they spontaneously classify themselves into *sets*, in each one of which people meet freely; either wealth, fashion, family, or culture being the attraction in the particular circle. But in the country towns, where the population is insufficient to allow of such a division, there must be one society or none; and the latter alternative too often obtains. Even more than in the city, men and women are trying, in a more or less quiet way, to look down upon each other. Mrs. Jones takes care not to meet Mrs. Smith more than half way; neither one of them will take the first step in calling, in inviting, in getting up entertainments; there is no warm spontaneity of feeling, and the social spirit languishes or expires. Our country towns, especially in the more aristocratic East, are apt to be insufferably dull during the winter; and their own lecturers lament the "Decay of New England Society." The more cultivated people are too proud or too timid to seek each other out; anything like the warm flame of German friendliness is quite foreign to their na-

tures, and during the winter, the gayest season of the city, the country life of New England presents the dreariest experience outside of Siberia. The best culture and character desert, in consequence, the country ; they are whirled into town, like the marketing and the freshest fruits, upon the morning trains.

The same apathy and constraint of which I speak, the same negative mood, may be seen even in our theatres, concert-rooms, and places of amusement, which are the least hilarious in the known world. We are amused in a more melancholy fashion than are the English. A constrained and timid sentiment possesses the audience, which listens submissively and uncritically, and fears the sound of its own voice in applause or censure. The varied methods by which foreign audiences express their feelings—their dissent, approval, dissatisfaction, sympathy, praise, or condemnation—are to us, in the main, an unknown language. We never cry "Bravo!" or venture upon a hiss ; we have no "Hear! Hear!" with its hundred meanings ; we cannot condemn bad acting or rid ourselves of a platform bore. Whoever can get the floor in our public meetings may generally talk as long as he pleases, even though each one of his wretched hearers does not at all wish to hear him talk. We do not venture to "scrape" down the insufferable speaker ; we sit quite at his mercy, and have no alternative but to hear him or to go, even though we had set our heart upon hearing the good speaker who is to appear after the last bore has finished. An American audience has but three ways of expressing its feelings—the cheer, the laugh, and the percussive applause of the hand or boot-heel. We have abandoned that invaluable method of criticism, the hiss. We sit helpless and silent in our theatres before whatever acting our managers choose to inflict upon us, and pass no judgment. Our audiences wait dumb as oysters, and look for their opinions in the next morning's newspaper. The result is that our theatre-goers have lost the power of independent criticism ; and the fortunes of the drama are made to depend upon the critics of the press. Upon a few men in each city are cast the regulation, the censureship, the very fortunes of the theatres. The liability to injustice is great : an indigestion, an enmity, a whim, on the part of a single critic, may condemn a good play ; a personal friendship, or a bribe, procure success for a bad one. Our pride is the cause of our social apathy ; our ignorance of dramatic art is the cause of our passiveness and timidity as spectators. Until a higher intelligence shall cure this national apathy, the American drama cannot attain a high average excellence.

In France they manage these things better. There the hiss is recognized and systematized. At the October opening in the provincial cities of the year's season, several nights are set apart in each theatre for the express purpose of obtaining the expression of public opinion. The programmes are so arranged as to introduce the whole company. When the curtain falls, the manager comes forward and calls out, one by one, the names of the different actors and actresses. After each name a pause. If the audience applauds, the artist is approved ; if it hisses, he is dismissed. If it is claimed that these summary judgments—which a man or woman awaits heart-sick with apprehension—are cruel, it is deemed a sufficient answer to point out that the whole year's entertainment of the town depends upon securing a well-qualified company. The French are polite ; but their politeness does not degenerate into timidity and weakness, does not permit injustice toward art and the community. Among us, the dramatic critic of an authoritative daily journal in New York could speak as follows during the present year (1870) of the demand for an *encore* at a Philharmonic concert : "Even though the hissing on this occasion was intended not for the *performer*, but

for the *applauders*, it was, nevertheless, *insulting to do it in the performer's presence.*" Can loutish timidity go further than this?

The disproportionate authority of the critic among us leads to deplorable results. Our audiences have delegated to him the office, and consequently have lost the power of passing independent judgment. Criticism with us is wholly an affair of the pen; the condition of scriptural times is reversed, and whoever in America would "speak as one having authority," has but to speak "as the scribes."

In all departments of culture we are still content to take our judgments ready made. Thus: at an important auction sale of pictures held in New York city, a number of works by our best artists were to be brought to the hammer. The art season was propitious. The paintings were good work, and everything promised a successful sale. But a prominent journal of Gotham sent its art-critic to pronounce, in advance, upon the merits of the collection. He fell upon it like David upon the Amalekites. A clever man without genius, a dogmatist, a Ruskin diluted with a bitter infusion, this critic spied out the land and ravaged the artistic Eschol of its clusters. Shortly before the auction he published a denunciatory article which actually killed their sale. Purchasers read it and accepted it as gospel; they took their cue from the Bohemian dogma; and the paintings were sold for less than half of their value.

This lack of self-assertion and this timid dependence underlie qualities of our national character that we do not suspect to be tinged by them. We hear, for instance, a great deal said about American politeness, as proved by our forbearance and amiable demeanor in street cars, in crowded assemblages, in a hundred situations of discomfort. This is, in the main, a quite mistaken praise. What we call our politeness is not politeness; it is timidity, apathy, fear. With us the minority has no rights. We permit ourselves to be the slaves of those who should be our servants. It would seem that a given amount of despotism pervades the air of republics and of monarchies alike. "The degree of liberty a people is capable of in any given age," says Herbert Spencer, "is a fixed quantity; and any artificial extension of it in one direction brings about an equivalent limitation in some other direction." The "right divine of kings" to rule is transmuted with us into the right democratic of car conductors, policemen, trades unions, and railroad men to bully us. The very saleswomen in our shops "sit down on" their customers in the rudest manner. Compare the smiling courtesy of French, German, Italian, or even English shopkeepers with the surly insolence of our own! We are intimidated and demoralized by these curt manners; dreading a quarrel, we pay exorbitant prices without remonstrance; we submit to be crowded in the railway carriages and browbeaten by the railway officials; we endure all manner of neglect and contumely at the hands of those to whom we have "paid two prices" to serve us; we dare to utter no protest, to display no dissatisfaction; and we sit down and console ourselves with fine phrases about our national politeness!

We call ourselves a democracy; we claim to be the freest of peoples; and yet we are humbly submissive, as no other people is, to our officials, in whatever station, from Bridget to the railway king. Throughout the whole scale of office we are the slaves of our servants. In the restaurant the waiters are masters of the position. An American gives his order for steak in a meek and conciliatory tone, lest he provoke the insolence of this important citizen, who may soon be an alderman, a governor, or a "general." Many of us carry this humility with us wherever we go. The American traveller may be more frequently recognized in

foreign restaurants by his timidity than by his arrogance. It is amusing to observe the subdued meekness of his tone. Accustomed to the aggressive insolence of the American waiter, our free citizen looks upon the well-dressed French *garçon* or German *kellner* as a quite superior being; he addresses him with uneasy deference, and is surprised to find that courtesy is reckoned as a part of the service rendered in return for his fee.

On our street railway cars I lately heard a well-dressed passenger remonstrate with the conductor for attempting to collect a second fare. The autocrat of the car commanded the passenger, with great terseness of phrase, to "shut up;" which the well-dressed passenger, being the smaller man of the two, promptly did—venturing however, to his neighbor, a speech quite characteristic of his country—"that he did not *care for six cents*; but he did not like to be insulted." His dislike of insult did not, however, lead him even to make any complaint to the president of the railway. This helplessness of ours in the hands of officials is an inexplicable phenomenon in the eyes of foreigners. The lively correspondent of the London "News" thus describes an experience that is familiar to all who have travelled upon the Long Island Sound steamers:

"When I went on board I found a waiting crowd of six hundred passengers gathered around the office of the boat, and gazing with reverential awe upon a red-haired lad in an admiral's uniform, who, with his arms folded, was smoking a cigar. This was the steamboat clerk. For ten minutes he smoked, and no one ventured to address him. He then ordered us to pass, one by one, before him, and assigned us our berths; occasionally he paused in this occupation for some minutes, to indulge in conversation with a friend. No one protested, or, if he was impatient, ventured to show it; for a steamboat or a hotel clerk is here a species of divinity. They rule the public with a rod of iron; and, for some inconceivable reason, this nation which calls itself free submits to their tyranny and their insolence. That railroads, steamboats, and hotels are made for the public, and not the public for them, seems to be an idea which enters no man's mind in America."

This timidity enters equally into our affectional and intellectual life as well as our affairs. We have the narrow idea that all open expression of sentiment or emotion is unmanly. We laugh at the Continental demonstrativeness. "Once when Jules Favre, the great French lawyer, had finished an eloquent speech, Berryer ran around the table, and, locked in each other's arms, the two rivals kissed and hugged each other thus for ten minutes. Fancy Charles Sumner and Ben Wade exchanging kisses! Imagine Cox and Vallandigham joined in a like loving embrace! Yet this expression of admiration and respect for a rival was not childish, not unmanly." It was the expression of an infinite generosity, of a large heart, of affection too deep for the eloquence of a set speech. Men never embrace each other in America; they are timid about even the courtesies of the street, and seldom raise their hats to each other in saluting. Lovers are ashamed to betray in public the least glimpse of sentiment; but this is less from true delicacy than from that crude bashfulness which belongs equally to the boyishness of a national and of the individual character. We consent to announce marriages and deaths in our newspapers; but our crude feeling forbids the publication of births. There is no quainter tenderness than that which is often expressed in the birth-announcements of the German papers; but we systematically conceal our sweetest domestic sentiments, and seem ashamed of our richest experiences. We forego the very *bouquet* of life's vintage; for we know nothing of expression.

Nor is our timidity a matter of the affections or of the outward life alone. Our intellects themselves toil in the same bondage of fear. No people is so absolutely, I may say so abjectly under the sway of public sentiment as ourselves; and many of our opinions experience severer restrictions as to expression than the Frenchman's insurrectionary politics find in the press laws of the Napoleonic administration. We have, indeed, free speech in politics; but there are things which are quite as important to us as our privilege to vote. Upon the questions of religion and social science, there is less real freedom of debate among us than in almost any European country; fearless discussions of these subjects rarely find their way into our abler public prints; and the active thinkers are left to do battle in the dark with the phantoms of the darkness. In one of her letters Miss Martineau, than whom a more thoughtful critic has seldom written of us, says: "I never found so much concealed infidelity in my life as was confessed to me in America." There is an evident reason for the fact. Public opinion denies to the finest natures among us the privilege of a dispassionate hearing, of an audience for their aspirations, their questionings, their "doubts that wander through eternity." The highest criticism is thus silenced among us, not wholly to the advantage of growth in character. The outlying domains of thought should be explored by banded companies, and in the daylight; but we elect to grope alone and by night in the *terra incognita*, and our best minds shrink from entering the region of intellectual outlawry.

Thus far I have dealt with the negative, dwarfing, and depressing results of this national characteristic. But in practical life our timorousness and negligence present alarming and criminal phenomena. They lead to incredible and almost unexampled abuses. Thus our travelling community, for instance, resigns to railway corporations the almost unchallenged right over life and death. The countless railway "accidents" which are directly traceable to the cupidity and the carelessness of corporations, the hundreds of yearly slaughters upon the highway, produce upon the public mind no effect that leads to action. If a man, driven by brutal jealousy or passion, kills another, our timid juries occasionally venture, indeed, upon the discourtesy of convicting him, though the law very rarely insists upon putting the criminal to the inconvenience of being hung. But when the president of a board of directors, as happened in a recent and notorious case, deliberately withholds from a railway the new rails that its engineer certifies to be absolutely necessary to the safety of travel—when he has thus coolly organized, in no spirit of passion or malice, but in that of cupidity, a wholesale massacre that plunges a hundred families into mourning—then the courage of the jury utterly fails, and the crime is invariably condoned by the polite verdict of "inevitable accident." American juries do not convict for these murders upon the highway; and murder upon the highway becomes in consequence an institution with us.

But "accident" is by no means the only consequent danger of the traveller in America. Not only the corporations, but the very conductors of our trains have, as a direct result of our cowardice, the power of life and death over us. Thus: In November, 1869, a business man, a sober citizen, the father of a family, travels upon a New Jersey railway. He buys his ticket, price twenty cents, before entering the train; but after entering, he loses it. The conductor demands a second payment; but the unfortunate passenger happens to have but ten cents about him. Observing the proper American humility and deference of manner, he offers this sum to the conductor. But the official refuses to be propitiated; and this is the vengeance he takes. Allowing the passenger to re-

tain his seat at the next station, where he might have been legally ejected, he stops the train, in violation of the law of the State, upon a bridge, and hurls the wretched passenger, in the wintry darkness, upon the slippery surface of its zinc-plated trestle-work. Through this he instantly falls and is drowned. Not one of his fellow-passengers interferes to prevent the outrage; no legal steps are taken to punish it; three or four indignant letters in the newspapers chronicle the occurrence, a few editorial paragraphs record their mild protest against the irregularity, and the subject passes quickly from the public mind. In Europe such an atrocity, unavenged by law, would cause an insurrection. But we, who have lost the power, are losing also the very desire, to seek redress for the outrages inflicted upon us by our republican despots. It is no palliation to say that occurrences like these are exceptional. Such exceptions are characteristically American; and here, indeed, they are so frequent that we might with more justice claim that the exceptional thing for us to receive from the hands of corporations is fair treatment.

Our national timorousness becomes apathy, too, in the attitude of the public mind toward the great crimes of the penal code. The records of our courts show that fewer of the interested parties appear to prosecute in cases of theft, robbery, attempted or accomplished murder, than in any other country in the world. Let a robber now make his appearance in a street car, and everybody falls away from him, no hand is put out to arrest him. There is among us an actual degeneration of the sense of value in property, in human rights, in life itself. Individuals, firms, banks that have been robbed, compromise with the robber, who divides the plunder with the plundered. A citizen is assaulted in the street; the assassin is arrested; the wounded man drags himself home; but there he stays, and refuses to appear against his assailant. Husbands and fathers are slain in our streets, and no one demands redress. There is among us none of that bluff and sturdy assertion of our rights, that demand for equal justice, which is to be found among more than one of the Old World nations. We have so occupied ourselves with the idea of political freedom that real freedom, real justice, departed from us unawares.

It would seem, indeed, as if free governments implied rather less than more of free citizenship than many despotisms. Our freedom expends itself upon the privilege of choosing our political rulers, but we are bound hand and foot and delivered over to King Corporation and Queen Grundy. Our national fallacy, it may be surmised, is the assumption that the form of government is the paramount question of interest with a people. Is it so? Is the form of government, at least in these modern days, the essential fact in civilized communities? Does it mainly determine, any longer, the conditions of our lives? A hundred years ago said old Dr. Samuel Johnson:

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part which kings or laws can cause or cure!

What if the old critic was right, and it should appear that other considerations besides those of the administration of the State are of paramount importance to us? As I have intimated, we Americans may come to regard the privilege of voting according to our party or our newspaper as being not more valuable than courtesy, or reasonable prices, or real freedom of thought, or than the assurance, when we start upon a journey, that the conductor has not the power to eject us, for the lack of ten cents, through the slippery trestle-work of a railway bridge into a rushing river. Doubtless the different boons are not incompatible; but our liberty seems sometimes our enemy—it certainly fails to protect

our life, our property, and our character; and we shall not make it our friend until we have utterly shaken off our national weakness.

The foreigner sees, better than ourselves, the growing and unrestricted power of the "New American Plutocracy,"—a power, as one of our foreign critics says, that is "without a parallel in the history of aristocracies, or paralleled only by that of the few Roman families which united with hereditary station in the republic the command of mines of treasure and armies of debtors." What should the owner of seventy-five millions care for the few scores of thousands he makes when, in some huge railway campaign, he crushes a thousand families? Yet he crushes them. "In Europe," continues our critic, "a first-class millionaire dreads a financial disturbance as he dreads an earthquake. In America, he makes one. The game, the excitement, the notoriety, seem to be the temptations of these men, even more than the profit; and the whole scene suggests that in America, as in Rome, satiety comes quickly to the rich; that for the man of millions *life has few interests*; that the hunger for excitement has reached the heights where nothing will gratify it but battle, or agony, or huge mad gambling. . . . There is nothing whatever to prevent three or four speculators like Vanderbilt from mastering all the railways in the country, or reducing the shares to nominal values, or holding all the iron, or even making an attack on flour, or doing any other act which men possessed of immense resources, standing in sympathy apart from the community, and fighting like the barons of old for their own lands, without reference to the welfare of any not directly connected with themselves, may be able to conceive. Congress has no power over them; the State legislatures, being precluded from annulling the obligations of any contract, can hardly touch them; the judiciary is in their pay; and juries could not be found to convict them. They cannot be deprived of their wealth without a social convulsion; and they cannot be lynched, for they could raise regiments of armed bravos. No aristocrat in modern days has had anything like the power of the American plutocrat; and no aristocrat in any days has been more completely beyond restraint. We fail to see what a man with fifty millions can *not* do in New York. We expect yet to see Mr. Urquhart's dream fulfilled, and a single millionaire gain possession of an entire State, make what laws he pleases, and live in a free republic as much a sovereign as if he were an Asiatic king. Vanderbilt could buy New Jersey."

Such is the somewhat dismal outlook, in the eyes of our critics abroad. Doubtless we deserve their plain speech, and may profit by it; yet it is hardly in the nature of things that any civilized people should be finally enslaved, at this day, by its rulers or its corporations. The future, even in its broad outlines, of the United States seems to me uncertain; whether we are to raise crops of men or of vegetables, whether we shall export brains or metals, whether we shall be more European or Asiatic in the twentieth century, is yet undecided; but that we shall have wit enough to avoid at least some of the dangers I have indicated, is probable—in spite of the cleverest foreign *not* recorded at our expense this year. At the exhibition in Paris known as the "Decapitated Head," this oracular wonder, placed upon a table before the audience, responded to the questions of the curious. "Have you a *soul*?" demanded one. "No," came the solemn answer from the Head—"No, I am an American!"

We cannot be too often reminded that it is not so much the numbers as the character and genius of a people which determine its significance among nations. Even should we number a hundred millions in the course of another generation, it does not necessarily follow that we shall become the leading power in the world.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

BREAD AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.

WHETHER we accept the Adamic or the simian theory of the origin of the human race, there can be but little doubt that our remote ancestors must have been contented with very simple fare. At first, doubtless, it consisted of fruits, berries, and such animal food as might be easily obtained, as snails and shellfish, and to these herbs, roots, and larger animals were afterwards added. According to the Greeks, this humble diet remained without improvement until the good god Pan took pity on men and invented the process of making and baking bread, while Ceres instructed them in the mysteries of agriculture, and so first elevated the original savage tribes above the mere animal condition, and made them independent of the vicissitudes of the seasons.

Though the first bread was but little better than parched grain, and resembled the parched corn of the present day in its properties, varieties soon appeared, and we find that the ancient Romans had their *panis siliginous*, or bread of finest flour, for the rich ; *panis secundus*, or second bread, containing a little bran ; *panis autopyrus*, made of the wheat ground without bolting ; and *panis sordidus*, made chiefly of bran, and used as food for animals. In addition there was the *panis nauticus*, or sea-biscuit, and *panis militaris*, ground and made by the officers and men with their own hands. In the preparation of these different kinds of bread not only wheat, but also barley and other varieties of grain, were used. Even in our own time bread is by no means uniformly made of wheat flour, for in the north of England, and in Scotland, oats are extensively employed in the preparation of bannock, jannock, and bitchiness bread, or thin, soft oat-cakes. The use of this grain is not common in other countries, and if it is persisted in it is said to produce a certain eruption or itch, which was so common in Scotland at one time that the Duke of Argyll erected rough scratching-posts at convenient points alongside of the public highways for the accommodation of those of his clan who were thus afflicted. Another grain that is extensively used in bread-making is maize, or Indian corn. In the southern parts of the United States it is universally employed both by the whites and negroes ; and though it causes intestinal disturbances in those who are unaccustomed to it, it rarely produces any other evil consequences. In Lombardy, however, it is said to produce a loathsome disease called *pellagra*, which first appeared after Indian corn was introduced as an article of food into Northern Italy.

In countries where grain is not grown, or the supply is small, bread is made of other seeds, roots, pith of plants, bark of trees, and even of dried flesh. As examples of these we may mention acorn and horse-chestnut bread ; potato, turnip, and manioc bread, the last being prepared from the root of a poisonous plant that flourishes in the Caribbee islands ; sago bread, which is derived from the pith of a tree ; bark bread, made in Northern Europe from the inner bark of certain trees ; and the bread of the Laplanders, who employ dried fish as a substitute for flour in the preparation of this essential article of food.

Bread made of wheat flour is either leavened or unleavened. The first is commonly stated to be of recent introduction ; but this can hardly be the case, since the specification of the use of unleavened bread in certain religious ceremonies among the Hebrews, and the use of the simile of the leaven in the New Testament, indicate the ancient origin of this process, the intelligent explanation of

which renders it necessary that we should examine into the composition of flour, and the changes to which it is subjected in the preparation of leavened bread.

If a little flour is made up with sufficient water into a tough dough, and the mass carefully kneaded under the surface of water, in a basin or other suitable vessel, a fine white powder slowly separates and subsides, leaving in the hand a stringy, glue-like, but elastic substance, to which the name of gluten has been given. By this simple operation the flour has been analyzed, or separated into its chief constituents; for on collecting the white powder, it is found to consist of starch cells, while sugar and certain soluble salts are dissolved in the water, and the gluten, as we have described, remains in the hand. The proportions in which these materials are present in 100 parts of wheat flour are very nearly as follows :

Gluten	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18	Sugar and soluble salts	-	-	-	-	10
Starch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	65	Fats and phosphates	-	-	-	-	7
														<hr/>
														100

Of these, gluten is exceedingly rich in nitrogen, and is employed in the nutrition of the muscular and other tissues of the body that contain this substance. Starch and sugar, on the contrary, do not contain nitrogen, but are very rich in carbon and hydrogen, both of which are combustible, and yield a large amount of heat in burning. They therefore serve to assist in furnishing the fuel that is employed in maintaining the temperature of the body at the comparatively high degree of 98° Fahrenheit, and in generating or setting free the force that is rendered evident during muscular action. The soluble salts enter into the composition of the blood and other fluids, while the phosphates are employed in building up the solid part of the bones.

From this brief statement of the composition of flour, it is evident that when made into bread it suffices, with the addition of water, to meet all the requirements of the human system. It is, therefore, important that we should understand why the value of flour varies. To render this as clear as possible, it is necessary to make an examination of the grain itself. If the reader will take a keen knife and cut a grain of wheat into equal portions, he will find that the interior of the seed consists of a fine granular powder, composed of starch cells. These are enclosed by an exterior covering, which is composed of oily and glutinous material, with some starch. Out-side of this layer is the testa, or skin proper of the seed, which consists of three layers of cells that contain the bulk of the phosphates that are so necessary for the proper nutrition of the osseous structures. In the process of grinding, by which the flour is prepared, the inner structures of the grain are reduced to an almost impalpable powder; but the testa, being more tenacious, is not so thoroughly pulverized, and is separated as bran. It consequently follows that since the phosphates are chiefly in the layers of the testa, the more thoroughly this is separated, or, in other words, the finer the flour, the smaller is the proportion of the phosphates.

Various opinions are held regarding the relative values of fine and coarse flours. From the statements just made it is evident that by the complete removal of the phosphates from fine flour it is not as well adapted to support and nourish the bones as that which is coarser and richer in these materials. So important has this been considered, that processes of bread-making have been introduced which have for one of their objects the restoration of the lost ingredients. Another advantage possessed by flour containing at least a small amount of bran is its greater healthfulness, especially for those in whom the movements of the muscular coat of the intestines are sluggish. In persons of this habit the

indigestible and undigested bran acts as a stimulant to the torpid muscles and glands of the digestive apparatus, thereby promoting greater regularity and intensity of action, and thus producing the evacuations which are so necessary for the maintenance of a healthful condition of the system.

Not only does the nutritive value of flour vary with variations in the proportions of phosphates and of bran, but also with the amount of gluten contained in different kinds of grain. In addition to these there are other causes of variation, viz., deterioration of the flour from a partial decomposition of the gluten by dampness, and certain diseases of the grain itself, as smut, rust, mildew, and other fungoid growths. Where these conditions exist, various chemicals, of which we shall speak hereafter, are introduced into the flour to improve its appearance, and the victimized consumer is obliged to content himself with an inferior article, which has been purposely adulterated with poisons.

The preparation of bread consists essentially in the uniform distribution of air or some other gas throughout the mass or loaf, in order to render it porous and light when it is baked. This is accomplished by four methods: first, by fermentation, with or without yeast; second, by forcing gas into the dough; third, by aerated white of egg or albumen; and fourth, by the effervescing action of an acid on an alkali.

The method by fermentation is the original method of which mention is so frequently made. The other processes are merely imitations, but since the products are light and spongy, they are sometimes spoken of as leavened bread, though in reality they are unleavened. In fermentation the gas is produced by the action of decaying nitrogenized matter, to which the name of leaven is given, on the starch of the flour. The results of this action, when properly conducted, are, first, the production of a species of sugar; second, the evolution of carbonic acid gas; and third, the formation of alcohol. The leaven usually employed is popularly known as yeast. When mingled with flour, water, and a little salt, and set aside at a suitable temperature, it not only produces the changes of which we have spoken, but by reason of the hops it contains it imparts to the bread a pleasant aromatic flavor, which is not found in that prepared by other ferments. In the raising of bread by any ferment, the greatest care is required to produce a favorable result; for the fermentation varies in its product with the temperature at which it is conducted. If the temperature is too low, little or no gas is produced; the dough remains heavy and turns sour, owing to the formation of lactic acid. Even when the fermentation is conducted in the proper manner, it must be stopped by baking at the right moment, or the bread is injured by over-fermentation. Owing to the difficulty of steering properly between this Scylla and Charybdis of fermentation, and the liability of suffering loss of material in one or the other direction, various methods have been devised of preparing bread without ferments; but since they fail in imparting the peculiar flavor found in properly-made yeast bread, they have thus far failed to expel the latter from our tables.

After the dough has been properly kneaded and fermented, it is baked. In this, as in the operation of fermentation, chemical changes are produced in the mass, which, if the process is properly conducted, terminate in the production of the most valuable of all articles of food. The first of these changes is the expulsion of the excess of water, and of the alcohol produced during fermentation, the latter of which is awaiting its opportunity of surprising the teetotaller from its ambush in his chief article of food; the second is the expansion of the carbonic acid gas entrapped in the dough, and thereby puffing it up or making it lighter; the third is the destruction of the confervoid plants on the growth of which the

fermentation depends; and the fourth is the formation of the crust by the conversion of the starch of the exterior into a sweetish aromatic gum, which, when cool, becomes hard, and forms the arch-like covering that enables the loaf to retain its form and moisture. If the temperature is not maintained for a sufficient period, the first of these results is not attained, and the bread is too moist. If it is not high enough, the life of the conservoid growth is not destroyed, and the bread will soon turn sour, or fermentation may occur in the stomach, producing acute indigestion. And, finally, if the temperature is too high, the exterior is burned, and the aromatic crust converted into charcoal.

Since the raising of dough by fermentation is accomplished at the expense of the destruction of a portion of the starch, there is a certain loss attending the use of this method. This, with the care required in the conduction of the process, has caused the introduction of the other methods we have mentioned. In the first of these, by forcing gas into the dough, the result is accomplished by mixing the flour in a closed vessel with water containing gas dissolved under pressure. When the mixture is completed, and the mass relieved from pressure, the gas expands, makes it light, and this is still further increased during baking. Another operation by which a similar result is attained is to beat up eggs until they assume a frothy state from the entrapping of air in the albumen, and then to mingle this with flour and water, and so introduce gas into the mass. The last method is by the action of an acid on an alkaline carbonate like the bicarbonate of soda. The result of this, as in the preceding cases, is to set gas free in the interior of the mass. For household purposes it is the simplest of all the methods by which bread may be raised, but it requires the greatest nicety in its employment; for if the mixture is not made in the proper proportions, an excess of the alkali remains, and this, on being introduced into the stomach, interferes with digestion, causes dyspepsia, and, instead of being an improvement in kitchen chemistry, becomes an invention of the adversary of mankind, whereby more torment and misery is wrought than by any other device.

The acids usually employed for the purpose of setting gas free from the bicarbonate of soda in bread-making are lactic acid, obtained from sour milk; tartaric acid, or bitartrates, as the cream of tartar; and sometimes muriatic or hydrochloric acid. Recently, however, a great improvement has been made in this operation by Professor Horsford, who has discovered and introduced a pulverulent phosphoric acid admirably adapted for this purpose, since it not only accomplishes the desired result of raising the bread, but also reintroduces into it the phosphates that were removed during the preparation of the flour from the grain, as we have described in a previous part of this article. This pulverulent phosphoric acid, as prepared by the Rumford chemical works, also makes an exceedingly agreeable and pleasant lemonade, which has of late been employed by a number of the most prominent physicians of New York in the treatment of various diseases, and especially of insomnia, or want of sleep. Its introduction therefore not only marks a great improvement in the processes of raising bread by direct chemical action, but is also of consequence in the treatment of disease; a result which in some degree rewards the discoverer for the years of labor and research he has spent in devising a process whereby phosphoric acid—which, under ordinary circumstances, possesses so intense an affinity for water that in a few minutes it attracts enough of it from the air to become a liquid—is forced to assume a state in which this almost characteristic peculiarity is lost, while all its other properties are preserved, and a perfectly dry non-hygroscopic powder suitable for the purposes we have been discussing produced.

Whatever process may be employed in making bread, the successful attainment of the result is dependent on the presence in the flour of a sufficient amount of gluten, since this is the substance that gives to the dough the glutinous property whereby the gas is entrapped. In flour that has been damaged by water or moisture, the loss chiefly falls on the gluten; and even though the deficiency in this constituent may be, in part, made up by mixing the damaged article with flour very rich in this ingredient, the resulting bread, though it may be light and spongy, is dark in color and not very salable. To correct this want of whiteness, bakers are wont to resort to the use of certain chemicals, which act on the damaged gluten in such a manner as to enable them to make from an inferior flour a loaf equalling in whiteness and apparent purity that prepared from the best flour.

The chemical usually employed for this purpose is alum, the action of which is to harden the gluten and impart to the loaf a peculiar whiteness, which, however attractive it may be to the eye, is poison to the organs of digestion, not only causing dyspepsia, but also, according to Liebig, seriously injuring the value of the flour by combining with its soluble phosphates to form an insoluble phosphate of alumina. So important did this high authority consider this matter, that he recommended the substitution of lime water to produce the same result. This recommendation, however, has not received much attention, for Hassell states that alum is universally employed by the London bakers to give their bread the desired whiteness; and I am satisfied from personal experience that this is the cause of the indigestion that so commonly afflicts Americans when they visit that city. In Europe, and especially in Belgium, the bakers employ sulphate of copper for this purpose, thus introducing into their bread one of the most dangerous of all metallic poisons.

A very common adulteration of wheat bread is by the starch or flour of other kinds of grain or roots. Beans, rye, maize or Indian corn, rice, and potatoes are worthy of especial mention in this connection. They may usually be detected by those experienced in such matters by the peculiar properties they impart to the bread; but the merest tyro in the use of the microscope can learn in a very short time to detect these sophistications by the peculiarities of their starch cells, since these differ in form and size in every article we have mentioned. Where bread is sold by weight, the bakers endeavor to retain as much water as possible in the loaf. This is accomplished by mixing rice flour or boiled potatoes with the dough, the starch contained in these substances possessing the property of absorbing and retaining a very large proportion of water. Other and more objectionable articles are also employed for this purpose, among which we may mention bone ashes, bone dust, magnesia, chalk, and gypsum or sulphate of lime. These, however, are not employed except when the bread is sold by weight; consequently in New York we escape the introduction of such substances into our stomachs, from the want of sufficient inducement, if not on account of the honesty of our bakers.

In closing this discussion of the introduction of injurious or poisonous materials into flour or bread, we may direct the attention of our readers to an occasional impurity, the presence of which is usually accidental, but none the less serious in the consequences it produces. In repairing and manufacturing the stones used in grinding grain, it is a common practice to use carbonate of lead or ordinary white paint as a cement. At times, portions of this are detached, and being at once reduced to an exceedingly fine powder are thoroughly mingled with the flour, and thereby impart to it the deleterious properties of this poison;

and the consumers are fortunate if they escape with a mild attack of lead colic, and do not suffer from the more serious consequence of lead palsy.

The diseases that attack wheat and the other cereal grasses, and to which we have already referred, are certain fungi known as ergot, bunt, brand, rust, and mildew. Some of these resemble irritant poisons in their action on the system, and suspicion is consequently at times aroused against persons when the symptoms are in reality owing to the presence of these fungoid growths in the flour employed. Of the fungi mentioned, ergot usually attacks rye, though it is by no means confined to that cereal, and sometimes even affects wheat. It is one of the most dangerous of this class of growths, and possesses powerful medicinal properties, of which we have spoken in the 46th number of *THE GALAXY* when treating of the adulteration of coffee. Bunt, or pepper-brand, is generally found in wheat, and may be recognized at once by its disagreeable odor. Flour thus affected is frequently used in English cities in the preparation of gingerbread. It is supposed to be harmless, though recent investigations have thrown some doubt on this opinion. Brand is common in barley and oats, but rare in wheat and rye. It does not possess the unpleasant odor of bunt. Rust and mildew were formerly supposed to be different fungi, but Professor Henslow, who has made them the subject of special study, states that they are identical.

After flour has been converted into bread, another class of fungi attack it. First among these we may mention the yeast fungus, the presence of which demonstrates that this plant is not entirely destroyed during the process of baking. That it is peculiar to fermented bread is well shown in the Kensington Museum, in London, where there is a case containing a number of different kinds of bread of different ages, all of which are nearly free from these growths, while a specimen of fermented bread is almost entirely converted into a fungoid mass. Another is the *Penicillium glaucum*, which is green and identical with the growth that appears on cheese and decaying organic substances. The third differs from the preceding in possessing a brilliant yellow tint, which often imparts to stale bread patches of its characteristic color.

In addition to these growths, all of which are more or less deleterious, there is a plant known as the bearded darnel, which frequently springs up among wheat and other cereals, and so finds its way into the flour made from them. Regarding it Pereira remarks: "The ill effects of the seeds of bearded darnel were known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The symptoms which they produce are twofold: those indicating stomach and intestinal irritation, as vomiting and colic; and those which arise from disorder of the nervous system, as headache, giddiness, languor, ringing in the ears, confusion of sight, dilated pupil, delirium, heaviness, somnolency, trembling, convulsions, and paralysis. These seeds, therefore, appear to be acrid, narcotic poisons." Seeger states that a certain sign of their introduction into the system is a violent trembling affecting the whole body; and so virulent are they that in a prison in Cologne sixty people were poisoned by a mixture containing only a drachm and a half of the meal of these seeds.

The animal kingdom also furnishes its quota of deleterious ingredients to flour. Among these is the diseased grain called ear cockle or peppercorn, in which the grain turns green and then black, assuming a spheroidal form and a size equivalent to that of a peppercorn. On examination these are found to be filled with a substance like cotton, which is composed of minute, eel-like animalcules that move with great activity when placed in water. These creatures are of some interest, since they are so tenacious of life that, though they may be

so perfectly dried as to fall to powder on the slightest touch, yet the moment they are placed in water they move as actively as ever. It is even stated that the desiccation and subsequent moistening may be repeated a great number of times before life is finally destroyed. They, therefore, in all probability retain their vitality after the flour is made into bread and baked, and it is not at all improbable that they may be revived by the fluids and reassume their active state in the digestive apparatus. Another creature that is found in flour is the *acar*us *farinæ*, or flour mite; it resembles somewhat the acarus found in sugar, and which is better known, since it is the cause of the disease called grocer's itch. Fortunately, however, these creatures are destroyed during the process of baking, or otherwise they would frequently find their way into the digestive apparatus.

JOHN C. DRAPER.

ONCE.

THE June roses covered the hedges with blushes
And wooed with their perfume the murmuring bee;
And white were the cups of the odorous lilies,
When Fate stole the joy of existence from me.

With hands closely clasped, and with lips pressed together
One instant we stood, while the heart in my breast
Leapt eager and wild, as the callow birds flutter
When the wing of the mother sweeps over the nest.

One star is the type of the glory of heaven;
A shell from the beach whispers still of the sea;
To a rose all the sweetness of summer is given;
A kiss tells what living and loving might be.

MARY I. RITTER.

DIPLOMATIC INCIDENTS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. THURLOW WEED.

SOME six weeks or two months before the death of President Taylor, Governor Fish informed me that the Hon. Daniel D. Barnard desired a foreign mission ; that an application, accompanied with letters from several distinguished statesmen, had been some time pending ; that Mr. Barnard, who, as I knew, was in a delicate state of health, had become morbidly impatient to go abroad. Governor Fish was aware that my relations with Mr. Barnard were not then friendly, although, both at Rochester in 1825 and at Albany twenty years afterward, I had been very intimate with Mr. Barnard, who was a gentleman of ability, cultivation, and integrity, with peculiarities which I have had occasion to speak of in a former chapter. The relations between Governor Fish and Mr. Barnard, political, personal, and social, were very close. They were near neighbors and much together. Mr. Barnard's nervous importunities for a mission finally induced the Governor to ask me, first as an act of justice to a zealous friend of the Administration, and next as a favor to himself, to go to Washington and obtain the desired appointment. I readily consented, and started immediately for Washington.

After assuring the President of Mr. Barnard's high personal character, his eminent ability, and his fitness for the diplomatic service, I informed him that the appointment would be particularly gratifying to Governor Fish. He replied that Governor Fish's friend should be gratified, and authorized me to call on Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, and ascertain what missions were available. I called upon Mr. Clayton, as was my habit, in the evening, at his lodgings, where I usually met Mr. Fisher—now Judge Fisher, of the United States District of Columbia Court, then Mr. Clayton's private secretary—and where, with agreeable conversation and excellent old bourbon, I passed many delightful hours. Mr. Clayton, who had served in Congress with Mr. Barnard and knew him well, indicated Austria or Naples as courts likely to suit his tastes, adding that either, if the President approved, was open for him.

In the morning I reported to General Taylor, who said : " Very well ; let Mr. Barnard take which he pleases, though it would please me better to give the mission to you. You have been working hard for your friends a good many years, and are entitled to repose." I thanked him gratefully for his kindness, and took my leave, much gratified with what I regarded as an auspicious result of my journey.

Arriving at Albany early in the evening, I called upon Governor Fish at his house, to announce the result of my visit to Washington. He also was manifestly gratified and relieved ; and while talking with him about the President, for whom he entertained a warm friendship, Mrs. Fish put on her hat and shawl and hastened to inform the Barnards of the good news ; news which proved, however, anything but good or satisfactory to Mr. Barnard, who instantly rejected both places, nothing but a first-class mission being worthy of his acceptance. Austria and Naples were not then in this category. When I reported Mr. Barnard's refusal to General Taylor, he again renewed his offer to me, kindly urging its acceptance ; and although the temptation was very great, and

Italy, above all other countries, one I desired to visit, yet I adhered to my determination of declining all offices.

Mr. Barnard, though disappointed for the moment, was soon gratified in the object of his ambition. Providence bereaved the country of its President. One of the earliest diplomatic appointments of Mr. Fillmore, who, as Vice-President, became General Taylor's successor, was that of the Hon. Mr. Barnard as Minister to Prussia; and strangely enough, a few months afterward, the mission to Austria was offered for a second time, by another President, to myself. And as this statement, unexplained, will occasion surprise, if not incredulity, I will proceed to show how and why President Fillmore tendered me a mission.

The country had every appearance of being on the eve of a revolution from the meeting of Congress in 1849 until July, 1850, when General Taylor died. The language and spirit of the representatives of the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Mississippi, etc., were quite as violent and defiant as they were in 1860. Those representatives, sustained by the Southern press, threatened to go out of the Union if California was admitted into it with a constitution prohibiting slavery. The ruling party of the North was united and firm in its determination to admit California under the constitution which its citizens had adopted. Vice President Fillmore had been, through his public life, distinguished for nothing more than his earnest opposition to slavery. Though always a Whig, his opinions on that subject were in advance of Francis Granger, Albert H. Tracy, Luther Bradish, Charles P. Kirkland, and other prominent gentlemen with whom he was politically associated. The Whig party, therefore, was startled, first by rumors and then by trustworthy information, that in assuming the executive department of government he would back down from the high position which President Taylor, a Southern man and a slaveholder, had taken. He formed a very able Cabinet, with Mr. Webster at its head, and before Congress met had matured a series of pro-slavery or compromise measures (including a stringent Fugitive Slave Law) repugnant to the principles and sympathies of the Whig party. Against these measures, and consequently against Mr. Fillmore's administration, I took strong ground, denouncing the President and his policy in no measured language. This, of course, divided the Whig party, and occasioned an exciting and bitter conflict. I will not here discuss the merits of that conflict.

During the winter or spring of 1851 I was asked by Mr. Norton, a Whig member of the Legislature from Allegany county, N. Y., who had been to Washington and came back an Administration man, if I did not want to go abroad, adding that Mr. Fillmore would, he thought, offer me a mission if it was known that I would accept it. I replied that I had work enough at home; and thought no more about it until a week or ten days afterward, when Governor Hunt surprised me with the same question, and entered into a long and friendly conversation with me on the subject. Governor Hunt himself, though always conservative, and very desirous to preserve harmony in our party, did not approve of the extreme concessions which it was evident Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster were urging. He informed me that he did not, however, desire me to leave the "Evening Journal," although he was authorized to say that if I accepted the mission, and desired to retire from business, Mr. John P. Bush, of Erie, would purchase my interest in the "Evening Journal." I understood Governor Hunt to say that Mr. Joseph B. Varnum, a Whig member of the Legislature from the city of New York, who had just returned from Washington, was authorized by Mr. Fillmore to request Governor Hunt to make this effort to avert a rupture in

the Whig party of our State. I felt it to be my duty to decline both propositions.

I passed the winter of 1869 at Aiken, in South Carolina, finding among other invalids there the Hon. Hugh Maxwell, of New York, a gentleman whom I had known many years, and for whose character and talents I entertained a high respect. We had had, however, but a slight personal acquaintance, and very little personal intercourse. I found him a gentleman of high cultivation, and, although at an advanced age, indulging all the social and literary habits and tastes for which he had been distinguished in earlier life. The friendships formed during the winter at Aiken, prominent among which is that with Mr. Maxwell, are among the pleasant recollections of an agreeable winter. At one of our evening communions, Mr. Maxwell inquired if in the early part of Mr. Fillmore's administration I had been offered a foreign mission, and, upon my replying affirmatively, he inquired if I knew where and how the idea of sending me abroad originated. I replied substantially, but briefly, as before written. He then informed me that my earnest and reiterated attacks upon President Fillmore's administration created much uneasiness among the conservative Whigs of the city; that, after reflecting upon the subject and conversing with leading Whigs, he invited several of them to his room in the Custom-house (Mr. M. was then Collector of the Port), where, after free consultation, it was agreed that the danger to the Administration from the hostility of the "*Albany Evening Journal*" rendered it imperative that its management should be changed, and that the surest way of accomplishing this object would be to send its editor abroad; and that he, Mr. M., was requested to write to President Fillmore fully on the subject; that he immediately informed Mr. Fillmore by letter of the result of this conversation, urging him to offer me a mission, that being, in the judgment of his New York friends, the only way of disposing of the troublesome and dangerous man; that Mr. Fillmore replied promptly to his letter, thanking him for his suggestion, saying that it would afford him great pleasure to offer me a foreign mission, first as a suitable recognition of my services to the Whig cause, and next on account of the long and pleasant personal, political, and social relations that had existed between us. Mr. Maxwell then remarked that his principal object in recalling this incident was to show me that Mr. Fillmore not only remembered old friendships, but had based his offer of a mission to me upon better grounds than those suggested by his friends in New York.

In the autumn of 1852 I left for Europe, accompanied by a daughter who has made six passages across the Atlantic with me, visiting with great interest Vienna and Naples, but as a private citizen. Our Government was then represented in Austria by the Hon. Mr. McCurdy of Connecticut, and by the Hon. Mr. Morris at Naples, to both of whom we were indebted for marked attentions. I refer to this European tour now, merely to relate an incident which shows that, by one of those chances that occur very seldom, as a stranger I was admitted to an imperial ceremony from which, had I then been the diplomatic representative of my country, I should have been excluded.

The Emperor of Russia arrived at Vienna on a visit to the Emperor of Austria on a Saturday afternoon. We went, with a large crowd, to witness at the railway station the reception of one Emperor by another. Early on Sunday morning I suggested to the ladies of our party (Mrs. and Miss Hunter of Rochester, and Mrs. W. H. De Witt of Albany), that by repairing to the palace we might get another glimpse of their Majesties, while they were going from the palace to the chapel. The probability of this, however, was so slight, that no one but my

daughter accompanied me. As we approached the palace, we fell into what Dr. Johnson calls "a stream of life," running in that direction. The approach to the palace stairway was densely crowded. Immediately before us were a lady and gentleman, to make room for whom the crowd, struggling backwards, opened a passage. We followed until we reached the foot of the stairway, where sentinels were stationed. After ascending a few steps, the lady, who had observed us behind them, spoke to the gentleman, who immediately turned and directed the orderly to pass us. Following them, we were ushered into an immense ante-room, filled with marshals, generals, and staff officers of the imperial army, whose magnificent uniforms were resplendent with decorations. Passing through this chamber we came to another, in which were the diplomatic corps, with their families, in full court dress. Here my progress was arrested, for a reason which, as the usher civilly explained it in German, I did not understand. But the gentleman to whose courtesy we were so far indebted, turned and informed me that my frock-coat excluded me from an apartment graced by ladies, but that my daughter could pass with them. I remained, therefore, in the room occupied by the marshals, etc., for fifteen or twenty minutes, when folding doors were thrown open and the two Emperors, followed by the imperial family, passed through these ante-rooms to the chapel. The highest dignitaries only, military and diplomatic, were invited to this ceremony. The exception was an unknown American citizen, with his daughter, who were, in the remarkable way that I have indicated, admitted to that honor. The lady referred to very kindly named the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen to my daughter, and in this way relieved the embarrassment of her position. In the evening of the same day, while taking tea with Mr. McCurdy, our good fortune in having a quiet look at the Emperors in the palace was spoken of, exciting first the incredulity and then the surprise of our Minister, who, on my inquiring why we did not meet him there, replied that our Government being represented only by a *chargé d'affaires*, he was not invited; but the question how *we* got there remained as much a wonder as that of the "fly in amber."

On the following day, Monday, the Emperor Joseph gave his imperial brother of Russia a review. To see this we started early, that our carriage might have an advantageous position, which fortunately by the promptness and intelligence of our coachman we secured. Over forty thousand troops were in line. At ten A. M., precisely, the two Emperors, with a magnificently-mounted suite, dashed out of the palace yard into the field. While the line was passing in review a barouche and four, with the Empress mother and three other ladies, drove into the field. In that barouche we recognized and exchanged recognitions with the lady by whom we were so highly favored the previous day. And, on inquiry, we ascertained that she was a cousin of the Emperor, residing with her husband, who was governor of the castle near Prague which the ex-Emperor on his abdication selected as his home.

In the summer of 1861, a retired merchant of New York called upon me to say that he and other merchants were anxious to obtain a consular appointment for an old and meritorious bookkeeper, who for more than thirty years had kept the books of one of our largest and most respectable commercial houses. The bookkeeper came to New York from England when he was quite a young man, and now, in his old age, was anxious to "go home to roost." In other words, he desired to pass the remainder of his life in England, so that he might finally sleep where his fathers slept. He was represented to me as a most deserving man, and who, as a bookkeeper, was endowed with all the habits and virtues

which distinguished Tim Linkinwater. The house that he had served so long and faithfully, and other merchants who knew him, were particularly anxious to gratify the old bookkeeper. I was then on my way to Washington, and took the application and testimonials, promising to do the best I could for him. While at breakfast the next morning with the Secretary of State, I made the application, and before I had half completed the enumeration of the old bookkeeper's merits, Mr. Seward requested his son Frederick, the Assistant Secretary, to find a place for him. I went to the Department with Frederick, and in looking over his Consular Register carefully, his eye finally rested upon Falmouth, where, upon examination, he found that the consul was an Englishman, and had held the office more than twenty years. It was decided, therefore, that one Englishman should give place to another, that other being an Americanized Englishman. I reported this determination to the Secretary, who immediately sent my friend's name to the President; and when the messenger returned with Mr. Lincoln's approval, Mr. Hunter, the chief clerk, was directed to fill up the commission and obtain the President's signature, in time for me to take it to New York that afternoon. Between four and five o'clock P. M., I went to Mr. Hunter for the commission, which lay before him on his desk. He rose somewhat deliberately (as is his manner), took the commission in his hand, and delivered it to me without speaking, but with evident reluctance. I said: "Is it all right, Mr. Hunter?" He replied: "I have obeyed orders." "But," I added, "you do not seem pleased. Is there anything wrong about the appointment?" "I have nothing to say against the appointment, but I have never discharged a duty, since I came into the Department, with so much regret." Upon inquiring what caused his regret, he said: "The first commission that I filled out when I came into this office, twenty-six years ago, was for Mr. Fox, our consul at Falmouth, who succeeded his then recently deceased father, who received *his* appointment from President Washington. The consular accounts of Mr. Fox are as neatly and as accurately kept as those of General Washington during the Revolution. I think he is the best consul in the service of the Government. You will judge, therefore, whether the removal of such a consul is not calculated to occasion regret." When he finished, while he stood looking at me, with his pen in his hand, I deliberately tore the commission into strips, threw them into the wastepaper basket, and left the Department for the cars. When I explained in New York what had occurred at Washington, it was approved, not only by the gentleman who had asked me to interest myself, but by the applicant himself.

In 1862, while in London, I was sitting at the Legation, with Mr. Moran, its secretary, when a plain, elderly gentleman, in modernized Quaker costume, came in, and was introduced to me as Mr. Fox, our consul at Falmouth. Before he left the room to see our Minister, Mr. Adams, I asked him if he knew how near he came to losing his official head a year ago. In replying that he had no such knowledge, he added that he had understood that he had had some narrow escapes in former times, but that since the Rebellion broke out he had been so busy in trying to show his countrymen that in a war to extend and strengthen slavery their sympathies should be with the North, that he had not thought about being removed. He then added, that it was not so much for the emolument as for the pleasure of serving the American Government that he desired to retain the office which his father received from George Washington. He was evidently much gratified at the incident I related, and invited me very cordially to visit him.

Having shown when and why I declined foreign missions, it seems proper that I should follow up the narrative with an event of more recent occurrence.

I will now, therefore, show when, and how, and under what peculiar circumstances, I did finally go abroad in a semi-official character.

Late in October, 1861, it was deemed important by the Administration that some gentlemen of intelligence and experience, possessing a good knowledge of all the circumstances which preceded and occasioned the rebellion, should be sent abroad to disabuse the public mind, especially in England and France, where numerous and active agents of secession and rebellion had long been at work, in quarters too ready to accept versions unfavorable to the North. Simultaneously, I arrived at Washington and was informed by the Secretary of State that the late Edward Everett of Boston and Archbishop Hughes of New York, J. R. Kennedy of Baltimore, and Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, had been invited to accept this mission; but that he was embarrassed by the declension of Messrs. Everett and Kennedy. Mr. Everett, having formerly been our Minister at the Court of St. James, did not feel at liberty to accept an unofficial position; and Mr. Kennedy did not feel able to abandon his business and go abroad without compensation. The four gentlemen thus selected were informed by the Secretary of State that their actual expenses only would be paid. The Secretary then asked me to suggest two suitable persons to supply these vacancies. I named Mr. Winthrop of Boston, and Mr. Ewing of Ohio. He thought well of both, and said he would immediately suggest their names to the President and Cabinet. Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McIlvaine, and Secretary Chase were to dine that day with Secretary Seward. I told him that I would drop in after his guests had left in the evening. I called at nine o'clock, and found the Archbishop, who had been informed that I was expected, waiting for me. And now I learned, greatly to my surprise and regret, that the Archbishop had declined. Of the four gentlemen designated, Bishop McIlvaine alone accepted. The Secretary, after I came in, resumed the conversation and renewedly urged the Archbishop to accept. But he persisted in his declination, repeating, as I inferred, the reasons previously given for declining. The conversation was interrupted by a servant, who ushered Baron von Gerolt, the Prussian Minister, into the parlor. The Secretary seated himself with the Baron upon a sofa in an ante-room, and I took advantage of the interruption to urge the Archbishop with great earnestness to withdraw his declination. He reiterated his reasons for declining. I told him that I had already listened attentively to all he had said, and that while I knew that he always had good and sufficient reasons for whatever he did or declined to do, he had not yet chosen to state them; and that while I did not seek to know more than he thought proper to avow, I must again appeal to him as a loyal citizen, devoted to the Union and capable of rendering great service at a crisis of imminent danger, not to persist in his refusal, unless his reasons for doing so were insurmountable. After a long pause, he placed his hand upon my shoulder, and, in his impressive manner and clear, distinct voice, said, "Will you go with me?" I replied, "I have once enjoyed the great happiness of a voyage to Europe in your company, and of a tour through Ireland, England, and France under your protection. It was a privilege and a pleasure which I shall never forget. I would cheerfully go with you now as your secretary or your valet, if that would give to the Government the benefit of your services." And here the conversation rested until Baron von Gerolt took his leave. When Governor Seward returned, the Archbishop rose and said, "Governor, I have changed my mind, and will accept the appointment, with this condition, that he"—placing his hand again upon my shoulder—"goes with me as a colleague. And as you want us to sail next Wednesday, I shall leave for New York by the first train in the

morning. I lodge at the Convent in Georgetown, and I will now take my leave. So, good-night, and good-by." I accompanied the Archbishop to his carriage, where, after he was seated, he said, with a significant gesture, "This programme is not to be changed."

Returning to the parlor, I found Secretary Seward, as I anticipated, embarrassed and depressed. No explanation was needed. His position in the Cabinet and with Congress was giving him and his friends much annoyance. He was charged by Radical members of both, and by the Radical press, with a want of energy and courage, although, in point of fact, he had been steadily and zealously in favor of the largest army, and the largest appropriations of money for war purposes, from the beginning. The country was rife with personal slanders against him; leading Senators were determined to drive him out of the Cabinet; for wisdom and firmness in counsel, and hard mental and physical labor day and night, he was all but literally stoned and scourged. Altogether his position was one of extreme embarrassment. I was much more obnoxious to the same class of Republicans. Three members of the Cabinet (Messrs. Chase, Welles, and Blair), together with several distinguished members of Congress, were politically and personally my enemies. Secretary Chase had fair reasons for his hostility, for I had strenuously and steadily opposed him in his aspirations for the Presidency. Leading Radical journals were bitterly hostile to me. I had incurred the displeasure of these classes early in the rebellion by insisting that there was a strong loyal sentiment in Western Virginia, Eastern Tennessee, and throughout North Carolina—a sentiment which, if cherished and protected, would narrow the boundaries of rebellion. I had sustained what was known as the "Border State Proposition" in Congress—a proposition which, if adopted, would have gone far to divide and weaken the South; and worse than all, I had maintained from the beginning that the war ought to be prosecuted for the maintenance of the Government and the preservation of the Union, holding and declaring at the same time that slavery would be deservedly destroyed as the only adequate penalty and punishment for a wanton and wicked rebellion against the best form of government in the world. Perhaps no other man, who had enjoyed for thirty years or more so largely the confidence of his party, had ever become so suddenly obnoxious to the ruling sentiment of that party. Secretary Seward, therefore, apprehended, as he had abundant reasons for apprehending, that in superadding my offences to his own responsibilities, they would inevitably sink him. I felt this keenly, and determined to return to New York and relieve him, by persuading the Archbishop to go without me. The Secretary informed me that he should be in New York on the following Monday morning, two days before the time fixed for the departure of the Commissioners. I remained in Washington attending to other duties till the afternoon of the next day, but had no further conversation with the Secretary on that subject. On my arrival at Albany, I found the following letter from the Archbishop:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. WEED: I cannot 'condescend' to appoint you to either of the offices which you so humbly suggested in a whisper the other evening in Washington. But I do hereby appoint you, *with* or *without* the consent of the Senate, to be my friend (as you always have been) and my companion in our brief visit to Europe.

"The more I reflect upon the subject, the more I am convinced that, whether successful or not, the purpose is marked, in actual circumstances, by large, enlightened, and very wise statesmanship.

"I have engaged a state-room for you, next to my own, on the *Africa*, which sails on the 6th proximo.

"We shall have time enough to talk on the way about matters and things.

"I remain, very sincerely,

"Your obed't serv't,

"† JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

I returned to New York on Monday morning, prepared for either contingency. I found the Archbishop inflexible, and after he frankly explained to me his reasons for insisting upon my accompanying him, I did not feel at liberty to disappoint him. Secretary Seward came on from Washington in the Sunday night train; and immediately after breakfast, the Archbishop called upon him at the Astor House, as did Mr. R. M. Blatchford and the late Mr. R. B. Minturn, to whom, with myself, the Secretary read his instructions and then handed them to the Archbishop, with which he took his leave. Mr. Minturn then quite warmly expressed his gratification upon my appointment, to which Secretary Seward replied, "Mr. Weed goes abroad as a volunteer and at his own expense." Mr. Minturn at first regarded this as a joke; but upon learning that the Secretary was in earnest, he left the room abruptly. I turned the conversation for a few minutes, and then left myself. I found Mr. Minturn walking in the hall in front of my door, more than usually disturbed. He followed me into my room, and handed me a check for \$1,000, remarking that I would find a credit at Baring Brothers, in London, to meet my expenses, as long as the interests of the country required me to remain there. Mr. Blatchford, when left alone with the Secretary, made some inquiries which disturbed him so much that he came down and protested against my leaving the country under circumstances so humiliating. Meantime Mr. Seward departed by a special train for Washington. I realized painfully the perplexities of my position. Between my promise to the Archbishop, the rebuff of the Secretary, and a reasonable degree of self-respect, it was difficult to determine what I ought to do. I did not doubt that when the fact that I was to go abroad in a highly important and confidential capacity became known at Washington, a storm was raised which constrained the Secretary to disavow the appointment, as he might do with justice and truth; for, as I have already stated, it was demanded by Archbishop Hughes as the condition upon which he himself consented to go. I remarked to Mr. Blatchford, that Mr. Seward had been so often assailed and so long held responsible for all my alleged shortcomings that he had become impatient and nervous, so much so that it needed only this feather to break the camel's back. Mr. Blatchford, however, was not appeased, and immediately sat down in my room and wrote, if I may judge by his excited manner, a very earnest letter to the Secretary. This letter was mailed immediately, and reached Governor Seward while at breakfast the next morning. A few hours afterwards, Mr. Blatchford received a telegram from the Secretary, informing him that my credentials would reach New York by special messenger in time for the steamer. This changed the whole aspect of the question, and proved quite as gratifying to my friends Blatchford and Minturn as to myself.

In due time, my letters to Earl Russell, accrediting me unofficially to the English Government; to the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to England; to the Hon. William L. Dayton, our Minister to France; and to the Prince Napoleon, were received. They were couched in language as strong and generous as confidence and friendship could inspire. The cloud, therefore,

which lowered for a few days over me, revealed its silver lining; and I departed, resolved, under the auspices of a kind Providence, in which I trusted, not to disappoint the expectations of my friends. How far I was successful in this resolution, and what occurred during the eventful and trying period of my sojourn in England and France, will constitute other chapters in this narrative. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say, that I was greatly and strangely favored by circumstances. The doors of princes and of potentates were opened for me in unexpected and unusual ways. The steamer which followed us, arriving out two days after we landed, brought intelligence of the taking of Messrs. Mason and Slidell from under the British flag. This occasioned throughout England a universal and indignant war-cry. On the following day, breaking through all the usual forms of diplomacy, through an accidental channel I was tendered an audience by Earl Russell at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Hill, his country residence; and subsequently was received by the Duke of Argyll, Milnor Gibson, Count de Morny, and other distinguished officials in London and Paris, as a representative of my country, without ever having an opportunity, with a single exception, of presenting my letters of instruction. From Prince Napoleon, to whom I delivered Governor Seward's letter, I received marked attentions. The Prince, differing widely and boldly from the Emperor, was a warm friend of our Government, and sought occasions to serve us. Our foreign ministers in London, Paris, and Brussels received me with a cordiality and treated me with a consideration which is pleasantly and gratefully remembered. The letters to Earl Russell, etc., etc., not having been delivered, are now preserved as souvenirs for my descendants.

The Trent affair agitated England greatly. Her people were angrily excited, and their Government profoundly anxious for a peaceable solution of the difficulty. Meantime, as there were but two steamers a month in the winter, and no cable, information was waited for impatiently. Our friends were disappointed and alarmed by the ominous reticence of the Secretary of State, and under this pressure I wrote him a letter expressing regret that he did not keep Mr. Adams privately advised of the progress and probabilities of that all-absorbing question, to which I received the following reply:

"WASHINGTON, March 7, 1862.

"MY DEAR WEED: I thought that I had as much industry as anybody around me, and with it a little of versatility. But I know nobody, and never did know that one man who could do all you seem to think I neglect to do as well as all the labor I actually perform. You knew when you left here how much I had to do outside of my own proper department, how little time official consultations and audiences leave me to work at all. But all this seems now forgotten, and you insist that I should have written private notes to Mr. Adams while the Trent affair was pending. How unreasonable! Our first knowledge that the British Government proposed to make it a question of offence or insult, and so of war, reached me on a Thursday. The Thursday following I ascertained how this Government would act upon it, and the reply went from my hands the same day.

"I am under the necessity of consulting the temper of parties and people on this side of the water, quite as much as the temper of parties and people in England. If I had been as tame as you think would have been wise in my treatment of affairs with that country, I should have had no standing in my own. I am willing to let my treatment of the British nation go on record with the treat-

ment of this nation by the British Ministry, and abide the world's judgment of the question on which side justice, forbearance, and courtesy have been exercised.

"I shall seem just as much reserved in this as in other letters. I know of things intended to be done, and expected to be done; but I cannot certainly know that they *will be successfully done*, much less *how soon*. If I promise them, and promise them speedily, and the agents relied upon fail, I shall be reproached for false prophecies, as I was last summer.

"I hope Harriet has recovered. Indeed, if things are half as well in England as it seems to me here that they ought to be, I trust that you have given her the benefit of the Italian spring.

"Everybody writes me that you have done everything well, and that your services have been exceedingly useful. I rejoice in your success, and congratulate you upon having deserved and gained the confidence of the wise and good at home and abroad, by labors devoted to the salvation of the Union, with so much manifestly resting upon you.

"Faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

"THURLOW WEED, Esq., London."

THURLOW WEED.

DIANA.

CAST not my way those superficial eyes,
 Where no sweet languor lies;
 In whose wide glance thy shallow thoughts arise,
 As clear as speeched replies:
 They lack the grace of grace—the charm
 Of mirrored memories!

What if beneath each violet-veinèd lid
 Such sumptuous hints lie hid
 Of sensualizèd sapphire, diamonded
 With flashings that forbid
 The eyes of timid men to read
 Their tinselries amid?

Huntress of men! I spell thy trade aright!
 Thou standest, in my sight,
 Poor, 'mid the physical gifts that make thee bright,
 And bare of heart's delight:
 What wilt thou do when cometh Age's
 Black, despondent night?

False goddess! what have I to do with thee?

Pass on and let me be!

We have no twin-impulses, such as we;

My gifts thou shalt not see

Upon thy crowded altar,

Fair Impotency!

Thou knowest the sound of laughter; never moan

To thee comes, spirit-blown;

But, only for thy smiling, thou art stone!

Pass on! pass on!

Joy in thy sensuous bloom, and move

To tinkling mirth alone!

I would not blame thee for thy bearing cold,

If its smooth ice did hold

Something to win—some under-thought, untold—

And not gross greed of gold,

And soul-degrading needs,

And trickeries manifold.

If but a worthier heart were manifest!

If to that classic breast—

So coldly classic, 'neath thy silken vest—

Might even yet be prest

That Prince of Men whose love to thee

Were all and best!

It will not ever be! nor thou outgo

Or break the hedgèd row,

By frivolous living fostered, sure and slow;

Thou canst not overthrow

The social frauds that round about thee

Rankly grow.

Thou of the goddess-front! thou, Circe-limbed and rare!

Thou, made for men's despair!

Thou white voluptuousness, unshrunk by care!

Ah, fair! ah, false as fair!

Why dost thou haunt me, temptress!

Everywhere?

HOWARD GLYNDON.

SISTER DIANA.

I WAS plodding home from church one dull Sunday last spring, while my niece Hester walked lightly beside me, skimming over the muddy spots on the tips of her bronze boots. She always lifted her feet as if they were shod with those little wings which sculptors carve on the heels of Mercury.

Judge Clifton drove by us with his son, and I saw the latter touch his father's arm to make him observe us. He stopped at once, and said in that cordial tone which had always made music in my ears :

"Let me drive you the rest of your way, Miss Prudence."

We had not many steps more to our house, but Hester had been lifted into the carriage by Edward Clifton without waiting for my yea or nay.

"Well, little Hester, I suppose this dull weather makes you home-sick for the city."

"No, indeed. I could live in Weston forever. We had a splendid time Tuesday, and I have lived upon it ever since."

She was going on. I knew her next words would refer to the "Shaker village," which she had visited on that day. People always pitched upon that subject with Judge Clifton, as if it were his fate to hear nothing else. One can never have a tender spot, but it would seem as if every child had a pin wherewith to probe it. I flashed a black look at Hester and squeezed her hand hard. In an instant she had tossed her handkerchief out of the window, and while Edward ran back to get it, we reached our own door in silence. That girl is not as others in "the rosebud garden of girls." She is only sixteen, and I would match her for tact with Madame de Maintenon.

"What in the world," began Hester when she had a chance ; but I said it was a long story, and I would tell it to her some time.

The evening proved rainy, and I knew from the careful way in which Hester swept the hearth, and enticed the fire into a brilliant glow, that she meant to hear the story before she went to bed.

"A clear fire and a clean hearth " are as necessary to my comfort as to that of the late Mrs. Sarah Battles, when she entered on her favorite whist.

"Begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it," said Hester, clasping her arms about my knees, and laying her head upon them. Thus enticed, I entered at once upon the following narrative :

I am quite sure nothing ever happened in Weston which stirred it to such a pitch of excitement as that Clifton trouble. It was not only a nine days' wonder, it took months for people to accept it as a fixed fact ; and even now, when gossip is at a low ebb, it is raked out of the past and told over again, and many people think there will yet be a new and startling end to the story. I heard it first at the "sewing circle," and every woman of us held her breath to listen ; not one was bold enough to say "I told you so," for though a "nameless longing and a vague unrest" had long been written on Mrs. Clifton's face, no one had ever translated it.

But I forget you have never seen the first Mrs. Clifton. She was painfully beautiful, like the Sistine Madonna, with eyes striving to look into heaven, and not a bit of earthliness in them. She never was like other people from the beginning, and could not seem to give or receive the right hand of fellowship among them.

The widow Bourne came home from prayer-meeting one night, and found her, then only a few days old, in a basket on her door-step, well wrapped from the cold, but with no possible clue to her origin. The snow lay deep on the ground, but frozen so hard that no footprints were visible. A full moon, almost turning night into day, deepened the mystery, and seemed to prove that whoever left the child had felt secure from discovery.

The widow Bourne was a "lone, lorn woman," and took the baby to her heart as a godsend. In fanciful remembrance of her coming in the moonlight, she called her Diana, and not "pale Dian" herself grew up to look more coldly pure. It was as if some cunning sculptor had breathed life into his masterpiece and forgotten to give it the color of life. Her pale yellow hair looked almost dark on the whiteness of her forehead. One thought of Undine and the White Lady of Avenel, and other ghostly women; one almost needed a dark background to see her at all.

Mrs. Bourne worked hard for her foster-child, and loved her as women always love that which costs them most trial; but Diana returned only the mechanical affection and obedience of an animal that is kindly treated.

I know no reason except the Mohammedan one, "it is written," that Edward Clifton should have fallen in love with this snow-maiden; the glamour came upon him in his boyhood, and grew with his growth.

The loveliest flowers and fruit were always on her desk in the great "court-ing-school," called "the Academy," where we were all educated.

A running fire of small sarcasms always connected their names, but these faintly-venomed points slid off from Diana's polished coldness, as if we had criticised a statue.

If she ever melted at all, it was under the sunny influence of Mary Sumner, a girl with an aspiring nose, eyes of no color, and every feature unreconciled to the rest; yet her plainness had a magnetic quality to draw all love, except that which she longed for most.

There is a freemasonry among women which teaches them each other's secrets—a power used sometimes for priceless comfort, but oftener for torture at slow fires. I don't know when it first dawned on me that not Lancelot nor another, but just Edward Clifton, would be Mary Sumner's "man of men" till the day of her death.

Who veileth love, must first have vanquished Fate,

sings Jean Ingelow; but love is easily veiled from its object.

To Edward Clifton, there was but one woman in the world; all the rest were mere lay figures; and in the blindness peculiar to his sex, he took Mary for the confidante and helper of his wooing. I have no doubt that she gave him her best aid and counsel in the matter, crushing her own heart all the time in the high Roman manner. In some of these plain, warm-hearted women there is a talent for martyrdom, equalled only by some of those old saints who died for the faith.

Edward had another friend at court in the widow Bourne, but nothing ever moved Diana from her first gentle yet firm refusal to hear the subject of his love mentioned in her hearing.

Mrs. Bourne, forced to silence with Diana, did so dilate upon the subject with everybody else, that all Weston was committed to one side or the other.

To look at young Clifton was almost to love him; but Diana had never looked at him, or any other man, with womanly eyes. She had joined the church in her youth, though the elders shook their heads over her "experience,"

and no nun in her cell ever led a life of more ritualistic devotion than Diana in the last two years of her mother's life.

Edward had meantime graduated from college and the law-school, and had taken an office for himself in the city.

With every visit to Weston, he took care to renew his tacit attentions to Diana Bourne; but a devout Catholic might as well have prayed to the picture of his favorite Madonna with the hope of recognition.

The widow Bourne was a woman of extraordinary patience; she kept silence until she lay on her deathbed; then she sent for Edward, and placing Diana's hand in his, did so wrestle with her for the promise which would assure her of her darling's comfortable provision through life, that Diana yielded at last and gave the promise to marry him.

The betrothal had been too solemn to be evaded, and the wedding followed soon after. In the next year Mary Sumner lost father and mother, and the Cliftons gave her a warm invitation to live with them, but I could easily understand how impossible it would be for her to endure life under their roof. To fill up her empty days, she began to teach school. As if this were not enough to ease her sore heart, she gradually took upon herself the duties without the dress of a Sister of Charity. She could teach all day and watch all night, and never seem conscious of fatigue.

Mr. Clifton spent a day or two with his parents every year, but his wife never came with him. They had been married seven years when he was appointed Judge, and came back to Weston to spend the rest of his life.

All who remembered Diana Bourne looked long at the graceful woman who walked up the aisle of our old church the first Sunday after her coming home.

She was still painfully beautiful, but the pain had deepened and darkened till the beauty was that of a lost spirit, not wicked, but despairing.

Mr. Clifton led a little girl by the hand, the image of himself, and it was he who lifted her to a seat, and kept her quiet with constant attention; the mother seemed unconscious of their existence.

Mary Sumner had one glimpse of her heart at this time, which filled her with the deepest pity.

"You ought to be very happy in your children," she said to Diana, when the nurse brought in the baby for her to see.

"Mamma is always saying her prayers; she don't care for us," said the little girl, suddenly leaving her play.

Diana's face flushed crimson and then overflowed with tears.

"No; I am not happy in my children. I am unworthy of the care of their souls, and I count it a sin to have given them birth."

"I don't care for my soul if she would only love me," said the child pitifully, as she turned again to her dolls.

"I ought to have been born in the Romish faith," said Diana; "I should have taken the veil and found the only happiness possible to me."

"One sometimes takes up a prickly duty and finds happiness on the other side of it. You cannot well be a Protestant nun."

"No; those old reformers made no provision for a temperament like mine."

"Because, happily, it is one in a thousand. I suppose old Luther thought with his countryman, that

—it is not serving God
To quit the laws of nature.

A visitor came in, and Diana's face returned in an instant to its usual strained composure.

It was the fashion of that summer to pretend that Weston was not rural enough, and to seek a lower depth of retirement. A favorite resort was the "Shaker village," twenty miles away. It was not a large community, yet exceedingly well to do in worldly gear.

The Shaker produce is always first in the market, and as they manufacture everything that they use, it would be a miracle if they did not grow rich faster than their neighbors. The principal building in *our* Shaker village was a large square house of gray stone, hewn by the brethren from one of their own quarries; it stood in a green field crossed with gravelled walks, leading to a pond several miles in length.

After a hot, dusty ride from Weston, the coolness of the stone house fell like a benediction on our party, which included the Cliftons, Mary Sumner, and a few more of the same clique.

We were met at the door by Sister Aurelia, a round, bustling old lady, who made us as heartily welcome as if all the Shaker settlement were her own farm. Her isolation from the world had never blunted the edge of her hospitality, and it was not the only proof of the shrewdness of "the elders," that she was made mistress of ceremonies in the only house to which strangers are admitted.

We went into a square room lined with wooden panels, having a floor white as scouring could make it, furnished only with a huge oaken table and plenty of rush-bottomed chairs, hard in the seat and perfectly uncompromising as to the back.

On our entrance, another sister, who was braiding straw, turned a little more to the light and away from us.

My eyes were at once drawn to this silent figure, who seemed wholly intent on her work and took no part in the voluble attentions of Sister Aurelia. She wore the common dress of coarse gray flannel, cut after the most ungraceful fashion that it ever entered the mind of man to conceive.

This sister wore it with a certain natural grace, which made it a different costume from the one which clung so desperately to Sister Aurelia's plump figure. Her plain muslin cap projected beyond her face, so as to hide the profile, according to that wise Shaker by-law which holds that the sight of the feminine profile is a temptation to the unholy passion of love. This envious cap hid her face entirely, and I watched in vain for the slightest turn of her head.

"It's a master tedious ride from Weston out here any time, but especially in the middle of summer. Seems to me it's about time we had a spell of weather," said Sister Aurelia, with a rich laugh which told of good living and a contented mind.

My statue turned her head at last. "I have used all the braid you gave me for this straw, Sister Aurelia."

"There's some more in the third row, seventh drawer from the top, Sister Lois," said that notable housewife, as she straightway laid a hand on the right knob and drew out the braid.

One entire side of the room was lined with small drawers, unlabelled, and all containing material for women's work.

Sister Lois had that rare voice which, like a flute in full orchestra, would be audible above a chorus of multitudes. She glanced along our line, rested an instant on Mrs. Clifton, and then was silent and busy as before.

"The voice of St. Cecilia asking for her harp," whispered Mary Sumner. She must have been thirty, yet her skin had the delicate fairness of an infant, and a crimson spot burned on each cheek. I felt sure that in this silent woman lay material enough for the most ecstatic sainthood in the Romish calendar.

The narrow line of hair left visible by the cap of a Shakeress was of the light, shining brown which reminds one of amber; but the distinguishing mark of her face lay in the eyebrows and lashes, which were of a deep and heavy brown, many shades darker than her hair. Her eyes disappointed me; they looked dull and expressionless, of a shade between gray and amber.

I watched her till Sister Aurelia came to tell us that our rooms were ready; the others rose gladly, but I was spell-bound to the vicinity of Sister Lois.

"Don't trouble yourself, Diana; I will look to all your matters up stairs. Sit here and rest till I call you," said Mary Sumner.

As Diana turned to resume her seat, Sister Lois looked at her with a sudden vivid flash in her eyes which gave the lie to my impression of dullness.

Diana drew near to her, as if by a will foreign to her own, and stood by her chair, watching her swift fingers.

"Do you like braiding straw?" she said at last.

"Not more than anything else," said Sister Lois, without looking up.

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Because it is work."

"But you might find more agreeable work."

"God has given us this world to work in continually, and not to question whether one thing is more agreeable than another. He gives us work to keep us from sin."

Something impelled me to say, "Did you always think so?"

She gave me one supercilious glance, as if she had forgotten my existence, a look learned and practised in far different scenes, and spoke no more except in monosyllables.

Diana looked interested, and I felt myself so much in the way that I made an excuse to join Mary up stairs.

"Is Diana alone with that Sister Lois?" was Mary's emphatic question.

"Yes; *that* Sister Lois routed me with one look."

"She can't harm Diana, I suppose, but I have heard of her before. She has only lately come into Shakerdom, and has made a wonderful number of proselytes. A year ago, three young girls from the best families in Bofield ran away from home and joined the Shakers there. The blame fell on Sister Lois, and she found it expedient to leave that part of the country. That's why we have never seen her here before. In my opinion she's a regular Jesuit in the Shaker dress."

Mary bustled about and put everything to rights in the deft way peculiar to her, but she still looked disquieted.

"Prudence," she said at last, "I do wish you would go down and tell Diana the baby wants her."

I went down to the room where I had left them, but the only trace of either was the roll of unfinished braid hanging on Sister Lois's chair. I knew nothing of the other parts of the house, and we did not meet again until we were called to tea. Diana said that she had been to see the kitchen, and was very absent-minded all the evening.

Next morning Sister Lois was again braiding straw, rarely raising her eyes, which, by morning light, looked duller than ever. Mrs. Clifton sat near her, and they sometimes exchanged a look or word; but between the Shakeress and Mary Sumner a certain mutual antagonism had sprung up in a night.

I proposed to visit the school, and all joined me except Diana, who murmured something about the heat and begged Mary to go with the children in her

stead. Mary hesitated, but she could think of no earthly excuse for refusing, and we soon reached the little building where the boys are taught in winter and the girls in summer.

There was something ludicrous, and yet deeply pathetic, in the company of children of all ages who rose, one after another, to read aloud for our benefit. They all wore the straight skirt and close cap, which do not improve in miniature. Nellie Clifton, in her full muslin frock and bright ribbons, looked at them in a trance of wonder, unable to realize their affinity with herself as a part of childhood.

"Do you see that little one on the back seat?" whispered Mary. I followed her eyes, and saw a little fairy of a child scarcely four years old, who looked as if she had been dressed for fun in her grandmother's cap. Surely, I had seen that amber-colored hair and the thick, dark brows before, and I met confirmation in Mary's returning glance. The striking resemblance to Sister Lois could not be mistaken. We waited until the lessons were over, and then spoke to the little one, who was constantly breaking into merry laughter, to be as often hushed into silence by the prim little Shakeress who had her in charge.

"What is your name, dear?" Mary asked, in that winning tone which all children accept as the guarantee of a loving heart.

"Her name is Dorcas," said the elder one; and to all our questions she was ready with the straightforward answers that one can never find fault with, though they give no information.

She had the good-natured, stolid face which Shaker training seems to develop, and was evidently well drilled in the part she had to play before strangers.

We had walked on, hopeless of learning anything of Dorcas's history, when Mary's dress was suddenly twitched, and a sweet voice, the counterpart of Sister Lois's, said:

"Let me go with you, pretty lady, please do. I'll be good—good as chestnuts, if you will."

"Dorcas, come back," called the elder girl.

"My name isn't Dorcas," said the little one pettishly; "my name is birdie, and darling, and beauty, and something else that papa called me, only I forget it; let me see——" But the elder one caught her roughly by the arm and dragged her away, before she could recall what had once been her name. The agony of childish distress in the little face roused Mary's righteous indignation, and she began eagerly to discuss a romantic plan for carrying off little Dorcas from her tormentors, forgetful of a certain long-eared "little pitcher" walking demurely beside us.

We found Sister Lois and Diana precisely as we had left them. Nellie began to tell her story of the school and Dorcas, when Sister Lois gave her one of those sudden vivid glances which had acted like a magnet on Diana the day before.

Nellie went straight to her side, and asked, with the unequalled calmness of childhood, "Are you little Dorcas's mother?"

Sister Lois stooped to pick up a bit of straw (and it might have been the stooping which crimsoned her face); then she said gravely, as if speaking to others than Nellie:

"This place is like the kingdom of heaven; we neither marry nor are given in marriage. The children come to us sometimes with their parents, who cease to be fathers and mothers when they become Shakers."

"O dear," said Nellie, "I hope nobody will bring me here."

A great stone had been thrown into deep water, and we could only watch for the ripples, till Sister Aurelia relieved us all with the announcement of dinner.

She was a perfect type of Shaker prosperity, a walking advertisement of the good things which awaited those who should join the community. Her absolute contentment with her lot could not fail to entice those who find it hard to wrench the living which the world owes them out of its tight fist. She led us through the convenient kitchen and the cool bedchambers, pointing out the creature comforts which the poorest might enjoy, with an unctuous satisfaction which insured her many proselytes.

Sister Lois was fitted to attract wholly different natures ; young girls who are curious in human mysteries, and women disappointed in all that makes life worth living, were drawn to her by the history of passion written on her face, and of rest found at last in the strange union of material and spiritual elements in the Shaker creed.

Yet after all, it seemed to me as I watched her that it was not so much her so-called religion as the position it gave her for influencing others, that made her content in her low place. She grew more and more devoted to her creed because every convert she made was an individual triumph.

We visited the school nearly every day afterward, but we never saw little Dorcas there, or anywhere in the grounds. I have faith to believe that sooner or later she found means to shed the unbecoming dress of that "most straitest sect," and to return to the world from which her mother had stolen her.

Each day at the Shaker village was a twin to every other. The spell of the Lotus-Eaters was upon us ; we had come unto a land "in which it seemed always afternoon," and we delayed week after week, until Mary's school was about to begin, and Judge Clifton insisted on the return of his family.

On the last evening we had planned a sail on the pond, and Mrs. Clifton showed actual pleasure in the idea ; but at the last moment she pleaded a headache and stayed behind.

Mary would have remained to charm it away, but was repulsed almost coldly. We stayed late, fascinated by the starlit water ; we could talk freely there, while everywhere else on Shaker ground a hidden ear seemed to be lying in wait for every word.

When Mary went up to her room, which opened into that of Mrs. Clifton, she heard the baby sobbing and moaning in a way that babies have when worn out with crying.

She listened a moment, but the sound continued, and thinking Diana must be sleeping heavily, she stole into the room. The nurse had returned to Weston the week before with Nellie Clifton, leaving the baby in its mother's care. The bed bore no marks of having been used by Diana, and the child was easily soothed in Mary's arms. She had risen to go back to her own room, when steps sounded in the passage ; she recognized the peculiar tapping of the round heels with which Shaker shoes are made, and as they neared the door and paused, a flute-like voice said, as if in answer to something said before :

"Be strong, and fear not. Help will be given thee for thy first duty."

Then the door opened and Diana came in with a light in her hand ; she was the most impassible of women, but she started back with a stifled cry when she met Mary face to face.

"O Diana, where have you been ?" said Mary, hurried into the most awkward of questions by the surprise.

"My headache grew so much worse here, that I went down for something

to relieve it," said Diana in a faint voice, condescending to equivocate for the first time in her life.

Mary stood irresolute, casting about desperately in her mind for some wise saying, which might restore the old confidence between them.

"Don't let me detain you," said Diana, coldly; "my head is better, and I shall not leave the baby again. Good night."

Thus dismissed, Mary went to her bed; but sleep was impossible. A dim foreboding of evil to come from Diana's contact with the unnatural influences of Shakerdom, which had been growing in her mind, now took color and shape.

Sister Lois had early perceived her dislike to her intimacy with Diana, and it had seemed to cease entirely in the last half of our stay.

Mary's suspicions had been almost shamed by the calm dignity of Sister Lois. Her first impulse was to confide her fears to Judge Clifton; but her natural delicacy made her dread meddling in a matter which affected the husband and wife alone.

"We go to-morrow," she thought, "and if Diana goes with us, all will be well."

Next day, Judge Clifton drove us all to Weston, and the parting between Sister Lois and Diana was that of strangers met for a day. We only noticed that Diana turned the conversation skilfully when it touched on the peculiar customs of the community we had just left.

Within a week from that time Mrs. Clifton disappeared from her home as suddenly and completely as if the earth had closed over her, and her husband's face had not altered a hair's breadth from the hard composure it had worn ever after his marriage.

Mary Sumner behaved like one distraught for a day or two, and then quietly let it be known that Mrs. Clifton had left her family to live with the Shakers. She was to have an allowance for her support, and at the end of a year, if she repented her choice, she might return to the world; if otherwise, she would join herself permanently to the society: all this with her husband's full consent. And at this aggravating point Mary put a "thus far and no farther."

"I shall not put you off like the rest," she said to me. "You know Diana's coming home with us made my mind easy. I thought she would have remained there then if she had meant to join the community; but Sister Lois understands her business better. If Nellie Clifton had stayed to the last, Diana would not have come away at all."

"How can you be certain of that?" I said, surprised at her intimate knowledge.

"She told me so herself. The first court day, Judge Clifton gave a dinner to some old friends at the hotel; it was to be a late sitting, and Diana chose that night to go away. I had stayed late in my school-room, and it was fully nine as I crossed the street where the Cliftons live. I had to wait a moment for a carriage to turn the corner. It looked like a home-made farm wagon with three seats and drawn by a pair of heavy horses. A man was driving, and two women sat on the back seat.

"All at once it flashed upon me that the Shakers use such a wagon on market days; and while I watched on the corner it stopped at Diana's door.

"When I reached it, one woman was sitting still in the wagon; but I felt sure there had been two. The man stood guard on the doorstep, but I rushed in too suddenly for him to stop me, and was in Diana's room in time to hear the door bell which he touched by way of warning. Sister Lois met me with a look which

was anything but Christian. I was too breathless to speak, and could only look on while she put some jewelry carefully into a box, and the box into a trunk which stood open beside her, before she uttered a word. Diana certainly would not need such gauds in her new position ; but all is fish that comes to the Shaker net.

"She waited a moment longer in her unshaken coolness, as if inclined after all to take no notice of me.

"I made a step toward the inner room, and she spoke, to arrest me. 'Is it your habit, Miss Sumner, to rush into your friends' houses in this breathless way?' and the straight-robed Shakeress seemed to magnify into some haughty woman of the world, accustomed to question and command.

"She understood my temperament perfectly, for I have not a grain of self-assertion when one takes that tone with me. She pointed to the door, and I believe I should have gone away utterly crestfallen had not Nellie heard my step and run into my arms from the inner room.

"'O Auntie, Auntie!' was her joyful cry, 'I am so glad you have come. That woman says we are only going to drive ; but I know better : she means to take me to Shaker Village and dress me like Dorcas—her little girl, you know.'

"Her words brought a hot flush into Sister Lois's face for the second time, and broke the spell she had wrought on me.

"Diana came to the door in bonnet and shawl, with the baby in her arms ready dressed for the night ride.

"At sight of me she looked as if she would fall ; but Sister Lois caught her and drew her back into the bedroom. She spoke very low, but so distinctly that I heard every word. 'I can't think how she came here at this time ; but don't notice her. I am afraid we must leave the children after all. I am sorry now that you did not remain when you were with us.'

"This betrayal of her plan filled me with hopes of saving the children. Sister Lois came out immediately, and, locking the trunk, called to the man below to carry it down.

"Her manner was something wonderful ; it almost convinced me that she was doing her duty, while I must be meddling in other people's concerns most unwarrantably.

"I took Nellie by the hand and went boldly into Diana's room, where she sat pale and trembling. I believe I fell down at her feet with some kind of wild appeal that touched her heart ; for she laid the baby in my arms, and began hurriedly to say that Mr. Clifton had given his consent to her living one year with the Shakers. She only went away in the evening that she might attract less notice.

"'And the children?' I asked resolutely.

"Diana had not fully learned to do evil that good might come, and though Sister Lois stood looking at her with all her will-power in her eyes, she said what I shall never forget in this world or the next.

"'You have been my only friend, and I will speak the truth in this last time that we shall ever meet. He said I must leave the children ; but I know that it is my duty to take them with me.'

"She gave me an imploring look ; but I clasped the baby right to my breast, while Nellie held by my dress as for her life, and without a word more we were left alone.

"I heard whispering below : the man seemed to urge something, and his foot was on the stairs ; but Sister Lois said, 'No ; it is useless to try violence

on that woman. I know her too well. We'll manage it some other way.' And they drove off.

"There was not another soul in the house, so thorough had been Diana's preparations.

"Judge Clifton came home at midnight, and the servants about the same time. He had truly given his consent to his wife's leaving her home, but had no idea that it was to be so soon. He was deeply moved by her perfidy toward him in trying to carry off the children.

"I felt that no comfort or sympathy could reach a grief like his, and I went home so soon as I could leave the children."

That was the last time we spoke of Diana to each other; but others could never spare her. She died to the world and to her friends from that moment.

Judge Clifton gave up his own house, and took the children to his mother. It is said that his devotion to his profession wore upon him; the new grief, if it were new, certainly added no deeper shadow to the harassed and bitter expression which had grown over his face soon after his marriage, and on his own affairs he maintained absolute silence.

When Mrs. Clifton's year of probation had nearly passed, curiosity rose again as to the result of her experiment. One morning I took a letter from the office for Mary Sumner and carried it to her school-room. She read a line or two, and then crushed the letter in her hand as if it had stung her. I was not cruel enough to stay and watch her, though I knew the letter was in Diana's handwriting.

Soon after we heard that Mrs. Clifton had joined herself to the Shakers for life, under the name of "Sister Diana," and had gone with Sister Lois to live at Bofield, a larger and more central community.

The following summer was the most sickly time ever known in Weston. The factory people suffered most, as their supply of daily bread stopped with their work. Mary Sumner gave herself no time for rest or sleep. She was met more than once fast asleep on her way to her school. It was useless to strive with her. To all I could say she would only answer that such labor physicked her own pain; and what that pain was I knew too well.

She enlisted me one night to watch with one of her fever patients, and I insisted on her going to bed for the first half of the night.

I arranged her on a sofa in another room and returned to my watch, satisfied that Mary's case needed the more careful treatment of the two.

She came in again at midnight and offered to relieve me. I touched her gown, and it felt damp.

"Did you get any sleep?" I asked with sudden suspicion.

"Not much. I have been to see the child over the way." She gave me a very wan and tremulous smile, and fell back in a swoon so long and death-like that I never expected to see her move again. This was the beginning of the same fever the seeds of which she had caught in so many sick-rooms.

I had her removed at once to this house, and the fruit and other dainties that were brought to her by those whom she had succored would have feasted an army of convalescents, while she lay white and motionless, unconscious of the harvest her goodness had sown.

Judge Clifton never came near her, or sent any message; and I kept every one away from her, as her fever talk often betrayed the hitherto safe-hidden passion of her life.

The fever burned itself out very soon for sheer want of material to ravage,

but it left her in such mortal weakness that we watched with trembling the flicker of life that remained to her.

One sultry August night, I sat watching the faint rise and fall of the linen that lay on her breast.

"What did you do with the letter?" she asked suddenly.

"What letter?" I said; "I have seen none."

"Then it is in the dress I wore when I was taken with the fever."

She gave a feeble sigh of satisfaction when I placed it in her hand, and held it tight for safe keeping.

The silence grew more and more oppressive. With Mary's life for my text, I preached a sermon to myself on the general uncomfortableness of every worldly arrangement, and my argument was so conclusive that I almost came to justify Diana Bourne in casting away her duty for what would give her happiness.

I heard the front door open and shut softly, and on the stairs I met Judge Clifton. There was no sign of greeting on his side; his hand shook as he grasped my wrist.

"They tell me that Mary Sumner cannot live a week; is it true?"

"No, Mr. Clifton; she is very weak, but I think not dying."

The devout thankfulness in his face satisfied even my jealousy of Mary's secret. I felt that I should do well to betray it.

"I have been out of town for several weeks," he went on hurriedly. "I am free now to give my life to her if she will take it. Will you let me see her?"

I reflected that joy rarely kills anybody; and if it should, one ought to be thankful to get one's release in that way. So I led Judge Clifton to the door of the room I had left, and then sat down on the stairs to cry it out in peace.

He went away after a while in silence. Mary lay all night with shaded eyes, saying once when I pressed her hand to be sure she was alive, "You may read the letter now, if you like."

It was from Diana, of course; an explanation of her motives in forsaking the vow she had taken eight years before, so clear and convincing that I threw no more stones at her from that hour.

The sentence which stung Mary so deeply must have been this:

"Mary, if he who was once my husband should ask you to take the place which I have abandoned, and to be a mother to his children, for my sake do not refuse. I am happy at last in this walk which I have chosen, between work and prayer; but I can never condemn you for being happy in your own way."

Mary came slowly back to health, carrying her new happiness tenderly in her heart, as if it were half a sorrow. Judge Clifton's first bride had a fairer face, but the plain cap of a Shakeress harmonized better with its classic coldness than lace and orange blossoms.

The genial expression of his boyhood has returned to his middle-aged face, and Mary Clifton, in becoming a stepmother, still holds to her vocation of a Sister of Charity.

"But suppose," said my niece Hester, looking up as I finished my story, "that the first Mrs. Clifton should get tired of the Shakers, and come back after all?"

"My dear," I said gravely, "one may *suppose* dreadful things when one is young; but after forty, one is content to wait till they happen."

W. A. THOMPSON.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

TEN years ago an important political question was agitating the English House of Commons and the English public. It was the old question of Parliamentary Reform in a new shape. Thirty years before Lord John Russell had pleaded the right of the middle classes to have a voice in the election of their Parliamentary representatives; this time he was asserting a similar right for the working population. Then he had to contend against the opposition of the aristocracy only; this time he had to fight against the combined antagonism of the aristocracy and the middle classes, the latter having made common cause with their old enemies to preserve a monopoly of their new privileges. The debate in the House of Commons on the proposed Reform Bill of 1860 was long and bitter. When it was reaching its height, a speaker arose on the Tory side of the House whose appearance on the scene of the debate lent a new and piquant interest to the night's discussion. He sat on the front bench of the Opposition, quite near to Disraeli himself. The moment he rose, every head craned forward to see him; the moment he began to speak, every ear was strained with keen curiosity to hear him. The ears were for a while sorely tried and perplexed. What was he saying—nay, what language was he speaking? What extraordinary, indescribable sounds were those which were heard issuing from his lips? Were they articulate sounds at all? For some minutes certainly those who like myself had never heard the speaker before were utterly bewildered. We could only hear what seemed to us an incoherent, inarticulate guttural jabber, like the efforts at speech of somebody with a mutilated tongue or excised palate. Anything like it I never heard before or since; for no subsequent listening to the same speaker ever produced nearly the same impression: either he had greatly improved in elocution, or his listener had grown used to him. But the night of this famous speech, nothing could have exceeded the extraordinary nature of the sensations produced on those who heard the orator for the first time. After a while we began to detect articulate sounds; then we guessed at and recognized words; then whole sentences began to shape themselves out of the guttural fag; and at last we grew to understand that, with an elocution the most defective and abominable ever possessed by mortal orator, this Tory speaker was really delivering a speech of astonishing brilliancy, ingenuity, and power. The sentences had a magnificent, almost majestic rotundity, energy, and power; they reminded one of something cut out of solid and glittering marble, at once so dazzling and so impressive. The speech was from first to last an aristocratic argument against the fitness of the working man to be anything but a political serf. In the true fashion of the aristocrat, the speaker was for patronizing the working man in every possible way; behaving to him as a kind and friendly master; seeing that he had a decent home to live in and coals and blankets in winter; but all the time insisting that the ruin of England must follow any successful attempt to place political power in the hands of "poverty and passion." The speech overflowed with illustration, ingenious analogy, felicitous quotation, brilliant epigram, and political paradoxes that were made to sound wondrously like maxims of wisdom. Despite all its hideous defects of delivery, this speech was, beyond the most distant comparison, the finest delivered on the Tory side during the whole of that long and memorable debate. For

a time one was almost cheated into the belief that that elaborate and splendid diction, now so stately and now so sparkling, was genuine eloquence. Yet to the last the listener was frequently baffled by some uncouth, semi-articulate, hardly intelligible sound. "What on earth does he mean," asked a puzzled and indeed agonized reporter of some laboring brother, "by talking so often about the political authority of Joe Miller?" Careful inquiry elicited the fact that the name of the political authority to which the orator had been alluding was John Mill. Fortunately for his readers and his fame, the speaker had taken good care to write out his oration and send the manuscript to the newspapers.

Now this inarticulate orator, this Demosthenes without the pebble-training, was, as my readers have already guessed, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, then a baronet and a member of the House of Commons, now a peer. Undoubtedly he succeeded, by this and one or two other speeches, in securing for himself a place among the few great Parliamentary debaters of the day. Despite of physical defects which would have discouraged almost any other man from entering into public life at all, he had succeeded in winning a reputation as a great speaker in a debate where Palmerston, Gladstone, Bright, and Disraeli were champions. So deaf that he could not hear the arguments of his opponents, so defective in utterance as to become often almost unintelligible, he actually made the House of Commons doubt for a while whether a new great orator had not come among them. It was not great oratory after all; it was not true oratory of any kind; but it was a splendid imitation of the real thing—the finest electroplate anywhere to be found. "If it is not Bran, it is Bran's brother," says a Scottish proverb. If this speech of Bulwer-Lytton's was not true oratory, it was oratory's illegitimate brother.

Nearly a whole generation before the winning of that late success, Bulwer-Lytton had tried the House of Commons, and miserably, ludicrously failed. The young Tory members who vociferously cheered his great anti-reform speech of 1860, were in their cradles when Bulwer-Lytton first addressed the House of Commons, and having signally failed withdrew, as people supposed, altogether from Parliamentary life. His failure was even more complete than that of his friend Disraeli, and he took the failure more to heart. Rumor affirms that the first serious quarrel between Bulwer and his wife arose out of her vexation and disappointment at his break-down, and the bitter, provoking taunts with which she gave vent to her anger. I know no other instance of a rhetorical triumph so long delayed, and at length so completely effected. Nor can one learn that it was by any intervening practice or training that Bulwer in his declining years atoned for the failure of his youth. He was never that I know of a public speaker; he won his Parliamentary success in defiance of Charles James Fox's famous axiom, that a speaker can only improve himself at the expense of his audiences. Between his failure and his triumph Bulwer-Lytton may be said to have had no political audience.

A statesman Bulwer Lytton never became, although he held high office in a Tory Cabinet. He did little or nothing to distinguish himself, unless there be distinction in writing some high-flown, eloquent despatches, such as Ernest Maltravers might have penned, to the discontented islanders of Ionia; and it was he, if I remember rightly, who thought of sending out "Gladstone the Philhellene" on that mission of futile conciliation which only misled the Ionians and amused England. It always seemed to me that in his political career Bulwer acted just as one of the heroes of his own romances might have done. Having suffered defeat and humiliation, he vowed a vow to wrest from Fate a vic-

to go upon the very spot which had seen his discomfiture ; and he kept his word, won his victory, and then calmly quitted the field forever. A more prosaic explanation might perhaps be found in the fact that weak physical health rendered it impossible for Bulwer to encounter the severe continuous labor which English political life exacts. But I prefer for myself the more romantic and less commonplace explanation, and I hope my readers will do likewise. I prefer to think of the great romancist retrieving after thirty years of silence his Parliamentary defeat, and then, having reconciled himself with Destiny, retiring from the scene contented, to struggle in that arena no more. In all seriousness, there must be some quality of greatness in the man who, after bearing such a defeat for so many years, can struggle with Fate again, and accomplish so conspicuous a success.

Now this is in fact one grand explanation of Bulwer-Lytton's rank in English literature. He has the self-reliance, the patience, the courage so rare among literary men, by which one is enabled to extract their full and utter value from whatsoever intellectual endowments he may possess. Bulwer-Lytton alone among all famous English authors of our days has apparently done all that he could possibly do—obtained from his faculties their entire tribute. Readers of the letters of poor Charlotte Brontë may remember the impatience with which she occasionally complained that her idol Thackeray would not put forth his whole strength. No such fault could possibly be found with Bulwer-Lytton. Sooner or later he always put forth his whole strength. He had many failures, but, as in the case of his political discomfiture, he had always the art of learning from failure the way how to succeed, and accordingly succeeding. When he wrote his wretched "Sea Captain," the critics all told him he could not produce a successful drama. Bulwer thought he could. He thought the very failure of that attempt would show him how to succeed another time. He was determined not to give in until he had satisfied himself as to his fitness, one way or the other, and so he persevered. Now observe the character of the man, and see how much superior he himself is to his works, and how much of their success the works owe to the man's peculiar temper. We all know what authors usually are, and how they receive criticism. In ordinary cases, when the critics declare some piece of work a failure, the author either is crushed for the time by the fiat, or he insists that the critics are idiots, hired assassins, personal enemies, and so forth ; he defiantly adheres to his own notions and his own method—and he probably fails. Bulwer-Lytton looked at the matter in quite a different light. He said, apparently, to himself : "The critics only know what I have done ; I know what I can do. From their point of view they are quite right—this thing is a failure. But I know that it is a failure only because I went to work the wrong way. I *can* do something infinitely better. Their experience and their comments have given me some valuable hints ; I will forthwith go to work on a better principle." So Bulwer-Lytton wrote "Richelieu," "Money," and the "Lady of Lyons"—the last probably the most successful acting drama produced in England since the days of Shakespeare, and the first hardly below it in stage success. Of course I am not claiming for either of these plays a high and genuine dramatic value. They probably bear the same resemblance to the true drama that their author's Parliamentary speech-making does to true eloquence. But of their popularity and their transcendent technical success there cannot be the slightest doubt. Bulwer-Lytton proved to his critics that he could do better than any other living man the very thing they said he could never do—write a play that should conquer the public and hold the stage. So to those who

affirmed that, whatever else he might do, he never could be a Parliamentary speaker, he replied by standing up when approaching the very brink of old age, and delivering speeches which won the willing and generous applause of Disraeli, and extorted the reluctant but manly and frank recognition of such an opponent as John Bright.

Bulwer-Lytton once insisted, in an address delivered to some English literary institution, that the word "versatile" is generally used wrongly when we speak of men who do a great many things well; that it is a comprehensive, not merely a versatile mind, each of these men has; not a knack of adroitly turning himself to many heterogeneous labors, but a capacity so wide that it unfolds quite naturally many fields of labor. In this sense Bulwer-Lytton has undoubtedly a more comprehensive mind than any of his English contemporaries. He has written the most successful dramas and some of the most successful novels of his day; and he has so varied the method of his novel-writing that he may be said to have at least three distinct and separate principles of construction. Some of his poetic translations seem to me almost absolutely the best done in England of late years; many of his essays approach a true literary value, while all or nearly all of them are attractive reading; his satire, "The New Timon," is the only thing of the kind which is likely to outlive his age; and his political speeches are what I have already described. Now, to estimate the personal value of these successes, let us not fail to remember that their author never was placed in a condition to make literary or other labor a necessity, and that for nearly a whole generation he has been in the enjoyment of actual wealth; that in England literature adds little or no social distinction to a man of Bulwer-Lytton's rank; and that during a considerable portion of his life the author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel" has been tortured by almost incessant ill-health. Almost everything that could tend to make a man shun continuous and patient labor (opulence and ill-health would be quite enough to make most of us shun it) combined to render Bulwer-Lytton an idle or at least an indolent man. Yet almost all the literary success he attained was due to a patient toil which would have wearied out a penny-a-liner, and a laborious self-study and self-culture which might have overtaxed the nerves of a Königsberg professor. "Easy writing is cursed hard reading," is a maxim which Bulwer-Lytton fully understood, and of which he showed his appreciation in his personal practice.

Bulwer-Lytton was born on the fringe of the aristocratic region. He can hardly be said to belong to the genuine aristocracy, although of late, thanks to his political opinions and his peerage, he has come to be ranked among aristocrats. He is the brother of a distinguished diplomatist, Sir Henry Bulwer, and the father of a somewhat promising diplomatist, not quite unknown to Washington people, Robert Lytton, "Owen Meredith." Bulwer-Lytton had advanced tolerably far upon his career when he inherited through his mother a magnificent estate, which enabled him to set up for an aristocrat. His baronetcy had been conferred upon him by the Crown, as his peerage lately was. He started in political life, like Mr. Disraeli, as a Liberal; indeed, it was, if I am not greatly mistaken, on the introduction of Bulwer-Lytton that Disraeli obtained the early patronage of Daniel O'Connell, which he so soon forfeited by the political tergiversation that drew down from the great Agitator the famous outburst of fierce and savage scorn wherein, alluding to Disraeli's boasted Jewish origin, he proclaimed him evidently descended in a right line from the blasphemous thief who died impenitent on the cross. Disraeli's apostasy was sudden and glaring, and he kept the field. Bulwer-Lytton soon faded out of politics altogether for

nearly thirty years, and when he reappeared in the House of Commons and wore the garb of a Tory, his old friend and political patron O'Connell had long become a mere tradition. Nearly all of those who listened with curiosity to Bulwer-Lytton's speeches in 1855 and 1869, were curious only to hear how a great romancist and dramatist would acquit himself in a part which, so far as they were concerned, was entirely a new appearance. They had no personal memory of his former efforts; no recollection of the time when the young author of the sparkling, piquant, and successful "Pelham" endeavored to take London by storm as a political orator, and failed in the enterprise.

In one peculiarity, at least, Bulwer-Lytton the novelist surpassed all his rivals and contemporaries. His range was so wide as to take in all circles and classes of English readers. He wrote fashionable novels, historical novels, political novels, metaphysical novels, psychological novels, moral-purpose novels, immoral-purpose novels. "Wilhelm Meister" was not too heavy nor "Tristram Shandy" too light for him. He tried to rival Scott in the historical romance; he strove hard to be another Goethe in his "Ernest Maltravers"; he quite surpassed Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and the general run of what we in England call "thieves' literature," in his "Paul Clifford"; he became a sort of pinch-beck Sterne in "The Caxtons," and was severely classical in "The Last Days of Pompeii." One might divide his novels into at least half a dozen classes, each class quite distinct and different from all the rest, and yet the one author, the one Bulwer-Lytton, showing and shining through them all. Bulwer is always there. He is masquerading now in the garb of a mediæval baron, and now in that of an old Roman dandy; anon he is disguised as a thief from St. Giles's, and again as a full-blooded aristocrat from the region of St. James's. But he is the same man always, and you can hardly fail to recognize him even in his cleverest disguise. It may be questioned whether there is one spark of true and original genius in Bulwer. Certain ideas commonly floating about in this or that year he collects and brings to a focus, and by their aid he burns a distinct impression into the public mind. Just as he expressed the thin and spurious classicism of one period in his Pompeian romance, so he made copy out of the pseudo-science and bastard psychology of a later day in his "Strange Story." Never was there in literature a more masterly and wonderful mechanic. Many-sided he never was, although probably the fame of many-sidedness (if one may use so ungraceful an expression) is the renown which he specially coveted and most strenuously strove to win. Only genius can be many-sided, and Bulwer-Lytton's marvellous capability never can be confounded with genius. The nearest approach to genius in all his works may be found in their occasional outbursts and flashes of audacious, preposterous absurdity. The power which could palm off such outrageous nonsense as in some instances he has done on two or three generations of novel-readers, which could compel the public to swallow it and delight in it, despite all that the satire of a Thackeray or a Jerrold could do, must surely, one would almost say, have had something in it savoring of a sort of genius. For there are in some even of the very best and purest of Bulwer's novels whole scenes and characters which it seems almost utterly impossible that any reader whatever could follow without laughter. I protest that I think the author of "Ernest Maltravers" owed much of his success to the daring which assumed that anything might be imposed on the public, and to the absence of that sense of the ludicrous which might have made a man of a different stamp laugh at his own nonsense. I assume that Bulwer wrote in perfect faith and seriousness, honestly believing them to be fine, the most ridiculous, bombastic,

fantastic passages in all his novels. I take it for granted that Mr. Morris's sad hero, "The Man who never Laughed Again," must have been frivolity itself when compared with Bulwer-Lytton at work upon a novel. The sensitive distrust of one's own capacity, the high-minded doubt of the value of one's own works, which is probably the companion, the Mentor, the tormentor often, and not unfrequently the conqueror and destroyer of true genius, never seems to have vexed the author of "Eugene Aram" and "Godolphin." Bulwer-Lytton won a great name partly because he was not a man of genius. The kind of thing he tried to do could not have been done truly and successfully, in the high artistic sense, by any one with a capacity below that of a Shakespeare, or at least a Goethe. A man of genius, but inferior genius, would have made a wretched failure of it. Between the two stools of popularity and art, of time and eternity, he must have fallen to the ground. But where genius might fail to achieve a splendid success, talent and audacity might turn out a magnificent sham. This is the sort of success, this and none other, which I believe Bulwer-Lytton to have achieved. He is the finest *faiseur* in the literature of to-day. His wax-work gallery surpasses Madame Tussaud's; or rather his sham art is as much superior to that of a James or an Ainsworth as Madame Tussaud's gallery is to Mrs. Jarley's show. That sort of sentiment which lies somewhere down in the heart of every one, however commonplace, or busy, or cynical—the sentiment which is represented by the applause of the galleries in a popular theatre, and which cultivated audiences are usually ashamed to acknowledge—was the feeling which Bulwer-Lytton could always reach and draw forth. He had so much at least of the true artistic instinct as to recognize that the strongest element of popularity is the sentimental; and he knew that out of ten persons who openly laugh at such a thing, nine are secretly touched by it. Bulwer-Lytton found much of his stock and capital in the human emotions which sympathize with youthful ambition and youthful love, just as Dickens makes perpetual play with the feelings which are touched by the death of children. When Claude Melnotte, transfigured into the splendid Colonel Morier, rushes forward just at the critical moment, outbids yon sordid huckster for his priceless jewel Pauline, flings down the purse containing double the needful sum, declares that he has bought every coin of it in the cause of nations with a Frenchman's blood, and sweeps away his ransomed bride amid the thunder of the galleries, of course we all know that sort of thing is not poetry, or high art, or anything but splendid rubbish. Yet it does touch most of us somehow. I know I always feel divided between laughter and enthusiastic sympathy even still, when I see it for the hundred and fiftieth time or so. In the same way, when Paul Clifford charges on society the crimes of his outlaw career; when Rienzi vows vengeance for his brother's blood; when Zanoni resigns his immortal youth that "the flower at his feet may a little longer drink the dew"; when Ernest Maltravers silently laments amid all his splendor of success the obscure Arcadia of his boyish love, we can all see at a glance how bombastic, gaudy, melodramatic, is the style in which the author works out his ideas; how utterly unlike the simple, strong majesty of true art the whole thing is; but yet we must acknowledge that the author understands thoroughly how to touch a certain vein of what may be called elementary emotion, common almost to all minds, which it is the object of society to repress or suppress, and the object of the popular artist to stir up into activity. Preach, advise, remonstrate, demonstrate as you will, the majority of us will always feel inclined to give alms to beggar-women and whining little children in the snowy streets. We know we are doing unwisely, and perhaps even wrongly; we know

that the misery which touches us is probably a trumped-up and sham misery ; we know that whatever we give to the undeserving and the insincere is practically withdrawn from the deserving and the sincere ; we are ashamed to be seen giving the money, and yet we do give it whenever we can. Because, after all, our common emotion of sympathy with the more obvious, intelligible, and I would almost say vulgar forms of human suffering, are far too strong for our moderating maxims and our more refined mental conditions. So of the sympathies which heroes and heroines, aspirations and agonies of the style of Bulwer-Lytton awaken in us. Virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish it ; and is not he something of an artist who recognizes this great fact in human nature, and plays upon that vibrating, imperishable chord, and compels it to give him back such an applauding echo ? After all, I think there is just as much of sham and of Madame Tussaud, and of the beggar-child in the snow, about Paul Dombey's deathbed and Little Dorrit's filial devotion, as about the mock heroics of Claude Melnotte or the domestic virtues of the Caxtons. Of course I am not comparing Bulwer-Lytton with Dickens. The latter was a man of genius, and one of the greatest humorists known at least to modern literature. But nearly all the pathetic side of Dickens seems to me of much the same origin as the heroic side of Bulwer-Lytton, and I question whether the greater part of the popularity won by the author of " Bleak House " has not been gained by a mastery of the very same kind of art as that which sets galleries applauding for Claude Melnotte, and young women in tears for Eugene Aram.

There are, moreover, two points of superiority in artistic purpose which may be claimed for Bulwer-Lytton over either Dickens or Thackeray. They do not, perhaps, " amount to much " in any case ; but they are worth mentioning. Bulwer-Lytton has more than once drawn to the best of his power a gentleman, and he has often drawn, or tried to draw, a man possessed by some great, impersonal, unselfish object in life. The former of these personages Dickens never seemed to have known or believed in ; the latter, Thackeray never even attempted to paint. Why has Dickens never drawn a gentleman ? I am not using the word in the artificial, conventional, snobbish sense. I mean by a gentleman a creature with intellect as well as heart, with refined and cultivated tastes, with something of personal dignity about him. I do not care from what origin he may have sprung, or to what class he may have belonged : there is no reason, even in England, why a man born in a garret might not acquire all the ways, and thoughts, and refinements of a gentleman. Among the class to which most of Dickens's heroes are represented as belonging, have we not all in England known gentlemen of intellect and culture ? Yet Dickens has never painted such a being. Nicholas Nickleby is a plucky, honest, good-hearted blockhead ; Tom Pinch is a benevolent idiot ; Eugene Wrayburn is a low-bred, impertinent snob—a mere " cad," as Londoners would say. I have had no sympathy with the " Saturday Review " in its perpetual accusations of vulgarity against Dickens ; and I think a recent English critic was pleasantly and purposely extravagant when he charged the author of the " Christmas Carol " with having no loftier idea of human happiness than the eating of plum pudding and kissing girls under the mistletoe. But I do say that Dickens never drew a cultivated English gentleman or lady—a cultivated and refined English man or woman, if you will ; and yet I know that there are such personages to be found without troublesome quest among the very classes of society which he was always describing.

Now Thackeray could draw and has drawn English gentlemen and gentlewomen ; but has he ever drawn a high-minded, self-forgetting man or woman,

devoted to some, to any, great object, or cause, or purpose of any kind in life—absorbed by it and faithful to it? Is it true that even in London society men are wholly given up to dining, and paying visits, and making and spending money? Is it true that all men, even in London society, pass their lives in a purposeless, drifting way, making good resolves and not carrying them out; doing good things now and then out of easy, generous impulse; loving lightly, and recovering from love quickly? Are there in London society, on the one hand, no passions; on the other hand, no simple, strong, consistent, unselfish, high-minded lives? Assuredly there are; but Thackeray, the greatest painter of English society England has ever had, chose, for some reason or another, to ignore them. Only when he comes to speak of artists, more especially of painters, does he ever hint that he is aware of the existence of men whose lives are consistent, steadfast, and unselfish. Surely this is a great omission. One does not care to drag into this discussion the names of living illustrations; but I should like to have pointed Thackeray's attention to this and that and the other man whom, to my certain knowledge, he knew and warmly, fully appreciated, and asked him, "Why, when you were painting with such incomparable fidelity such illustrations of English life as you chose to select, did you not think fit to picture such a simple, strong, consistent, magnanimous, self-forgetting, self-devoting nature as that, or that, or that?"—and so on, through many examples which I or anybody could have named. I suppose the honest answer would have been, "I cannot draw that kind of character; I cannot quite enter into its experiences and make it look life-like as I see it; it is not in my line, and I prefer not to attempt it." Now, I think it to the credit of Bulwer-Lytton, as a mere artist, that he did include such figures even in his wax-work gallery. He could not make them look like life; but he showed at least that he was aware of their existence, and that he did his best to teach the world to recognize them.

Thus then, using with inexhaustible energy and perseverance his wonderful gifts as an intellectual mechanician, Edward Bulwer-Lytton went on from 1823 to 1860 grinding out of his mill an almost unbroken succession of novels and romances to suit all changes in public taste. I do not believe he changed his themes and ways of treating them purposely, to suit the changes of public taste; but rather that, being a man of no true original and creative power, his style and his views were modified by the modifying conditions of successive years. Some new idea, some new way of looking at this or that question of human life came up, and it attracted him who was always a close and diligent student of the world and its fashions; and he made it into a romance. Whatever new schools of fiction came into existence, Bulwer-Lytton, always directing the new ideas into the channel where popular and elementary sympathies flowed freely, succeeded in turning each change to advantage, and keeping his place. Dickens sprang up and founded a school; and yet Bulwer-Lytton held his own. Thackeray arose and established a new school, and Bulwer-Lytton, whom no human being would have thought of comparing with either as a man of genius, did not lose a reader. Charlotte Brontë came like a shadow, and so departed; George Eliot gave a new lift and life to romance; the realistic school was followed by the sensational school; the Literature of Adultery ran its vulgar course—and Bulwer-Lytton remained where he always had been, and moulted no feather.

It is not likely that any true critic ever thought very highly of him, or indeed took him quite seriously; but for many, many years criticism, which had so scoffed and girded at him once, had only civil words and applauding smiles for him. How Thackeray once did make savage fun of "Bullwig," and more lately

how Thackeray praised him! Charles Dickens—what an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of his friend Lytton he too became! And Tennyson—what a fierce passage of arms that was long ago between Bulwer and him; and now what cordial mutual admiration! Fonblanque and Forster, the "Athenæum" and "Punch," Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart—how they all welcomed in chorus each new effort of genius by the great romancist who was once the stock butt of all lively satirists. How did this happy change come about? Nobody ever had harder dealing at the hands of the critics than Bulwer when his powers were really most fresh and forcible; nobody ever had more general and genial commendation than shone of late years around his sunny way. How was this? Did the critics really find that they had been mistaken and own themselves conquered by his transcendent merit? Did he "win the wise who frowned before to smile at last"? To some extent, yes. He showed that he was not to be written down; that no critical article could snuff him out; that he really had some stuff in him and plenty of mettle and perseverance; and he soon became a literary institution, an accomplished fact which criticism could not help recognizing. But there was much more than this operating towards Bulwer-Lytton's reconciliation with criticism. He became a wealthy man, a man of fashion, a sort of aristocrat, with yet a sincere love for the society of authors and artists, with a taste for encouraging private theatricals and endowing literary institutions, and with a splendid country house. He became a genial, golden link between literature and society. Even Bohemia was enabled by his liberal and courteous good-will to penetrate sometimes into the regions of Belgravia. The critics began to fall in love with him. I do not believe that Lord Lytton made himself thus agreeable to his literary brethren out of any motive whatever but that of honest goodfellowship and kindness. I have heard too many instances of his frank and brotherly friendliness to utterly obscure writers, who could be of no sort of service to him or to anybody, not to feel satisfied of his unselfish good-nature and his thorough loyalty to that which ought to be the *esprit de corps* of the literary profession. But it is certain that he thus converted enemies into friends, and stole the gall out of many an inkstand, and the poison from many a penman's feathered dart. Not that the critics simply sold their birthright of bitterness for an invitation to dinner or the kindly smile of a literary Peer. But you cannot, I suppose, deal very rigidly with the works of a man who is uniformly kind to you; who brings you into a sort of society which otherwise you would probably never have a chance of seeing; who, being himself a lord, treats you, poor critic, as a friend and brother; and whose works, moreover, are certain to have a great public success, no matter what you say or leave unsaid. The temptation to look for and discover merit in such books is strong indeed—perhaps too strong for frail critical nature. Thus arises the great sin of English criticism. It is certainly not venal; it is hardly ever malign. Mere ill-nature, or impatience, or the human delight of showing one's strength, may often induce a London critic to deal too sharply with some new and nameless author; but although we who write books are each and all of us delighted to persuade ourselves that any disparaging criticism must be the result of some personal hatred, I cannot remember ever having had serious reason to believe that a London critic had attacked a book because of his personal ill-will to the author. The sin is quite of another kind—a tendency to praise the books of certain authors merely because the critic knows the men so intimately, and likes them so well, that he is at once naturally prejudiced in their favor, and disinclined to say anything which could hurt or injure them. Thus of late criticism has had hardly anything to say of Lord Lytton, except in the way

of praise. He is the head, and patron, and ornament of a great London literary "Ring." I use this word because none other could so well convey to a reader in New York a clear idea of the friendly professional unity of the coterie I desire to describe; but I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not attribute anything like venality or hired partisanship of any kind to the literary Ring of which Lord Lytton is the sparkling gem. Of course it has become, as such cliques always must become, somewhat of a Mutual Admiration Society; and it is certain that a place in that brotherhood secures a man against much disparaging criticism. There are indeed literary cliques in London, of a somewhat lower range than this, where the influence of personal friendships does operate in a manner that closely borders upon a sort of literary corruption. But Lord Lytton and his friends and admirers are not of that sort. They are friends together, and they do admire each other, and I suppose everybody (save one person) likes Lord Lytton now; and so it is only in the rare case of a fresh, independent outsider, like the critic who wrote in the "Westminster Review" some two years ago, that a really impartial, keen, artistic survey is taken of the works of him that was "Bullwig." When Lytton published his "Caxtons," the reviewer of the "Examiner," even up to that time a journal of great influence and prestige, having nearly exhausted all possible modes of panegyric, bethought himself that some unappreciative and cynical persons might possibly think there was a lack of originality in a work so obviously constructed after the model of "Tristram Shandy." So he hastened to confute or convince all such persons by pointing out that in this very fact consisted the special claim of "The Caxtons" to absolute originality. The original genius of Lytton was proved by his producing so excellent a copy. Don't you see? You don't, perhaps. But then if you were intimate with Lord Lytton, and were liked by him, and were a performer in the private theatricals at Knebworth, his country seat, you would probably see it quite clearly, and agree with it, every word.

There was one person indeed who had no toleration for Lord Lytton, or for his friendly critics. That was Lord Lytton's wife. There really is no scandal in alluding to a conjugal quarrel which was brought so persistently under public notice by one of the parties as that between Bulwer-Lytton and his wife. I do not know whether I ought to call it a quarrel. Can that be called a fight, piteously asks the man in Juvenal, where my enemy only beats and I am merely beaten? Can that be called a quarrel in which, so far as the public could judge, the wife did all the denunciation, and the husband made no reply? Lady Lytton wrote novels for the purpose of satirizing her husband and his friends—his parasites, she called them. Bulwer-Lytton she gracefully described as having "the head of a goat on the body of a grasshopper"—a description which has just enough of comical truthfulness in its savage ferocity to make it specially cruel to the victim of the satire, and amusing to the unconcerned public. Lady Lytton attributed to her husband the most odious meannesses, vices, and cruelties; but the public, with all its love of scandal, seems to have steadfastly refused to take her ladyship's word for these accusations. Dickens she denounced and vilified as a mere parasite and sycophant of her husband. At one time she poured out a gush of fulsome eulogy on Thackeray because he apparently was not one of Lytton's friends; afterwards, when the relationship between "Pelham" and "Pendennis" became friendly, she changed her tune and tried to bite the file, to satirize the great satirist. Disraeli she caricatured under the title of "Jericho Jabber." This sort of thing she kept always going on. Sometimes she issued pamphlets addressed to the women of England, calling on them to take up her quarrel—which somehow

they did not seem inclined to do. Once when Lord Lytton, then only Sir Edward, was on the hustings, addressing his constituents at a county election, her ladyship suddenly mounted the platform and "went for" him. Sir Edward and his friends prudently and quietly withdrew. I do not know anything of the merits of the quarrel, and have always been disposed to think that something like insanity must have been the explanation of much of Lady Lytton's conduct. But it is beyond doubt that her husband's demeanor was remarkable for its quiet, indomitable patience and dignity. Lately the public has happily heard little of Lady Lytton's complaints. I did not even know whether she was still living, until I saw a little book announced the other day by some publisher, which bore her name. Let her pass—with the one remark that her long succession of bitter attacks upon her husband does not seem to have done him any damage in the estimation of the world.

It is not likely that posterity will preserve much of Lord Lytton's writings. They do not, I think, add to literature one original character. Even the glorified murderer or robber, the Eugene Aram or Paul Clifford sort of person, had been done and done much better by Schiller, by Godwin, and by others, before Bulwer-Lytton tried him at second hand. As pictures of English society, those of them which profess to deal with modern English life have no value whatever. The historical novels, the classical novels, are glaringly false in their color and tone. Some of the personages in "The Last Days of Pompeii" are a good deal more like modern English dandies than most of the people who are given out as such in "Pelham." The attempts at political satire in "Paul Clifford," at broad humor in "Eugene Aram" (the Corporal and his cat for example), are feeble and miserable. There is hardly one touch of refined and genuine pathos—of pathos drawn from other than the old stock conventional sources—in the whole of the romances, plays, and poems. The one great faculty which the author possessed was the capacity to burnish up and display the absolutely commonplace, the merely conventional, the utterly unreal, so that it looked new, original, and real in the eyes of the ordinary public, and sometimes even succeeded, for the hour, in deceiving the expert. Bulwer-Lytton's romance is only the romance of the London "Family Herald" or the "New York Ledger," plus high intellectual culture and an intimate acquaintance with the best spheres of letters, art, and fashion. I own that I have considerable admiration for the man who, with so small an original outfit, accomplished so much. So successful a romancist; occasionally almost a sort of poet; a perfect master of the art of writing plays to catch audiences; so skilful an imitator of oratory that, despite almost unparalleled physical defects, he once nearly persuaded the world that his was genuine eloquence—who shall say that the capacity which can do all this is not something to be admired? It is a clever thing to be able to make ornaments of paste which shall pass with the world for diamonds; mock-turtle soup which shall taste like real; wax figures which look at first as if they were alive. Of the literary art which is akin to this, our common literature has probably never had so great a master as Lord Lytton. Such a man is especially the one to stand up as the appropriate representative of literature in such an assembly as the English House of Lords. I should be sorry to see a Browning, a Thackeray, a Carlyle, a Tennyson, a Dickens there; but I think Lord Lytton is in his right place—a splendid sham author in a splendid sham legislative assembly.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE STORY OF A MUTINY.*

IT was during the earlier days of the Army of the Potomac—if I mistake not, shortly after McClellan had sat down to the siege of Yorktown—and before that army had received that baptism of fire and blood, and had gained that terrible discipline in the soldier's duty, which the campaigns of the next three years brought it, that one of its infantry regiments openly mutinied. Of course, that regiment was not without its grievance; even the worst of soldiers (and these were by no means such) never undertake to revolt against discipline and to defy orders without cause for complaint. The regiment in question, although less than six months under arms, and never yet under fire, had performed difficult and arduous service. Both before Yorktown and elsewhere, these men had patiently and faithfully done their part; they had marched through long nights over muddy roads, when sleep overtook them in the ranks while they wearily plodded on; they had bivouacked on the cold ground, shelterless and without fire; and they had uncomplainingly laid aside the musket and toiled in the trenches under soaking rains. Yet all this time they had not received a cent of pay; and clothing was scantily and tardily furnished them.

Why it was, I never exactly learned; but those who were in the volunteer service can readily understand how careless and incompetent officers may cause such injustice as this to brave and deserving men. For months they had submitted to this cruel neglect, while the other regiments of the brigade had been paid and clad with comparative promptness; and the respectful representations they had from time to time forwarded to their regimental commander had produced no results. At first loud and bitter complaints were heard from them; then, as time passed and their condition was not bettered, a silence succeeded which the officers should have seen was ominous of a desperate purpose. That purpose was reached without the knowledge of an officer or an orderly sergeant; excepting these, it had the assent of every man present with the regiment. Mutiny was their determination; and the ringleaders waited a few days for an occasion to make their action perfectly effectual.

The occasion came; just the one that had been anticipated and desired. The regiment was not at the time on duty in the trenches; its labors had entitled it to a rest, and it had been drawn back to an open spot some distance from the line of the brigade. It lay in the prescribed form of infantry encampment—a canvas village with ten streets, each bounded by a row of tents on either side, and the parade-ground directly in front. Dress-parade had been held for several evenings; and on that preceding the morning of the mutiny, the arms were left stacked in regimental line, with a guard over them. This was probably in obedience to general orders to the whole command, and intended as a precaution to insure readiness in case of a sally by the enemy. After the retreat had sounded

* The material for this sketch came to the writer from a friend, a gentleman of the medical staff, who was present at the time of the mutiny as assistant surgeon of one of the regiments; and it is undoubtedly true. The officer referred to is General William H. Emory, afterward distinguished as commander of the Nineteenth Army Corps. He is now (January, 1870) on duty with his regiment at the West. From personal knowledge of the man, acquired while attached to his staff in the Shenandoah, the writer recognizes this incident as perfectly characteristic of this stern, faithful soldier.

that night, the order was communicated to each company that the arms were to be taken after reveillé roll-call the following morning; and in the silence of the night other orders were secretly communicated to the men by the ringleaders, and the mutiny was ripe.

The night passed, and with the gray of dawn the shriek and rattle of reveillé resounded successively from the camps of a hundred regiments, and the drum-corps of this one speedily aroused it from slumber. The officers, hardly awake, heard the confusion, the buzzing and humming caused by the calling of the names of Brown, Jones and Robinson, and the rest, by the orderlies; and then the mingled command from ten throats:

"Take—arms!"

A pause, a silence followed; then angry and vehement expostulation; but no rattle or clash such as the taking of arms from the stack causes. The command was repeated and reiterated, with more expostulation; and next the commandant of each company was visited by the vexed, scared face of his first sergeant, and the startling information that the company would not take arms. Some of the officers received the intelligence with incredulity; some gave vent to their vexation, and unjustly upbraided the poor orderlies; but all finally put on their swords and repaired to the scene of mutiny, with substantially the same remark: "We'll see if they won't take arms for *me*."

They did see; and they quickly assured themselves that the men would not put forth a hand in obedience to this particular order.

"Attention!" shouted the captain of the first company; and every man promptly came to position.

"Take—arms!" Not a hand stirred.

"Right—face!" The command was instantly obeyed.

"Front!" The company came back to line with beautiful precision.

"Take—arms!" But not a hand answered the words, though Captain M— vociferated them to the full compass of his powerful bass.

So in every company, the men promptly obeyed every order but this one; and that, not a man obeyed. Not a word, not even a defiant look accompanied their disobedience: they simply stood like so many statues, and moved not a muscle in answer to the command. The captains threatened, begged, and some swore; and neither their anger nor their humility had the least effect upon those seven hundred determined men. After half an hour of unavailing effort, despairing of accomplishing anything themselves, the commandants repaired to the colonel's tent, and astounded him with the news that his regiment was in open mutiny. He listened with angry impatience to the particulars they gave him, and then hastened to buckle on his sword.

"Come with me," he said. "By heavens, I don't think they'll fail to obey when I give them the order."

He was mistaken; as much so as the captains had been before him. The line stood motionless behind the stacks when he reached the parade; and ordering the officers to take their places, he took his own, in front of the centre. Drawing his sword, he shouted in the voice that no man in the regiment had ever yet disregarded:

"Take—arms!" And still not a man obeyed.

The colonel was profoundly excited; more so than he had been since he dropped his plough-handles and mounted one of the plough horses to raise his regiment, on hearing of the President's proclamation. He began by inviting the ringleaders to step out and inform him of the object of this mutiny. The ring-

leaders wisely remained in their places in the ranks ; but half a dozen voices, in which no individual voice was distinguishable, cried out :

" We want pay and clothing, like the other regiments."

" You shall have both," the colonel eagerly responded. " Only take arms and return to your duty, and I will immediately represent your grievances at headquarters."

A tumult of answering cries followed his words, uttered in anger, derision, and incredulity. " It's all work and no pay with us." " We're the ragged scarecrows of the brigade." " We've heard that story before." " Tell that to the marines." " No pay, no muskets."

" Attention!" shouted the colonel ; and the regiment instantly came back to silence and position.

Thereupon the colonel made an earnest and impassioned harangue of fifteen minutes, while dozens of curious spectators from the neighboring regiments stood about, viewing the extraordinary scene. He promised the men that he would give his personal attention to their grievances until they were redressed ; he represented to them that their mutiny would certainly be ineffectual for the purposes they sought ; and he begged them to save the good name of the regiment from the disgrace with which their disobedience threatened it. Hardly doubting that his address would produce the desired effect, he concluded it with a repetition of the command :

" Take—*arms!*"

Each and all stood like a rock ; and not a single hand moved toward the muskets.

The mutiny was becoming serious. For more than an hour the entire regiment had stubbornly refused to resume their arms, and the persuasion and authority as well of the commanding officer as of the line had fallen idly upon their ears. The excited colonel ordered, " Break ranks," which was quietly obeyed ; and calling for his horse, he rode off on a gallop to brigade headquarters.

Our brigadier had come from the regular cavalry to accept his command in the volunteers ; and he was one of the best disciplinarians that West Point ever gave to the army. He was much past the middle age, and had seen arduous and distinguished service in Mexico and the West. He was a man of medium height, or perhaps something above it, with hair dashed with gray, sandy whiskers and moustache, a massive forehead, and face with the wrinkles of service, and bushy eyebrows, overhanging a pair of keen, incisive eyes. His presence was habitually stern, somewhat forbidding ; the habitual expression of his face was one of determination. Yet he had one of the kindest of hearts, and his commands invariably learned, before he had done with them, that their comfort and safety were at all times the objects of his anxious solicitude. He was far braver than generals are apt to be ; when his troops went into battle he was always upon the line with them, exposed to the fire ; and not Sheridan himself was more careless of personal danger, more reckless of bullets, at Opequan and Cedar Creek, than was this man. His troops of course loved him—when they knew him.

He listened to the story of the colonel on this morning with evident displeasure, which found expression in a few words which were more forcible than elegant ; but I venture to say that no general officer in the armies would have said less under the circumstances. He listened attentively to the details of the mutiny as the colonel gave them, and when the latter had finished, he said :

' They won't take arms—eh ?'

"No, sir, they won't. Any order they'll obey, but not that."

"Well, sir, are any of your officers in this business?"

"Not one, General, nor any of the orderlies," was the eager reply.

The General took one turn across his tent-floor.

"Return to your camp, sir," he said, "and assemble your officers in front of your tent. I'll be there in a few moments."

The colonel rode away, not very easy in mind, and wondering what was about to happen. The general ordered his horse and called in his aides.

"Get up your horses immediately. Captain —, ride over to Captain —; give him my compliments, and tell him to bring a section of his artillery to the camp of the —th Ontonagon Infantry—immediately! Lieutenant —, hasten to Colonel — and Colonel — (commanding regiments of the brigade), and tell them, with my compliments, to march their commands, under arms, to the same place. You will accompany them there."

A few moments later the men of the rebellious regiment, gathered into knots in the company streets and about the parade, and conferring in whispers together, saw the general, followed by a single orderly, ride through the camp back to the colonel's tent. Some of them saw from a distance that the officers were formed in a single line in front of the tent, with the field officers on the right, the captains next, and the lieutenants on the left.

The general dismounted, and taking a brief survey of the faces before him, turned to the colonel.

"Sir," he said sternly, "do you refuse to perform duty?"

"No, sir!" was the emphatic answer.

He turned to the line, and passing down it, addressed the same question to each officer, beginning with the lieutenant-colonel and ending with the last subaltern. One and all unhesitatingly gave the same response as the colonel.

"Now, sir," said the general to the latter, "get your men in line. I'll end this outbreak in ten minutes."

And then he added the same remark that the officers of the regiment had made: "We shall see if they'll disobey *me*."

The assembly was sounded. The companies formed in their streets, and were marched to their places in line behind the stacks. The faces of the men were grave and serious, but generally showed no abatement of purpose. That purpose was, it was afterward confessed, not to resume their arms until the paymaster and the quartermaster should have actually visited them and given them their dues of pay and clothing. But in many of these faces there was anxiety as well as determination visible, and all, officers and men, awaited the general's proceedings with such feelings as had never before been theirs.

They had not long to wait. Two regiments of the brigade marched upon the ground, and under the direction of the aides were formed in a long line, facing the mutineers, at shouldered arms, perhaps seventy yards distant. Captain —, with two pieces of artillery, came up before the formation was finished, and by similar direction one piece was posted upon each flank of the line in such a manner as to enfilade an entire wing of the mutineers.

For half a minute after these ominous dispositions there was an awful silence. It was broken by the voice of the general in the stern command:

"Load!"

The long line of muskets went to the ground with a shock, and the ringing of rammers in the barrels, and the thumping in the bore of the cannon, sent a thrill to the nerves of those who looked and listened.

"Load with grape," was the command to the artillery. Then followed the orders :

"Ready!—Aim!"

The aspect of the scene when the general rode between the lines, pausing in the centre and facing the mutineers, was such as might well have carried apprehension to the stoutest heart. At least one thousand bright musket barrels were levelled, ready for the word that would hurl their deadly contents into the breasts before them, while upon either flank was a field-piece charged with grape, the gunner standing lanyard in hand, only waiting for the word to belch out destruction upon the misguided men.

"Let the officers retire behind the brigade line," the general commanded.

They did so.

"Men of the —— regiment," he said, in stentorian tones, "listen to me! I shall not stop now to inquire why you have disgraced yourselves and the command this morning by disobedience to your officers. I shall merely give you *one order*. If you obey, well; if not—you will have no other chance. In that case, I shall move to the rear of the brigade, and then—by the living God, I will blow every man of you to destruction!"

He *looked* the threat, as well as uttered it; and then, in a voice of thunder, he gave the command:

"Take—ARMS!"

It was done on the instant. Never did the regiment execute that order in better time; the stacks were broken, and the mutineers, fairly frightened out of their folly, again stood with shouldered arms.

The whole command was brought to an order; and the general, speaking with difficulty from the emotions of the moment, addressed the regiment with such kindness as brought tears to the eyes of many a tall soldier. He briefly pointed out to them the magnitude of their act as a military offence, and made them understand that mutiny in an army can never result in anything but discredit, or worse, to those who undertake it; and he reminded them that the cause in which all were engaged was most injured by such acts of insubordination. Their causes of complaint were just, he said, and if their officers were in fault they should be punished for it. "Full justice shall be done you, and speedily," he said; "but in future, never let me hear from you in *this* way. There are other and better ways to correct evils in the ranks than this."

He left the ground with the respect and affection of every man there; but his interview with the officers, which immediately followed, was of a different character. Addressing himself to all, but more particularly to the colonel, he gave them an excoriating lecture upon their carelessness and gross neglect of the interests of their men.

"I should be glad to think," he concluded, "that none of you are troubled with incompetency as well as carelessness. You are all of you to blame in this matter; nothing of this kind ever happens unless the officers are in fault. And I give you distinctly to understand that if anything of this sort ever occurs here again, I'll court-martial every one of you."

He never had occasion to execute the threat. The regiment was paid up and clothed within a week; and from this time forward every man and every officer of it made it his particular duty to efface the stigma cast upon the regiment by this affair. That they succeeded, the records of the arduous campaigns and bloody battles in which it bore a heroic part, and which are written in the history of their country, will attest.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

HOW NAPOLEON I. MANAGED A THEATRE.

PERHAPS the most remarkable instance on record of inopportune legislation—I do not mean legislation uncalled for, or unnecessary, but inopportune, strictly, in time, circumstance, and place—is furnished by the issuing of what is known as the “Decree of Moscow;” an order promulgated by Napoleon on the ruins of the Kremlin, and in the midst of blood and desolation, for the purpose of giving a definite organization to the dramatic establishment known as *La Comédie Française* in Paris, and of fixing the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of the actors attached to it.

Napoleon had long cherished this project. He had always been an admirer and patron of the drama; had caused theatres to be erected in all the imperial residences; had made an intimate friend of Talma; and hardly ever assembled a congress of sovereigns, or signed an armistice in royal company, without summoning the players. He had often talked the matter over with Maret, but never seriously took it into consideration until the summer of 1812, after the Russian disaster. It is possible that he did this in order to delude the people and the army, and induce them to believe that the calamity was not so bad as it seemed. He signed other decrees at the Kremlin of little or no national importance. The document referred to, containing one hundred articles, was signed in Moscow on the 15th of October, 1812, and was published in the “*Moniteur*” in December. The journals of the time are full of sarcasms, epigrams, and anathemas upon this remarkable state paper. “A decree from Moscow,” exclaims one of them, “upon the French comedians! We admire, Sire, that force of genius, that heroic insensibility, which permits you to busy yourself with the concerns of a dozen actors, in the midst of the most fearful disaster ever inflicted upon a nation by the wrath of offended Heaven!”

This decree, though drawn up and discussed under these terrible circumstances, has made, or at least largely helped to make, the *Comédie Française* the first theatre in the world, and this without possible competition. In the half century which has since elapsed, though slight modifications have indeed been made, the decree has been found to meet all emergencies and to cover every possible contingency; it accords as well with the circumstances of to-day as with those for which it was more immediately intended. I have thought that some account of a theatre thus managed, thus associated with the history of the country, and thus beyond all rivalry, would not be without interest to the readers of *THE GALAXY*.

But first let those who have never visited France lay scrupulously aside all ideas conceived at home in regard to managers, plays, and players. Let them dismiss from their minds the knowledge that the former may be, and often are, men without education or taste, and destitute of any ambition in connection with their profession other than that of making a fortune; that their ventures, with some few very honorable exceptions, are speculations solely, without any hope or desire of raising the standard or elevating the tone of the stage. Let them forget that the plays, if original in English, are as a rule badly, or at least unequally acted; and if adaptations from the French, are so unfit for adaptation as hardly to be worth acting at all. All prejudice cast away, let them give heed for a moment to the story of a theatre whose foundations in history and literature were

laid by a king and a cardinal, with Molière to help; whose base in stone and mortar was built by the triconsuls; whose rules and regulations were drawn up by Napoleon; whose rent is given by the State; whose managers, men of culture, refinement, and taste, are appointed and paid by the State; whose members are members for life, and some of them Knights of the Legion of Honor; and one of whose standing customs it is to perform plays from the old classic repertory twice a week, for the benefit of students, foreigners, and antiquarians, *even though it does not pay.*

The history of this theatre before Napoleon's time may be told in a few words. Early in the seventeenth century, Richelieu built the Palais-Cardinal, incorporating in the structure two theatres, one holding three thousand and the other five hundred spectators. In the former he caused plays to be performed written either wholly by himself or with the aid of Corneille and others. In 1650 a number of young men, with Molière at their head, formed themselves into a dramatic company and erected a theatre; eight years later they performed before Louis XIV. in the Louvre. In 1660 Richelieu's theatre was assigned to their use, and they took the name of the Troupe Royale. At the death of Molière there were three houses in Paris playing tragedy and comedy. Louis XIV. caused two of them to be closed, incorporating their best actors in the company that had been left by Molière. In 1673 the Cardinal's theatre was burned to the ground, and for a century the actors wandered from place to place, without any fixed abiding place. In 1787 the Duke of Orleans began the construction of the present Théâtre-Français, connecting it with the Palais Royal, which is nothing but the original Palais-Cardinal under a new name.

One incident—Polonius would have called it *historico-histrionico*—taken from the Revolutionary annals of the theatre I must relate. Talma—this was in 1790—had been lately admitted to the company, but had been as yet unable to distinguish himself; his rank, in fact, was that of a double, or substitute. The refusal of his superior, St. Phal, to accept the part of Charles IX., in Chénier's play of that name, furnished him at last with the desired opportunity. His success was very great, and the house, in spite of the political agitation of the time, was nightly crowded. After thirty-two performances, "Charles IX." disappeared from the bills, and it was very soon publicly known that the measure had been dictated more by political enmity than by professional jealousy. The piece was full of democratic sentiments, and Talma was a Republican, while the vast majority of the company were ardent Royalists. The Parisians sided strongly with Talma, and one evening, "Tancred" being upon the bills, matters came to a crisis.

Just before the performance was to begin, a formidable-looking personage arose in the house and began to speak in a terrible and well-known voice. This was no other than Mirabeau. He demanded, in the name of the provincial deputies then assembled in Paris, the restoration of "Charles IX." to the bills of the day, and its performance then and there, immediately. A large majority of the audience seconded the proposition. One of the actors appeared and stated that it was quite impossible to comply with the request, as St. Prix was sick and Madame Vestris far from well. Upon this, Talma rushed upon the stage with the counter-statement that Madame Vestris was not too ill to play, and that the part of St. Prix could be read by another actor. The audience therefore insisted upon having its way, and the players were forced to yield. Some of the discontented among the spectators would not take their hats off, and among those arrested and taken to the lock-up for too violent demonstrations was that melodramatic Republican, Danton.

Talma was immediately afterward expelled from the company, whereupon an audience, having called for explanations and receiving none, proceeded to tear up the benches; this done, they made an assault upon the stage, took it by storm, and drove the actors into the street.

In 1800, while Bonaparte was First Consul, the Comédie Française began its splendid career; and in 1807 Napoleon, then Emperor, finding it somewhat hampered by competition, closed all the theatres in Paris except ten, compensating those thus suppressed. Those retained were the French or Grand Opera, the Italian Opera, the Opéra Comique, the Comédie Française, the Odéon, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Ambigu, the Gaité, and the Olympic Circus. In 1812 the famous Decree of Moscow appeared, dated and signed at the Kremlin. The following are the most important provisions of this extraordinary document:

The "comedians in ordinary of the Emperor" shall constitute a society, under the management of a director, appointed and paid by the Government.

The annual receipts, after the expenses are paid, shall be divided into twenty-four parts; one part shall be laid aside for contingencies, one half part shall be applied to a pension fund, and one half part to keeping the theatre in repair. The twenty-two parts remaining shall be divided among the *sociétaires* or Fellows (that is, members for life, according to their rank, which shall have been previously determined); the maximum share shall be one part, and the minimum one eighth of a part.

[It is perhaps in this provision that the secret of the excellence of the theatre must be looked for. Every actor is pecuniarily interested in the success of the establishment, and he wishes in consequence that all the parts be as well played as his own. No room here for the exercise of the actor's besetting weakness, vanity. No chance, as long as this clause is maintained, of establishing a system which has been described as consisting, in other cities, of "one star and twenty sticks."]

Any shares remaining unapportioned, the decree goes on to say, may be awarded at the discretion of the director.

Any actor, notified of his election to the society, must agree to play upon the boards of the Comédie, and upon no other (unless during a leave of absence), for the space of twenty years, and he may then retire upon a pension of four thousand francs a year. He may, however, be retained if the manager thinks proper; and in this case, his retiring pension will be increased by one hundred francs for every additional year he may have served.

In case of an actor being disabled by any accident or cause directly connected with his duties, he may retire on a full pension at any period of his career; and in case of an accident or circumstance not directly connected with the actor's appointed service, the Emperor will decide what disposition shall be made of the case, the length of his term, his value to the company, etc., etc., being duly considered.

When any actor, not a *sociétaire*, but a *pensionnaire* (that is, engaged from year to year upon a salary), shall have served for twenty years, the manager may propose to the Emperor to place him on the retired list, with a pension for life; this pension not to exceed the half of his salary during the last three years of his service.

As soon as this decree is communicated to the theatre, the manager, aided by a committee of six Fellows, shall proceed to cast all the plays lately acted, and all those soon to be revived. For every principal part there shall be a *chef d'emploi*, and to take his place, in case of his sickness, a *double*, and to replace

him, if need be, a *third*. But no one actor shall be chief in two distinct lines. In cases where the chief shall be excused, and the double announced for the part, and the latter shall subsequently be disabled, the chief, though his name be not in the bills, must appear. No actor can give up his parts in bulk to the double, and no chief can prevent his double from playing at least four times a month.

[I may say here that the doubles are usually salaried, and not associate members. It is principally in the old or classic repertory that they play. Anselme was for fifteen years the double of Provost, and, by dint of studying the manner of his chief, became a perfect substitute, without being in the least a servile imitator.

The line being very tightly drawn upon the French stage between the various *emplois*, disputes between actors are of rare occurrence. As nine tenths of the plays acted in a year are by living authors, and as the latter control the distributing of parts, there is hardly any opportunity for misunderstanding. The titles given to the various lines are these : *pères nobles* (heavy fathers), *financiers*, *ganaches* (old fogies), *grimes*, *valets* ; *jeunes premiers* (leading men), *jeunes premières* (leading ladies), *duègne*, *soubrette*, *ingénue*, *amoureuse*, etc., etc. The names of certain actors who have been especially good in certain lines have come to be applied to those lines ; thus we have Dugazons, Lafonts, Bressants, Déjazets.]

The Comédie Française shall place one new piece and two old ones upon the stage once a month.

The repertory, or business, shall be made out every fortnight in advance, and while it is being drawn up any actor may make suggestions, and may get excused if he can ; but the manager's decision is in every case final, and resistance and refusal to obey shall be punished with a fine of one hundred and fifty francs.

If an actor, excused from playing on account of sickness, is seen out of his house, he shall be fined three hundred francs.

The ranks of the company are to be recruited from three sources : the Conservatory, of which more anon, the classes of private professors, and from the other theatres. A *débutant* shall have the right to choose three pieces from the repertory of the theatre, and to play any part therein. Any refusal to play a part allotted to an actor (of course the usual casts are on these occasions somewhat modified) shall entail a fine of one hundred and fifty francs. If the *débutant* gives promise of success, he may be engaged for a year, and becomes a probationer ; he may then be made a member for life by the manager, or may be reengaged from time to time.

The Reading Committee (to which all plays which have passed a certain preliminary ordeal are submitted) shall consist of the nine oldest members for life—that is, members who have seen the longest service. Five white balls—an absolute majority—are sufficient to receive.

Authors shall be thus remunerated : one-third of each night's receipts shall be deducted for expenses, and one-eighth of the remainder paid over to the author of a piece in four or five acts, one-twelfth for three acts, and one-sixteenth for two acts or one. Under peculiar circumstances the Fellows may make their own bargains.

[“Peculiar circumstances” are found to exist when authors happen to be named Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, or Emile Augier.]

An author shall be placed upon the free list on the day of his first rehearsal, and shall remain there for three years from the date of the first performance, if the play is in five acts, and for a less time in the case of shorter pieces. The au-

thor of two plays in five acts, of three in three acts, and of four in one act, shall if they keep the stage, have the freedom of the theatre for life.

The penalties for various offences, such as missing an entrance, forgetting one's part, absence from the theatre, etc., etc., shall be fines, exclusion from serving on committees, suspension or expulsion from the society, deprivation of right to pension, and arrest.

Leave of absence can only be granted in spring and summer, and only two actors must be spared at a time. While away they shall draw their full share as if on duty ; but if they overstay their time they shall lose their share during the whole of the absence.

Any actor may retire, without a pension, after ten years' service, upon his engagement to appear upon no other boards ; or the manager may, at his discretion, consent to a member's withdrawal, and to his pursuing his career in whatever manner he judges fit.

[I know of but one actor who, in the last twenty years, has left the Comédie Française for any other stage. M. Brindeau withdrew about 1854, and migrated to the Vaudeville. He is at the Porte St. Martin now, and is said to be contemplating still another *fugue*.]

The Comédie Française must play every night, or forfeit five hundred francs.

[This rule has been somewhat modified of late years, and the theatre remains closed on the last three nights of Passion Week.]

Any actor who has served thirty years may have a benefit, but it must take place at his own theatre and nowhere else.

Eighteen pupils shall be kept constantly in training, at the Conservatoire, for the Comédie Française ; nine of each sex, and all over fifteen years of age. They shall have, besides the usual instruction, professors of grammar, history, and mythology, as applied to dramatic art.

Unpromising pupils shall be replaced by others ; such as, in spite of their progress, may still be unable to appear at the Comédie, may pass a period of probation at the provincial theatres.

This document without a parallel closes thus : " Our Ministers of Finance, of the Interior, and of Police, are charged, each in his own department, with the execution of the present decree."

As has been said, the French Theatre is governed to-day by this charter or constitution, which remains in force as dictated by Napoleon, with the exception of important modifications made by Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, and President Louis Napoleon. One important privilege belongs to, or at least is exercised by, the theatre, which is not in the decree. The Comédie lays its hand on any actor of any other theatre, and, no matter what may be his contract with his own manager, takes him to itself, on giving one year's notice. By far the most important of these seizures was that of Bressant, of the Gymnase, in 1853. Lafontaine was also taken from the same theatre, and Madame Guyon from the Porte St. Martin. An actor, whose name I have forgotten, was retained during his lifetime on account of his strong personal resemblance to Louis XIII. Delineations of this sovereign are very numerous in the French drama, and the player in question enacted them all, and, I think, nothing else.

The Emperor's attempt to encourage the authors of his time was not remarkably successful, and I doubt if any play produced originally during his reign now holds the stage. It was not until about the year 1830 that the romantic school of dramatic literature arose, with Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, Alex-

andre Dumas, Scribe; and these have been followed in later times by Ponsard, Octave Feuillet, Alfred de Musset, Victorien Sardou, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau, Théodore Barrière.

If the Empire and the Restoration produced few plays of merit, the actors of those periods, and their interpretation of the classics, were quite worthy of their authors and of their predecessors; among the latter, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Baron, and Grandménil; and among the former, Molière, Racine, Corneille, Beaumarchais, Regnard, Crébillon, Marivaux. The principal actors of Napoleon's time were Talma, Lafon, Fleury, St. Prix; Mlles. Mars, Duchesnois, Gaussin, Suzanne, Brohan, Raucourt, and Georges. The last I saw, some twenty years ago, not altogether a wreck intellectually, but a very decided one physically; not a trace left of her once imperial beauty.

Edmond About discourses thus pleasantly upon the treatment of young writers by the Comédie Française: "They imagine," he says, "that the smaller theatres are more accessible than the larger establishments. They dash their skulls against the door of a three-sous manager, and even then do not open it. The door of the Comédie Française is always open, and what is remarkable, the doorkeeper is polite. He sees a young and timid author, with manuscript under his arm, approaching. Well, he might toss man and manuscript out of the window, and no one would complain, for those who carry rolls of paper are resigned to everything. But he does not; on the contrary, he opens the door leading to the office of M. Verteuil, the secretary.

" 'There is some mistake here,' says the young man to himself; 'I have been taken for some one else. Perhaps I resemble M. Scribe, or M. Ponsard; when M. Verteuil hears my name, he will hustle me out and reprimand the doorkeeper.'

"He shudders as he enters. M. Verteuil's countenance is as open as his door. He stops reading or chatting; he takes the play and the writer's address; he questions him, encourages him, and promises that the piece shall be sent to the Reading Committee, if it proves of any value. 'I will write you soon,' he adds. 'If, in the mean time, you wish to study dramatic art, come and see me from time to time, and I will give you free tickets.'

" 'There is some trap here,' thinks the young man. 'There was a fire in the grate: my manuscript is probably blazing at this moment. I have a copy, fortunately.'

"A week afterwards he learns that his play has passed the first ordeal, and he is summoned to read it before the Committee."

In addition to the regulations which owe their origin to the will of the Emperor, there are certain ways, habits, and methods which have the sanction of that other sovereign, custom. Thus, if the jury of nine consider a play good in itself, but, for one reason or another, not likely to succeed on that particular stage, they do not black-ball it, but red-ball it. Red balls signify "Received, but sent back for correction." Now, correction is not desired—the middle term is employed as a polite way of saying, "Will not do for us; try the Odéon or the Gymnase."

The Committee is not infallible certainly, but then the theatre has a noble way of acknowledging an error and of repairing its wrongs. Ponsard's "*L'Honneur et l'Argent*" was refused some twenty years ago; it was played with great and unabating success at the Odéon from that time until the author's death; the Comédie then claimed it (one of its acquired rights), as well as his other works belonging to other theatres, put several of them on the stage, and placed the

author's bust in its *salon*, with Voltaire, and Molière, and Beaumarchais, and Corneille.

Another of its customs is to perform plays belonging to the classic repertory without dropping the curtain between the acts. The act drop is a modern device, and was unknown to the founders of the French stage. They strictly preserved the unities of time and place, permitted no change of scene, and usually so arranged their incidents and their dialogue as to make the time spent in the performance exactly equal to the time occupied by the events themselves. When the audience sees that the stage is empty, it knows that an act is over; it stretches its legs, looks round at its neighbors, draws a long breath; in thirty seconds the stately sentences begin again. Five acts are thus easily played in two hours. Pieces by modern authors are performed in the same way, if there is no change of scene, and if the action is consecutive.

Another custom which has the authority of centuries is that of announcing the rise of the curtain by what appears to be three sound thumps with a broom-stick upon the floor of the stage. This primitive custom, once common to all the theatres, has been abandoned by many of them, but it will never be relinquished by the Comédie Française. Molière used to pound the broom-stick himself, and it would of course be a sacrilege for us poor moderns to have recourse to a spring bell or a *tintinnabulum*.

As for the *claque* or hired applauders, who have their regular seats at this theatre as at every other in Paris except the Italian opera, this is of course a terrible blot upon an otherwise spotless record. No audience enjoys a dramatic performance more than the French; no people are more easily amused; none endure with more resolution outrageous discomforts; but they are too lazy to applaud, and applause must positively be had. The *claque* originated at the Comédie in 1804, under the following circumstances:

A fierce rivalry had sprung up between Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Duchesnois, the two tragédiennes of the period. Cabals were formed, the public sided with one party or the other, and knots of clappers, espousing the interests of this party or of that, were to be seen in various parts of the theatre. Napoleon was anxious for the triumph of Mlle. Georges, and the police did not interfere. When the excitement died away, the *claque* was found to be firmly established in the centre of the pit, under the chandelier, and the institution soon spread to the other theatres. An attempt was made by M. de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, in 1863, to abolish it; but it was so signally unsuccessful that the interdict was withdrawn in less than a week.

The Comédie Française receives 250,000 francs a year from the Civil List, in return for which it gives two unremunerative performances a week. These, consisting of the best specimens of the old repertory, are, as has been before stated, principally attended by foreigners. Free tickets are given away with great profusion on these occasions.

Whenever sickness or a mishap renders it necessary that a change of performance be announced to the audience, or an apology made, there is but one person behind the scenes who can discharge this duty—the stage manager, who, by the way, is never an actor. He advances to the footlights, clad in a full-dress suit of black, with white cravat and straw-colored gloves. He makes three distinct bows, to different points of the compass, and then begins: "Messieurs"—Gentlemen—not "Ladies and gentlemen." Ladies are not to be thus familiarly addressed in public. Besides, the matter does not concern them; gentlemen alone are supposed to be interested, and could alone protest against or reject the apologist's proposition.

The greenroom of the Comédie is referred to in these terms by About, whom I have already quoted. He is supposed to be writing to his cousin, an untutored country girl :

"If you could penetrate and remain an hour behind the scenes of this theatre, your opinions about it would probably undergo a radical change. I suppose you imagine that people are to be seen there with their hats on? No more than at church, my dear. You have an idea doubtless that the actors and actresses 'thee' and 'thou' each other, as at a country show on market day. Another mistake. Learn that the greenroom of the Comédie is one of the most correct and elegant parlors in Paris: but one impropriety has been uttered there in the last twenty years. A lively freedom animates the conversation there, indeed; but pleasantry has bounds which no one ever transcends. You may see and hear there men who in manners and character are accomplished gentlemen, though the public calls them familiarly Bressant, Leraux, Delaunay. Among the mistresses of the house who in turn do the honors of the common salon, are many who are not only distinguished artists, but celebrated women, as Augustine Brohan. The guests admitted to this charming retreat, through a door closed to the public, are men illustrious in literature, in the professions, in the arts—as physicians, lawyers, authors, painters, sculptors. Many of them have come to frequent as a regular habit this cosy parlor, where they may play a quiet game of chess with that dear old Provost" (now dead, alas!) "and look between the moves at the handsomest shoulders and the prettiest faces in Paris. The assemblage is often small enough to make a circle round the fire and chat pleasantly upon the news or gossip of the day. In the midst of a story or argument the call-boy appears at the door, and, bowing respectfully, brings the talk to a close with a 'Ladies and gentlemen, the third act is on!'"

Now imagine—and give the effort the whole stretch and compass that elasticity is capable of—the following scene: Select the most unexceptionable greenroom in New York. Let there be a huge old-fashioned fireplace in it, the busts of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant upon the chimney-piece, a genial wood fire upon the andirons. Let Mr. Bryant be seated in one corner playing chess with the heavy father, and let Charles O'Connor and the low comedian be discussing over a hand at piquet the last decision of the Chief Justice. Dr. Bellows is reading a brilliant article in the last GALAXY to the leading lady. Mr. Huntington criticises the *chefs d'œuvre* upon the walls, explaining his views to the duenna. Mr. Boker is importuned by the soubrette to write her a first-class part. The Governor looks in from Albany; Mr. Booth drops in from Mantua; and Mr. Longfellow, lately arrived from London, hurries in, on his way to Boston, to say a hasty farewell. Can your fancy picture it? Can anybody's? A similar scene, however, is enacted here every night in the calendar, and no one thinks it strange that actors and actresses, or at any rate those of Richelieu street, No. 4, should be deemed genial and desirable company by the illustrious guests that nightly gather there.

If there is any play in the performance of which the actors find a peculiar enjoyment, it is certainly Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," with its concluding "ceremony." This is usually given on the anniversary of the dramatist's birthday, and was upon the bills last Sunday for the edification of the Prince Imperial, who was present with his governor. (This is not slang; it was not the Emperor, but General Froissard, who accompanied the Prince.) The "ceremony," in which every actor belonging to the theatre, old and young, male and female, members for life and members on a salary, must always appear (absence

being punished, I believe, with death), is briefly this : Argan, the hypochondriac, has been seeking during the play to make his daughter marry an apothecary, that medical aid may always be at hand. He is persuaded, however, to let Mlle. Angélique espouse the man of her choice, and, that professional advice may be had at all times, to become a doctor himself; and he is initiated into the society of physicians and apothecaries, in the ceremony in question. The *pièces* is played by the first comedian, the rest of the company furnishing the chorus. The language used on this highly medical occasion is dog Latin, mixed in equal proportions with canine French; the costumes are simple black robes like dominoes, and square black hats. The rites are tremendously imposing, and the satire and burlesque absolutely overwhelming. The president of the august assembly commences operations with this powerful exordium :

Savantissimi doctores,
 Medicine professors,
 Qui hic assemblati estis ;
 Et vos altri messiores,
 Sententiarum Facultatis
 Fideles executores,
 Salus, honor et argentum,
 Atque bonum appetitum.

He then congratulates his hearers upon *qualis bona inventio est medici professio* ; upon the fact that *totus mundus, currens ad nostros remedia, nos regardat sicut deos*. He warns the listeners that they must *prendere gardam a non ricevere in nostro docto corpore quam personas capabiles*. He then calls upon the first, second, and third doctors to put the neophyte through what may be called a course of sprouts. "Why," says examiner No. 1, "does opium put people to sleep?" "By means of its soporific properties," is the profound reply. Upon which the chorus, dashing into an animated rigadon, sings :

Bene, bene, bene respondere.
 Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.
 Bene, bene respondere.

In the course of the examination, the postulant shows that he has but two methods of treatment, bleeding and purging, the delight and approval of the chorus augmenting at each response. "But suppose the patient fails under your bleeding?" asks a doctor. "Bleed him again," is the quick reply; and the chorus rapturously shouts that he has earned his diploma. He is made to swear that he will follow the oldest practice, good or bad; that he will administer no medicaments but those used by regular practitioners, even though he knows they will lay the invalid out stiff. He is then presented with an enormous pasteboard, giving him the privilege of *medicandi, purgandi, sanguendi, et occidendi, impune, per totam terram*. And the chorus, gyrating about the new M. D., salutes him with mortar and pestle and other instruments of domestic medicine, and shouts *vivat et imbibat* for a thousand years and more; yea, may he cut and stab, kill and smash, *in secula seculorum!*

The Comédie Française pays over, like every other place of amusement in Paris, nine per cent. of its receipts to the administration of the public charities of the city. This has always been considered an unduly large proportion, and a proposal to reduce it one-half is now under discussion.

The Emperor pays 30,000 francs a year for the imperial box. He does not occupy it more than once a month. It does not remain empty, however. It is the duty of a certain official of the household to send tickets giving the use of it for a night to strangers of distinction residing temporarily, not permanently, in Paris.

The Comédie Française has had but four managers, or more properly speaking directors, in thirty years: M. Buloz, under Louis Philippe; Arsène Houssaye, poet, romancer, and chronicler, in 1849; M. Empis, a dramatic author, member of the Academy, and gentleman of the old school, with old school ideas upon literary matters; succeeded soon afterwards by a younger man, M. Edmond Thierry, who now occupies the throne. It will be seen from what has gone before that the manager's influence and control do not cover a very wide expanse. The rules and regulations fix his performances for him two nights in every week; he has no voice in the acceptance or rejection of plays, and must produce those the Reading Committee pronounce worthy. He it is, however, who recruits the company, keeping its ranks full.

The reader may have inferred that the writers for this theatre, in consideration of the honor done them by the performance of their works upon its stage, have to be content with less of the material measure of value—more glory and less cash. The reason is plain. No piece can have there what is popularly called "a run." The two classic nights are constantly interrupting its career, and it is considered no more than fair to keep one night out of seven as a variety night, for the performance of the modern plays upon which the seal of popular favor has been set. The "*Dame aux Camélias*" could not, from its nature, have been produced at this house; but if it had been, fifty thousand francs would have been the very utmost it would have yielded the author; whereas the younger Dumas received nearly three times that sum from the treasurer of the Vaudeville.

The actors, too, take part of their salary in glory. Another part, of course, is received later, after their retirement, and when the melancholy days have come, in the shape of a life annuity. But there is hardly one of them that could not double his immediate wages at the Gymnase or the Vaudeville, at the St. James in London, or the French Comedy at St. Petersburg. The case of Bressant is in point. He was receiving 25,000 francs a year at the Gymnase. The Czar of all the Russias offered him 70,000 francs and two months' annual leave of absence; the Comédie could only offer him 18,000 with a two months' vacation. He accepted the last proposal, and signed a contract for twenty years. For the honor, therefore, of being one of the "comedians in ordinary," he pays or loses \$10,000 a year.

During the lifetime of Rachel, the two obligatory classic nights were of course as productive as any, for they were naturally her nights. She played, as a habit, three times a week.

When the Emperor intends visiting the theatre, and the fact is known in time, the intelligence is communicated to the public by these words placed at the head of the bill: "This evening, BY ORDER, the comedians in ordinary of the Emperor will give—" and here follows the programme. I know a land where managers use a more ornate and ample formula, and where something like this would be posted about the town, had these gentlemen the opportunity:

"On this interesting occasion, Mr. Crummles is happy to announce, His Majesty the Emperor of the French, accompanied by the Empress and the Prince Imperial, will grace the theatre with their presence. To avoid a crush, Mr. C. begs his friends and the public to secure their tickets in advance."

This sketch of the French Theatre would be incomplete without some more particular mention of its company. That it is not what it was twenty years ago, is certain. Rachel is dead; Beauvallet, her colleague, has retired; and in consequence, neither having been replaced, tragedy may be regarded as laid upon the

shelf. The losses in comedy have been more numerous. The illustrious trio, Samson, Provost, and Regnier, may be regarded as forever broken up; Samson is living in retirement, Provost is dead, Regnier plays but rarely. Augustine Brohan, chambermaid and duchess, has claimed her pension. Delphine Fix died young. No substitutes for these charming players have yet been found, and I doubt if any ever are. Other losses have been made good, and the theatre, disabled and sorely tried as it has been, is still able to defy the world. The French comedians in New York gave the American theatre-going public some glimpses of a school of acting altogether new; but even they would confess, if questioned, that they were mere tyros in an art carried to perfection by the Fellows of Richelieu street. I must make space for one brief biography:

Joseph Isidore Samson, to-day seventy-seven years of age, born in a suburb of Paris, is believed to have been the last child baptized before the places of worship were closed and the goddess Reason was enthroned. His father kept a small café, and a booking office for vehicles plying between Paris and St. Denis. When the churches were reopened, the youthful Samson played truant from school to attend mass, and at the age of six, with a table-cloth for a surplice, and stage-drivers for an audience, elevated the Host and expounded the Scriptures. A priest he would have become, had it not been for his pedagogue, a Jacobin and atheist, who succeeded in whipping theology out of him. Then comes the usual story: an irresistible call, parents' opposition, stealthy visits to the play, admission to the Conservatory, a year or two in the provinces, a summons to Paris in 1819, where he made his first appearance in Molière's "Fourberies de Scapin"; a call to the Comédie Française in 1827, election as member for life the following year. He was at once appointed upon the Reading Committee, and became the patron of the then youthful, timid, aspiring, blushing, impressible Alexandre Dumas.

Samson's career may be thus summed up, as actor, author, professor: He made two hundred and forty parts in the ancient and modern repertory his own, playing five times a week, and working seventeen hours a day; he wrote ten or twelve plays, most of which kept the stage until his retirement; and he furnished dramatic art, from his class in the Conservatory, the following array of names: Rachel; Berton, afterwards his son-in-law; Mlle. Plessy, the only rival Mlle. Mars ever acknowledged; Augustine and Madeleine Brohan; Rose Chéri; Mme. Guyon; Mlle. Denain, and Emilie Dubois. On his retirement, he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and is, I think, the only actor ever admitted into that body.

To conclude this desultory sketch. If, to a person at peace with himself and the world, seated in good company, and gently exhilarated by expectation, a good play, well acted, affords the highest intellectual gratification, then I have told where those who seek it must go to find it. Learn the French language: no matter how well you understand it, buy the play and read it beforehand (if a suggestion may be permitted, let the author be Casimir Delavigne, and the play "Don John of Austria"); make sure of an orchestra stall at the Comédie Française, and—listen and behold. If the person making this experiment be candid and has the slightest sympathy with the acted drama, he will confess that what he saw and heard was amusing, and so far harmless; interesting, and therefore very well; instructive, and therefore not a thing to be despised; elevating and ennobling, and therefore a thing to be encouraged. Certainly, if all theatres were like this one, the prejudice against the stage could never have arisen; and if all theatres became like this one, the prejudice would speedily disappear.

So the reader has learned, if he has persevered thus far, how the Emperor Napoleon I. managed a theatre ; and if he is an admirer of versatility and universal genius, he has been glad to see that he managed it well. The fact is, Napoleon was a good deal of an actor himself, and was perfectly conscious of it. For one day, while giving a lesson in declamation to Talma, he thus held forth : " You visit me often, Talma ; you see around me princes who have lost their dominions ; kings who have lost their thrones ; princesses who have lost their lovers ; you see generals who aspire to crowns ; you see disappointed ambitions, eager rivalries, terrible catastrophes ; you see afflictions exposed to the public gaze, and you may guess at many sorrows nursed and hidden in the heart. Here are examples for the actor to meditate upon ! Here is tragedy, certainly ; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the first tragedian of my time ! "

THE DUMB POET.

I.

HE does not wind about his thought
 Iambics, flexible as the willow ;
 His surge of feeling is not wrought
 Into a pearl-rimmed line of billow.

II.

His garden of Hesperides
 Displays no trim-set, bounded border,
 Where in and out Hymettian bees
 Hum strophes in mellifluous order.

III.

In art-constructed, rhythmic cells
 He has not hived the Attic honey
 He finds deep hid in daisied dells,
 And dusk-green woods, and pastures sunny.

IV.

Out of the webbed threads of light
 That flush the sky with hues elysian,
 He is not skilled to weave aright
 The iris of the poet's vision.

V.

The brook that o'er the pebbly sand
 Wimples away in shallowed slumbers,
 He may not pour with gauging hand
 Into the jewelled cup of numbers.

VI.

He cannot strain the robin's brief,
One-thoughted song into a sonnet ;
Nor catch the wavering maple-leaf,
To trace an autumn pastoral on it.

VII.

Yet never to the poet's view
Did liberal Nature e'er discover
More of the secrets sweet and true
She tells to none but those who love her.

VIII.

The break of morning holds for him
Too fine a thrill for words' revealing ;
And pictures vast, mysterious, dim,
Illumine twilight's frescoed ceiling.

IX.

Like worship swells the murmurous rain—
Cathedral-service, grand and solemn ;
He hears the myriad-voiced *Amen*
Beneath each rustling arch and column.

X.

The wheat that bows its ripened head,
The clover steeped in purple glory,
The landscape-page before him spread,
Are cantos of his epic story.

XI.

From Nature, true Permessian source,
Wells the pure joy of feeling, seeing ;
But Love inspired the lyric force
That wrought the idyl of his being.

XII.

The sacred missal of the Past,
With rich illumination burning—
Love blazons it from first to last,
And, see ! its leaves are worn with turning !

XIII.

He *lives* his poems : day by day
Its choric chime his thought engages ;
And hope has songs yet stored away
Within the future's uncut pages.

XIV.

O my dumb poet ! in whose soul
Love still the mystic psalm rehearses,
Make thou mine open heart thy scroll,
And fill it with thy marvellous verses !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

TOWARD the close of the last century Edward Jenner, a country physician in England, was led, by the immunity from small-pox enjoyed and boasted of by the dairy milkers of the Vale of Gloucester, to inquire into the disease to which among others they imputed their immunity.

I say among others, for these milkers do not seem to have recognized the genuine *cow-pox* alone as the source of their protection, but to have confounded it with various other diseases incident to kine. In studying this disease, to which he gave the name of *variola vaccina*, or cows' small-pox, Jenner found that it was eruptive, affecting cows either singly or in herds, and that the eruption bore striking points of resemblance to that of small-pox. He considered it not as a disease resembling small-pox, but as being actual small-pox so modified by the system of the cow as to have become a mild disease, communicable only by inoculation, and conferring upon those who had been the subject of it as full protection against the infection of small-pox as does inoculated small-pox or a previous attack of the disease. This idea ripened into the present practice of vaccination, as offering equal protection with small-pox inoculation, a somewhat dangerous proceeding then in vogue, which had been introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This practice of small-pox inoculation did indeed confer immunity on its subjects by setting up an artificial small-pox, which was generally of a mild character, but which was often of fatal severity, and always dangerous to those who had not been inoculated, as this artificial disease was communicable by effluvium as well as by inoculation. Endued as it was with these most undesirable attributes, it had nevertheless been eagerly grasped at by individuals, in the hope of mitigating the severity of the great plague, and a set of professed inoculators had arisen, who, as may well be supposed, looked with disfavor upon the new practice of vaccination.

To the shame of England, vaccination had to contend not only against these mercenary detractors, but also against the raillery of some members of the medical profession, who could not bring themselves to act on Bacon's formula for combining learning with empiricism. The prejudices of the multitude also were in many quarters strong against the practice, and took fantastic shapes; for instance, the dread that whoever should suffer himself to be vaccinated would straightway become imbued with animal instincts and propensities, and even a brutish physiognomy. All these objections, however, were rapidly overcome, and the new practice spread to the continent of Europe, to America, and to all parts of the civilized world. In Spain particularly it was enthusiastically received and scientifically cultivated. The reigning monarch, Charles IV., was devoted in his efforts to spread the blessing through his kingdom, and, having done so, immediately set to work to extend the practice to his distant colonies. The difficulties of such an undertaking were manifold, and the glorious success which crowned his efforts was fitly commemorated in an ode by the contemporary Spanish laureate, Quintana, still preserved in the national literature.

This, it should be borne in mind, was before the time of railroads and steam navigation, and the fugacious nature of the active principle of vaccine virus rendered the task of conveying it undeteriorated to distant countries in the highest degree difficult. To overcome this difficulty, the King determined to send forth

his expedition furnished with a number of children, who were to be vaccinated, one from another, on the voyage, and thus a supply of fresh vaccine kept up. A proclamation was issued, and a corvette, the *Maria Pita*, fitted out, under the direction of Don Francisco Javier de Balmis, Honorary Physician of the Household, who was appointed director of the expedition. Balmis set sail from Corunna on the 30th of November, 1803, having on board his vessel a supply of vaccine, a staff of ten medical officers, and twenty children, with their mothers and nurses. The first landing was at Teneriffe, and was effected in the darkness of night, with a heavy sea running. Within an hour of the landing several children of the leading families of the place were vaccinated, so eagerly in those times did the people seek the benefit of vaccination. From the Canaries the expedition sailed for Puerto Rico, and then for Caracas, where a division of forces was made. One section, under Balmis, proceeded to Havana, Yucatan, Guatemala, Oaxaca, Vera Cruz, and numerous intermediate places. This division next proceeded to the Philippines, after having taken on board a reinforcement of twenty-six children from New Spain. "In point of fact,"* says the Spanish account, "Balmis diffused vaccination through all the vast archipelago of the Visayas, a group of islands whose kings, in eternal war with Spain, now laid aside all hostile intent in pure admiration of an enemy who brought them succor, and health, and life at a moment when an epidemic of small-pox was committing the most terrible ravages among their population." From these islands he went to Macao and Canton, and diffused vaccination through China, as far as the political condition of the empire would allow. From China he proceeded homewards, by way of St. Helena, at which place he endeavored to dispel the apathy with which the English residents regarded vaccination—"this wondrous amulet of their own countryman's invention, now despised by them for more than eight years, though on their own shores discovered by Jenner, and committed to them as an heirloom."

The other division of the expedition, under Don Francisco Salvani, was deputed to the viceroyalty of Peru and to South America in general. Its members, after being rescued from shipwreck at one of the mouths of the Magdalena river, pursued their mission, suffering greatly from privation and from the effects of change of climate. In the performance of his duty, Grajales, the sole survivor of this division of the expedition, travelled 45,000 miles, furnished vaccination for 400,000 persons, and made the practice customary as far as the 48th degree of south latitude. His work was not finished until the year 1812.

What, then, is this terrible scourge, small-pox, that so great pains have been taken to subdue it? What are its effects upon the individual, and upon the community at large?

As regards the individual, it is a hideous and dangerous disease, attacking persons of all ages and conditions, and, as a rule, disfiguring, if not in part disabling, those whose lives it spares. Macaulay's oft-quoted account of its fearful character is fully warranted by the history of the disease. He calls it "the most terrible of all the ministers of death," and adds that "the havoc of the plague had been far more rapid, but the plague had visited our shores only once or twice within living memory; but the small-pox was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover."

* See Brit. and For. Med.-Chir. Review, Oct., 1869, and April, 1870

With all its hideousness, small-pox was so wide-spread that every one who had not already been attacked by it expected its visit at some time or another. So settled was this feeling, that the family Bible ordinarily contained a special blank page for recording the dates on which the several members of the household were attacked.

We talk of epidemics of small-pox in our own times, but of anything that can with propriety be termed a small-pox epidemic we know nothing by actual experience. That moderate degree of prevalence of the disease, which once in a few years shows itself among us, and which we exaggeratingly style an epidemic, would, as another well says, have been looked upon by our ancestors of the last century as the normal condition of things; and they would have thanked Heaven for such polite behavior on the part of the great scourge. We all know how the commerce of New York is affected whenever the rural newspapers labor under the impression that any infectious disease is specially prevalent in the metropolis. What, then, must have been the effect on the community at large of one of the old-time small-pox epidemics? Our great countryman Noah Webster informs us in his "Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases," published in London in the year 1800, that in 1731 an early adjournment of the New York Legislature was resolved upon in consequence of a small-pox epidemic.

No region of the globe, civilized or savage, was free from the blight of the great pestilence. Dr. Pringle, of the British army in India, in an exhaustive treatise on the small-pox in India, states that in the Doab, a district of five million souls, not less than 95 per cent. bear the traces of previous small-pox. Regarding the mortality of the disease in places where no prophylaxis is practised, the author gives a horrifying example, to be hereinafter quoted, as having been brought to light by an Austrian scientific expedition which touched at the island of Puynipet. In the northwestern regions of India, where vaccination has not yet been generally introduced, the mortality is 80 per cent. in young children; never, or very seldom, under 40 per cent. As regards prophylaxis, in some places inoculation is yet practised; but in general the natives act in reference to the matter, which they consider to be a divine infliction, in an entirely fatalistic manner. The inoculation is practised by priests.

Let us compare the above-described condition of things with that existing since the practice of vaccination became generally adopted among civilized people. In England, of every 1,000 deaths from all causes in the half century from 1750 to 1800, there were 96 deaths from small-pox; while in the half century from 1800 to 1850, there were in every 1,000 deaths from all causes only 35 deaths from small-pox—a diminution of nearly two-thirds. Among the German States the reduction has been still more striking; there having been before the use of vaccination a small-pox death-rate of 66.5 in every 1,000 deaths, and after its employment only a proportion of 7.26 in every 1,000 deaths—a reduction of nearly ninety per cent.

According to Mr. Haile's statistical table, given in Mr. John Simon's "Papers relating to the History and Practice of Vaccination, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty," it is shown by carefully collated figures that, in Lower and Upper Austria, Salzburg, Styria, Illyria, Trieste, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, and Galicia, there occurred from 1777 to 1806, a period of 29 years, 35,014 deaths from small-pox for each million of living population; while in the same countries, from 1807 to 1850, a period of 43 years, there occurred but 3,227 deaths from small-pox in every million of living population.

The following table, from a recent work by Dr. Edward C. Seaton, Medical Inspector to the Privy Council, shows the average yearly number of deaths from all causes and from small-pox in the British metropolis for decennial periods from 1751 to 1850:

Periods.	Average Yearly Number of Deaths.		Small-pox Deaths in every 1,000 Deaths from all Causes.
	From all Causes.	From Small-pox.	
1751-60	26,873	2,001	100
1761-70	24,002	2,445	108
1771-80	22,404	2,074	98
1781-90	18,810	1,866	87
1791-1800	20,013	1,889	89
1801-10	18,082	1,273	64
1811-20	15,004	773	42
1821-30	20,045	773	32
1831-40	21,075	513	23
1841-50	52,217	841	19
1851-60	61,047	715	11

Is it possible that this steady and most remarkable diminution of small-pox can be owing to any other cause than the protection afforded by vaccination?

To answer this question, let us inquire whether or not small-pox has lost any of its insatiable aggressiveness; whether, as is alleged, it has "died out" from natural causes; or, on the other hand, whether it is not still as fierce and hideous as ever, and only held in abeyance by vaccination.

We all know how the aborigines of our country have from time to time been decimated by small-pox. That is one fact to the purpose. Here is another: In 1850 an Austrian scientific expedition touched at the island of Puynipet, one of the Caroline group in the Pacific. It is about sixty miles in circumference, with a population of 2,000. In 1854 the population had amounted to 5,000, but in that year an English captain had left on the island one of his crew suffering from small-pox. The natives stole the sick man's clothes and other effects, thereby, says the narrator,* catching a very decided Tartar, for above three thousand of the five thousand perished from the disease.

In 1846-8 an epidemic occurred in the Argentine Confederation, and extended from the Atlantic seaboard to the Cordillera of the Andes. "Throughout this whole space," says Dr. Makenna, a British physician practising at Montevideo, "it may be said that hardly a single house or rancho escaped its fearful visitation, wherever the current of human intercourse reached; and such was its fatality, that I have known thirty children taken in one morning from the houses of one quadrangle of a street 150 yards long, and I have seen two men above seventy years of age, and deeply pitted with a former attack, carried off by it. Whole families were swept away, and, in short, the terrors of the plagues of former times were, if not surpassed, fully equalled by this horrible scourge. . . . But what struck me as most truly remarkable was, that not one of those English people who had been vaccinated at home, and who had the large, deep, oval thimble-mark on one or both arms, ever took the disease."

In Japan, where vaccination, although known, is very little employed, small-pox is extremely prevalent, and almost every adult native bears marks of the disease.

The following figures, furnished by the directors of the Dublin Cow-Pock Institution, show the progressive diminution of small-pox mortality since the

* Dr. Robert Thayer, in the "Preserver," Feb., 1870.

enforcement of the compulsory-vaccination law. The average yearly mortality from small-pox had been for many years prior to 1863 about 1,000. In 1864 it was 854; in 1865, 347; in 1866, 187; in 1867, 20; and in the first three-quarters of 1868, 19. Ten of these nineteen were criminally produced by small-pox inoculation.

For thirty years not one of the nurses at the London Small-Pox Hospital has been attacked by the disease, and no less an authority than the London "Lancet" attributes their immunity to the persistent employment of vaccination. A similar experience has obtained at the children's institutions on Randall's Island, where, according to a recent statement of Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, no case of small-pox has originated for many years, that is to say, since the medical officer began the practice of indiscriminately vaccinating every newly-arrived child.

In view of such facts as the foregoing—and the story is by no means exhaustively told—how can we escape the conviction that vaccination, and that alone, should be credited with the comparative immunity from small-pox which we at present enjoy?

But the power of vaccination is shown not alone in reducing the *mortality*, but also in lessening the frequency of the occurrence of the disease. "In 1863," says Dr. Seaton, "during the epidemic of small-pox then raging in London, Dr. Buchanan and I, in the course of an examination of upwards of 50,000 children in national and infant schools, workhouses, etc., with the view of ascertaining what proportion were unvaccinated, what proportion had been vaccinated, and how among these latter the vaccination had been done, took occasion also to note how far the children, in each of these classes respectively, had marks of small-pox." The following were the results of their observations:

Classification of Children.	Number Examined.	Number showing Traces of Small-pox.	Pock-marked Children in each Thousand.
1. Without any mark of vaccination.....	2,837	1,010	360
2. With doubtful mark of vaccination.....	503	30	59
3. With mark or marks of vaccination.....	49,579	88	1.78

In addition to diminishing the fatality of the disease, and the frequency of its occurrence, vaccination greatly mitigates its severity, as shown in the largely-reduced amount of disfigurement that it leaves behind. "For the marks which small-pox had left on most of the vaccinated children, and particularly on the well vaccinated, were very slight—such as without some care might have passed undetected—and in only exceptional cases were they in the least disfiguring; while of the unvaccinated, a very large proportion were seriously marked and disfigured, some being really hideous to look at, and several suffering from permanent blindness and deafness, the consequences of the small-pox." In professional circles it is a well-known matter of history that full two-thirds of the patients who in old times applied for relief at the London charities, suffering from eye diseases, traced their troubles to antecedent small-pox, and this is at present the case with the blind beggars of Japan.

The experience of three-quarters of a century, abounding in facts such as I have mentioned, must be held to have demonstrated that vaccination, when thoroughly and carefully performed, confers upon its subjects almost absolute protection against small-pox, greatly mitigates the disease in the few individuals not entirely protected, and most markedly diminishes the disfigurement to which

it otherwise gives rise. These facts are almost universally admitted; yet the practice is violently opposed by a few misguided people, of whom some are, from some defect of mental constitution, those who are always found opposing anything which commends itself to the generality of mankind, and who in some instances are of those who are the victims of a morbid thirst for notoriety, however questionably obtained; others are in a position of negative opposition, from failure to comprehend the immense importance of the subject; and still others oppose the measure, either because they have witnessed or been informed of cases in which the course of the vaccine disease was not so mild and harmless as it almost invariably is, or in which events have been imputed to it with which it was in no wise chargeable. These opponents of vaccination are generally most earnest propagandists of their views, and often display great ingenuity, bordering on fertility of invention, in bringing up plausible objections to the practice. Let us see how far the objections commonly urged are tenable.

Without troubling ourselves to consider the ridiculous pretensions of the earlier opponents of vaccination, in regard to the danger of implanting brutish instincts, etc., we will consider the alleged danger of conveying grave diseases along with vaccinia. In this connection scrofula and syphilis are more particularly mentioned. It is darkly hinted that, although no ill effect may show itself immediately after vaccination, a scrofulous taint may have been implanted, and may in the sequel, perhaps after the lapse of years, or it may be in a future generation, give rise to disastrous effects. It is not considered necessary to show that this horrible suggestion has any foundation in fact. Imagination is a more powerful auxiliary. But it happens that there are facts which, to all reasonable minds, will at once demonstrate the falsity of the assertion. In the first place, the *intentional* inoculation of scrofula, by way of experiment, is a matter of the utmost difficulty, and generally regarded as utterly impossible. Moreover, statistics show conclusively that there is now very much less of scrofula and allied diseases in the world than there was before the practice of vaccination, and that small-pox is one of the prime causes of scrofula. Vaccination, being the great antagonist of small-pox, is therefore, *pro tanto*, far from being a cause of scrofula, one of the best means of preventing it.

As regards the conveyance of the second of the above-mentioned diseases, such transmission has often been alleged, but almost all the reputed cases on record will break down completely before a critical examination. Our present space is insufficient for such examination, and we must refer those who desire a thorough exposition of the subject to the pages of purely medical literature,* and ask that the following statements be accepted upon authority. Leaving out of consideration the very few cases in which the disease has unquestionably been communicated in vaccination by the contamination of the vaccine lymph with extraneous fluids, and in which the transmission was avoidable, and therefore foreign to the present question, it may be asserted that no recorded instance makes the slightest approach toward overthrowing the almost unanimous opinion of pathologists against the possibility of conveying, in a well-performed vaccination, any other disease than the genuine vaccinia. The accepted theory is that the virus of vaccinia is something entirely *sui generis*, and incapable of deriving any peculiar attribute from the particular constitution of the individual in whose system it happens to be proliferated, and therefore utterly incapable of convey-

* The reader who wishes to pursue further this particular branch of the subject, will find in the "American Journal of South American and Domestic Medicine," for July et seq., a series of articles by Dr. Foster, in which the question is elaborately discussed.—ED. M. C. LXXXVI.

ing to another person any disease other than vaccinia, unless, as before stated, it be fortuitously contaminated.

That this opinion of pathologists is not born alone of closet meditation, but founded on very tangible data, let me instance the following facts :

A person may have been exposed to the infection of small-pox long enough before being vaccinated to allow of both diseases becoming developed simultaneously ; so that, the period of incubation being quite different in the two diseases, at one and the same time the individual may be the subject of a double eruption—that of small-pox and that of vaccinia. If, in such a case, matter from the vaccinal vesicle be inoculated into a person who has never been exposed to either disease, care being taken not to contaminate the matter with that from the small-pox pustules, nothing but the pure vaccinal disease will result, without a trace of small-pox. Rayer, the great French dermatologist, refined this experiment in the following manner : He inoculated a person with small-pox, by means of multiple punctures arranged in the form of a circle, and in the middle of this circle he inserted vaccine virus. The period of incubation of *inoculated* small-pox being the same as that of vaccinia, on the eighth day a circle of confluent small-pox efflorescence was developed, inside of which was a normal vaccinal vesicle, extending quite to the inner margin of the small-pox ring, so that, on superficial inspection, the associated lesions gave the appearance of a single large vesicle. Now, on inoculating another individual with virus from the peripheral portion of the patch, small-pox was produced, whereas, on inoculating still another person with matter taken only from the central portion, nothing but vaccinia was produced. Of all known diseases small-pox is the most readily transmissible ; and since we have thus seen that it cannot be conveyed through the medium of vaccine lymph, are we not forced to conclude that the disease of which we are speaking is also incapable of being transmitted in this way ? But we need not rest our conclusions on analogy, however convincing. Direct experiments have been made, under special circumstances which rendered them justifiable, which have resulted in demonstrating the impossibility of conveying the disease under consideration through the medium of pure vaccine lymph. Professor Boeck, the venerable syphilographer, of Christiania in Norway, whom, during his recent visit to the United States, the writer had the pleasure of meeting on several occasions, while engaged in endeavoring to ascertain whether there were any grounds for the hope, which had been expressed, that the inoculation of this disease might cure leprosy, a disease prevalent in Norway, took occasion at the same time to submit the question now under consideration to a crucial test. His method of proceeding was to vaccinate children known to be syphilitic, and with virus from the vesicles thus formed, to inoculate lepers. In no case did any syphilitic manifestation result.

The cases in which this disease has been conveyed in vaccination are extremely rare, and in all of them the vaccine virus has been mingled either with the blood of the vaccinifer or with the secretion of a syphilitic lesion. In numerous cases, the appearance of the disease after vaccination has been only an accelerated development of a preëxisting taint. That vaccination possesses, in common with many exanthematous and other acute diseases, the power of hastening the evolution of the disease of which we are speaking has been generally admitted by physicians since M. Viennois published his very full and lucid exposition of the subject in the "*Archives Générales de Médecine*"; but all who are most conversant with the subject concur that the actual conveyance of the taint by vaccination is one of the rarest of occurrences, and that it can always

be avoided if due care be taken in the selection of the virus with which the operation is performed, which can only be secured by entrusting the performance of vaccination to competent physicians solely. Upon this point much might be said in regard to the negligence with which this apparently trivial but really most important, operation has often been performed. A writer already quoted in this paper, commenting on the practice of vaccination in Scotland before the compulsory law, says: "The greater number of recipients . . . did not come under the notice of the regular practitioner at all, but were dealt with by the midwife, a canny friend, or the father or mother, armed with clasp-knife or darning-needle. I remember one amateur vaccinator of great local repute, a surgeon of old shoes, the weapon of whose anti-varioloïd [*sic*] warfare was his awl. The arsenal of this body of volunteers was in keeping with their armory." Even the learned French Academy of Medicine formerly entrusted vaccination to a superannuated porter, whose hand trembled to such a degree that his aim was very uncertain. I have myself seen public vaccination performed in such a manner that, to say the least, if any contamination had occurred, it would have been utterly impossible to trace it to its source. The very fact of such gross negligence having prevailed without having oftener produced unpleasant results, is a weighty argument against the danger of contamination by vaccination; but it is nevertheless to be hoped that the onslaughts of the anti-vaccinators may be productive of some little good effect, and in no particular is such more likely or more to be desired than in the matter of increased carefulness in the operation.

Many cutaneous diseases are imputed to vaccination. But, while not denying that erysipelas does sometimes result from this cause (but no oftener than from the mere scratch of a pin), or that it is very liable to follow vaccination with improper virus, admitting at the same time that a local eczema is frequently developed by vaccination in those predisposed to it, we nevertheless maintain that vaccination is in almost all instances unjustly charged with producing these effects, and that it is exceedingly rare for them to assume such a severity as to resist simple treatment. As regards erysipelas, the only dangerous one of these affections, the following case, related to me by a prominent physician of this city, will show that the statement made above is not made unadvisedly. This gentleman had engaged to vaccinate a certain child on a particular day, but something prevented his doing so, and the child went unvaccinated. On the eighth day after the appointed time—just the day on which the vaccinia would have reached typical development—the child was attacked with erysipelas of the left arm, at the usual seat of vaccination, and the disease terminated fatally. The narrator remarked that he was very thankful that he had not vaccinated the child, for in that case the death would surely have been attributed to the vaccination.

It is very true that a vaccinal vesicle may, by neglect or meddlesome treatment, become quite a serious affair. The causes of this need not be specified; suffice it to say, that the operation of opening the vesicle for the purpose of taking lymph, when skilfully done, is not one of them, and should, on the sheer ground of humanity, always be allowed. Whenever any undue inflammatory action occurs, whatever may be its cause, the case should always be treated in accordance with the physician's directions. Do not trust to domestic lore for inspiration in regard to the treatment of the case. Above all things else do not apply a poultice—that ready refuge of ignorance—unless the physician, seeing some special feature in the case, shall have ordered it. I have seen a great many very sore arms, which I had every reason to believe would have pro-

gressed favorably had they not been unwarrantably poulticed. I may be allowed to indulge the hope that there is a time coming in which it will be commonly perceived that anything which exerts any influence at all over the human body may with injudicious use be as productive of harm as otherwise it would be of benefit.

The above is a brief summary of the leading facts in regard to the efficiency and safety of vaccination. To a full consideration of them a volume might well be devoted. Before passing to the consideration of side issues, which, by the way, can be here only sparingly presented, a few words seem appropriate in regard to the advisability of re-vaccination, as it is called, *i.e.*, a repetition of the operation upon persons who have already been successfully vaccinated. It is generally conceded that ordinarily a single thorough vaccination confers permanent protection. But exceptions to this rule are not unfrequent, and particularly it is found that the susceptibility to small-pox is most liable to become reëstablished at about the age of fifteen years in those who have been vaccinated in infancy. During seasons of epidemic prevalence of the disease, also, a return of susceptibility is remarked, or, more correctly perhaps, the protective influence is more than ordinarily taxed. Accordingly it is in the highest degree advisable that vaccination should be repeated at the age above mentioned, and thereafter during every epidemic of small-pox. It is scarcely necessary to insist that equal care should be bestowed upon a secondary as upon a primary vaccination.

Of late years there have been many in the medical profession who have questioned whether the vaccine lymph in common use has not in some way become deteriorated by having passed through so many human beings, losing thereby, to a certain extent, its power of producing typical Jennerian vaccinia vesicles, and therefore more or less of its efficiency as a prophylactic of small-pox. For this reason, and also to avoid all possible danger of conveying disease other than vaccinia, some physicians have advocated the occasional regeneration of the virus by recourse to the cow, either by taking great pains to discover cases of casual cow-pox, and to take lymph from such sources, or to obtain an equivalent improvement of the current lymph by what is called retro-vaccination, which consists in vaccinating heifers from the human subject, with the idea that the virus will acquire fresh energy by passing through the bovine system. Animal vaccination, as it is called, has long been practised in Naples, and latterly in Paris. In Brussels great attention has been paid to the subject, and in St. Petersburg it is very extensively and satisfactorily practised. In Paris, during the present epidemic, animal vaccination is not thought to have been as effectual as that with humanized lymph. Evidently it has been very carelessly done, and we should not hastily accept the Parisian results as adverse to the practice when well conducted. Further evidence is yet needed to show that it possesses equal efficacy with that ordinarily pursued in this country and Great Britain. One great point in its favor is, that we can thereby obtain a much more abundant supply of virus than by the ordinary method, and so avoid vaccine panics, and therefore the temptation to use virus indiscriminately obtained. It is to be hoped that in the United States a trial may be made of it by those competent to the task. Meanwhile, our experience enables us to confirm the views of the best pathologists that there has been no deterioration of the Jennerian lymph in common use. It is safe to assert that the people of Great Britain and the United States are as effectually protected against small-pox as are the inhabitants of those countries where animal vaccination has found most favor. The idea that

humanized virus has degenerated is based on the false notion that the virus which we take from a child is only a portion, and therefore possessing only a part of the efficacy, of that which was inserted into his arm; whereas it is well known that animal viruses become proliferated within the system, after the manner of a ferment, so that it is true that, as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," a minute portion of vaccine creates a vastly increased amount of identical matter, each particle of which is equally energetic with the original specimen. It is true that individual specimens of vaccine show a certain feebleness, but there are reliable indications which rarely fail to point out to the collector of lymph those sources from which only enfeebled virus is to be obtained.

As regards the freedom of young heifers from diseases capable of being conveyed to man, we have the authority of several of the veterinary members of the French Academy of Medicine, that even very young heifers, in certain of the departments of France, are occasionally the subjects of *charbon*, a disease of great gravity, and capable of conveyance to man. If, then, we are to adopt the use of cow virus, let us be careful that it comes from regions where there is no *charbon*.

As the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, it is evident that the community as a whole can never be perfectly protected against small-pox until each individual shall have been so protected. The welfare of the people, then, demands that every one should be vaccinated, always excepting, of course, those who may present some special contra-indicating circumstance. We hold it to be perfectly justifiable that the State should compel its citizens to undergo this operation. The objection on the score of infringing the liberty of the subject, is frivolous and vexatious. It need not be feared that those who might resist would succeed in getting themselves looked upon as martyrs. In England they have only succeeded in rendering themselves ridiculous. There are some faults in the law now in force there, and known as the Vaccination Act of 1867, but the principle itself has been amply vindicated. As ours is not a paternal government, we must look to the State legislatures for the enactment of a compulsory vaccination law, and it is to be hoped that before many years such action will be taken. Meanwhile we must trust to "moral suasion." Let those who understand the subject omit no opportunity to impress upon their fellows the urgent necessity of this great measure, and to remind them that by this simple and benign means alone can we hope ever to thoroughly eradicate the loathsome and deadly scourge—small-pox. We have our foot upon the monster's neck; let us not relax our hold.

FRANK P. FOSTER.

LENORE.

A NEW BALLAD ON AN OLD THEME.

THE stars are shining, the moon rides high,
 The pine boughs start as the wind goes by,
 The owls and the bats flit overhead.
 Open thy window, my beauty, my bride;
 I am not come to lie down by thy side;
 Hasten thee, my love, for I cannot abide;
 The moon and the stars may swiftly ride,—
 They cannot outride the dead.

The winds are bringing up the sun,
I may not wait till night be done,
Or ever the stars are fled.
I have ridden afar, afar,
From fields that were trodden red by war ;
I have outridden moon and star,—
They cannot outride the dead.

Awake, my love, and dress thee soon ;
We'll ride away, under the fleeting moon,
Or ever the stars are fled.
Haste thee, my beauty, haste, my bride ;
To bridal chamber ere morn we'll ride ;
Or ever the dew on grass be dried,
We shall lie down there, side by side,—
Swift coursers ride the dead.

Oh, lover mine, I dread, I fear !
Oh, wherefore, wherefore com'st thou here,
When the stars are overhead ?
And wherefore canst thou not abide ?
And whither, dearest, wilt thou ride ?
And whither wilt thou take thy bride ?
Oh, come, and rest thee by my side,
Until the night be sped.

I cannot rest, I cannot delay ;
We must be thousand miles away
Or ever the stars are fled.
Over the hills, and over the plains,
We must course with flying reins ;
I feel the morning in my veins,—
It must not see the dead.

Oh, lover mine, I dread, I fear
Some evil thing doth bring thee here,
While the stars are overhead.
But, lo, I come, nor loth nor slow ;
Thy will, thy path I may not know,
But I will go where thou wilt go,
Though it were to the dead.

THE STYLES OF DISRAELI AND OF DICKENS.

TWO writers of fiction could not easily be more unlike than the great humorist whose death we are all now deploring, and the clever satirist who has paused toward the close of a laborious and successful political career, to taste again the literary success of his younger years. And before proceeding to the examination of the styles of these two eminent writers, it may be worth our while to consider for a moment a difference between the United States and Great Britain, which the publication of Mr. Disraeli's novel brings to notice and illustrates—the difference in the grade of the men by which the governments of the two countries are carried on. Mr. Disraeli has been twice Chancellor of the Exchequer; he was for some years the leader of the House of Commons, and was recently Premier; and yet he now produces another novel, bearing incontrovertible internal evidence that it was written recently, and which, whatever its defects, has merit enough to command the attention, if not the unqualified admiration, of the two great nations in whose language it is written. Mr. Gladstone, now for the second time Premier, a great statesman, and all his life a laborious political worker (not exactly what we mean by politician), has just published "*Juventus Mundi*," a work full of scholarship, philosophy, and subtle criticism. The late Earl of Derby, who, as Lord Stanley, was the most brilliant debater in the House—"The Rupert of debate," as Bulwer finely called him—who, for many years, was the acknowledged head of the Tory party, and its leader in the House of Lords, had the scholarship, the poetical ability, and found the time to make a translation of the *Iliad*, second only to Mr. Bryant's. What Lord Brougham did we all remember; and in both Houses of the British Parliament are many men who have attained a certain distinction, or at least have done some worthy service, in some department of literature or science, although their names are not known out of their own country except in literary or scientific circles. We look through our Houses of Congress almost in vain for such men; look for them in vain, not only now, but in the annals of the two preceding generations, when our legislative halls were more commonly filled than they are at present by men of culture and of character. One or two men of mark, for their acquirements as jurists or men of letters, we may discover; but with these rare exceptions, we have no satisfaction in our search. We must step outside of our legislative bodies, to find upon the bench, and even there only among the judges of the highest State courts and the United States courts, a few men of culture and of varied intellectual gifts and acquirements.

It must be admitted that this difference is in some measure due to the fact that the legislators, elected or born, of the British people have, thus far, come from a wealthy class; and that for the most part they are relieved, from their youth upward, from the necessity of making a provision for themselves and their families. If they have not inherited estates themselves, they are generally members of families in which property, more or less considerable, is hereditary, and from whose heels they receive a competent allowance, or its equivalent. Yet Mr. Gladstone, the son of a manufacturer, is far from being wealthy. But we find the same difference between the men of business of the two countries. Mr. Goschen, a member of the present British Cabinet, is a banker; so was the poet Rogers; and so is, or was, Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece and of Greek phi-

losophy, whose works have, by an equal profundity of scholarship and of thought, made all others on their subjects in our language obsolete. Whatever may be the reason for the facts, these are the facts ; and they are very significant. The men in question, it is true, are few, compared with the numbers which compose the British Parliament. But these are only the men who have made great success. They are the flower and the fruit ; but the tree of which such men are the highest product must be a rich and a noble growth. It would be well for us if our leading politicians would divert to general culture, or special study, a little more time from the extra-legislative labor of so securing the distribution of government offices—of the various collectorships of customs and internal revenue, and even of cadetships, and petty clerkships in the departments—that “the party” may be sustained, and their own political success assured. Can we reasonably expect that our affairs will be managed by statesmen—would it not be wild to hope that they will be controlled by men who are both statesmen and men of culture—when one of the chief functions of the members of our highest legislative body is the manipulation of government patronage, the striving to outwit each other in the distribution of the pettiest offices in the gift of the Government in their district? Can we look for statesmanship in a body which allows an office to lapse merely in order to get rid, with some semblance of decency, of the ablest, we might almost say the only, political economist who has appeared in our civil service for a generation? It would be unwise in us to blink the fact that mediocrity of talent, inferiority of acquirement, an inability even to write or to speak with simplicity, correctness and force, coupled with a low dexterity in political intrigue, are the distinguishing traits of the majority of our public men, and that these defects and vices are bringing deserved reproach on our republican institutions. The country is prosperous, because of its wealth of resources and the freedom of its people ; the nation is powerful, but in spite rather than by reason of the manner in which its affairs are administered. How long can it thrive and be strong under the rule of uncultured, narrow-minded men, whose only skill is that of managing politicians? But this topic has only an incidental connection with the subject of the present article.

Mr. Disraeli is a brilliant novelist, but not a great one ; and his last book will not increase, even if it sustains, his previous reputation. With a knowledge of the world unsurpassed among British statesmen and writers, he seems to lack that knowledge of human nature—he certainly lacks that shaping imagination—without which it is impossible to create character, to make personages that live upon the page. In all his books he has not embodied a type ; he has hardly produced an individual. His men and women are things of shreds and patches, stitched together and stuffed out into an uncouth semblance of humanity, and made to utter certain words and go through certain actions with a stiff and awkward imitation of the ways and the speech of flesh and blood. We do not remember his personages ; and we forget them because as we read his account of them we do not feel that we know them. Brought into contact with them—we cannot say that he makes us acquainted with them—we not only do not become convinced of the reality of their existence, but we come to doubt the reality of our own. In our intercourse with them we think neither of them nor of ourselves, only of Mr. Disraeli. His wit, his fancy, his shrewd penetration, his satirical observation of the world, his scoffing disbelief in his fellow men, are uppermost in our minds ; and we lay down the book neither loving nor hating the personages whom he has paraded before us, having never felt *with* them, and thinking only of the wide experience and close observation of the author. They

are not extravagant ; they do not violate possibility ; they are all rather within the limits of every-day life. What they lack is not correct form, but warmth, color, vitality.

In all "Lothair" there is but one living figure, but one that leaves an impress of reality or even of ideal truth ; and this figure is one of the subordinate personages. Lothair himself is a mere name ; Theodora, a stereoscopic figure, salient and striking, but as dead as plaster-of-paris. The dukes and duchesses, cardinals and monsignori are a mere supernumerary procession of puppets that walk across Mr. Disraeli's stage, uttering, as if it were no concern of theirs, his wit and sarcasm. But when St. Aldegonde appears, be it for only a moment, we see a living soul. And one proof of his firm, well-rounded individuality is that he can be looked at in a different light by different people. This is the case with Shakespeare's personages, as it is with men and women in real life. Like them, St. Aldegonde can be misconceived, misapprehended, misunderstood ; because like them he is alive ; that like all living things he provokes liking and disliking, and brings into the problem of his personal relation with those whom he meets, their feelings toward him. We all agree about the dukes and duchesses, and cardinals and monsignori, and the proper young women ; they can all be labelled, like vials of medicine, and when we take them we know their operation beforehand. St. Aldegonde is the best representation in literature of a variety of the Anglo-Saxon man who is the product of high social and intellectual culture, and yet whose individuality and independence culture has not repressed, hardly modified ; a man who hates shams, and shows, and scenes, and occasions, and all set forms and figures of social intercourse ; who rebels against ceremony, and who scorns etiquette and conventionality so much that, although he is the soul of real kindness and courtesy, he sometimes seems uncourteous. Thus he wonders why Lothair must have a grand celebration of his coming of age, why he can't "be content with receiving his friends in a quiet way," and, if he must do something for the county, build a wing for the infirmary, and not "bore us with speeches and fireworks." He doubts whether we should pray ; but it is because "it seems very arrogant in us to dictate to an all-wise Creator what we desire." He tells a bishop to his face that he hates Sunday, particularly in the country, where they then were ; but in spite of his detestation of celebrations, when the farmers and villagers and the stokers of the railways approach the princely group around Lothair to offer him their congratulations, St. Aldegonde "was much pleased, and carefully addressed them as they went by." He repents of his snubbing the bishop, which it must be confessed was rather a severe manifestation of his candor and love of simplicity, although it should be considered in extenuation to what a degree the average Englishman allows himself to be bored by bishops ; but we do not hear of his repenting his behavior at a dinner into which he was inveigled by a solemn prig and snob, whose priggishness and snobbery took the frightful form of elaborate dinner-giving, and where St. Aldegonde put both elbows on the table, and would eat nothing but cold meat. He, the heir to a dukedom, was disgusted because the table was full of "swells." He detests the Duke of Brecon, who is also something of a prig, and whose priggishness takes the form of a profession of principle and of being straightforward ; but St. Aldegonde, himself the frankest and most outspoken of men, says, *à propos* of the Duke, "I hate a straightforward fellow. The fun of talk is to find out what a man really thinks, and then contrast it with the enormous lies he has been telling all dinner, and, perhaps, all his life." He goes about listless and slouchy, apparently taking no interest in anything ; but when a man ap-

peared who really knew anything, "St. Aldegonde would draw him out with skill, himself displaying an acquaintance with the peculiar topic which often surprised his habitual companions; for he professed never to read." He shuns the accomplishment-exhibitions of society; and yet, when Theodora recited Alfieri, he "listened in a sort of ecstasy, and rushed forward with a countenance as serious as the theme, to offer his thanks and express his admiration." He is thought by some of those who misunderstand him to be selfish, conceited, and obstinate—a pig-headed fellow in a grand way. Such, at least, was not his maker's conception of him. Those who judge him thus probably forget that Disraeli, introducing him, says that he was spoiled and knew it; but that "had he been an ordinary being, he would have merely subsided into selfishness and caprice; but having good abilities and a good disposition, he was eccentric, adventurous, and sentimental." As to selfishness, his behavior to his brother-in-law shows him free from that. Bertram loves in earnest a Greek girl, Euphrosyne, and is in great trouble about the probability of his noble family's consenting to his marriage with her. He consults St. Aldegonde, who, after first wishing in boyish fashion for his wife, Bertha, because she is the only person he knows "who has a head," and then telling him that if he were not his brother-in-law he should have been very glad to marry Euphrosyne himself, muses gravely awhile, and determines at once to give up the greatest enjoyment he had ever known, at the prospect of losing which he had been storming only a moment before, and go home with Bertram. "We must think," he says, "of nothing but your affairs. We must return instantly. The whip [Parliamentary] will be an excuse, but the real business will be Euphrosyne. I should delight in having her for a sister-in-law; but the affair will require management." And he manages it; for both his mother-in-law and his father-in-law respect his character. His mother wishes to take counsel with him, for "when he is serious, his judgment is good," and in this the author himself tells us "her grace evinced the just appreciation of character for which women are remarkable." St. Aldegonde was "the only one of his sons-in-law whom the Duke really considered and a little feared." He took high ground with the Duke, and carried his point. More, this heir to a dukedom determined to make his second son, the future Lord Clovis, a Greek merchant. The Duke says of him, in a puzzled way, "He knows so many odd people"; but confesses that he "has been a comfort" to him in this matter. That is no selfish, conceited, obstinate man. He *is* an egoist, but an amiable one; and his egoism takes the form of a defiance of conventionality, etiquette, and sham, and of a refusal to flatter, in any way, silently or otherwise, the vanity of bores, or to make friends or companions of people whom he does not like. The ability to do this is, of all the privileges of great wealth and well-assured high station, the most covetable. Strange that the doing it is so rare that a man who avails himself of it is thought both selfish and eccentric.

St. Aldegonde has been worth some attention because he is almost the only living personage that Disraeli has created, and such a fine representation of a peculiar Anglo-Saxon type of man that has never before been so well represented. Doubtless he is a portrait from the life. He exists in this country; but he is rare and generally undeveloped. For we Anglo-Saxons, notwithstanding our devotion to personal freedom, for which we will pledge not only our lives but our sacred honors, and even our more sacred fortunes, are inclined to snob-bishness and toadyism; and there are in this country very few men who are so content with their position, whatever it may be, that they are unwilling to try and "get on" by what is called social tact, which in a general way means en-

duration of people that you more or less dislike, and flattery of people that you more or less despise.

As a painter of character, Mr. Dickens was exactly what Mr. Disraeli is not, and was not exactly what Mr. Disraeli is. In this respect, as in most others, they were direct opposites. For Mr. Dickens's personages have a vitality and a seeming reality that, when we consider what they are, is amazing. For they are mostly extravagant caricatures; often, too, not the caricature of a whole man, but of one trait or even trick of a man, as all caricatures are apt to be. Most of them, nearly all of them, are such creatures as never did exist, and could by no possibility exist. Sam Weller, for example, the personage who first made Mr. Dickens known the world over, is a monster, as monstrous as those human forms with wings that we call angels, or those horses with long spiral horns growing from their foreheads that we call unicorns. He is monstrous and impossible in two ways: first, from within, by the law of his own being, which would not permit such a development as must have produced the creature Dickens has shown us; next, from without; the conditions of life would restrain and repress such a development, even if the germ of it existed. So of Dick Swiveller, Mrs. Nickleby, Quilp, Betsy Trotwood, Mr. Micawber, Captain Cuttle, and so forth, including nearly every personage within that range of character that is peculiar to Mr. Dickens. He was mainly a caricaturist, and his written caricatures are far more extravagant and exaggerated than any that John Leech, or even Richard Doyle, drew for "Punch's" pages. And extravagant to absurdity as we know them to be, even while we acknowledge this, how real they seem! Monsters although they are, they are living monsters. We *do* know them. Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby, Captain Cuttle, Saurey Gamp live in our memories, creatures of flesh and blood, more real than half our acquaintances; while Mr. Disraeli's personages, who are no more impossible than many of our dearest and dullest friends, are so lifeless that they fade out of our memories without giving us the preliminary trouble of dropping them or going to their funerals. The reason of this difference can be told, but cannot be explained. It is simply that Dickens had imagination, genius; and that Disraeli has not imagination, and has only talent. Charles Reade has this vitalizing quality of mind in a very great degree. Perhaps it should be said that he had it in that degree; for his earlier works show much more of it than his later. Yet every line and every movement of Jael Dence's noble form, every word that comes from her warm, true heart through her lovely lips, is instinct with life and fraught with feeling.

Mr. Dickens, without a doubt, was the great humorist of his time. In the first pages of "The Pickwick Papers" he showed a humor richer, subtler than that of any writer who was then living, or who has since come before the public. Mr. Winkle's duel with Dr. Slammer has in it all the fun of the finest farce that was ever acted; the author producing in narrative all the effect both of the written play and the acting. We see poor Winkle making a confidant of Snodgrass, and asking him with pale lips if he can rely upon his secrecy; and Snodgrass, in his simplicity and his vanity at being engaged in an affair of honor, which gave him the excitement of the field without its perils, promising and offering to swear eternal secrecy, and assuring his friend that he will give him all needful assistance. We see them going to the ground, and passing the trench of the fort, which looked to poor Winkle "like a colossal grave." We see the arrangements, and the absurd *dénouement*, with the manœuvres of Dr. Payne to avoid a bloodless issue, and bring it about that somebody shall give satisfaction to somebody; till, at last, he offers to fight poor Snodgrass himself if that gen-

tleman should have felt aggrieved by any remarks that he, Dr. Payne, had made. This Dr. Payne, of whom we have only this and one subsequent glimpse, is an exquisitely humorous, although broad, caricature of the army man of the past generation, to whom giving satisfaction was the great if not the chief end and object of life. This scene was described in the second chapter of "The Pickwick Papers," and of itself was enough to make an enviable reputation for its author as a humorist. But when, on working himself gradually free from the bonds which the publisher had imposed upon him, Dickens enlarged the scope of his design, and introduced Sam Weller and Mr. Weller, Sr., Mrs. Cluppins, and the Deputy Shepherd; developed Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman; took his readers to Eatanswill, and to court for the trial of the great case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, he at once rose to the first place in English literature as a narrator of low comedy.

It has been said that "The Pickwick Papers" was its author's best book; and, in certain respects, this judgment is sound. Humor was Mr. Dickens's great distinctive trait; and for humor, pure and simple, he produced in all his life nothing quite equal to "Pickwick"—nothing so sustained, so varied, so unstrained. He afterwards became more conscious of his humor as he wrote, and showed his consciousness. He let us see the preparation of his fun; he made points like an actor who feels that the points are expected by his audience, and also feels, and shows that he feels, that by the use of certain means he can make them. The spontaneous humor of "Pickwick" was never equalled, even by its author. He afterwards gave to too many of his humorous characters certain peculiarities of person, manner, or speech, on which he rung a limited range of changes; and this degenerated into a trick, like the giving of what in stage cant is called a gag to a comic actor, which he uses deliberately to force a laugh. This was a needless device in Mr. Dickens, whose humor seemed exhaustless.

Great, however, as Mr. Dickens's humor was, it was not of the highest quality. Its elements were not sufficiently simple; it did not rest sufficiently upon unmitigated human nature. It was humor of the period when, and almost of the place where, it was written. Its conditions were those of English society of the present day, and the speech and manners of the lower order of people in London and other English towns. Unlike Shakespeare's humor, or even Scott's, or Molière's, it was of an age, and was not for all time. It cannot be translated, for it depends too much upon a mere fashion of language. What to a German, a Frenchman, or a Greek, is the fun of Sam Weller's talk, of Mrs. Gamp's, of Captain Cuttle's? The humor inheres too closely in the incongruity of their phraseology with the thought they would express. What will this humor be even to English-speaking people a hundred years hence, or even fifty? Quite incomprehensible. It will have gone out with the fashions of our day. But Shakespeare's humor, and Scott's, and Molière's, and Rabelais's, and Cervantes's, is simple, absolute, and eternal; it rests only on the elements of human nature—that Aryan human nature, it is true, which Disraeli's Mr. Phœbus talks so much about. For whether a Chinaman or an Arab, or any of the Semitic and Turanian folk could appreciate Falstaff or Sancho Panza, is more than doubtful. And yet the man who wrote the Book of Job, and made his advice-wearied hero say: "Verily, ye are the people, and when ye die wisdom will die with you," should have been able to apprehend it. But it is not necessary to go to the greatest of Shakespeare's humorous creations for an illustration of the simple and elemental character of his humor. Take a slight and passing speech for example.

When the Boy, in "Henry V.," says, on the skirts of the battle, "I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety," he brings together ideas which were as absurdly incongruous a thousand years ago, and will be so a thousand years hence, as they are now; and which can be perfectly expressed in any civilized language. When Prince Hal speaks to Pointz of the inventory of his shirts, to wit: "one for superfluity and the other for use," and of his two pairs of hose, "these and those that were the peach-colored ones," his humor is equally simple in its character, and therefore equally universal in its capability of appreciation. Lucio and the Clown, in "Measure for Measure," two personages whose very names will hardly be recognized by the general reader, display constantly a humor more simple, less dependent for its effect on the fashion of a day, more subtle, more pervading and enduring than that in Dickens's best comic passages. To find that, we need not go to Falstaff and to Dogberry. The same comparison is measurably true between Dickens and Scott, Molière, Rabelais, and Cervantes.

Like his humor, Mr. Dickens's pathos was in general not of the highest type. It was very touching, and there are many passages in his books that must melt all but the stoniest natures. As his humor always provokes laughter, so his pathos generally moves to tears. But laughter is not the best witness to the high quality of humor, nor tears to that of pathos. I have known two cultivated, play-hardened men weep at the death of little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Bowery Theatre; they knowing all the while that the play was rubbish, and the performance naught. We do not always laugh, or at least not much, at Falstaff's wit; nor do we weep when we read "Lear" and "Othello."

Mr. Dickens, however, wrote one book so noble in its spirit, so grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos so profound and simple, that it deserves, and will surely take, a place among the great serious works of imagination. "The Tale of Two Cities," his shortest story, and the one least thought of by the public of his own day, is the work that will secure him an enduring fame. It has little humor, and that is not of its author's best; but its picture of the fierce passion of the first French Revolution, of the hideous oppression which provoked that outbreak of ruthless revenge on the part of a whole people, and above all its portrayal of the noble-natured castaway, Sidney Carton, make it almost a peerless book in modern literature, and give it a place among the highest examples of all literary art. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." And yet Sidney Carton did more; for he gave his life, not for his friend, but to secure the woman he fondly loved a happy life with another man. And rare as such devotion and self-sacrifice is—from the nature of things must be—God be thanked that we all have within us the capability of knowing and feeling that it is not impossible to human nature. The conception of this story and of this character is sublime, and shows in its author an ideal of magnanimity and of charity unsurpassed in the history of all literature. One slight, tender touch of the artist's hand is too exquisite to be passed by, even in this hasty and imperfect appreciation of this noble book. The man and the family whose happiness Sidney Carton dies to save are in hot flight from Paris as he goes to the guillotine. How was so noble a death to be worthily portrayed? The author effects this by introducing a poor little sweet-natured, shrinking, but brave-hearted milliner girl, who was to be put to death—she could not guess why, as many could not then who suffered death as she did. She was with Evremonde in the prison of La Force, and when they are ordered out to take their places in the tumbrils she speaks to the supposed Evremonde, who is going to death with her. Looking closely, she sees that it is not Evremonde,

but a man so like him that one might be taken for the other. She divines his purpose and keeps his secret, and begs that she may hold his "brave hand" to the last. His heart goes out to her in that supreme moment of their lives; he sustains and comforts her; and at last she asks, "Am I to kiss you now? is the moment come?" "Yes." She kisses his lips; he kisses hers, and she mounts the scaffold. He follows her, murmuring to himself, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The end comes; and the castaway dies thinking, "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done: it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." Beyond that the sublimity of simple self-sacrifice, the enthusiasm of humanity, the purity of pathos can never go. In all literature, in all history, there is not a grander, lovelier figure than the self-wrecked, self-devoted Sidney Carton.

Disraeli and Dickens were not quite as unlike in their styles—their use of language—as they were in their cast of thought and their ideals of literary art. The style of neither is very good; but the better of the two is not that of the highly educated son of the distinguished author of "The Curiosities of Literature," but that of the son of the newspaper reporter, whose education was chiefly hard work as an attorney's clerk. Both of them manifested a certain vulgarity, intellectual vulgarity, in their use of language; but of the two the Tory Premier is the greater offender in this respect. Mr. Disraeli is by birth a British subject, and from early association and habit he speaks and writes the English language; but it is beyond the power of all accidents of nativity or acts of Parliament to make him an English man. His political critics have more than once complained of him that, as a politician, with all his subtlety and his craft, he is not able to understand Englishmen. The very good reason might be given for this that he is not English, but Jewish; and his Orientalism appears in his tone of thought and in his language. The latter is too often glaring, bedizened, and vitiated by a vulgar splendor and cheap grandeur. This appears in the very names of the personages of "Lothair." Such an assemblage of big-sounding titles and names was never seen before, even in the novels written for the weekly papers, except, perhaps, in some of Mr. Disraeli's own earlier books. Lord St. Aldegonde, Lady Corisande, Lady Montairy, Apollonia Giles, Hugo Bohun, Clare Arundel, Lucien Campian (an American!), Mr. Phœbus, Theodora, Euphrosyne, Paraclete, are examples of Mr. Disraeli's lavish largeness of nomenclature. He says of Lady Corisande, "From the moment her fair cheek was sealed by the gracious approbation of majesty, all the critics of the court recognized her as the *cynosure of the empyrean*." He must call one of some fellows taking a stand-up supper at Lord St. Jerome's "a third wassailer." He says of Theodora's singing, "Deeper and richer, deeper and richer it seemed to become, as it *wound with exquisite facility through a symphony of delicious sound*, until it ended in a passionate burst which made Lothair's heart beat so tumultuously that for a moment he thought he should be overpowered"—a description which, to any true and intelligent lover of music, is simply ridiculous. He cannot speak of a girl violinist without putting on her "a gigantic sash of dazzling beauty," or make the good-natured St. Aldegonde compliment her for her performance without presenting her a "wondrous rose" from his button-hole. Lothair cannot have the plans of his proposed cathedral sent to him without a special paragraph describing the "large and magnificent portfolio," which was "of morocco and of *prelatical purple*, with broad bands of gold, and alternate ornaments of a cross and a coronet." Now enormously wealthy marquises may have their plans sent to them in such portfolios; but if they do, they take it as a matter of course, and so

can we. What need of making such a fuss about it? Describing Rome on a day when the Papal cause seemed hopeless and the sky lowered over the city, he says well, "The very aspect of the place itself was sinister . . . the old Seven Hills seemed to look askance." This is finely terse and graphic; but the author spoils its effect by adding immediately this bit of ambitious bombast:

The haughty Capitol, impatient of its chapels, sighed once more for triumphs, and the proud Palatine, remembering the Cæsars, glanced with imperial contempt on the palaces of the Papal princelings that, in the course of ignominious ages, had been constructed out of the exhaustless womb of its still sovereign ruin,

A very delicate and artful description of Lothair's weak, uncertain, inapprehensive condition of mind, as he lies wounded almost to death, and nursed by Lady St. Jerome and Clare Arundel, is marred by the following description of the effect of music upon his exhausted nature:

The sounds came floating down the chamber till they seemed to cluster round his brain: sometimes solemn, sometimes thrilling, sometimes the divine pathos melting the human heart with *celestial sympathy and heavenly solace*. The tears fell fast from his *agitated vision*, and he sank back exhausted, almost insensible, on his pillow.

Mr. Disraeli evidently fancies that he admires music very much, and feels it very deeply; and perhaps he does; but it would not be suspected from the vulgar way in which (as in the passage above) he writes about it. Besides, "*celestial sympathy and heavenly solace*" is but another form of "*Eastern splendor and Oriental magnificence*." And let us at least hope that "*agitated vision*" is a misprint of "*agitated visage*"; although to speak of tears falling from an agitated visage is to use language like the poorest and most pretentious sort of newspaper reporter. And this Mr. Disraeli does often; as, for instance, when describing a quiet domestic evening at the ducal seat of Brentham, he says that "*music was the basis of the evening's campaign*," or when he says that "*Lord Montairy was passionately devoted to croquet*." Now a man may be passionately devoted to his mistress, and perhaps to his wife, or to some great cause or pursuit; but to say that he is so to croquet should be left to those ladies who declare at table that they are passionately fond of tomatyoes, although it is sometimes tumattuses. Examples of his failure to command English idiom are frequent in "*Lothair*." He says of some young gamblers that they were "*playing at [for] stakes which [that] would make their seniors look pale*." Misapplying the subjunctive mood, he writes, "*If you be [are] disengaged, I vote we dine together*"; and "*Remember, if I be [am] wanted, I am always here*." He can even write, "*I have got an engagement to [at] the consulate*"; "*Asia will send its patriarchs and pontiffs, and America and Australia its prelates*"; "*He is not quite as [so] tall as she is*," and "*they rather calculated*" that "*taking advantage of the evening hour*," etc.

Of bad construction, which on the one hand is vulgar, and on the other is so confused as to be nonsensical, examples like the following are too common:

A pretty sight is a first rate dairy.

Besides the nobles of the county and his tenantry and their families, which drained all the neighboring villages, Lothair had forwarded several thousand tickets to the mayor and corporation of Grandchester, etc.

The physician saw at once that Lord St. Jerome was truthful, and that, though his intelligence might be limited, it was pure and direct. Appreciating Lord St. Jerome, that nobleman found the redoubtable doctor not ungenial, etc.

He comforted and sustained her agitated frame, and seized with an embrace her speechless form. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him, he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of, etc.

The last three passages are examples of a style peculiarly British, and they are well worthy the attention of Mr. Lowell and other gentlemen who find in

"American" writers an inability to use the English language with that clearness and idiomatic force which is "as common as the day in the mother country." In the first the author of "Lothair" makes his hero forward several thousand tickets, besides the notables of the county, his tenantry and their families, to the mayor and corporation of Grandchester, which must have somewhat astonished that honorable body. In the second he meant to say, "the doctor appreciating lord St. Jerome, the nobleman found him not ungenial"; but he does not say that; and whatever his sentence may mean, "appreciating" applies only to St. Jerome. In the last passage the intelligent reader is puzzled to divine, first, how a frame can be soothed, and next, how a form can be sealed, and sealed, too, with an embrace. Finally he thinks, or should think, that Lothair, with soft thoughts and softer words clinging to him (it would seem like burrs), induced Corisande to resume their stroll. But what the author meant to say was that as Corisande was clinging to Lothair with soft thoughts and softer words, he induced her to stroll.

Space fails sooner than the crop of errors in language which deform Mr. Disraeli's very clever and keenly satirical book. In the mere misuse of words he is copious. He continually uses (as Dickens does) *repair* for *go*; he confounds *would* and *should*—"he exacted that they *would* [should] be his companions"; he calls a father-in-law and mother-in-law "legal parents": he says that Lord Culloden "guarded with precise knowledge and unceasing vigilance *over* Lothair's vast inheritance,"—Lord Culloden guarded it, and may have watched over it, but he did not guard over it: his misuse of *every* is constant, not only in such vulgar phrases as "*every* confidence," but in such sentences as "*every one* was interested and remained quite fresh for *their* subsequent exertions": he falls in with the vulgar use of *commence* for *begin*, even writing of "*commencing* a meal": he writes, "There *requires* [needs] no coronet on your carriage to tell me you are a nobleman": he speaks of a statue of "life-like size," meaning that it was of life-size; it might have been life-like whatever its size: he says of Lothair that "he consoled himself with the recollection that he should probably have an opportunity of seeing him again," meaning the anticipation or the reflection; we cannot recollect what is to come: he makes a Duchess's daughter come in to "give her a rapid embrace," which is worse than poor General Scott's "hasty plate of soup": he frequently uses *experience* and *witness* in their vulgar sense of suffer and see, and he makes a staff officer, who is uneasy about Theodora, say, "I confess I should be much happier were she sitting round this camp-fire." How one person can sit round a camp-fire may be left for decision by the Irish soldier who took an Indian prisoner "by surrounding him."

Mr. Dickens's style exhibits few such blemishes as these. He rarely used words incorrectly, and the construction of his sentences is usually very clear, showing a very exact conception on his part of what he meant to say. This is notably the case in the tales which are introduced in the earlier chapters of "The Pickwick Papers," which are unexceptionably good examples of narrative English. Mr. Dickens's style did not improve in purity and simplicity with his practice as a writer. Without becoming positively incorrect, it deteriorated somewhat from such directness and simplicity as it had at first. It became more and more a style of effect, and of conscious effect; and that is always fatal to the highest excellence. Him, too, we must hold accountable for the introduction of that perfectly artificial humorous style, which consists in the mere trick of using big words for small ones, and which, being so cheap, has become so common:—examples are the calling a hot-pieman a "heated pastry vender" and "Could he be

lieve his eyes ! He looked again, and was under the painful necessity of *admitting the veracity of his optics.*" Micawber, who, excellent as he is, becomes something of a bore before we have done with him, doses us with stuff of this kind ; and we find it even in the grand "Tale of Two Cities." Some people have laughed at it, but few can do so now ; it is poor chaff.

Unlike Disraeli, in the use of words, Dickens very rarely erred ; but one he misused sadly, as many careless speakers do—*get* in the sense of *am, become.* His offences in this regard are constant, numberless, and sometimes monstrous. In one fine passage in "The Tale of Two Cities" (Chapter XXI.) he shocks us by writing, "Thus, the rustling of an angel's wings *got blended* with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth."

Both Disraeli and Dickens have written with a purpose, at least after the success of their first books—a bad habit for a novelist. A story should be told for its own sake. A great artist should have no conscience but for the truth of his art. And having this conscience and no other, he teaches more than if he sets out to teach. If he can show us man as he is, if he can give us a truthful picture in little of human nature, we can gain more by studying that than by pondering over the best sermon that he deliberately works into his story. But even here Dickens is incomparably the superior of Disraeli. Disraeli's purpose has been that of a politician ; Dickens wrote as a philanthropist. His purpose was a lovely and a noble one—to teach us charity. He did not labor in vain. The world is better, purer, gentler, more loving and forgiving for the thirty years of Charles Dickens's laborious life ; and he goes to his rest, not only with our thankful remembrance of the innocent pleasure he has given us, but followed by the blessings due to a benefactor of mankind.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

VIOLINS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.

IT cannot be denied that no creation of art has been so little understood as the violin. This wonderful instrument has always been an enigma to the musical world. That it does not understand the language of man is most fortunate, since thereby it escapes the confusion of conflicting opinions. In the interest of art, I have determined to publish the results of my long experience in relation to this subject.

It is very generally known, that until the earlier part of the eighteenth century the old Italian masters produced the best violins; and that after their period the manufacture of the instrument rapidly decayed. The violins then made attained a high price, and even at this day are eagerly sought by all artists and amateurs, because it is believed to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that no violin can be constructed which will be found so well adapted for solo performances as those of the old Italian masters, until it has been used a hundred years. Many violin manufacturers have in vain endeavored to overcome this difficulty. At last Vuillaume, of Paris, invented a chemical process by which wood was rendered old, and for a time he created a furor with his instruments. It turned out, however, that after a few years his violins deteriorated, and finally became utterly useless. This failure established, it was declared, the impossibility of making violins which would prove of real value before attaining a great age. This induced Ole Bull to have an instrument made of very old wood, and at first he thought himself successful in securing his object; but he also became convinced, at last, that every newly made violin must have a harsh sound unless constructed of chemically prepared wood.

Like everything else in the world, however, the art of making violins has progressed. Mr. Ole Bull will remember a violin which was shown to him in Columbus, Ohio, and his opinion asked concerning it. He pronounced it excellent, and held it to be an old instrument; and when he was informed that its maker was Mr. George Gemünder of New York, he declared that the wood must have been chemically prepared, because he held it to be impossible that a new instrument should furnish so good a tone. This fact ought to teach Mr. Bull, however, that though he possesses the power of drawing from the violin its sweetest sounds, he cannot give them to it. To play a violin according to the rules of art, and to construct one according to the same rules, are two very different problems; therefore let each man stick to his trade. Nevertheless, on meeting me after a separation of eighteen years, Ole Bull, in a conversation we had about violins, ventured to deny that I was a judge of musical tone, in these words:

"You are no judge of a violin tone," he said, "because you do not play the instrument."

This assertion shows that even artists are at times mistaken in their ideas. I have a hundred times as many opportunities for studying tone, through hearing daily many different violins, as an artist who hears only his own violin; and as regards performing on the violin, I can play it well enough to test it; but that is no reason why I should be an artist skilful enough to play a solo. It is not that kind of skill which makes the judge of tone or the good violin-maker, but the educated musical ear, which is not always to be found among the solo performers; for if an artist cannot tell by its sound if a violin is made of prepared wood or not, he has not begun to master the science of musical tones. This belief that only players are judges of musical tones is general enough; but what an error!

Experience has taught me that sound judgment of tone and the ability to play well are rarely found united; since one who has had no opportunities of listening to different instruments, and has not had his attention drawn to their peculiarities, may, it is true, be a good performer, but he can never be a judge of their tone-quality. For that reason there are good judges of tone who, at the same time, are neither artists nor even ordinary performers. Indeed, if solo performers as a general thing were good judges of tone, they would not so frequently in concerts use feeble Italian violins or violoncellos, which are either too old, or have been rendered worthless by bungling workmen to whom they have been intrusted for repairs. In this way many a concert performer has spoiled his career; and still, most of them are satisfied if only they have Italian instruments. The science of musical tones has been my life-long study; without this it would never have been possible for me to do what I have done—to construct violins for the present and the future, which have proved satisfactory to the most critical artists; and, when fashioned after the style of the old classical violins, and represented to be of them, they have drawn from hearers expressions of delight at the fine quality of their tones which are all that can be desired. For even though a violin is of the finest tone, so long as it has the appearance of being new, the opinion concerning it will always be: "The instrument will be as good as those of the Italian masters after it has been played a hundred years." By this I have been convinced that the prejudice of artists is the greatest obstacle to the revival of the violin manufacture. Great musicians have not always a fine appreciation of sound; and yet they venture to criticise violins, and thereby do a great injury to progress in the construction of these instruments. That great musician, Ole Bull, declared that a violin of my make, because of the fine quality of its tones, must have been constructed of chemically prepared wood; yet it is not hard to detect an instrument that has been made of such material, inasmuch as its tones are necessarily lifeless, like those of old Italian violins after they have been spoiled through repairs by bungling workmen.

When the process of preparing wood for violins was invented, it was generally believed that by this method instruments could be constructed which would compare favorably with the best then in existence; but when the process proved a failure, the whole art received a severe blow from the reaction and prejudice thus created. After that, it was believed that every new violin, even though its tone was far better, and its material apparently of the soundest kind, must nevertheless also be made of chemically prepared wood. Such a prejudice is now a great obstacle to the manufacture of good violins, and will perhaps remain so until through excessive age the last good Italian violin—of which there are now very few in the world—has become utterly useless.

But thanks to the great masters, they have laid a foundation for us to work upon in the construction of violins, which renders them immortal. Their system, however, is understood by very few violin-makers, because there are very few intelligent men who devote themselves to this art. Most of those who study it are mercenary in the extreme, while there are others like the potter who only knows that his wares will ring if struck by the finger. France is indisputably in advance of Germany in this respect. In Mirecourt, where most French violin-makers are engaged in working to supply the trade, the most wonderful imitations of the renowned Italian instruments have been produced; even in the inner work the system of the Italian school may be recognized. Unfortunately, however, these instruments have been rendered worthless from the very nature of their material, since the wood of which they are constructed was previously either baked or chemically prepared.

Lupot, especially, brought the Italian method into prominence in France, and after him its influence was extended very much further by Vuillaume of Paris, whose workmanship, as long as he followed the Italian method, was so exquisite that specimens of it are to-day still worthy of our admiration. But when he hit upon the perverse idea toward the close of his career of making the top of the violin thinnest in the middle, he showed a great ignorance of musical tone, since violins so constructed cannot be touched vigorously with the bow without the sound breaking and the vibration being shortened. Of these instruments Vuillaume spread a great number throughout the world, which were constructed in direct violation of the principles of acoustics, and they have neither been good at any time nor can they ever become so. Many who possess his instruments will now be able to comprehend that they own violins which, though made by a famous man, are still by no means good.

Besides Vuillaume, there is in Paris at present no violin-maker of remarkable importance, or who has accomplished anything extraordinary. No other violins that have been made in Paris can be compared, in point of workmanship, with those of Vuillaume. Excepting those of his make, the instruments manufactured in Mirecourt are much finer than the violins of Paris, and greatly surpass them in tone whenever they are made of wood that has not been spoiled in preparation.

The greatest progress in Germany has been made by Bausch in Leipzig, and Bott in Vienna. The former shows great talent in the construction of violins, but still more in the manufacture of bows, in which, as a skilful artist, he has as yet shown himself unsurpassable. The musical world is under deep obligations to him, because he has spread the influence of his school throughout all Saxony, so that excellent bows are now made there; nor is his system alone followed, but also that of Vuillaume, although their imitation of the Tourt bows, from their being unable to give the requisite shape to the heads, has not been very successful.

It might be worth while to recommend that the nuts of violin and violoncello bows be constructed after Vuillaume's style, be rounded like his, and provided with the same run or course, this being a great improvement.

As for Bott's violins, they are tasteful and elegant, and constructed in full accordance with the classical models. Bott is well versed in the science of musical tones.

Many may now be interested in hearing something more definite about the manufacture of the violin by the renowned old Italian masters, since not a few

are completely in the dark as to the merits of the various schools. This is owing simply to the fact that many a musician even has not acquired the technical education that enables him to tell what outline and what swells will produce a desired quality of tone, even if all the instruments of the masters were in a good condition; but inasmuch as of every school there are some that have been spoiled by botchers in repairing, and some that are yet good, it is not hard to see how the doubt and confusion have arisen.

These great masters having left for posterity a large number of models upon which no one has yet been able to improve, we must regard their designs as perfect. I have constructed violins in accordance with their systems, and in so doing have become so familiar with the characteristic tones they produce as to be able to see that each of the masters found the very tone which he was seeking for, and that each one, in his instrument, produced an interesting quality of tone. In this way they created such a variety of instruments as must satisfy the desires of every artist and amateur. Let us now consider the tone-characteristics of the great masters' best creations, or of instruments made according to their systems.

Niccolò Amati of Cremona, and his disciple Jacob Steiner of Absam, a Tyrolese, both manufactured violins which are now chiefly to be found in households. Because of their slender, rounded, sweet, silver tones, they are the favorite instruments of amateurs. This tone-characteristic is the result of a small, round, and long swell, and a neat outline which is somewhat smaller than that of the instruments of Stradivarius. The latter, having sought a more sonorous tone, did not make the arch of his violins so high as did the two former masters, but gave it a wider and flatter swell, by which the noblest concert-tone was attained, together with an aristocratic and majestic form of the instrument.

As long as Joseph Guarnerius worked after the system of his great master Stradivarius, the instruments of his make were similar to others of that school; but he afterwards produced models which were rather smaller, and had more circular curves, the tone of these being somewhat weaker, but sparkling, quick, and remarkably brilliant. He even gave each violin that he afterwards made a different shape and character. It is said that he spent a long time in prison, and amid great privations secretly constructed these instruments; at any rate, in all his creations his great genius is plainly to be recognized.

Duffù Prugar of Bonnonia lived in the sixteenth century. His violins have a large and broad form, and are tastefully ornamented with carved work. The swell corresponds with the form, and between them they produce a powerful concert tone. There being, however, very few of these instruments in existence, a great number are annually manufactured in France after this model, and sent to all parts of the world.

Magini's violins are also mostly of large form, but of a higher arch than those of Prugar, as well as much fuller toward the end than any that have here been mentioned. For that reason they have great fullness of tone, but have a deeper color of sound on the G and D strings.

Gaspar da Sado constructed very interesting violins, of widely different styles of build. His small violins have high, round, and beautiful curves, and a peculiar tone, not very strong, but brilliant. His large violins, however, are flat, though not flatter than those of Stradivarius, and have a beautiful tone. For solo performances they are far preferable to his smaller instruments.

Although each of these masters constructed violins of different models, still

each one's products can be recognized by certain characteristics impressed thereon. That we find so great a variety is a proof of their endeavors to bring their work to perfection ; by this means they have saved the trouble of searching and experimenting to those who desire to ascertain what shape and curve will produce a required quality of tone.

Many are still of the opinion that in the construction of a violin the determination of the quality of tone to be produced is impossible, and that the result must be purely accidental. This is perhaps true as a general thing, since most violin-makers understand their business no better than a carpenter would ; for to construct a violin according to the rules of art, one must have enjoyed a thorough technical education. He who has acquired the requisite knowledge knows from what the various shades of sound arise, and how they can be produced.

To the repairer especially is this knowledge most indispensable, since he is intrusted with the most valuable instruments ; but unfortunately the thoughtless manner in which persons who own such instruments frequently give them into the hands of patchers and fiddle-makers is truly to be deplored. It shows, however, what a lack of judgment there is in these matters. By such botchers most of the Italian instruments have been ruined, people being usually of the opinion that if a workman makes a neat job of what is given him, and knows well how to use the chisel, file, and sandpaper, he is perfectly fit to be intrusted with such an instrument ; but that is just where lack of knowledge becomes apparent. The man usually does more injury to the instrument with his neat work in a single half hour than one would suppose possible.

It does no harm to make bad violins, but bad repairing ruins instruments that masters have created. A violin-maker who cannot construct excellent violins himself cannot be a good repairer. It seems, however, that all things in nature are so wisely ordered as to allow also the little-gifted and the little-learned to enjoy their life ; that is, they enjoy it through the sacrifices that by mistake are put in their power.

This is a plain and simple exposition of the violin manufacture and the science of musical tones. To those who disagree with the views herein expressed we recommend further study of the subject, believing confidently that their experience will in the end bear out that of the writer.

GEORGE GEMÜNDER.

DRIFT - WOOD.

RELIGIOUS PICNICS.

THE almanacs, which are always so rich in cautious intelligence, would now be perfectly safe in predicting, "About this time look out for religious picnics"—meaning the midsummer camp-meetings. For, "Our great camp-meetings," says a famous religious print, "seem more and more every year to assume the character of great picnics. Pure, bracing air, good fishing, delightful drives, beautiful scenery, fine bathing, are some of the attractions set down in the bill of fare." Now, it must be confessed that this picture is Arcadian if not angelic; and why so satirical, therefore, are the touches that follow?

Another picnic feature is the "refreshment stand." Nobody will pretend to say that the articles usually sold here are essential to a religious meeting. What has piety to do with peanuts? or with soda-water? or with ice-cream? or with tobacco? These articles are freely sold during public service, so that the preaching of the Gospel, the songs of praise, even the prayers of God's people, are mingled with the popping of corks, the cracking of shells, the giddy gossip of ice-cream eaters, and the jingling of pence.

Now, as to the mocking question, "What has piety to do with peanuts?" I demand, What has piety *against* peanuts? or infidelity in common with ice-cream? Peanuts have enough to bear, without the bitter reproach of being disconnected with piety. This delicacy has become amusing to a degree quite unmerited, and fatal to its rise into respectability. Why are not peanuts as reputable as shagbarks or walnuts, being but humbler branches of the self-same family? The maiden who cracks the latter in confidence, blushes at devouring the former; and even the audacious youth fears to be detected in furtively buying or consuming them. Thus fashion seeks the aristocratic scions, and snubs the poor relation; but perchance if we should drop its lowly names of earth-nut and ground-nut, and bring into use its lofty and lyric title *pindar*, we should no longer put a social ban upon the unoffending peanut, or pierce its plebeian shell with the shaft of sarcasm. Again I ask, what has piety against peanuts?

The anti-picnic argument is a fallacy. You need not believe in Dr. Smythe's gospel of gin-and-milk; but why crusade

against a beverage so simple as soda-water, or break peanuts on the inquisitorial wheel? Discomfort is not spirituality, as roaring and ranting are not religion. A sweet tooth does not argue a sour temper. Pietism was to Germany what Methodism is to America; and the odds are that many great Pietists were greater pie-eaters. Even tobacco is relished by devout men, as is clear from the church-pews supplied with spittoons. The humblest and most zealous man in Milldale, as we academy boys reckoned, was Brother Bates, who regularly took his quid of tobacco from his mouth when he dropped every Sunday on his knees, to lead in the most fervent and spiritual of public prayers, and, having guarded the morsel in his right palm during the service, thrust it into his cheek on rising from the sacred posture, to ruminate anew on religious things. I seem to see him now, swaying forth and back, ending each sentence with a curious rattle in his throat, and offering hearty thanks for "critter comforts," among which, never fear, was mentally included his faithful pig-tail. I well remember, too, stumbling upon Parson Low, one heavenly afternoon in a long-gone June, as he sat on the bank of a trout-brook. He was placidly smoking and reading, and very beatific. "Such days, Philip," he said, "I cannot pass better or more gratefully than in being alone in thankful meditation with my Bible and my pipe."

But "jingling pence" in prayer-time is bad; and I, for one, will never defend it. In hard-money times Major Briggs used to pretend that the reason why music was played in Milldale church whenever the charity boxes went round, was to muffle the ring of the coins, lest the people should think of Monday's trades. Ideas of trading ought to be kept out of church—except when the auctioneer sells the pews, each year, from the pulpit; but surely it is easy in a camp-meeting to keep the booths away from the pulpit and the choir from the croquet-ground. These religious picnics seem to be a sort of contest of family gatherings, with their ancient devotional customs transported into the woods, against summering by seaside or hillside with no

saint-day in the calendar, and gambling and drunkenness cutting into recreation and rest.

"Ah! but what would Elder Primus or the lamented Simplex think?"

Yes, and what would Sister Grundy think of paniers and chignons, of trails and trinkets, of church organs, high salaries, trained choirs, lightning rods, air-tight stoves, and railroads? The old camp-meetings apparently used to stake out a season in which somebody must be or become religious. There was too much mechanism about that; the crank-work was too clear; and, hoping quantity might supply quality of worship, there was a perpetual thump and bellow.

Here, by way of contrast to the first picture, is another, sketched at the same time by one who looked at the scene with different eyes—a description of "Martha's Vineyard," and of "how the time is spent in the religious watering-place." After describing the fine oak grove, tufted with ancient pea-green mosses, hanging in large clusters from many trees, and "reminding us of the enchanted ground or fairy groves of fable land," the writer says: "Wesleyan Grove probably covers fifty acres, beautifully laid out. The cottages are handsome and in every variety—French, Gothic, Swiss, and English. They are beautifully painted, and cost from two hundred to three thousand dollars each. One, on Broadway, is thirty feet by thirty-five, with two large bow windows in front. Zion's Hill is mostly woodland, and lies beyond the River Jordan. They intend laying it out in parks, streets, avenues, and groves."

And how is the time passed in these camp-meeting grounds? I will closely condense the day's programme from the writer in the daily paper, following his language:

The bell rings at six to awake the inhabitants. They arise, dress, and breakfast at seven. At eight the bell rings to morning prayers. The tent selected for this purpose will probably contain five hundred persons. A man appointed the day previous reads a chapter in the Bible, and, after the singing, offers an appropriate, devout prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole congregation joins. We now arise and sing the doxology, and are dismissed with a benediction.

From nine to eleven we take our daily bath. Here are men, women, children, and even babies, dashing and splashing in old ocean. The bathing dresses are of every variety; some exceedingly neat and handsome; others more common. Some of our best swimmers are females. We dine at twelve, and occupy the afterpart of the day in fishing, sailing, or visiting neighbors; walking through the rural lawns and

groves, or to the bluffs; enjoying the fine drive to Edgartown, Holmes's Hole, Gay Head, etc., etc.; or playing croquet, which is a favorite play here, enjoyed by all, old and young. In the evening, instead of the fashionable party, the gaudy dress, the ball-room, and the dance, we have an excellent sermon, a prayer meeting, love feast, or experience meeting. Our neighbors are all social and friendly, coming right into our cottages, introducing themselves, and having a good time generally. Thus, Mr. Editor, we are enjoying ourselves on Martha's Vineyard.

Perhaps some readers may smile at this scene; but they must own that, as cleanliness at least is secured, satire ought not to be directed against these curious and innocent picnics, in defence of the noisy pulpитеering, the immoderately protracted vocal worship, and the dog-day fervors which they are superseding.

NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY.

WHICH is the more extraordinary, the rage for newspaper notoriety, or the willingness of newspapers to gratify it? Some men would die in a ditch to have their names spelt wrong in the newspaper. Even old editors ear-mark their leaders, and are forever I-ing and we-ing through their columns, or getting themselves interviewed by their own reporters, or having their coming to country inns noted, or, if nothing else will serve, their very meals at the chop-house celebrated—all because they cannot let a day go by without reading their names in fresh type. It is strange to find the cook enraptured with his own ragout—the journalist who knows how flimsy and flaring and false is most newspaper fame, flattering himself that his own is firm and enduring. Such is the glamour of modern glory. Gillyflower is a professional cultivator of newspaper men. He is a compound of cunning, courage, prudence, and bombast. He is, let us say, an adept in botany, or a dabbler in it; but no hothouse product was ever so nurtured as he nurtures newspaper men. He feeds them, and gives them to drink, and looks to them to bear fruit in his praise. He builds hopes of fame less on his science than their celebration of it; the beds he cares for are those that lie on the press. "Why," asks a great grammarian, "is the botanist more crafty than any other cultivator of science? Because he is acquainted with all sorts of plants." Gillyflower is the craftiest of all botanists, and his devices for obtaining newspaper notoriety are extraordinary. Nevertheless, though rich, money comes from him

with a severe struggle between greed of newspaper notice and pain in paying for it. His exact subsidies are lunches and dinners. He bores the hapless guest with botany, and reads him dissertations at dinner *apropos* of spinach and cauliflower; and when, at last, it is time to burn the fragrant leaf, the unhappy smoker may not have the solace of a quiet cigar, but is plied with more essays on weeds and medicinal plants. Each guest is invited once a year in an acceptable way, and eleven times is urged to "drop in at any time," making twelve courtesies and one dinner a head per annum; and, for value received, Gilly exacts a dozen newspaper puffs, one of which must be a blast. "Dinna forget," says the worthy host, with shrewd twinkle from his gray eye, as at the hospitable door he speeds the parting guest, warm with the final whiskey, and puffing the homeward cigar; "dinna forget"—meaning, of course, "dinner remember." Sometimes poor Gilly is forced to climb up to the editor's room, with fruits and cigars as a propitiatory offering. Then it is, "Quill, my boy, your readers are agog for the speech I make before the Born Naturals to-night—you shall have the manuscript;" or it is, "Driver, Asa Gray is an ass to Gillyflower in botanical science—would you mind saying as much in to-morrow's 'Tocsin'?" By hook or crook, Gilly has a hold on every press in town. Sometimes he can touch off the great gun of the paper; sometimes the less mighty bore that roars next loudest; or, perhaps, it is the rattler of the crackling fusillade; or, at worst, it is some pop-gun or squirt-gun in the battery of the establishment.

Does all this trouble and trickery "pay" the greedy Gillyflower? He thinks it does, and he enjoys the newspaper notoriety he bargains for. Gillyflowers are plenty in the world, and "Tocsins" almost as plenty as Gillyflowers. But the journalists are not deceived by the guileless Gillyflowers. They are voluntary dupes—some through good-nature; some through laziness; some through pride of "power"; some through the tickling of vanity, for Gillyflower lays on compliments with a trowel; some through a dread of being bored, and the fancy that yielding is cheaper than refusing; some because it is "impossible in practice to make a theoretically perfect journal"; some because they are "chiefs," and have a right to "give favors"; some because they

are not "chiefs," and therefore have "no responsibility" to the public, and consequently none to their own consciences; and some few because the road to their brains runs through their bellies. These are among the reasons, perhaps, why newspapers are trumpeters of nobodies, and doughty champions of the race of Gillyflowers.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DICKENS.

It seems to the lovers of Dickens, as they look into the storywright's fresh grave, that mankind can never cease to laugh and cry over Pickwick and Copperfield. But as no fame is more fleeting than the novelist's, so the magic even of this great necromancer must wane, till the descendants of those whom he held spell-bound shall know him only as a name. Shakespeare, Webster with his "Duchess of Malfi," Ben Jonson with "Every Man in his Humour," Massinger with the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," still reign in the play-house. In every age, some Bryant or Derby makes even Homer a living author, and the lyric and pastoral poets last like the epic, or like the historians and dramatists. But the modern novel, whose end is to sketch or satirize the manners of the day, becomes as stale as its prototype, "Piers Ploughman," when once a change of fashion has thrown its scenes and society out of date. Who now reads Richardson, MacKenzie, Hannah More, Mrs. Opie? Who reads "Pamela," once the rage of London, or its marvellous parody, "Joseph Andrews"? Who cares for the "Man of Feeling," or "Vathek," praised by Byron, or "Evelina," praised by Johnson, or "Mansfield Park," to say nothing of ten thousand novels sunk in nameless oblivion, or surviving on the remotest shelves of the circulating libraries? Young people of our day go to Edmund Yates, not to Madame d'Arblay, for their pictures of society life. We are bored with the very length of "Clarissa," which our great grandmothers wished might never end, and with the stilted courtesies of Sir Charles Grandison, once so exquisite in high-bred grace and chivalry. And if we cannot conceive how little Paul and little Nell, how Sairey Gump and Weller can ever lose their place in popular interest, so thought our ancestors of Lovelace and Allworthy, and Peverell and Peveridge.

On the other hand, it is consoling to reflect that the "Vicar of Wakefield," that

prose pastoral, is as fresh to-day as when it came from the pen of Goldsmith, and that Dominie Sampson, Dugald Dalgetty, Jeanie Deans, Amy Robsart, and the whole gallery of Scott's characters, are still familiar in the household after half a century. Dickens, like Scott, had the world for his audience; since Scott no one has peopled the realm of fiction with so many creations, and no one since Shakespeare has coined so many new and expressive phrases into the language. Surely these will long keep him in remembrance; and, in addition, his saving quality is that he mixed imagination, sentiment, and humor throughout his work, and laid romantic coloring over the groundwork of photographic fact.

His ease of invention, his variety and exhaustless fertility, his sudden leap, when a mere stripling, into the top-heaven of fame, and his sustained career there, impress us with the presence of genius; and those readers who worshipped the author till they found, or fancied they found, a disappointing personality in the man, may reflect that this disappointment is no disproof of genius. "How," asks the indignant critic, "could the greatest of all caricaturists, and the man who had the keenest eye for eccentricity in outward appearance, present himself with that double watch-chain, that Brobdingnagian jewelry, those enormous cravats, those huge bouquets at the button-hole?" As well demand how all the novels of Dickens should lead straight to the chime of happy marriage bells, when his own marriage was so unfortunate. His work, like that of Shakespeare, was impersonal or superpersonal. He breathed life into the world he created, but it was the breath of his genius, not of his experience. Perhaps Copperfield and Agnes were nearest to forming the exception.

It is no contradiction to this trait of impersonality that, with the pure gold of genius, we find everywhere in Dickens a dross of mannerism. So do we in Shakespeare and Scott. All dramatists, all humorists, all authors in whom the dramatic and the humorous are largely combined, have tricks of repetition, punning, and dressing trivial ideas or facts in comically-grave and elaborate language.

The genius of Dickens seems to have been at once creative, assimilative, and photographic: and hence we need be little troubled to know how his power came; what education, or how much, he had; whether, like Shakespeare, he had "small Latin and

less Greek," as was doubtless the fact; and of what aids and resources in culture and knowledge he availed himself. Regarding a man of such marvellous observation, who seemed to absorb ideas and facts as it were insensibly and at every pore, the conventional question as to his share in the mechanical processes of what we call "education," is of no value. All professions and sciences are showing how much he knew of their recondite mysteries. The English law journals explain how accurate the law is in "Pickwick" and the equity practice in "Bleak House." An English medical journal claims that Dickens "anticipated" sundry late medical discoveries touching the action of the heart in certain mortal diseases, in his description of the death of Mrs. Skewton, in "Dombey and Son." All this reminds us forcibly of what has been written of Shakespeare. However, while he thus seems to have easily acquired, somewhere and somehow, all the "education" he needed, the works of Dickens are utterly devoid of pedantry. The "showiness" of the man, to which allusion has already been made, found no counterpart in those wonderfully impersonal books. Contrast the perfect simplicity of his novels in this respect with the tawdry pages of his contemporaries, from the "Night and Morning" of Bulwer to the "St. Elmo" of Miss Evans. To such a man, nothing would be easier than to "cram" for a display of erudition; but he refrained even from that insidious form of pedantry which, under the guise of sketching and ridiculing the figure and conversation of a pedant, airs its own learning.

The use which Dickens made of his assimilative powers was to build up his characters from many sources. Many of them necessarily became bundles of oddities, travesties, and caricatures. It was a caricaturist, indeed, not a chronicler, that came to America so long ago, and we were foolish to expect merely an honest Griffith in the author of "Pickwick," whom we seemed to ask to turn historian, instead of satirist, forthwith; but at least he discriminated in his satire even then, and his grossest caricatures were of men and manners that most deserved them. We might as well have demanded geographical fidelity in the Wood near Athens of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as an unimaginative diary from Dickens of what he saw in America. What he saw inflamed his fancy, and new creations rose upon it. In his stories, too, the plots

of Dickens are often full of improbabilities (as, for instance, in "Our Mutual Friend"), and the characters are types of eccentricity. Thackeray gives us the accuracy of human nature, and would rather puzzle the mind by presenting in combination the conflicting traits of ordinary men than throw into exaggerated relief detached traits of extraordinary men. But Dickens has this quality of genius, that his characters are consistent with their nature, and are inventions, not reflections; and as anachronisms and topographical absurdities are of small account in "Hamlet" and "The Tempest," so is extravagance in Dickens.

There has always been so much in the careers of the two great compeers, Dickens and Thackeray, to suggest comparison, that it is hard to speak of one without referring to the other, the more especially now that the circumstances of their deaths have seemed to complete the external parallel. Proper parallel there is none. We may think of Dickens as of Burns, who developed a genius which there was nothing in his culture or circumstances to forecast, and which drives us back upon a great writer's definition—"Genius is the inspired gift of God to men." As to the manner in which these fellow-laborers wrought, Dickens instinctively aimed at the concrete, Thackeray at the abstract; Dickens often drew the person, where Thackeray saw and stated the principle; Dickens placed his figures upon his stage for the spectator to draw the moral, while Thackeray dressed his puppets from knowledge of their costume, and sought to give them the expression which the preconceived character demanded. In that wonderful chapter of "David Copperfield" called "I observe," little "Brooks of Sheffield" goes down to the sea with Mr. Quinion and other amiable gentlemen. "We walked about on the cliff," says David, "and sat on the grass, and looked at things through a telescope. I could make out nothing myself when it was put to my eye, but I pretended I could." Compare this with the declaration in "Esmond" that children are the greatest hypocrites in the world, because they attempt impositions which, if they were older, they would perceive to be useless. The same truth is exhibited by both authors; but the methods are different and characteristic. It was instinctive with Dickens to say what passed in the mind of the boy on the beach; but the keen and profound generalization was more natural

to Thackeray. We never quite lose consciousness of the latter's personal presence, who is always the showman of his drama, and supplements it with explanatory interludes; whereas Dickens suffers his figures to tell such story as they may have to tell, regardless of the critics. Thackeray deals with general principles and actual experiences in society; but a book of Dickens is a museum of odd incidents, curious coincidences, strange thoughts, sayings, and characters. "We had our differences of opinion," said Dickens, in his "Cornhill" tribute, which shows how each appreciated the other even with such differences. "I sometimes thought he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art he held in trust." But he goes on to express his admiration for Thackeray's "refined knowledge of character, his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, his mastery over the English language." Thackeray, on his part, was always far more generous and unstinted in praise of his compeer. He had said, "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius." In the "Nicholas Nickleby in France," in "Mr. Brown's Letters," and in many of his earlier writings, Thackeray's tribute is as hearty as we have heard it from his own lips in the "English Humorists" and in "Charity and Humor." But we can no more measure Dickens with Thackeray to find what is called their "comparative greatness of genius," than we can measure Burns with Swift. Genius cannot be handled and invoiced, like salt, by the peck.

Yet, as even in Shakespeare, "whose genius was equatorial," there was a great gap in art between "King Lear" and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," showing the playwright's growth in professional power, and the ripening not only of his judgment and intellect but of his artistic skill, so in Dickens there is a similar palpable growth. It is a mistake to say his power was waning—he died in its high noon. When "Denis Duval" dropped unfinished from Thackeray's pen, Dickens read the completed fragment, "with the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of all his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling," he added, "far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his

works." Only less praise is due to the "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

The early novels of Dickens were fullest of freshness, originality, and fire, because they opened a new world to him as well as to us. Such is usually the case with first novels, which show the luxuriance of youth and the spontaneous fruits of a soil from which no crops have been taken. But afterwards, in great writers, comes the annual harvest of well-tilled and well-fed lands. "Pamela" was followed by "Clarissa Harlowe," "Roderick Random" by "Peregrine Pickle," "Tom Jones" by "Amelia"; after "Vanity Fair" came "Henry Esmond" and "The Newcomes"; after "Harry Lorrequer" came "Sir Brook Fosbrooke"; after "Vivian Grey" came "Lothair"—and so with a thousand familiar instances. If the earlier novels of Dickens had more richness of exuberant humor, his later are marked by more maturity of thought and less extravagance. Of those newspaper notices which the Learned Blacksmith—mighty in mental thew—has essayed the prodigious task of collecting (and his scrapbook must be six feet square by six feet deep at smallest), one of the ablest pretends that the sentiment of Dickens was growing mawkish with age. Not so; it was growing sounder with age, like good wine. In "Martin Chuzzlewit," for example, the pathos is often forced and the sentiment is often shallow sentimentality. Some of the serious comments of Martin and Mark upon America are quite as ridiculously "spread-eagle" as those of the Pograms and Bricks who are satirized; and the apostrophe to Tom Pinch at the close is in Dickens's worst vein. We cannot, indeed, pretend that the genius of Dickens steadily developed in value from beginning to end. It still remains true, in one, and the most important sense, that, as we so often hear in conversa-

tion, "he never wrote a better book than 'Pickwick.'" But he did not fall away like Scott. At one epoch, the genius of Dickens flickered somewhat, as in "Little Dorrit"; and anon it burned luridly, as with a flame borrowed from the torch of Carlyle, in "Two Cities"; but it was not long in recovering its strong and steady light. But to show his greatness even at his weakest, from London to Washington, and from Washington to San Francisco, there is never a political canvass of importance in which the rival newspapers and orators do not resort to "Little Dorrit" as an armory to draw out the weapons of Tite Barnacles and the Circumlocution Office, while society satire never tires of dwelling on the Merdies.

Indeed, it would be easy to throw the novels of Dickens into sets, whose classification might illustrate epochs of his experience, or, more strictly, stages in the development of his genius and character. The class which included "Dombey," "Copperfield," and "Bleak House," would then, as we have said, stand very high, and, after a hiatus, we should come upon the peculiar and remarkable class consisting of "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Edwin Drood." Here we get a new order of characters, the fruit of his later life, and illustrating the exhaustless fecundity of his genius—young English people, without grimace or noteworthy costume, charming without very serious eccentricity, and even this latter growing less and less in each successive novel, until it bade fair to end only in such distinctiveness of trait as is needed by well-defined and self-sustaining individuals. I mean, of course, such characters as Pip and Herbert in "Great Expectations," Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene in "Our Mutual Friend," and the pleasant company who bade fair to succeed them in "Edwin Drood."

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"EVERY day produces us a new one," wrote Byron, speaking of heroes. It would almost seem as if every day of late years in England were likely to produce, not a new hero merely, but that much rarer creature, a new poet. Only the other day, one might almost say, the English critics were going wild with delight over the youthful author of "*Atalanta in Calydon*," and singing the praises of the new poet: he had not published any naughty ballads then, nor thrown the British public into one of its "periodical fits of morality." Then came up William Morris, of "*The Earthly Paradise*," and to him the wreath was given by universal acclaim. Morris is so new that your steady-going readers have not by any means got up with him yet, and now English criticism is already welcoming another and newer poet. Either the critics are all demented or all in a conspiracy, or Dante Gabriel Rossetti is the most remarkable sonneteer since Shakespeare. Some few years ago Rossetti—this Rossetti—was astonishing and puzzling the public, as one of the leaders, if not indeed *the* leader, of the audacious band of pre-Raphaelite painters. Lately he had almost faded out of public knowledge. Other members of the same family—Christina Rossetti the poetess; William Rossetti, who endeavored to introduce Walt Whitman to English readers—were better known than he. Suddenly his name appears as that of the author of a volume modestly offered with no other title than that of "*Poems*"; and in a moment he is hailed as a peer of Tennyson or Browning. It seems that these poems were written many years ago, and were familiar to and fully appreciated by the poet's more intimate friends. We have heard that some of the poems were actually buried by Rossetti in the coffin of the dead wife whom he so loved, and were only rescued thence by the pious fraud or the charitable disobedience of friends who were resolved that some time or other the world should hear the singer's strains. Anyhow, here are the poems; and they have been made already the subject of a fervid, almost a frantic prose dithyrambic by Swinburne, who seems never so happy as when he is

singing the praises of some brother bard. The old-fashioned poets used to squabble and vilipend; in England, the three later minstrels, Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, are a band of brothers, who might be called a mutual admiration society, if the true and unmistakable poetic genius of the men did not demand a higher name for their warm appreciation of each other. Indeed, the impress of these poems—some of them written in 1847, when Algernon Swinburne was but a child; none later than 1853, when he was but a little boy—may be traced distinctly in "*Atalanta*" and "*Hesperia*." Such lines of Rossetti's as

Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea,
and

Where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
would three months ago have been confidently pronounced, by any of us quotations from Swinburne.

Now as to the poems themselves. They fill us with admiration—even with wonder; hardly with pleasure. Is this then the Gay Science, the joyous art of minstrelsy—this exhumation of dead passions and anatomization of living loves, pangs, and pleasures? No poet has more audaciously and sadly stripped Venus bare, and showed her like a naked corpse, than Dante Gabriel Rossetti does. How the public who shrieked aloud at Swinburne's school-boy erotics, can bear this morbid exposure of love's saddest and sweetest mysteries, we cannot understand. Most of these poems of Rossetti's are to us inexpressibly painful. They picture love only as a pang of physical and mental joy, and then an agony of death or other parting; and they are so frank, and bold, and pitiless in their analysis of joy and sorrow! We freely admit the power, the pathos, the music of the sonnets; but we do not admit that the art displayed in them is congenial with the art of the sonnets of Shakespeare. This poetry of Rossetti's is the poetry of the graveyard and charnel-house. If Rousseau could have turned his love and his passion into song, this sort of sonnet he might have written. Mr. Swinburne says the ballad of "*Sister Helen*" is the finest in modern English. Indeed, its

power is wonderful ; but it is a painful and a cruel study, from which we honestly believe true art always shrinks. None of the sonnets is so painful as this, but not one of them has a bright or joyous gleam in it. We heartily object to the whole school of poetry which spends its strength in a minute and perfect analysis of man's internal emotions during each successive passage of his love's drama, and lays bare for the world his own and humanity's throes, and raptures, and agonies. This is, we think, the profoundest effort of the school of psychological subjectiveness ; this is to other poems of the same class, what David Hume is to other sceptics. We are not much inclined to bind the poetic Leviathan with a cord—to prescribe his set place for the poet ; but still, poetry like every other art must have its special sphere ; and we can hardly think that such a subject as that of the poem called "Jenny," for example, comes within the true purpose of the noble science of song. On the whole, we can but say that we accord to Dante Gabriel Rossetti the possession of some of the rarest and most captivating gifts bestowed upon any modern singer ; but we do not admit that he has used them—we do not know that he has the capacity to use them—so as to make of himself a great poet. The worst tendencies of this age of poetry he has borne splendidly to their very extreme. This is the paradox of passion ; the morbid analysis of love and pain. It can, as Carlyle would say, "exhilarate no creature." It is magnificent, doubtless, but it is not true art.

We may perhaps, although we are a little behindhand, notice here the English translation of the principal poems of Ferdinand Freiligrath, collected into a volume by his daughter, Mrs. Kroeker of London. Freiligrath, as our readers are probably aware, has lately returned to his native Germany from London, where he spent so many years ; and his daughter has gathered together in a dainty little volume the best English translations of his best poems she could find or make, and sends them as a farewell offering to him and a gift to the world. The volume is prefaced by a simple, sweet dedication in verse from the daughter to the father, in the course of which the young poetess says with honest pride and truth :

Far as the German tongue is known and read,
The wide world round, your songs have also sped ;
The log hut squatter lends them to his neighbor,
And as his sinewy stroke the wood doth clear,
Your strains he murmurs, and doth hold them dear :
Have you not sung the noble song of Labor ?

Many of the translations, and some of the best, are by Mrs. Kroeker. The others are collected from the miscellaneous publications of many hands—from the works of Mary Howitt, the late W. E. Ayton, the late Clarence Mangan, the late Ernest Jones, the late Adelaide Anne Procter—what a mournful list !—and some who are living and well known to the readers of *THE GALAXY*, such as Mr. Bayard Taylor, and one or two writers whose names sometimes appear in these pages. The selections are well made, and the little volume ought to be a welcome gift to those who cannot read Freiligrath in the poet's own tongue.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS of New York deserve well of literature and its votaries in giving us, in a handsome and well-printed volume of some eight hundred pages, "Memoirs Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, comprising his Diary from the year 1641 to 1705-'6. From the last London edition."

Considering the importance and interest of Evelyn's Diary, and the marked commendation it has met with in the literary world, it strikes us as a notable omission and a singular want of enterprise on the part of the successive publishers and editors of the work—if editor it has ever had since A. D. 1818—that it should still continue to be given to the English reading public with a total absence of any of the rich materials of literary comment and illustration that have clustered about it since its first appearance, not to mention the need of some improvement upon the original preface, which first appeared when George the Third was King, and which still, in 1870, forms the only introduction to the book.

Not without its peculiar interest is what may be called the mere external history of the work. Evelyn's "Kalendarium" or Diary was for the first time published in England as late as the year 1818. A second edition followed in 1827, which, after being many years out of print, was republished in 1850, since which time two more editions have appeared in London.

Well written as it is, the introduction to the work might readily be improved upon.

Doubtless entirely satisfactory for its day and epoch, it may now be objected to now as meagre and insufficient. Thus, by way of illustration, it quotes Horace Walpole and Dr. Campbell concerning Evelyn's literary merit; while to-day a score of distinguished English authors might be cited to give fresh light and add fresh lustre to his pages. The modern reader, for instance, takes up Evelyn with a more intelligent interest when told that Robert Southey says of him that "he was eminently happy in this respect, that he was born in that country, place, and condition of life which most suited his moral and intellectual nature."

. . . The reign of Charles the Second was as nicely adapted to Evelyn's temper and peculiar talents as the noonday of chivalry to Edward the Black Prince and his chronicler Froissart."

The short paragraph in the preface concerning Evelyn's wife does her but scanty justice. Imperfect amends are made for it by the introduction in the appendix of Dr. Bohun's letter. Mrs. Evelyn was a remarkable woman, an admirable wife, daughter, and mother. Evelyn in his diary has but little to say of his marriage, and speaks of his wife shortly afterwards as "yet very young." She certainly was, for she was not quite fifteen years of age at the time. In his "Literary Character Illustrated" Disraeli speaks of her, in the chapter on the Domestic Life of Genius, as "excellent in the arts her husband loved"; and Cowley the poet has embalmed her memory in his "Lines" to Evelyn:

Happy art thou whom God does bless
With the full sense of things own happiness;
And happier yet because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
Thy whole innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet:
Thy friends are good in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.

Evelyn tells us of the deep disgust excited in him by the spectacle of the "evil doings" at the court of Charles II.; and it is probable that he made no concealment of his feelings at the time, for we know that, as an inevitable consequence, he was disliked by the King, and positively hated by the regal parasites. He was deeply affected by the disgrace of Lord Clarendon, whose fall was the triumph of frivolity and licentiousness over decorum and morality. "His morals as well as his politics," says Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," "were those

of an earlier generation. On the vices of the young and gay he looked with an aversion almost as bitter as that which he felt for the theological errors of the sectaries. He missed no opportunity of showing his scorn of the mimic revellers and courtesans who crowded the palace; and the admonitions which he addressed to the King himself were very sharp, and, what Charles disliked still more, *very long*."

Of Evelyn's "*Sylva*; or, a Discourse of Forest Trees," the preface tells us but little or nothing. It is the work by which Evelyn was chiefly known in England before the publication of his diary. The English Government, it appears, was seriously alarmed by the rapidly-increasing want of timber, and in consequence addressed a communication to the Royal Society, asking information and advice on the subject. This was the occasion of the production of Evelyn's "*Sylva*," which was the first book printed by the Royal Society. The great and crowning testimony to the worth of the book may be found in the fact that millions of timber trees were propagated and planted in England at its sole instigation and by its sole direction. "While Britain," says Disraeli, "retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the '*Sylva*' of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks."

So much for the preface, whose shortcomings can in no wise affect the intrinsic merit of what Evelyn has recorded day by day. Born in 1620, he died in 1706, at the ripe age of eighty-six years, having lived in the reigns of four sovereigns—Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., and the Protectorate of Cromwell. A man of extensive reading, varied information, excellent taste, and sound judgment, he developed these advantages by foreign travel and judicious companionship. Although an earnest partisan, he neither solicited nor shunned public office, and when conferred upon him he fulfilled its duties conscientiously. The record by such a man of what daily fell under his observation is clearly worth reading, and affords matter for instruction beyond its notices of events which have since become historical.

Making allowance for strong religious prejudice, a pleasant wit and an exemplary humanity are always with him.

In an entry of June 19th he says: "This day I paid all my debts to a farthing. O blessed day!"

Elsewhere, in recording a lawsuit, he

writes: "This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and O that it might be the last!"

As old a story as European travel has become to us, Evelyn's descriptions of points of interest on the Continent have still a wonderful freshness about them. Here is a hint as to ladies' fashions of wearing hair. Who knows but that this style may "come in"? Evelyn is speaking of the Venetian dames: "They weare very long crisped haire, of severall strakes and colours, which they make so by a wash, dishevelling it on the brims of a broade hat that has no head, but an hole to put out their heads by; they drie them in the sunn, as one may see them at their windows." May 11, 1654 (England), he says: "I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing us'd only by —." November 26, 1661: "I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his majesties being so long abroad."

Whenever an English diary of the olden time is referred to, people involuntarily think of the mirth-compelling Pepys. Evelyn speaks of him under his entry of June 4, 1679, "meeting him," as he records, in a place the least jolly of all possible places, in the Tower of London, where pleasant Pepys was the unhappiest of men, "being a prisoner under charge of treason." It is interesting to note the meeting of these two men who have afforded us so much that is valuable in their portraitures of the events and personages of their times. Pepys appears again in Evelyn at the entry for January 28, 1682, where he shows Evelyn a "large folio containing the whole mechanic part and art of building royal ships and men-of-war. . . . I do not think the world can show the like," says Evelyn.

At page 552 we have news from America: "Unheard of stories of the universal increase of witches in New England; men, women, and children devoting themselves to the devil, so as to threaten the subversion of the government."

Evelyn's description of the great fire of London is well known, and has been correctly pronounced to be the finest on record.

One of Evelyn's severest trials in his old age was the fate of his place, where he had resided more than forty years. He had improved and adorned it during all that period with great care and all the art that

landscape gardening had then attained in England. He left it in 1694, and its fate is worthy of notice. Its first occupant was the distinguished Admiral (then Captain) Benbow. Evelyn says he "had the mortification of seeing every day much of his labor and experiments there impairing for want of a more polite tenant."

A far greater personage and a much worse tenant was the next inhabitant—the Czar Peter of Russia. In three days he utterly ruined the garden, one of his favorite recreations being to demolish the hedges by riding through them with a wheelbarrow. "House full of people and right filthy," was the report of its condition made by one of Evelyn's servants.

"PRIMITIVE MAN. By Louis Figuier. Revised translation. Illustrated with thirty scenes of primitive life, and two hundred and thirty-three figures of objects belonging to the pre-historic ages. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1870."

This is one of scores of scientific works translated from the French within the past ten years for the instruction and edification of English and American readers. It might at first seem as though the success of such translations among us would show English science and English literature to be seriously at fault and falling behind in the general advance of investigation. Nevertheless, we are far from being deficient either in America or in England in devoted and successful votaries of science. The general favor with which these works are received is owing to the fact that the peculiar art of placing scientific knowledge within easy mental grasp of educated readers unacquainted with technical details and scientific terminology, has been of late years carried to remarkable perfection in France. Hence the popularity of such series of works as this before us, of the "Library of Wonders" and numerous others.

The question of the age of the human race is in "Primitive Man" treated thoroughly and in the most interesting manner. Profuse and admirably-executed illustrations accompany every page. We are glad to see that the text so decisively disposes of the Lamarck-ape-baboon theory.

It is now forty-two years since Sir Humphry Davy published his "Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-Fishing," of which a handsome new edition is just given us by Roberts

Brothers, Boston. The natural curiosity to know how a philosopher amuses himself has, perhaps, quite as much contributed to the long life of this little work as the intrinsic merit of which it is by no means devoid.

It is written in the conversational and discursive style of old Izaak Walton.

Halieus, an enthusiastic angler, replies to the objections urged against his amusement by Physicus, who has his prejudices against the fisherman's pursuits, and perhaps thinks, with Lord Byron, that every votary of that "quaint old cruel coxcomb," Izaak Walton,

— in his gullet

Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Indeed he intimates as much, although listening in meekness to the crushing confutation of all his objections, and to the glorification of the wonderful merits of the art.

When Sir Humphry Davy, with other zealous fishermen, tells us of how little pain the hook gives the victimized fish, we listen impatiently; but when he discourses after the manner of the following extract, we give our gratified attention:

How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious tuncs of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odors of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the margin of the waters to view the gaudy fishes sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below, to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-day, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are surrounded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and the woodbine.

The possessor of "Walton" should have "Salmonia," as Izaak can tell you nothing of "fly-fishing." It is more than probable that he was totally ignorant of fly-fishing of any kind, save what he may have learned by report from Cotton and others. As to salmon, it is doubtful if he ever saw a whole one except on a fishmonger's stall.

YONGE'S "English-Greek Lexicon," edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor

of Greek in Columbia College, editor of Liddell and Scott's "Greek-English Lexicon," etc., etc., is a work so encyclopædic in character that it needs only an outline of Greek syntax to make it a complete manual for Greek composition. Prefixed to the lexicon proper is an essay by Professor Charles Short, of Columbia College, on the "Order of Words in Attic Greek Prose," and appended to it is a list of Greek proper names and Pillon's "Greek Synonymes." Professor Short's essay exhibits careful study and laborious research. It contains a very great number of classified examples appropriately referred to authority, which will render it invaluable to critical scholars, editors, and grammarians; at the same time we cannot but think that the profuseness of illustration impairs its usefulness to beginners in Greek composition, and as part of a work for general use. In the list of proper names are included the most frequently occurring Greek names of persons and places, and some of the more important modern names for which Greek equivalents are known. It is evident that no pains have been spared to make this list at once complete and authoritative. It fills fifty-six pages, and there are about two hundred citations of authority on each page, so that the preparation of this part of the work alone must have required about twelve thousand references to authorities. Under personal proper names, the name itself is first given, then the son or descendant, then the derived adjective, and then (in the case of gods, heroes, and prominent places) the most frequently occurring poetic epithets. The editor has sometimes happily given equivalents for names of places called from local or other peculiarity, as *Riverside*, Παράποταμία, from Strabo; *White Mountains*, Λευκά ὄρη, from the same, and Λευκὸν ὄρος, from Callimachus. So, too, he has occasionally adapted a word, as *Botany Bay*, Ποιηρόπολις, *Rogues'-town*, from Plutarch—though this is somewhat inconsistently placed in the general lexicon instead of in the list of proper names; the same is true of *Sans-Souci* (palace of), Ἀπράγπολις, from Suetonius.

The body of the book, the English-Greek vocabulary, contains 603 royal octavo pages, on each of which large additions are made, both of independent articles and of insertions in articles already given. There must be several thousand such additions, with their appropriate references. Great care

seems to have been used in drawing materials from similar works in foreign languages, and the liability to misconception and error, which arises from representing an English word in Greek through the distorting medium of French or German, has been avoided. In this respect this lexicon is superior (for example) to that of Arnold and Frädersdorff, which is mainly translated from Rost's "German-Greek Lexicon." Under "Abortive" (*e. g.*), Drisler gives four words for the literal sense, from Hippocrates, Euripides, and Aristotle, and several others for the figurative sense; Arnold and Frädersdorff, following Rost under *Unzeitig*, give only *ἄωρος* and *ἔξωρος*, properly untimely, out of season, and the doubtful *ἄωρότοκος*. In Arnold and Frädersdorff, too, there is a plentiful lack of citations of authority and classification of equivalents; the student is left without any guide for the authority of words used, and an expression from a late author, from an ecclesiastical writer or lexicographer, stands often as authoritatively as one from Demosthenes or Xenophon. It is a distinctive excellency of the work before us that authority is given for every word, and the student knows when he gets his Greek equivalent what authority there is for it, and has also the means of determining whether the term given be poetic or prosaic, colloquial, technical, or of general use. For poetic composition the different forms are discriminated, as whether a word is epic, lyric, dramatic, etc. In cases of irregular verbs, the leading irregular tenses are given, which obviates the necessity of referring to a Greek-English lexicon. The meanings and shades of meaning, literal and metaphorical, which words alone and in combination have, are given with great fulness and with a nicety of appreciation and distinction which is admirable. As, for example, under "Account" are given, first, the ordinary sense, with various phrases; second, advantage; third, narration, explanation; fourth, estimation, value; and lastly, many phrases of which this word is the chief. At the end of many of the articles, reference is made to the collection of synonyms for a fuller explanation of the distinctions in the use of equivalents given; *e. g.*, under "Speak," after the various equivalents, reference is made to "Syn. 310," under which those equivalents are very fully discussed.

Full as the lexicon is, there is one word which the editor might have inserted—a

word which modern politics have made but too familiar, viz.: Ballot-stuffer or Repeater, *κλέπτης ψηφοποιός*, from the Ajax of Sophocles. Despite the omission, however, the aid of the person slighted will not be required to obtain, in the Republic of Letters, an emphatic and favorable vote as to the high character of the work, the fidelity with which it has been executed, and the honor which it confers at once upon American scholarship and upon the distinguished professor who modestly styles himself the editor.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

A NOVEL of the day, "*Les Victimes du Mariage*, par Albert Caise," gives us a succession of pictures from modern French life, in which, as usual, the so-called victims of marriage are not in reality the victims of any such social safeguard, but of their own imprudence or the wickedness of others. Glimpses of Parisian pleasures and peculiarities enliven the pages of an otherwise sad story, and M. Caise portrays various gay scenes, illustrating the sayings and doings of French clerks, flower girls, *comédiennes*, and vaudevillistes.

Concerning the degradation of the modern drama, there appear to be current in Paris certain strongly pronounced views, which very closely resemble certain others we have heard vehemently enunciated in New York.

"Public idiot," exclaims Tritonet, a disappointed dramatic author, "*troupeau d'ilotes, précipite-toi dans le conservatoire de la bêtise, voilà ta pâture quotidienne: les pièces à femmes, les fantasia militaires, les pétards, les fusées, les soleils, les artichauts, les feux de bengale, les mollets, les cuisses nues, les gorges dévoilées. . .*"

"Abreuve-toi d'impudicités, de grossièretés, de grivoisétés; éniivre-toi de bruit. A bas l'idéalisme! vive le sensualisme! Et voilà où nous en sommes!"

UNTIL within comparatively few years, Vitruvius reigned supreme as the ancient architectural authority, and his work, even for moderns, was the Hellenic bible. Perrault in France, and Wilkins in England, by their translations, made him both text-book and high court of appeals. And yet, al-

* Works noticed may be had of F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.

though Architect-in-Chief of the Emperor Augustus, Vitruvius was never out of Italy, and was totally unacquainted, from observation, with the monuments of true Grecian art. It is evident that he learned all he knew of them from the books in his library, and in particular from the text of Hermogenes and other Greek architects who lived at a later period than the age of Alexander.

Thus we continued to look at architectural Greece through modern Roman eyes, until the explorations of archaeologists and the discoveries and studies of French and German scholars of the present century revealed a new artistic world in Grecian ruins, and effected a revolution which forever dethroned Vitruvius.

Architecture has been fancifully called "frozen music"—a poetical way of saying that it embodies an idea, which it certainly does. The architecture of any given nation or period may be looked upon as the expression of some salient association or heartfelt aspiration of the people among whom it springs up. He who reads the history of the Grecian republics, and is acquainted with the spirit of the Middle Ages, fully understands the reason why the Parthenon must necessarily belong to Athens, and why causes cognate in their source gave Notre Dame to Paris.

This question of the philosophy of architecture is an interesting one, and will be found admirably handled in a treatise by M. Emile Boutmy—"Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce. Paris, Baillière, 1870." A practical architect himself, M. Boutmy possesses not only the technical knowledge, but the historical erudition and poetry of his subject. His work, at once learned, eloquent, and sympathetic, might be rightly entitled the *Psychology of Architecture in Greece*, so thoroughly and attractively does he present the life and surroundings of the early Hellenic ages.

In the April number of *THE GALAXY* we noticed the publication of the first volume of a new *Life of Mary Stuart*—"Histoire de Marie Stuart, par Jules Gauthier"—and set forth at some length its special features and merits. The second and third volumes are now published ("Librairie Internationale, Paris, 1870"), and the work is complete.

For this successful vindication of the memory of the unhappy Queen of Scots, M. Gauthier has laid under contribution not only the stock of historical literature usually

cited, but also some valuable investigations of his own, having spent more than eight years in the preparation of his work. He specially addresses himself to the refutation of M. Mignet, who may be called the James Anthony Froude of France, and in disposing of the pretended proofs found against Mary Stuart in the forged casket letters. Among other authorities he cites an original despatch lately found among the Spanish archives at Simancas. It is a letter dated July 21, 1567, from Don Guzman de Silva, the Spanish Ambassador in England, to King Philip II., reporting a statement made to him by Queen Elizabeth, to the effect that the Scotch lords had no such letters as they pretended to have; and that they were forgeries of Lethington (Maitland).

ONE of the surest, and, at the same time, one of the most gratifying tests of the merit and value of our American institutions may be found in the attention they attract and the favorable reception they obtain from the older nations of Europe. Thus, De Tocqueville's disquisition on our political organization has become a standard work in France, Germany, and England. Our penitentiary system was long since examined and reported upon by De Beaumont in France, Ducpétiau in Belgium, and by numerous other European writers. In like manner, several features of our military system and the history of our late war, such as the workings of the medical staff of our army and the operations of the Sanitary Commission, have been the subject of various German, French, and English reports and treatises.

Although we cannot be said to have in the United States any uniform national system of education, there are certain leading and general characteristics of the subject which, throughout the vast republic, are striking in their identity. Of these, some are the unanimous recognition of the necessity of public and universal education, without regard to classes or social conditions; the common accord of our various State constitutions upon the subject; the cheerful assumption by the people of heavy burdens of taxation for its support; and the general uniformity among the different systems in vogue in the various States.

Up to the year 1869 only two foreign nations, Sweden and England, had taken official notice of the importance of our Ameri-

can methods of education, by sending to the United States special commissioners charged to examine and report upon the working of our public schools. The Swedish Government sent Mr. Siljestrom, who, on his return to Sweden, published the result of his observations in 1854. The English commissioner was the Rev. James Frazer, who published his report in 1867.

In 1868, the French Minister of Public Instruction (M. Duruy) appointed Mons. M. C. Hippeau a special commissioner to examine and report upon the condition of primary, secondary, and superior instruction in the United States. M. Hippeau is known in France as a professor in high repute, and member of several learned societies. The results of a year's travel and observation in the United States is given by him in a handsome octavo volume of 443 pages, published by Didier & Co., Paris. In his dedicatory letter to the French Minister of Public Instruction, the author says: "In my report I have not concealed the feelings of admiration with which I contemplate the spectacle presented by a great nation which considers public education the first and most indispensable of its duties, and which voluntarily imposes upon itself the greatest sacrifices for the sake of obtaining an organization certainly unequalled in the world."

M. Hippeau then proceeds to present, in some thirty chapters, a full and detailed statement of the workings of our public schools, commencing with the most elementary, and ending with an account of our principal colleges and universities, the whole interspersed with criticisms and philosophical reflections, which may be read with profit and edification by those most interested in the subject. M. Hippeau appears to have been particularly struck with the attention paid to reading in our elementary schools, and remarks that he has never heard better reading and recitation than in the American schools. Special descriptions are given of the most successful systems in use for the primary teaching of writing, reading, and arithmetic, and references frequently made to the best of the almost innumerable works used in primary education. Among these last, our author appears to have been particularly struck with the series of "Lessons on Objects," published by Charles Scribner, New York, 1868. A special chapter is devoted to the three female colleges, Vassar, Rutgers, and Packer, and

our principal universities are described at length.

INTELLIGENCE is for good, and, alas! also for evil. In our July number we noticed, and gave some extracts from, a late German work, "The Notabilities of the Animal Kingdom," in which a most interesting account is given of the general capacity of animals for companionship with man, and more especially of the humanitarian prowess of the St. Bernard dog.

By way of complement the French press now presents us a work ("Les Chiens de Guerre. Etude historique. Par Ed. de la Barre Duparcq. Paris, 1869") illustrating the capacity of that docile animal for mischief, as well as for usefulness, under the guidance and instruction of the other animal, man, sometimes the superior, and too often the inferior of the noble four-footed brute.

M. Duparcq presents chronologically, from the earliest known instances to the present day, every historical mention of the use of the dog as an auxiliary in men's quarrels and in the wars of nations, and shows the extent of the development of the sagacity and worst instincts of the dog when directed to the destruction of human life.

IN THE GALAXY for March we spoke of some of the (then) new volumes of the excellent series of works published by Hachette & Co. of Paris, and known as the "Bibliothèque de Merveilles." We remark that the series is still continued, with the same success in imparting correct, useful scientific and historical information, in an agreeable and familiar literary form, illustrated with engravings and drawings of superior artistic merit. For the general reader, and for most libraries, the collection is of great value, as each volume is in fact a condensation of the best authorities on the subject treated. Messrs. Scribner & Co. of New York have done the American reading public a substantial favor in publishing a translated edition of this series, under the title of "The Library of Wonders." They lately announced as soon to appear, "The Wonders of the Heavens," "The Bottom of the Sea," "Acoustics," and "The Wonders of Engraving and Sculpture."

LA BRUYERE's celebrated "Characters" were not fancy sketches, but portraits from life. When they first appeared every intelligent reader of the day knew perfectly well

who was intended in any given description; but as the age and its actors and their memories passed away, tradition had to be called in to aid the modern reader in penetrating the secret of the author's pseudonyms. In the course of time various keys were published, which professed to unlock these secrets of the past. Those by the Duc de St. Simon, Roederer, Jal, and Ed. Fournier are the best known. But most of these were "false keys," and on all of them the work of Walckenaer was a great improvement.

Nevertheless, much remained to be done, as has been amply shown by M. Gustave Servois in his new edition (two volumes 8vo., Hachette, Paris) of La Bruyère, which is to be followed by a third volume.

In his knowledge of the men and the literature of the age of Louis XIV., the erudition of M. Servois is as vast as it is reliable, and his notes really embrace the history of the most remarkable men of the period.

THE late work of M. J. Michelet, entitled "Mos Fils," may be rapidly characterized and described as "words, words, words."

ONE year ago a French publisher, M. De gorge-Cadet, called upon Madame Marie Rattazzi with a contract already drawn up and signed by himself, by which she was to engage herself to furnish, within a given period, a work on "Italy in general and Florence in particular." The lady in due time delivered her manuscript, and the result is a somewhat uneven and disjointed book entitled "Florence: Portraits, Chroniques, Confidences." It is really a sort of portrait gallery of modern Italian celebrities in the political world, and there are separate chapters devoted to General Durando, Senator Cipriani, Deputy Crispi, the Duke of San Donato, Count Bembo, King Victor Emanuel, and all the members of his family.

Not the least singular part of the book is the lady's account of her marriage with the Minister Rattazzi. In 1855 she went to Turin on business of importance—wrote twice to Rattazzi—no answer—when she addressed a note to the King, who, receiving Mme. de Solms graciously, expressed his surprise at Rattazzi's ungallant conduct, saying, "I will send him to you to-morrow, when he will be only too happy to place himself at your disposition." But "to-morrow" passed without the slightest Rattazzi. So also the day following, and several days suc-

ceeding. Tired of playing Sister Anne, Mme. de Solms wrote to the King: "Your Minister won't see me; he sent me his secretary to say that His Excellency was suffering from an affection of the eyes. This, certainly, is very interesting, but does not in the slightest degree advance my business, and I leave Turin."

To which His Majesty replied: "Remain. I change my request to an order. Rattazzi shall wait upon you to-morrow." The next day brought the Minister, whose manner was cold, and his visit short. The fair "interviewed" describes her caller as at that time young, tall, slim, *distingué*, with delicate features, and "de taille élégante et svelte." His forehead was broad and intelligent, hair blond, *d'une nuance indéfinissable* (an involved, feminine way of saying "red"), teeth white and regular, lips thin and mocking, hands and feet of "an incontestable aristocracy." Mme. de Solms then proceeds to establish an important point: the Minister appeared to be about twenty-eight, and was some years her senior. The King inquired of Rattazzi how he was pleased with Mme. de Solms. "Not much," answered the Minister; "a lean little bread-and-butteress." "But she is witty?" "Not very. She has an air half of surprise, half of silliness." "Years passed away," continues our authoress. "Then I was prostrated with a dangerous illness, and it was reported I was dead. M. Rattazzi told me afterwards that, without being able in any way to account for it, the news went to his heart like the stroke of a poniard, and utterly prostrated him. He came immediately to Paris, where I was lying ill, sought me out, and just twelve years, day for day, after our first interview at Turin, I married the man who had systematically avoided me, and who, under pretext of sore eyes, sent me, in his place, his secretary!"

TRAVELLERS, writers, philologists, and archæologists have within the past twenty years occupied themselves with investigations and disquisitions concerning the Basques, a singular and interesting people occupying part of the Spanish and French slopes of the Pyrenees. In modern French geography the *arrondissement* of Mauléon, and the greater part of that of Bayonne, include the country of the French Basques, which may be thus topographically described: Four valleys with small streams run northward from the western crests of the French

Pyrenees, Nivelet, Nive, Bidassoa, and Cesson. Frequent mention is made of the Bidassoa in Napier's "Peninsular War." In old French geographies these four valleys with their mountains were divided into three cantons, Labourd, Soule, and Basse Navarre. The Spanish Basque country is all included within the three provinces of Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Biscay.

The Basques claim to be a people of themselves, and indignantly reject the imputation of being either French or Spaniards. They scout the idea of Noah as an ancestor, and assert the primeval tongue of humanity to have been Basque. Proud, hardy, athletic, simple, and reserved, they are the most singular people of Europe. They speak a language which has no resemblance with any Aryan dialect whatever. To say that the language used by this insignificant people is the oldest tongue in Europe, is to give but a slight and imperfect idea of its antiquity. Humboldt makes the Basques the successors or remnants of the Iberian race which formerly occupied the entire peninsula. But who were the Iberians? Opinions on this point are so wide apart that some scholars bring them from the Caucasus, while others assign them an original home in Northern Africa.

Be this as it may, the language spoken by the Basques, who style themselves in their own tongue *Eskualdunak*, was once spoken by a race spread over the whole Spanish peninsula, and scholars claim that it takes us back to ages when accounts of Hannibal's invasion fell within the period of modern history.

In the February number of *THE GALAXY* we referred to several late works on the Basques, and we now have a new one—"Etudes sur l'Origine des Basques, par M. Jean François Bladé." M. Bladé states that he originally adopted the theory of Baron William von Humboldt as to the Iberian origin of this people, but under extended investigation found it vanish. The author's studies on this question have been serious and severe. In 1866 he published a dissertation on the three great Eskuarian literary monuments, "Le Chant des Cantabres," "Le Chant d'Altabiscar," and "Le Chant d'Annibal," demonstrating them to be apocryphal. Following the opinion of Humboldt, the first-named, "Le Chant des Cantabres," had long been received as authentic; but M. Bladé's argument against all of them appears now to be accepted by the

majority of critics. M. Bladé's essay on this subject is reproduced in his work, an octavo of 550 pages, in which he confines himself strictly to the treatment of the historical question of origin, which necessarily involves the discussion of all the traditional, philological, topological, numismatical, and anthropological facts connected with it.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

IN the last number of the "*Literarischer Monatsbericht*" a prize of eight hundred dollars is offered by Mr. E. Steiger, our vigorously enterprising German publisher, for the best Historical Sketch of the Intellectual Vigor and Progress of the German Population in North America, specially treating the influence of the German-American press upon the development of American institutions, the essay to be delivered by the first of May, 1871.

Mr. Steiger announces his intention of following up this experiment, if successful, with proposals of prizes for papers and disquisitions on various other topics affecting German life in America, with especial reference to subjects of literature, culture, and art.

Mr. Steiger asks that the press give publicity to his prize announcement. So far as *THE GALAXY* is concerned, we do it cheerfully, not alone because a deserving publisher asks it, but because of the intrinsic merit and interest of the proposition itself. We Americans are already familiar with the view of the German-American question from the American standpoint. It will be instructive now to see it from the German standpoint.

It is moderate to assert that very few of our readers have any adequate idea of what has been done for German literature by American-Germans, and, perhaps, even less of what has been effected for American history by German scholars here in New York. One writer alone, Mr. Frederick Kapp, has developed and brought into new light important portions of our historic annals as they never were before. His "*Life of General Steuben*" (8vo, 667 pages), his "*History of Slavery in the United States*" (8vo, 516 pages), his "*History of the Soldier Traffic by German Princes during our Revolutionary Period, 1775-*

* Works mentioned in this article may be had of E. Steiger, German bookseller, Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York.

1783" (8vo, 300 pages), his "Life of General De Kalb" (8vo, 300 pages), and his "History of German Emigration to America" (8vo, 400 pages), are among the most valuable contributions ever made to our historical literature.

Certain passages in the first volume of the last-mentioned work, on what we may call the question whether or not *Calum, non assimilation, pendant qu'ils trans mène en avant*, gave rise to an excited controversy in the American-German press which has hardly yet subsided. The history of this controversy is of special interest to us Americans, developing as it does the German sentiment touching full and complete fusion of their national element with that of the United States.

In the sixteenth chapter of his work on emigration, Mr. Kapp remarked that, in proportion to its numbers, German immigration has not exercised in this country the influence which might have been looked for; and the reason he assigned for it was that this immigration came in contact with a well-settled and sharply-defined nationality, which has shown itself capable of mastering, absorbing, and utilizing the culture-element of the entire Old World, and which is now further than ever removed from the possibility of being influenced by foreign elements.

"And this American power of assimilation," continues Mr. Kapp, "is so great that at most is German influence seen in the Far West, where it has an opportunity of striking root in the formation of new townships and counties, and even this influence disappears day by day. . . . The two long-related German races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic, after a separation of fifteen hundred years, find themselves engaged together on the American continent in a work of common interest—the extension of the area of freedom. . . . The success of German immigration is not to be sought in segregation from American culture, not in dreams and phantasies which conjure up images of the creation in America of a German State, a German Utopia, but in active participation in the common life and strife of the Americans. A German nation among the American people cannot exist. . . . There is room here for all; for every noble effort, for every thinking man, for every working arm."

In his preface to the second edition of his

work, Mr. Kapp expressed the opinion that the German emigration to America would not, even if the Germans desired it, eventually remain German. In the text (p. 370) he had already said, "The man who emigrates gives up his native country and is lost to it. A man can no more have two fatherlands than he can have two fathers. The German-American is a transition which disappears in the second generation. Choose ye then—German or American? He who desires to remain a German must either not leave home, or, having left it, should forthwith return. For every man who has recourse to it emigration is—national death."

Sound philosophical views like these have, unfortunately, not been current among the great body of our German-American fellow-citizens. Too many of their organs had sought to promulgate very different sentiments, and on the diffusion of the passages we have cited a deep excitement arose. All the *Deutschthümelei* in America burst forth in a Teutonic storm, and Mr. Kapp, as true a German as ever lived, found himself accused, even by some of his old friends, of belittling German nationality, and of burning incense before American gods. Another class denounced him as a Royalist and a Bismarcker and several other dreadful things, and he was reproached with imperfect knowledge of the West, where lies the German strength of population. His language was greatly exaggerated, and he was represented by several Western papers as saying that German efforts are thrown away, that his German brethren had better abandon all their national peculiarities as soon as possible, cease speaking German, and, "head over heels," become Americans immediately.

To all this Mr. Kapp replied very temperately, showing that the ignorance of the West attributed to him was imaginary, inasmuch as he personally knew and had travelled through not only the West but the South. Referring to his real views at pages 368 to 370 of his work, he stated that logic is neither East or West in its complexim, nor North or South in temperature, but one and the same throughout the entire world.

Mr. Kapp's work on German emigration has been republished and widely read in Germany, and has been eminently serviceable in promulgating healthy views and correct statements on a subject of the highest importance.

MEMORANDA

BY MARK TWAIN.

A MEMORY.

When I say that I never knew my austere father to be enamored of but one poem in all the long half century that he lived, persons who knew him will easily believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful; and finally, when I say that the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamored of, persons who may have known us both will not need to have this truth shot into them with a mountain howitzer before they can receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms when I was a boy—a sort of armed neutrality, so to speak. At irregular intervals this neutrality was broken, and suffering ensued; but I will be candid enough to say that the breaking and the suffering were always divided up with strict impartiality between us—which is to say, my father did the breaking, and I did the suffering. As a general thing I was a backward, cautious, unadventurous boy; but once I jumped off a two-story stable; another time I gave an elephant a “plug” of tobacco and retired without waiting for an answer; and still another time I pretended to be talking in my sleep, and got off a portion of a very wretched original conundrum in hearing of my father. Let us not pry into the result; it was of no consequence to any one but me.

But the poem I have referred to as attracting my father's attention and achieving his favor was “Hiawatha.” Some man who courted a sudden and awful death presented him an early copy, and I never lost faith in my own senses until I saw him sit down and go to reading it in cold blood—saw him open the book, and heard him read these following lines, with the same inflectionless judicial frigidity with which he always read his charge to the jury, or administered an oath to a witness:

Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, Jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugum,
And your mittens, Minjekahwan,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nama.”

Presently my father took out of his breast pocket an imposing “Warranty Deed,” and fixed his eyes upon it and dropped into meditation. I knew what it was. A Texan lady and gentleman had given my half-brother, Orrin Johnson, a handsome property in a town in the North, in gratitude to him for having saved their lives by an act of brilliant heroism.

By and by my father looked toward me and sighed. Then he said:

“If I had such a son as this poet, here were a subject worthier than the traditions of these Indians.”

“If you please, sir, where?”

“In this deed.”

“In the—deed?”

“Yes—in this very deed,” said my father, throwing it on the table. “There is more poetry, more romance, more sublimity, more splendid imagery hidden away in that homely document than could be found in all the traditions of all the savages that live.”

“Indeed, sir? Could I—could I get it out, sir? Could I compose the poem, sir, do you think?”

“You!”

I wilted.

Presently my father's face softened somewhat, and he said:

“Go and try. But mind, curb folly. No poetry at the expense of truth. Keep strictly to the facts.”

I said I would, and bowed myself out, and went up stairs.

“Hiawatha” kept droning in my head—and so did my father's remarks about the sublimity and romance hidden in my subject, and also his injunction to beware of wasteful and exuberant fancy. I noticed, just here, that I had heedlessly brought the deed away with me. Now, at this moment came to me one of those rare moods of daring recklessness, such as I referred to a while ago. Without another thought, and in plain defiance of the fact that I knew my father meant me to write the romantic story of my half-brother's adventure and subsequent good fortune, I ventured to heed merely the letter of his remarks and ignore their spirit. I took the stupid “Warranty

Deed" itself and chopped it up into Hiawathian blank verse, without altering or leaving out three words, and without transposing six. It required loads of courage to go down stairs and face my father with my performance. I started three or four times before I finally got my pluck to where it would stick. But at last I said I would go down and read it to him if he threw me over the church for it. I stood up to begin, and he told me to come closer. I edged up a little, but still left as much neutral ground between us as I thought he would stand. Then I began. It would be useless for me to try to tell what conflicting emotions expressed themselves upon his face, nor how they grew more and more intense as I proceeded; nor how a fell darkness descended upon his countenance, and he began to gag and swallow, and his hands began to work and twitch, as I reeled off line after line, with the strength ebbing out of me, and my legs trembling under me:

THE STORY OF A GALLANT DEED.

THIS INDENTURE, made the tenth
Day of November, in the year
Of our Lord one thousand eight
Hundred six and fifty,

Between JOANNA S. E. GRAY
And PHILIP GRAY, her husband,
Of SOMERSETT in the State
Of Texas, of the first part,

And O. B. Johnson, of the town
Of Austin, date, WITNESSETH:
That said party of first part,
For and in consideration

Of the sum of Twenty Thousand
Dollars, lawful money of
The U. S. of America,
To them in hand now paid by said

Party of the second part,
The due receipt whereof is here-
By confessed and acknowledged,
Have Granted, Bargained, Sold, Remised,

Released and Alienated and Conveyed,
Confirmed, and by these presents do

Grant and Bargain, Sell, Remise,
Alien, Release Convey, and Con-

Firm unto the said aforesaid
Party of the second part,
And to his heirs and assigns
Forever and ever. ALL

That certain piece or parcel of
LAND situate in city of
Dunkirk, county of Chautauqua,
And likewise furthermore in York State,

Bounded and described, to-wit,
As follows, herein, namely:
BEGINNING at the distance of
A hundred two-and-forty feet,

North-half-east, north-east-by north,
East-north-east and northerly
Of the northerly line of Mulligan street,
On the westerly line of Brannigan street,

And running thence due northerly
On Brannigan street 200 feet,
Thence at right angles westerly,
North-west-by-west-and-west-half-west,

West-and-by-north, north-west-by-west,
About—

I kind of dodged, and the boot-jack broke the looking-glass. I could have waited to see what became of the other missiles if I had wanted to, but I took no interest in such things.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

I FIND the above squib among my MSS., and send it along merely to hold my place and represent me in the August number. Illness has rendered it out of my power to do more than this at present.—[EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

IN default of our usual contribution from the editor of the "Memoranda," we present the readers of THE GALAXY this month with a portrait of Mark Twain, which will be discovered to bear a striking resemblance to the counterfeit presentment of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, editor of the "Buffalo Express."—[ED. GALAXY.]

NEBULÆ.

— SOME of the ladies who read *THE GALAXY* may be interested in learning that the Queen of England is "dead against" the woman suffrage movement. Not long since a literary lady in London wrote a pamphlet of rather a vehement style in opposition to the demand of her "suffering sisters" for emancipation—in fact, denouncing and reprobating her suffering sisters because they asked for the suffrage. The authoress sent a copy of the pamphlet to Mr. Gladstone, who returned thanks for it in a letter glowing with commendation, and asked for a few copies to be distributed among "persons of the highest influence." The copies were forwarded to the Premier by the delighted authoress; and after a while the latter received a letter written, by command of the Queen herself, commending the pamphlet, and enclosing a sum of money towards the expense of its more general circulation. Now, Queen Victoria's subjects do say that when the sovereign gives, unsolicited, a sum of money towards any object, she must have that object tremendously at heart indeed. Here then we have the odd phenomenon of a woman who is the ruling Chief Magistrate of a great country, and head of the national Church, endorsing and enforcing the principle that women have no right to take any part in politics. Is not Queen Victoria putting herself, as regards this subject, somewhat in the position of the oft-cited personage who declared that the Cretans were always liars, and that he was a Cretan? If women are not fit for politics, must not Queen Victoria be unfit? If she, a woman, is qualified for political life, how can she say that woman is necessarily disqualified? Queen Victoria is, in this instance, a living paradox; perhaps in other instances too, but certainly in this. Cynical persons would doubtless say that she only proves her perfect womanhood by being thus contradictory and paradoxical; but we beg it to be understood that we make no such ungallant assertion. The cause of woman's suffrage in England has, however, a pretty hard battle yet to fight. The Queen and the Prime Minister are its decided opponents. It may comfort the ladies, nevertheless, to remember that three or four years ago both were

equally decided opponents of other great changes which have since been realized.

— IN a populous thoroughfare of New York may be seen an inscription over a door announcing that Madame Something-or-other, "Clair Voyant," resides and practises there. Madame Clair Voyant! Cannot Madame's supernatural clearness of vision enable her to see a grammatical error? Can she who sees into the middle of next week or the heart of the Andes, not see how to write decent French? There is a well-known, indeed celebrated "medium" of English birth and education, or non-education, whom a great statesman not long since was, in a moment of weakness, induced to consult. He visited the fair, fat spiritualist, and he began to talk with her about her mystery. She said that since her childhood she had been "a-seeing of visions." Alas for the unlucky word! One convert was lost; one spell was broken. The statesman had a sensitive ear, and he could not believe in a medium who spoke of visions. He declined to receive the oracles of the spirit-world when they spoke with the pronunciation of Whitechapel. His conclusion was illogical perhaps, but his resolve was fixed. We own that we sympathize with him. We cannot bring ourselves to believe in a seeress who has visions, or in one who describes herself as a Clair Voyant.

— A GENTLEMAN writes us from London to this effect: "In the June No. of *THE GALAXY* there is an editorial in which you throw a doubt upon certain statements made by Mrs. A. C. Ritchie in one of her correspondences. You assume that she has been misinformed concerning the casts taken from the legs of English ladies of title. As I was her informant, I feel bound to state the source from which I derived the information. Of course the assertion of the professional venders of casts would go for nothing, as you imply that they would find it to their advantage to encourage a belief in the statements to which you refer; but Mrs. Ritchie's evidence rests upon very different grounds. The cast of Lady ——'s leg, which occupies a position in her ladyship's drawing-

room, was taken, not by a professional vender of casts, but by an artist who is an *habitué* of some of the best houses in London, and whose word could not be doubted by those who know him. Three or four of us were one evening drawing in the studio of a friend when this gentleman came in, and, in answer to our queries as to what he had been doing, he mentioned, not at all as an extraordinary occurrence, or one likely to excite surprise or remark, that he had been taking a cast of Lady ——'s foot and leg; and when we asked why the cast had been taken, he replied that it was to place on the drawing-room table as an ornament; nor, he added, was this so unusual as we seemed to think. He mentioned, indeed, several houses where such casts could be seen. He also cited the case of a certain Lady Mayoress, of whom two casts had been taken, one with the shoe and stocking, and the other without; and a cast of another noble lady which might be had at a shop in Soho. Mrs. Ritchie, however, was mistaken in supposing that these casts were *avant-garde* as being taken from the ladies in question. To the general public they are sold merely as ordinary casts. All this was said, not lightly or in jest, but simply and in perfect good faith. Were it a matter of importance, I could give the names of the speaker and those present, one of whom, at least, would be known to you. But as this statement is not made by one who is personally unknown to you, I presume you can hardly question its veracity."

— THE series of college commencements, which used to be the great annual national midsummer excitement, has lately found a formidable rival in the reëstablished races. From a strictly philosophical point of view, it might, perhaps, be easy to prove not only horse-racing, but the horse itself, a mischievous absurdity. Some of us are old enough to remember how, immediately after the invention of railroads, it was frequently prophesied, in jest or earnest, with joyful or sorrowful anticipation, that the horse must soon share the fate of the dodo, and become an extinct species. And now he is more abundant, and at the same time more highly prized and priced, than ever; and horse-racing is more in vogue than ever all over the civilized world! Its first element of pleasure is obviously the struggle—that "striving for the mastery" which, whatever moralists may say, will always command in-

terest and sympathy, even in the wisest and most virtuous communities. A locomotive race is a magnificently exciting spectacle (as we can testify from personal experience), but it is too expensive and dangerous to become common; and the same remark applies to the steamboat contests once frequent on our Western waters. The trials of yachts and clippers are not sufficiently accessible or intelligible to the world at large. The only rivalry which seems naturally fitted to be both fashionable and popular is that of animals—man himself, the first of the animate creation, and even more than man, the horse, who is emphatically the *gang* animal. (We could never understand why the old Greeks did not call horses, rather than sheep, *ta probata*, "the advancers.") Then there is the pleasure of the drive to the scene of action; finally, that of meeting acquaintances, and seeing people, generally under the most favorable and festive circumstances. For our "Upper-Ten," especially, the revival of the legitimate turf has been one of the greatest possible godsend. Before the war, our women, and such of our men as preferred women's society, were chiefly limited to indoor amusement. The young people of both sexes could only divert themselves by "shpinnin' round and round," like Hans Breitmann's guests; indeed, the males of the company often carried the resemblance further, and "cot troonk ash bigs," often over-eating themselves in proportion. Meanwhile their elders were pedantic, if not intemperate, in the matter of drinks, and equally wasteful of their opportunities for imbibing fresh air. One day at Jerome Park is worth ten years of ball-room life; nor is the spectacle witnessed at that fashionable resort to be disdained by the lover of literature, or the student of human nature.

— IN one of Hood's sketches an English valet communicates to a fellow-servant at home his impressions of a Swiss tour. "To understand the glazier [glacier], you must think of a man with a loose jacket, and a paper cap, and putty, and a diamond. Well, it isn't like that at all. So about the Mer de Glace. It isn't like a mare or like anything made of glass." We have often thought that American watering-places and American watering-place hotels should be described after the same fashion. You think of what they ought to be—what they are in most parts of Europe. Well, they aren't

like them at all! In the first place, there is always, at the European spa or bathing place, some attempt to improve and make the most of the natural features of the locality. Even the Dutch have converted their little sandbank of a Schevening into an interesting spot by making the road between it and the Hague a beautiful avenue of trees; and the embellishments of a Pan-European watering place like Baden-Baden are utterly stunning and overpowering to the (in that respect) weak mind of the Yankee visitor. In America there are fortunately natural attractions, like waterfalls and rivers, that cannot be altogether spoiled; but as for any attempt to bring man and nature into better contact, to render hills and lakes accessible, to protect roads in any degree from dust and sun, such a proceeding, we believe, has yet to be "inaugurated." Owing to the sun and dust of the roads, and the absence of any place of amusement like a casino, coffee-house, or ball-room, independent of the hotel, nearly everything in the way of gayety must come off at the hotel, so that rest or quiet there is impossible; whereas the European tourist uses his *hof* only to sleep, dress, and *sometimes* eat in, and he *can* sleep in it, because balls are not given there. Then the European table is always a question of more or less good; the American generally a question of more or less bad. As to the comparative expense—here we must stop, for our republican scale of prices mendicants criticism and defies caricature. Nothing more forcibly illustrates the badness and dearness of our country hotels than the insane attempts at "country boarding" made by so many people of moderate or more than moderate means; a veritable leap from the frying-pan into the fire. If there is anything more absurd than the domiciliation of a city-bred family in an ordinary country farmhouse, it is their subsequent complaint of not being comfortable there, and especially of not being well fed. How under heaven should they be? Farmers' fare has always been hard fare, comparatively innocent to hard workers, deadly to idlers and holiday-seekers. The *dura messorum ilia* are as old as Horace. It is so to this day even in the most culinarily-civilized countries of Europe. France would occur to many persons, in this connection, as a region where good cookery must be an all-pervading national institution; yet we know from our own experience that there

are plenty of places in France, not secluded villages either, but localities on the very line of great railroads, where the majority of the population feed on imperfectly cooked cabbage and salt pork, and soup is as difficult to procure as in any American hamlet. City fare is better than country fare pretty much all the world over. Add to this the consideration that the general standard of American cookery is below that of most nations not absolutely barbarous, and it does not require much logical power to draw the conclusion that American farm cookery must be of a very low grade. Let us look a little more closely into the rationale of the matter. The three great staples of civilized diet are bread, meat, and milk. Some cultivated persons might substitute wine as the third article; but for aquarians, and most women and children, the rule holds good. Bread, meat, and milk are the fundamental elements; when these are bad, nutrition falls off, and defective assimilation cannot be permanently made good by the usual stimulants—tea, coffee, or tobacco. Now country bread is generally bad, because farmers' wives either don't know how to make it perfectly or won't take the trouble. Country meat is inferior in quality (the best being sent to town), badly "broken up" by ignorant butchers, and badly cooked in that most mischievous of household implements, the stove. Country milk is bad, because the farmer sends his best milk, as the butcher does his best meat, to some town or city for sale. When we further add that the supplementary stimulants are unavailable, farmers' coffee being always and farmers' tea generally bad, it becomes useless to dwell on other discomforts; the provender alone is ample condemnation of the farmhouse as a boarding-house. But what am I to do? the citizen of small fortune may ask. Do? Unless you have very young children whose health imperatively requires change of air, stay at home. Save your money and your temper. Keep your servants (if you have even tolerable ones, they are not to be dismissed rashly); don't expose your house to be "burgled" (as Jenkins calls it) in your absence. When we give this advice, we are not like Seneca, who declaimed in praise of poverty with millions out at interest. Having had at various times of our life considerable experience of the city during the summer months, we say emphatically that (babies

and Irish plots apart) we prefer a city summer residence to any country quarters short of a country-box of our own.

—COMPLAINERS of the dearth of living are not confined to even the comparatively poor; they are common among persons who twenty years ago would have been and been considered positively rich. Men with small families and *net* incomes of from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars, and no pet vices or hobbies, declare themselves unable to keep a proper distance in the rear of the constable. The reasons assigned and assignable are various and numerous, while all foreigners and Americans of foreign experience agree about the fact that in no European country do you spend so much and receive so little return for your expenditure. Putting aside war-debts, paper currency, tariffs, and other directly political causes, we find a national tendency to what is usually denominated extravagance, but which seems more strictly to be recklessness in disbursement; a readiness to pay without question or dispute whatever is asked; a hesitation to insist on preparatory estimates when possible. This trait is often referred to our generosity and good-nature. We believe it to be more owing to our democratic institutions and business habits. Paradoxical as the assertion seems at first, that abundance of industry and lack of leisure make us wasteful, we think it very probable, for this reason: Wherever leisure is on the whole, other things being equal, rather more respectable socially than business occupation, we find a goodly number of gentlemen and ladies in good society and moderate circumstances, persons whose time is worth little to them in a pecuniary sense, and who can therefore afford to spend a great deal of it in order to make some small pecuniary savings. We are sometimes amused by the little economies of elderly single ladies, in paper for instance; how they will save the unwritten half-sheets of letters, and even turn and regum old envelopes. What we have here on a small scale is going on all over Europe on a much larger. A young Frenchman of good family will walk two miles to buy his gloves ten or fifteen cents a pair cheaper than he can procure them on a fashionable boulevard. A Continental gentleman will not put up at a hotel till the price of his room has been fixed by preliminary correspondence or inquiry. If a house-owner, he

will not rashly let a carpenter loose on the premises (from the plumber plague most Europeans are free), nor will he pay a mason's "little bill" without careful scrutiny. The democratic citizen, absorbed in industrial pursuits, has no time to spend on these small discussions about small sums; it is cheaper for him to pay through the nose and take the chances of making good his loss off some other citizen. Political and moral theorists hoped that the hard lessons of war would correct our "extravagant" ways; but if the war made many poor men, it also made more rich men and more busy men than ever.

—OUR national carelessness and propensity to blunder in literary matters more or less recondite has often moved the sarcasm of European critics. It is, therefore, some consolation to find that we have plenty of European fellow-blunderers to keep us company. The Camden Society (almost as unfortunate in philology as its namesake in theology) employed no less a person than Mr. James Orchard Halliwell to edit the "Romances of the Thornton Manuscript." But, although Mr. H. had already published an antiquarian glossary, he seems to have been slenderly qualified for the task, and one of his errors might have been avoided by any sharp lad who had merely read the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He mistook *kevelles* (lots) for *keyyls* (bits), and where the four knights in pursuit of Sir Perceval "caste kevelles" which was to fight him first, he explains it, "They stopped their horses"! The context might have taught him better, for the poem goes on to repeat *twice*:

"And ever fell it . . .
 . . . untill Sir Wawayne."
 "Whence it fell to Sir Wawayne
 To rede Percevalle againe."

It is not, however, generally necessary to go so far in quest of errors; foreign contemporary, and even modern English literature, supply numerous instances. During the war several English newspapers and periodicals were struck with the appropriateness of a couplet from Gay's fable of "The Mastiff," to illustrate the advantages of British neutrality. They quoted it—and one and all assigned it to Hudibras. The "Saturday Review" professes a most fearful accuracy of scholarship, and its new-old spellings of ordinary historical names are

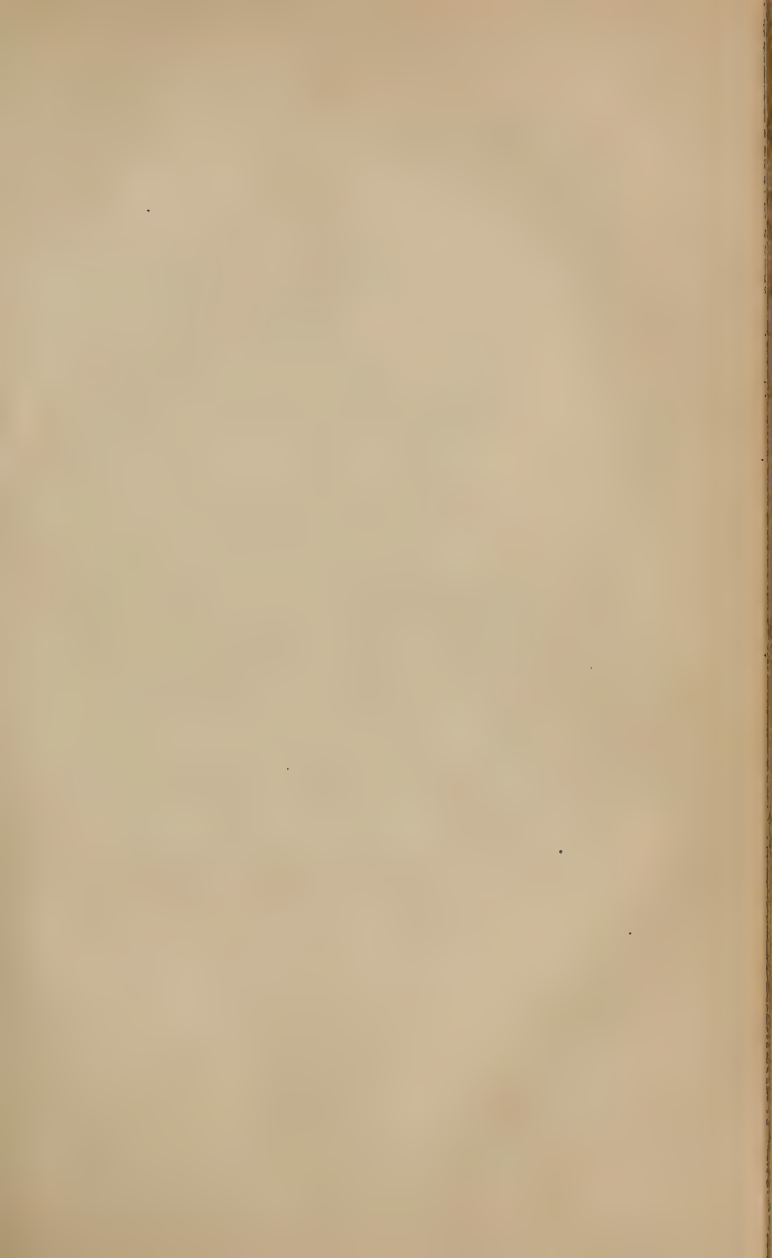
enough to drive an ordinary reader frantic. Yet last summer it spoke of "the anonymous scribbler who called Southey and Wordsworth Mouthy and Wordswords," this "anonymous scribbler" being Lord Byron! The blunder was less excusable for being made at a time when the Stowe scandal had just set every human being to reading or re-reading Byron. And only a few weeks ago it mercilessly ridiculed a pathetic story of Dion Boucicault's, as it supposed, but really of Hans Andersen's, which Boucicault, *more suo*, had appropriated. The ludicrous exhibition of the learned French *abbé* (learned in everything but the language of his next-door neighbors), who, not so very long ago, mistook a German child's copy-book for an Aztec manuscript, and glorified a sausage into a thunderbolt; the very transparent hoax and swindle of which M. Philarète Chasles was doubly the victim only last year; these examples may be cited to show that the quick-witted Gauls are not exempt from their share of such errors. A German is rarely caught in any matter requiring mere knowledge, research, or memory; but his want of humor sometimes causes him to accept irony for earnest. Thus, Goeller, the editor of *Thucydides*, quoted "Knickerbocker's New York" as genuine history; and a Teutonic biographical cyclopædist, misled by an allusion in an English writer, gravely informed his readers that George Cruikshank's real name was Simon Pure.

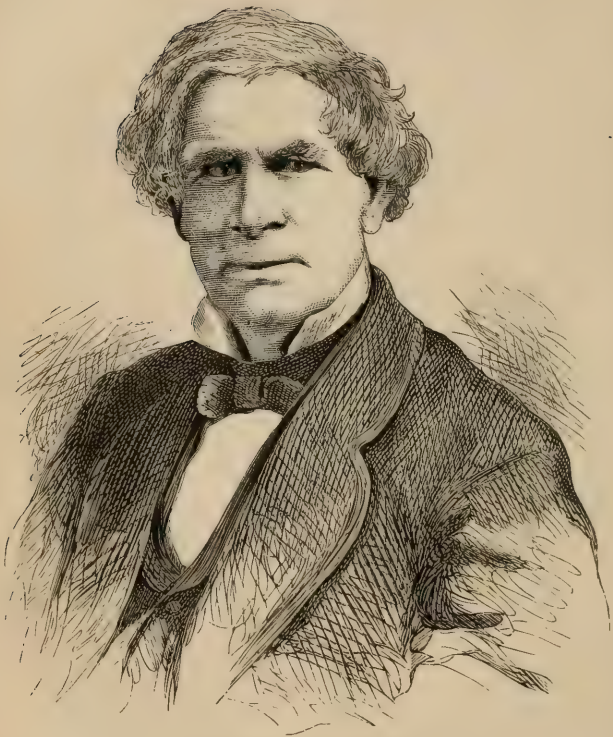
— WHEN Mark Twain spoke of "two crimes neither of which is ever mentioned among women and children," he gave unconscious proof of his Anglo-Saxon innocence, which he brought home with him as well as carried abroad. We have seen, in ladies' drawing-rooms in Europe, French novels the plot and motive of which were supplied by one or the other of these crimes. Nor is there any secrecy about the circulation of such books; they are openly sold in Paris and elsewhere. We can plead guilty to a knowledge of at least five; of course we are not going to mention their names; but one of them is a sort of classic in its way; the writer of another is a real nobleman; and the author of a third died not long ago, much respected in court and fashionable circles, and was buried with great ceremony. These are among the things that made us thank God for being Anglo-Saxons.

— A CHINESE physician has made his advent in New York, and the imperial dragon of China, done into bronze, stands guard upon his door-step in Union Square. Should we have built the Pacific Railroad could we have anticipated that this was to be its first result? Deal with us tenderly, O Ling Wan, and let us hope that you will not forget the wise prudence of your compatriot into whose hands the Abbé Huc was fortunate enough to fall; like him, pray refrain from experiments until you are sure you know what is inside of these outside barbarians.

A new Novel of English and American life, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY, will be begun in an early Number of THE GALAXY.

A new Novel, by MRS. EDWARDS, the author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc., will be i. run at the opening of the new year.





THE HON. THURLOW WEED.

THE GALAXY

A WEEKLY LITERARY AND ARTISTIC JOURNAL.

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in five hundred yards of Clara, and raging because he could not find her. Sud-

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THE GALAXY.

VOL. X.—SEPTEMBER, 1870.—No. 3.

OVERLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

LIEUTENANT THURSTANE passed the mouth of the ravine in the dusk of twilight, without guessing that it contained Clara Van Diemen and her perils.

He had with him Sergeant Weber of his own company, just returned from recruiting service at St. Louis, and three recruits for the company, Kelly, Shubert, and Sweeny.

Weber, a sunburnt German, with sandy eyelashes, blue eyes, and a scar on his cheek, had been a soldier from his eighteenth to his thirtieth year, and wore the serious, patient, much-enduring air peculiar to veterans. Kelly, an Irishman, also about thirty, slender in form and somewhat haggard in face, with the same quiet, contained, seasoned look to him, the same reminiscence of unavoidable sufferings silently borne, was also an old infantry man, having served in both the British and American armies. Shubert was an American lad, who had got tired of clerking it in an apothecary's shop, and had enlisted from a desire for adventure, as you might guess by his larkish countenance. Sweeny was a diminutive Paddy, hardly regulation height for the army, as light and lively as a monkey, and with much the air of one.

Thurstane had obtained orders from the post commandant to lead his party by the northern route, on condition that he would investigate and report as to its practicability for military and other transit. He had also been allowed to draw by requisition fifty days' rations, a box of ammunition, and four mules. Starting thirty-six hours after Coronado, he made in two days and a half the distance which the train had accomplished in four. Now he had overtaken his quarry, and in the obscurity had passed it.

But Sergeant Weber was an old hand on the Plains, and notwithstanding the darkness and the generally stony nature of the ground, he presently discovered that the fresh trail of the wagons was missing. Thurstane tried to retrace his steps, but starless night had already fallen thick around him, and before long he had to come to a halt. He was opposite the mouth of the ravine; he was within five hundred yards of Clara, and raging because he could not find her. Sud-

denly Coronado's cooking fires flickered through the gloom; in five minutes the two parties were together.

It was a joyous meeting to Thurstane and a disgusting one to Coronado. Nevertheless the latter rushed at the officer, grasped him by both hands, and shouted, "All hail, Lieutenant! So, there you are at last! My dear fellow, what a pleasure!"

"Yes, indeed, by Jove!" returned the young fellow, unusually boisterous in his joy, and shaking hands with everybody, not rejecting even muleteers. And then what throbbing, what adoration, what supernal delight, in the moment when he faced Clara!

In the morning the journey recommenced. As neither Thurstane nor Coronado had now any cause for hurry, the pace was moderate. The soldiers marched on foot, in order to leave the government mules no other load than the rations and ammunition, and so enable them to recover from their sharp push of over eighty miles. The party now consisted of twenty-five men, for the most part pretty well armed. Of the other sex there were, besides Mrs. Stanley and Clara, a half-breed girl named Pepita, who served as lady's maid, and two Indian women from Garcia's hacienda, whose specialties were cooking and washing. In all thirty persons, a nomadic village.

At the first halt Sergeant Weber approached Thurstane with a timorous air, saluted, and asked, "Lieutenant, can we leave our knapsacks in the wagons? The gentleman has given us permission."

"The men ought to learn to carry their knapsacks," said Thurstane. "They will have to do it in serious service."

"It is true, Lieutenant," replied Weber, saluting again and moving off without a sign of disappointment.

"Let that man come back here," called Aunt Maria, who had overheard the dialogue. "Certainly they can put their loads in the wagons. I told Mr. Coronado to tell them so."

Weber looked at her without moving a muscle, and without showing either wonder or amusement. Thurstane could not help grinning good-naturedly as he said, "I receive your orders, Mrs. Stanley. Weber, you can put the knapsacks in the wagons."

Weber saluted anew, gave Mrs. Stanley a glance of gratitude, and went about his pleasant business. An old soldier is not in general so strict a disciplinarian as a young one.

"What a brute that Lieutenant is!" thought Aunt Maria. "Make those poor fellows carry those monstrous packs? Nonsense and tyranny! How different from Mr. Coronado! He fairly jumped at my idea."

Thurstane stepped over to Coronado and said, "You are very kind to relieve my men at the expense of your animals. I am much obliged to you."

"It is nothing," replied the Mexican, waving his hand graciously. "I am delighted to be of service, and to show myself a good citizen."

In fact, he had been quite willing to favor the soldiers; why not, so long as he could not get rid of them? If the Apaches would lance them all, including Thurstane, he would rejoice; but while that could not be, he might as well show himself civil and gain popularity. It was not Coronado's style to bark when there was no chance of biting.

He was in serious thought the while. How should he rid himself of this rival, this obstacle in the way of his well-laid plans, this interloper into his caravan? Must he call upon Texas Smith to assassinate the fellow? It was a dis-

agreeably brutal solution of the difficulty, and moreover it might lead to loud suspicion and scandal, and finally it might be downright dangerous. There was such a thing as trial for murder and for conspiracy to effect murder. As to causing a United States officer to vanish quietly, as might perhaps be done with an ordinary American emigrant, that was too good a thing to be hoped. He must wait; he must have patience; he must trust to the future; perhaps some precipice would favor him; perhaps the wild Indians. He offered his cigaritos to Thurstane, and they smoked tranquilly in company.

"What route do you take from here?" asked the officer.

"Pass Washington, as you call it. Then the Moqui country. Then the San Juan."

"There is no possible road down the San Juan and the Colorado."

"If we find that to be so, we will sweep southward. I am, in a measure, exploring. Garcia wants a route to Middle California."

"I also have a sort of exploring leave. I shall take leave to keep along with you. It may be best for both."

This announcement sounded like a threat of surveillance, and Coronado's dark cheek turned darker with angry blood. This stolid and intrusive brute was absolutely demanding his own death. After saying, with a forced smile, "You will be invaluable to us, Lieutenant," the Mexican lounged away to where Texas Smith was examining his firearms, and whispered, "Well, will you do it?"

"I ain't afeared of *him*," muttered the borderer. "It's his clothes. I don't like to shute at jackets with them buttons. I mought git into big trouble. The army is a big thing."

"Two hundred dollars," whispered Coronado.

"You said that befo'," croaked Texas. "Go it some better."

"Four hundred."

"Stranger," said Texas, after debating his chances, "it's a big thing. But I'll do it for that."

Coronado walked away, hurried up his muleteers, exchanged a word with Mrs. Stanley, and finally returned to Thurstane. His thin, dry, dusky fingers trembled a little, but he looked his man steadily in the face, while he tendered him another cigarito.

"Who is your hunter?" asked the officer. "I must say he is a devilish bad-looking fellow."

"He is one of the best hunters Garcia ever had," replied the Mexican. "He is one of your own people. You ought to like him."

Further journeying brought with it topographical adventures. The country into which they were penetrating is one of the most remarkable in the world for its physical peculiarities. Its scenery bears about the same relation to the scenery of earth in general, that a skeleton's head or a grotesque mask bears to the countenance of living humanity. In no other portion of our planet is nature so unnatural, so fanciful and extravagant, and seemingly the production of caprice, as on the great central plateau of North America.

They had left far behind the fertile valley of the Rio Grande, and had placed between it and them the barren, sullen piles of the Jemez mountains. No more long sweeps of grassy plain or slope; they were amid the débris of rocks which hedge in the upper heights of the great plateau; they were struggling through it like a forlorn hope through *chevaux-de-frise*. The morning sun came upon them over treeless ridges of sandstone, and disappeared at evening behind

ridges equally naked and arid. The sides of these barren masses, seamed by the action of water in remote geologic ages, and never softened or smoothed by the gentle attrition of rain, were infinitely more wild and jagged in their details than ruins. It seemed as if the Titans had built here, and their works had been shattered by thunderbolts.

Many heights were truncated mounds of rock, resembling gigantic platforms with ruinous sides, such as are known in this Western land as *mesas* or *buttes*. They were Nature's enormous mockery of the most ambitious architecture of man, the pyramids of Egypt and the platform of Baalbek. Terrace above terrace of shattered wall; escarpments which had been displaced as if by the explosion of some incredible mine; ramparts which were here high and regular, and there gaping in mighty fissures, or suddenly altogether lacking; long sweeps of stairway, winding dizzily upwards, only to close in an impossible leap: there was no end to the fantastic outlines and the suggestions of destruction.

Nor were the open spaces between these rocky mounds less remarkable. In one valley, the course of a river which vanished ages ago, the power of fire had left its monuments amid those of the power of water. The sedimentary rock of sandstone, shales, and marl, not only showed veins of ignitable lignite, but it was pierced by the trap which had been shot up from earth's flaming recesses. Dikes of this volcanic stone crossed each other or ran in long parallels, presenting forms of fortifications, walls of buildings, ruined lines of aqueducts. The sandstone and marl had been worn away by the departed river, and by the delicately sweeping, incessant, tireless wings of the afreets of the air, leaving the iron-like trap in bold projection.

Some of these dikes stretched long distances, with a nearly uniform height of four or five feet, closely resembling old field-walls of the solidest masonry. Others, not so extensive, but higher and pierced with holes, seemed to be fragments of ruined edifices, with broken windows and shattered portals. As the trap is columnar, and the columns are horizontal in their direction, the joints of the polygons show along the surface of the ramparts, causing them to look like the work of Cyclopean builders. The Indians and Mexicans of the expedition, deceived by the similarity between these freaks of creation and the results of human workmanship, repeatedly called out, "*Casas Grandes! Casas de Montezuma!*"

It would seem, indeed, as if the ancient peoples of this country, in order to arrive at the idea of a large architecture, had only to copy the grotesque rock-work of nature. Who knows but that such might have been the germinal idea of their constructions? Mrs. Stanley was quite sure of it. In fact, she was disposed to maintain that the trap walls were really human masonry, and the production of Montezuma, or of the Amazons invented by Coronado.

"Those four-sided and six-sided stones look altogether too regular to be accidental," was her conclusion. Notwithstanding her belief in a superintending Deity, she had an idea that much of this world was made by hazard, or perhaps by the Old Harry.

In one valley the ancient demon of water-force had excelled himself in enchantments. The slopes of the alluvial soil were dotted with little buttes of mingled sandstone and shale, varying from five to twenty feet in height, many of them bearing a grotesque likeness to artificial objects. There were columns, there were haystacks, there were enormous bells, there were inverted jars, there were junk bottles, there were rustic seats. Most of these fantastic figures were surmounted by a flat capital, the remnant of a layer of stone harder than the rest of the mass, and therefore less worn by the water erosion

One fragment looked like a monstrous gymnastic club standing upright, with a broad button to secure the grip. Another was a mighty centre-table, fit for the halls of the Scandinavian gods, consisting of a solid prop or pedestal twelve feet high, swelling out at the top into a leaf fifteen feet across. Another was a stone hat, standing on its crown, with a brim two yards in diameter. Occasionally there was a figure which had lost its capital, and so looked like a broken pillar, a sugar loaf, a pear. Imbedded in these grotesques of sandstone were fossils of wood, of fresh-water shells, and of fishes.

It was a land of extravagances and of wonders. The marvellous adventures of the "Arabian Nights" would have seemed natural in it. It reminded you after a vague fashion of the scenery suggested to the imagination by some of its details or those of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" Sindbad the Sailor carrying the Old Man of the Sea; Giant Despair scowling from a make-believe window in a fictitious castle of eroded sandstone; a roc with wings eighty feet long, poising on a giddy pinnacle to pounce upon an elephant; pilgrim Christian advancing with sword and buckler against a demon guarding some rocky portal. The fancy could hardly run wilder riot than nature.

Of a sudden there came an adventure which gave opening for knight-errantry. As Thurstane, Coronado, and Texas Smith were riding a few hundred yards ahead of the caravan, and just emerging from what seemed an enormous court or public square, surrounded by ruined edifices of gigantic magnitude, they discovered a man running toward them in a style which reminded the Lieutenant of Timorous and Mistrust flying from the lions. Impossible to see what he was afraid of; there was a broad, yellow plain, dotted with monuments of sandstone; no living thing visible but this man running.

He was an American; at least he had the clothes of one. As he approached, he appeared to be a lean, lank, narrow-shouldered, yellow-faced, yellow-haired creature, such as you might expect to find on Cape Cod or thereabouts. Hollow-chested as he was, he had a yell in him which was quite surprising. From the time that he sighted the three horsemen he kept up a steady screech until he was safe under their noses. Then he fell flat and gasped for nearly a minute without speaking. His first words were, "That's pooty good sailin' for a man who ain't used to't."

"Did you run all the way from Down East?" asked Thurstane.

"All the way from that bewt there—the one that looks most like a haystack."

"Well, who the devil are you?"

"I'm Phineas Glover—Cap'n Phineas Glover—from Fair Haven, Connecticut. I'm goin' to Californy after gold. Got lost out of the caravan among the mountings. Was comin' along alone, 'n' run aful of some Injuns. They're hidin' behind that bewt, 'n' they've got my mawl."

"Indians! How many are there?"

"Only three. 'N' I expect they a'nt the real wild kind, nuther. Sorter half Injun, half engineer, like what come round in the circuses. Didn't make much of 'n offer towards carvin' me. But I judged best to quit, the first boat that put off. Ah, they're there yit, 'n' the mawl tew."

"You'll find our train back there," said Thurstane. "You had better make for it. We'll recover your property."

He dashed off at a full run for the butte, closely followed by Texas Smith and Coronado. The Mexican had the best horse, and he would soon have led the other two; but his saddle-girth burst, and in spite of his skill in riding he was nearly thrown. Texas Smith pulled up to aid his employer, but only for an instant, as Coronado called, "Go on."

The borderer now spurred after Thurstane, who had got a dozen rods the lead of him. Coronado rapidly examined his saddle-bags and then his pockets without finding the cord or strap which he needed. He swore a little at this, but not with any poignant emotion, for in the first place fighting was not a thing that he yearned for, and in the second place he hardly anticipated a combat. The robbers, he felt certain, were only vagrant rancheros, or the cowardly Indians of some village, who would have neither the weapons nor the pluck to give battle.

But suddenly an alarming suspicion crossed his mind. Would Texas Smith seize this chance to send a bullet through Thurstane's head from behind? Knowing the cutthroat's recklessness and his almost insane thirst for blood, he feared that this might happen. And there was the train in view; the deed would probably be seen, and, if so, would be seen as murder; and then would come pursuit of the assassin, with possibly his seizure and confession. It would not do; no, it would not do here and now; he must dash forward and prevent it.

Swinging his saddle upon his horse's back, he vaulted into it without touching pommel or stirrup, and set off at full speed to arrest the blow which he desired. Over the plain flew the fiery animal, Coronado balancing himself in his unsteady seat with marvellous ease and grace, his dark eyes steadily watching every movement of the bushwhacker. There were sheets of bare rock here and there; there were loose slates and detached blocks of sandstone. The beast dashed across the first without slipping, and cleared the others without swerving; his rider bowed and swayed in the saddle without falling.

Texas Smith was now within a few yards of Thurstane, and it could be seen that he had drawn his revolver. Coronado asked himself in horror whether the man had understood the words "Go on" as a command for murder. He was thinking very fast; he was thinking as fast as he rode. Once a terrible temptation came upon him: he might let the fatal shot be fired; then he might fire another. Thus he would get rid of Thurstane, and at the same time have the air of avenging him, while ridding himself of his dangerous bravo. But he rejected this plan almost as soon as he thought of it. He did not feel sure of bringing down Texas at the first fire, and if he did not, his own life was not worth a second's purchase. As for the fact that he had been lately saved from death by the borderer, that would not have checked Coronado's hand, even had he remembered it. He must dash on at full speed, and prevent a crime which would be a blunder. But already it was nearly too late, for the Texan was close upon the officer. Nothing could save the doomed man but Coronado's magnificent horsemanship. He seemed a part of his steed; he shot like a bird over the sheets and boulders of rock; he was a wonder of speed and grace.

Suddenly the outlaw's pistol rose to a level, and Coronado uttered a shout of anxiety and horror.

CHAPTER VII.

At the shout which Coronado uttered on seeing Texas Smith's pistol aimed at Thurstane, the assassin turned his head, discovered the train, and, lowering his weapon, rode peacefully alongside of his intended victim.

Captain Phin Glover's mule was found grazing behind the butte, in the midst of the gallant Captain's dishevelled baggage, while the robbers had vanished by a magic which seemed quite natural in this scenery of grotesque marvels. They

had unquestionably seen or heard their pursuers ; but how had they got into the bowels of the earth to escape them ?

Thurstane presently solved the mystery by pointing out three crouching figures on the flat cap of stone which surmounted the shales and marl of the butte. Bare feet and desperation of terror could alone explain how they had reached this impossible refuge. Texas Smith immediately consoled himself for his disappointment as to Thurstane by shooting two of these wretches before his hand could be stayed.

"They're nothin' but Injuns," he said, with a savage glare, when the Lieutenant struck aside his revolver and called him a murdering brute.

The third skulker took advantage of the cessation of firing to tumble down from his perch and fly for his life. The indefatigable Smith broke away from Thurstane, dashed after the pitiful fugitive, leaned over him as he ran, and shot him dead.

"I have a great mind to blow your brains out, you beast," roared the disgusted officer, who had followed closely. "I told you not to shoot that man." And here he swore heartily, for which we must endeavor to forgive him, seeing that he belonged to the army.

Coronado interfered. "My dear Lieutenant ! after all, they were robbers. They deserved punishment." And so on.

Texas Smith looked less angry and more discomfited than might have been expected, considering his hardening life and ferocious nature.

"Didn't s'p'ose you really keered much for the cuss," he said, glancing respectfully at the imperious and angry face of the young officer.

"Well, never mind now," growled Thurstane. "It's done, and can't be undone. But, by Jove, I do hate useless massacre. Fighting is another thing."

Sheathing his fury, he rode off rapidly toward the wagons, followed in silence by the others. The three dead vagabonds (perhaps vagrants from the region of Aliquippa) remained where they had fallen; one on the stony plain and two on the cap of the butte. The train, trending here toward the northwest, passed six hundred yards to the north of the scene of slaughter ; and when Clara and Mrs. Stanley asked what had happened, Coronado told them with perfect glibness that the robbers had escaped.

The rescued man, delighted at his escape and the recovery of his mule and luggage, returned thanks right and left, with a volubility which further acquaintance showed to be one of his characteristics. He was a profuse talker ; ran a stream every time you looked at him ; it was like turning on a mill-race.

"Yes, cap'n, out of Fair Haven," he said. "Been in the coastin' 'n' Wes' Injy trade. Had 'n unlucky time out las' few years. Had a schuner burnt in port, 'n' lost a brig at sea. Pooty much broke me up. Wife 'n' dahter gone into th' oyster-openin' business. Thought I'd try my han' at openin' gold mines in Californy. Jined a caravan at Fort Leavenworth, 'n' lost my reckonin's back here a ways"

We must return to love matters. However amazing it may be that a man who has no conscience should nevertheless have a heart, such appears to have been the case with that abnormal creature Coronado. The desert had made him take a strong liking to Clara, and now that he had a rival at hand he became impassioned for her. He began to want to marry her, not alone for the sake of her great fortune, but also for her own sake. Her beauty unfolded and blossomed wonderfully before his ardent eyes ; for he was under that mighty glamour of the emotions which enables us to see beauty in its completeness ; he

was favored with the greatest earthly second-sight which is vouchsafed to mortals.

Only in a measure, however; the money still counted for much with him. He had already decided what he would do with the Muñoz fortune when he should get it. He would go to New York and lead a life of frugal extravagance, economical in comforts (as we understand them) and expensive in pleasures. New York, with its adjuncts of Saratoga and Newport, was to him what Paris is to many Americans. In his imagination it was the height of grandeur and happiness to have a box at the opera, to lounge in Broadway, and to dance at the hops of the Saratoga hotels. New Mexico! he would turn his back on it; he would never set eyes on its dull poverty again. As for Clara? Well, of course she would share in his gayeties; was not that enough for any reasonable woman?

But here was this stumbling-block of a Thurstane. In the presence of a handsome rival, who, moreover, had started first in the race, slow was far from being sure. Coronado had discovered, by long experience in flirtation and much intelligent meditation upon it, that, if a man wants to win a woman, he must get her head full of him. He decided, therefore, that at the first chance he would give Clara distinctly to understand how ardently he was in love with her, and so set her to thinking especially of him, and of him alone. Meantime, he looked at her adoringly, insinuated compliments, performed little services, walked his horse much by her side, did his best in conversation, and in all ways tried to outshine the Lieutenant.

He supposed that he did outshine him. A man of thirty always believes that he appears to better advantage than a man of twenty-three or four. He trusts that he has more ideas; that he commits fewer absurdities; that he carries more weight of character than his juvenile rival. Coronado was far more fluent than Thurstane; had a greater command over his moods and manners, and a larger fund of animal spirits; knew more about such social trifles as women like to hear of; and was, in short, a more amusing prattler of small talk. There was a steady seriousness about the young officer—something of the earnest sentimentality of the great Teutonic race—which the mercurial Mexican did not understand nor appreciate, and which he did not imagine could be fascinating to a woman. Knowing well how magnetic passion is in its guise of Southern fervor, he did not know that it is also potent under the cloak of Northern solemnity.

Unluckily for Coronado, Clara was half Teutonic, and could comprehend the tone of her father's race. Notwithstanding Thurstane's shyness and silences, she discovered his moral weight and gathered his unspoken meanings. There was more in this girl than appeared on the surface. Without any power of reasoning concerning character, and without even a disposition to analyze it, she had an instinctive perception of it. While her talk was usually as simple as a child's, and her meditations on men and things were not a bit systematic or logical, her decisions and actions were generally just what they should be.

Some one may wish to know whether she was clever enough to see through the character of Coronado. She was clever enough, but not corrupt enough. Very pure people cannot fully understand people who are very impure. It is probable that angels are considerably in the dark concerning the nature of the devil, and derive their disagreeable impression of him mainly from a consideration of his actions. Clara, limited to a narrow circle of good intentions and conduct, might not divine the wide regions of wickedness through which roved the

soul of Coronado, and must wait to see his works before she could fairly bring him to judgment.

Of course she perceived that in various ways he was insincere. When he prattled compliments and expressions of devotion, whether to herself or to others, she made Spanish allowance. It was polite hyperbole; it was about the same as saying good-morning; it was a cheerful way of talking that they had in Mexico; she knew thus much from her social experience. But while she rejected his adulations, she did not therefore consider him a scoundrel, nor necessarily a hypocrite.

Coronado found and improved opportunities to talk in asides with Clara. Thurstane, the modest, proud, manly youngster, who had no meannesses or trickeries by nature, and had learned none in his honorable profession, would not allow himself to break into these dialogues if they looked at all like confidences. The more he suspected that Coronado was courting Clara, the more resolutely and grimly he said to himself, "Stand back!" The girl should be perfectly free to choose between them; she should be influenced by no compulsions and no stratagems of his; was he not "an officer and a gentleman"?

"By Jove! I am miserable for life," he thought when he suspected, as he sometimes did, that they two were in love. "I'll get myself killed in my next fight. I can't bear it. But I won't interfere. I'll do my duty as an honorable man. Of course she understands me."

But just at this point Clara failed to understand him. It is asserted by some philosophers that women have less conscience about "cutting each other out," breaking up engagements, etc., than men have in such matters. Love-making and its results form such an all-important part of their existence, that they must occasionally allow success therein to overbear such vague, passionless ideas as principles, sentiments of honor, etc. It is, we fear, highly probable that if Clara had been in love with Ralph, and had seen her chance of empire threatened by a rival, she would have come out of that calm innocence which now seemed to enfold her whole nature, and would have done such things as girls may do to avert catastrophes of the affections. She now thought to herself, If he cares for me, how can he keep away from me when he sees Coronado making eyes at me? She was a little vexed with him for behaving so, and was consequently all the sweeter to his rival. This when Ralph would have risked his commission for a smile, and would have died to save her from a sorrow!

Presently this slightly coquettish, yet very good and lovely little being—this seraph from one of Fra Angelica's pictures, endowed with a frailty or two of humanity—found herself the heroine of a trying scene. Coronado hastened it; he judged her ready to fall into his net; he managed the time and place for the capture. The train had been ascending for some hours, and had at last reached a broad plateau, a nearly even floor of sandstone, covered with a carpet of thin earth, the whole noble level bare to the eye at once, without a tree or a thicket to give it detail. It was a scene of tranquillity and monotony; no rains ever disturbed or remoulded the tabulated surface of soil; there, as distinct as if made yesterday, were the tracks of a train which had passed a year before.

"Shall we take a gallop?" said Coronado. "No danger of ambushes here."

Clara's eyes sparkled with youth's love of excitement, and the two horses sprang off at speed toward the centre of the plateau. After a glorious flight of five minutes, enjoyed for the most part in silence, as such swift delights usually are, they dropped into a walk two miles ahead of the wagons.

"That was magnificent," Clara of course said, her face flushed with pleasure and exercise.

"You are wonderfully handsome," observed Coronado, with an air of thinking aloud, which disguised the coarse directness of the flattery. In fact, he was so dazzled by her brilliant color, the sunlight in her disordered curls, and the joyous sparkling of her hazel eyes, that he spoke with an ingratiating honesty.

Clara, who was in one of her unconscious and innocent moods, simply replied, "I suppose people are always handsome enough when they are happy."

"Then I ought to be lovely," said Coronado. "I am happier than I ever was before."

"Coronado, you look very well," observed Clara, turning her eyes on him with a grave expression which rather puzzled him. "This out-of-door life has done you good."

"Then I don't look very well indoors?" he smiled.

"You know what I mean, Coronado. Your health has improved, and your face shows it."

Fearing that she was not in an emotional condition to be bewildered and fascinated by a declaration of love, he queried whether he had not better put off his enterprise until a more susceptible moment. Certainly, if he were without a rival; but there was Thurstane, ready any and every day to propose; it would not do to let *him* have the first word, and cause the first heart-beat. Coronado believed that to make sure of winning the race he must take the lead at the start. Yes, he would offer himself now; he would begin by talking her into a receptive state of mind; that done, he would say with all his eloquence, "I love you."

We must not suppose that the declaration would be a pure fib, or anything like it. The man had no conscience, and he was almost incomparably selfish, but he was capable of loving, and he did love. That is to say, he was inflamed by this girl's beauty and longed to possess it. It is a low species of affection, but it is capable of great violence in a man whose physical nature is ardent, and Coronado's blood could take a heat like lava. Already, although he had not yet developed his full power of longing, he wanted Clara as he had never wanted any woman before. We can best describe his kind of sentiment by that hungry, carnal word *wanted*.

After riding in silent thought for a few rods, he said, "I have lost my good looks now, I suppose."

"What do you mean, Coronado?"

"They depend on my happiness, and that is gone."

"Coronado, you are playing riddles."

"This table-land reminds me of my own life. Do you see that it has no verdure? I have been just as barren of all true happiness. There has been no fruit or blossom of true affection for me to gather. You know that I lost my excellent father and my sainted mother when I was a child. I was too young to miss them; but for all that the bereavement was the same; there was the less love for me. It seems as if there had been none."

"Garcia has been good to you—of late," suggested Clara, rather puzzled to find consolation for a man whose misery was so new to her.

Remembering what a scoundrel Garcia was, and what a villainous business Garcia had sent him upon, Coronado felt like smiling. He knew that the old man had no sentiments beyond egotism, and a family pride which mainly, if not entirely, sprang from it. Such a heart as Garcia's, what a place to nestle in! Such a creature as Coronado seeking comfort in such a breast as his uncle's was very much like a rattlesnake warming himself in a hole of a rock.

"Ah, yes!" sighed Coronado. "Admirable old gentleman! I should not have forgotten him. However, he is a solace which comes rather late. It is only two years since he perceived that he had done me injustice, and received me into favor. And his affection is somewhat cold. Garcia is an old man laden with affairs. Moreover, men in general have little sympathy with men. When we are saddened, we do not look to our own sex for cheer. We look to yours."

Almost every woman responds promptly to a claim for pity.

"I am sorry for you, Coronado," said Clara, in her artless way. "I am, truly."

"You do not know, you cannot know, how you console me."

Satisfied with the results of his experiment in boring for sympathy, he tried another, a dangerous one, it would seem, but very potent when it succeeds.

"This lack of affection has had sad results. I have searched everywhere for it, only to meet with disappointment. In my desperation I have searched where I should not. I have demanded true love of people who had no true love to give. And for this error and wrong I have been terribly punished. The mere failure of hope and trust has been hard enough to bear. But that was not the half. Shame, self-contempt, remorse have been an infinitely heavier burden. If any man was ever cured of trusting for happiness to a wicked world, it is Coronado."

In spite of his words and his elaborately penitent expression, Clara only partially understood him. Some kind of evil life he was obviously confessing, but what kind she only guessed in the vaguest fashion. However, she comprehended enough to interest her warmly: here was a penitent sinner who had forsaken ways of wickedness; here was a struggling soul which needed encouragement and tenderness. A woman loves to believe that she can be potent over hearts, and especially that she can be potent for good. Clara fixed upon Coronado's face a gaze of compassion and benevolence which was almost superhuman. It should have shamed him into honesty; but he was capable of trying to deceive the saints and the Virgin; he merely decided that she was in a fit frame to accept him.

"At last I have a faint hope of a sure and pure happiness," he said. "I have found one who I know can strengthen me and comfort me, if she will. I am seeking to be worthy of her. I am worthy of her so far as adoration can make me. I am ready to surrender my whole life—all that I am and that I can be—to her."

Clara had begun to guess his meaning; the quick blood was already flooding her cheek; the light in her eyes was tremulous with agitation.

"Clara, you must know what I mean," continued Coronado, suddenly reaching his hand toward her, as if to take her captive. "You are the only person I ever loved. I love you with all my soul. Can your heart ever respond to mine? Can you ever bring yourself to be my wife?"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Coronado proposed to Clara, she was for a moment stricken dumb with astonishment and with something like terror.

Her first idea was that she must take him; that the mere fact of a man asking for her gave him a species of right over her; that there was no such thing possible as answering, No. She sat looking at Coronado with a helpless, tim-

orous air, very much as a child looks at his father, when the father, switching his rattan, says, "Come with me."

On recovering herself a little, her first words—uttered slowly, in a tone of surprise and of involuntary reproach—were, "Oh, Coronado! I did not expect this."

"Can't you answer me?" he asked in a voice which was honestly tremulous with emotion. "Can't you say yes?"

"Oh, Coronado!" repeated Clara, a good deal touched by this.

"Can't you?" he pleaded. Repetitions, in such cases, are so natural and so potent.

"Let me think, Coronado," she implored. "I can't answer you now. You have taken me so by surprise!"

"Every moment that you take to think is torture to me," he pleaded, as he continued to press her.

Perhaps she was on the point of giving way before his insistence. Consider the advantages that he had over her in this struggle of wills for the mastery. He was older by ten years; he possessed both the adroitness of self-command and the energy of passion; he had a long experience in love matters, while she had none. He was the proclaimed heir of a man reputed wealthy, and could therefore, as she believed, support her handsomely. Since the death of her father she considered Garcia the head of her family in New Mexico; and Coronado had had the face to tell her that he made his offer with the approval of Garcia. Then she was under supposed obligations to him, and he was to be her protector across the desert.

She was as it were reeling in her saddle, when a truly Spanish idea saved her.

"Muñoz!" she exclaimed. "Coronado, you forget my grandfather. He should know of this."

Although the man was unaccustomed to start, he drew back as if a ghost had confronted him; and even when he recovered from his transitory emotion, he did not at first know how to answer her. It would not do to say, "Muñoz is dead," and much less to add, "You are his heir."

"We are Americans," he at last argued. "Spanish customs are dead and buried. Can't you speak for yourself on a matter which concerns you and me alone?"

"Coronado, I think it would not be right," she replied, holding firmly to her position. "It is probable that my grandfather would be better pleased to have this matter referred to him. I ought to consider him, and you must let me do so."

"I submit," he bowed, seeing that there was no help for it, and deciding to make a grace of necessity. "It pains me, but I submit. Let me hope that you will not let this pass from your mind. Some day, when it is proper, I shall speak again."

He was not wholly dissatisfied, for he trusted that henceforward her head would be full of him, and he had not much hoped to gain more in a first effort.

"I shall always be proud and gratified at the compliment you have paid me," was her reply to his last request.

"You deserve many such compliments," he said, gravely courteous and quite sincere.

Then they cantered back in silence to meet the advancing train.

Yes, Coronado was partly satisfied. He believed that he had gained a firmer

footing among the girl's thoughts and emotions than had been gained by Thurstane. In a degree he was right. No sensitive, and pure, and good girl can receive her first offer without being much moved by it. The man who has placed himself at her feet will affect her strongly. She may begin to dread him, or begin to like him more than before; but she cannot remain utterly indifferent to him. The probability is that, unless subsequent events make him disagreeable to her, she will long accord him a measure of esteem and gratitude.

For two or three days, while Clara was thinking much of Coronado, he gave her less than usual of his society. Believing that her mind was occupied with him, that she was wondering whether he were angry, unhappy, etc., he remained a good deal apart, wrapped himself in sadness, and trusted that time would do much for him. Had there been no rival, the plan would have been a good one; but Ralph Thurstane being present, it was less successful.

Ralph had already become more of a favorite than any one knew, even the young lady herself; and now that he found chances for long talks and short gallops with her, he got on better than ever. He was just the kind of youngster a girl of eighteen would naturally like to have ride by her side. He was handsome; at any rate, he was the handsomest man she had seen in the desert, and the desert was just then her sphere of society. You could see in his figure how strong he was, and in his face how brave he was. He was a good fellow, too; "tendir and trew" as the Douglas of the ballad; sincere, frank, thoroughly truthful and honorable. Every way he seemed to be that being that a woman most wants, a potential and devoted protector. Whenever Clara looked in his face her eyes said, without her knowledge, "I trust you."

Now, as we have already stated, Thurstane's eyes were uncommonly fine and expressive. Of the very darkest blue that ever was seen in anybody's head, and shaded, moreover, by remarkably long chestnut lashes, they had the advantages of both blue eyes and black ones, being as fervent as the one and as gentle as the other. Accordingly, a sort of optical conversation commenced between the two young people. Every time that Clara's glance said, "I trust you," Thurstane's responded, "I will die for you." It was a perilous sort of dialogue, and liable to involve the two souls which looked out from these sparkling, transparent windows. Before long the Lieutenant's modest heart took courage, and his stammering tongue began to be loosed somewhat, so that he uttered things which frightened both him and Clara. Not that the remarks were audacious in themselves, but he was conscious of so much unexpressed meaning behind them, and she was so ready to guess that there might be such a meaning!

It seems ridiculous that a fellow who could hold his head straight up before a storm of cannon shot, should be positively bashful. Yet so it was. The boy had been through West Point, to be sure; but he had studied there, and not flirted; the Academy had not in any way demoralized him. On the whole, in spite of swearing under gross provocation, and an inclination toward strictness in discipline, he answered pretty well for a Bayard.

His bashfulness was such, at least in the presence of Clara, that he trembled to the tips of his fingers in merely making this remark: "Miss Van Diemen this journey is the pleasantest thing in my whole life."

Clara blushed until she dazzled him and seemed to burn herself. Nevertheless she was favored with her usual childlike artlessness of speech, and answered, "I am glad you find it agreeable."

Nothing more from Ralph for a minute; he was recovering his breath and self-possession.

"You cannot think how much safer I feel because you and your men are with us," said Clara.

Thurstone unconsciously gripped the handle of his sabre, with a feeling that he could and would massacre all the Indians of the desert, if it were necessary to preserve her from harm.

"Yes, you may rely upon my men, too," he declared. "They have a sort of adoration for you."

"Have they?" asked Clara, with a frank smile of pleasure. "I wonder at it. I hardly notice them. I ought to, they seem so patient and trusty."

"Ah, a lady!" said Thurstone. "A good soldier will die any time for a lady."

Then he wondered how she could have failed to guess that she must be worshipped by these rough men for her beauty.

"I have overheard them talking about you," he went on, gratified at being able to praise her to her face, though in the speech of others. "Little Sweeney says, in his Irish brogue, 'I can march twic't as fur for the seein' av her!'"

"Oh! did he?" laughed Clara. "I must carry Sweeney's musket for him some time."

"Don't, if you please," said Thurstone, the disciplinarian rising in him. "You would spoil him for the service."

"Can't I send him a dish from our table?"

"That would just suit his case. He hasn't got broken to hard-tack yet."

"Miss Van Diemen," was his next remark, "do you know what you are to do, if we are attacked?"

"I am to get into a wagon."

"Into which wagon?"

"Into my aunt's."

"Why into that one?"

"So as to have all the ladies together."

"When you have got into the wagon, what next?"

"Lie down on the floor to protect myself from the arrows."

"Very good," laughed Thurstone. "You say your tactics well."

This catechism had been put and recited every day since he had joined the train. The putting of it was one of the Lieutenant's duties and pleasures; and, notwithstanding its prophecy of peril, Clara enjoyed it almost as much as he.

Well, we have heard these two talk, and much in their usual fashion. Not great souls as yet: they may indeed become such some day; but at present they are only mature in moral power and in capacity for mighty emotions. Information, mental development, and conversational ability hereafter.

In one way or another two or three of these tête-à-têtes were brought about every day. Thurstone wanted them all the time; would have been glad to make life one long dialogue with Miss Van Diemen; found an aching void in every moment spent away from her. Clara, too, in spite of maidenly struggles with herself, began to be of this way of feeling. Wonderful place the Great American Desert for falling in love!

Coronado soon guessed, and with good reason, that the seed which he had sown in the girl's mind was being replaced by other germs, and that he had blundered in trusting that she would think of him while she was talking with Thurstone. The fear of losing her increased his passion for her, and made him hate his rival with correlative fervor.

"Why don't you find a chance at that fellow?" he muttered to his bravo, Texas Smith.

"How the h—l kin I do it?" growled the bushwhacker, feeling that his intelligence and courage were unjustly called in question. "He's allays around the train, an' his sojers allays handy. I hain't had nary chance."

"Take him off on a hunt."

"He ain't a gwine. I reckon he knows himself. I'm afeard to praise huntin' much to him; he might get on my trail. Tell you these army chaps is resky. I never wanted to meddle with them kind o' close. You know I said so. I said so, fair an' square, I did."

"You might manage it somehow, if you had the pluck."

"Had the pluck!" repeated Texas Smith. His sallow, haggard face turned dusky with rage, and his singularly black eyes flamed as if with hell-fire. A Malay, crazed with opium and ready to run *amok*, could not present a more savage spectacle than this man did as he swayed in his saddle, grinding his teeth, clutching his rifle, and glaring at Coronado. What chiefly infuriated him was that the insult should come from one whom he considered a "greaser," a man of inferior race. He, Texas Smith, an American, a *white man*, was treated as if he were an "Injun" or a "nigger." Coronado was thoroughly alarmed, and smoothed his ruffled feathers at once.

"I beg your pardon," he said, promptly. "My dear Mr. Smith, I was entirely wrong. Of course I know that you have courage. Everybody knows it. Besides, I am under the greatest obligations to you. You saved my life. By heavens, I am horribly ashamed of my injustice."

A minute or so of this fluent apologizing calmed the bushwhacker's rage and soothed his injured feelings.

"But you oughter be keeful how you talk that way to a white man," he said. "No white man, if he's a gentleman, can stan' being told he hain't got no pluck."

"Certainly," assented Coronado. "Well, I have apologized. What more can I do?"

"Square, you're all right now," said the forgiving Texan, stretching out his bony, dirty hand and grasping Coronado's. "But don't say it agin. White men can't stan' sech talk. Well, about this feller—I'll see, I'll see. Square, I'll try to do what's right."

As Coronado rode away from this interview, he ground his teeth with rage and mortification, muttering, "A *white man*! a *white man*! So I am a black man. Yes, I am a greaser. Curse this whole race of English-speaking people!"

After a while he began to think to the purpose. He too must work; he must not trust altogether to Texas Smith; the scoundrel might flinch, or might fail. Something must be done to separate Clara and Thurstane. What should it be? Here we are almost ashamed of Coronado. The trick that he hit upon was the stalest, the most threadbare, the most commonplace and vulgar that one can imagine. It was altogether unworthy of such a clever and experienced conspirator. His idea was this: to get lost with Clara for one night; in the morning to rejoin the train. Thurstane would be disgusted, and would unquestionably give up the girl entirely when Coronado should say to him, "It was a very unlucky accident, but I have done what a gentleman should, and we are engaged."

This coarse, dastardly, and rather stupid stratagem he put into execution as quickly as possible. There were some dangers to be guarded against, as for instance Apaches, and the chance of getting lost in reality.

"Have an eye upon me to-day," he suggested to Texas. "If I leave the train with any one, follow me and keep a lookout for Indians. Only stay out of sight."

Now for an opportunity to lead Clara astray. The region was favorable; they were in an arid land of ragged sandstone spurs and buttes; it would be necessary to march until near sunset, in order to find water and pasturage. Consequently there was both time and scenery for his project. Late in the afternoon the train crossed a narrow *mesa* or plateau, and approached a sublime terrace of rock which was the face of a second table-land. This terrace was cleft by several of those wonderful grooves which are known as cañons, and which were wrought by that mighty water-force, the sculpturer of the American desert. In one place two of these openings were neighbors: the larger was the route and the smaller led nowhere.

"Let the train pass on," suggested Coronado to Clara. "If you will ride with me up this little cañon, you will find some of the most exquisite scenery imaginable. It rejoins the large one further on. There is no danger."

Clara would have preferred not to go, or would have preferred to go with Thurstane.

"My dear child, what do you mean?" urged Aunt Maria, looking out of her wagon. "Mr. Coronado, I'll ride there with you myself."

The result of the dialogue which ensued was that, after the train had entered the gorge of the larger cañon, Coronado and Clara turned back and wandered up the smaller one, followed at a distance by Texas Smith. In twenty minutes they were separated from the wagons by a barrier of sandstone several hundred feet high, and culminating in a sharp ridge or frill of rocky points, not unlike the spiny back of a John Dory. The scenery, although nothing new to Clara, was such as would be considered in any other land amazing. Vast walls on either side, consisting mainly of yellow sandstone, were variegated with white, bluish, and green shales, with layers of gypsum of the party-colored marl series, with long lines of white limestone so soft as to be nearly earth, and with red and green foliated limestone mixed with blood-red shales. The two wanderers seemed to be amid the landscapes of a Christmas drama as they rode between these painted precipices toward a crimson sunset.

It was a perfect solitude. There was not a breath of life besides their own in this gorgeous valley of desolation. The ragged, crumbling battlements, and the loftier points of harder rock, would not have furnished subsistence for a goat or a mouse. Color was everywhere and life nowhere: it was such a region as one might look for in the moon; it did not seem to belong to an inhabited planet.

Before they had ridden half an hour the sun went down suddenly behind serrated steeps, and almost immediately night hastened in with his obscurities. Texas Smith, riding hundreds of yards in the rear and concealing himself behind the turning points of the cañon, was obliged to diminish his distance in order to keep them under his guard. Clara had repeatedly expressed her doubts as to the road, and Coronado had as often asserted that they would soon see the train. At last the ravine became a gully, winding up a breast of shadowy mountain cumbered with loose rocks, and impassable to horses.

"We are lost," confessed Coronado, and then proceeded to console her. The train could not be far off; their friends would undoubtedly seek them; at all events, would not go on without them. They must bivouac there as well as might be, and in the morning rejoin the caravan.

He had been forethoughted enough to bring two blankets on his saddle, and he now spread them out for her, insisting that she should try to sleep. Clara cried frankly and heartily, and begged him to lead her back through the cañon. No; it could not be traversed by night, he asserted; they would certainly break

their necks among the boulders. At last the girl suffered herself to be wrapped in the blankets, and made an endeavor to forget her wretchedness and vexation in slumber.

Meantime, a few hundred yards down the ravine, a tragedy was on the verge of action. Thurstane, missing Coronado and Clara, and learning what direction they had taken, started with two of his soldiers to find them, and was now picking his way on foot along the cañon. Behind a detached rock at the foot of one of the sandstone walls Texas Smith lay in ambush, aiming his rifle first at one and then at another of this stumbling trio, and cursing the starlight because it was so dim that he could not positively distinguish which was the officer.

CHAPTER IX.

For the second time within a week, Texas Smith found himself upon the brink of opportunity, without being able (as he had phrased it to Coronado) to do what was right.

He levelled at Thurstane, and then it did not seem to be Thurstane; he had a dead sure sight at Kelly, and then perceived that that was an error; he drew a bead on Shubert, and still he hesitated. He could distinguish the Lieutenant's voice, but he could not fix upon the figure which uttered it.

It was exasperating. Never had an assassin been better ambuscaded. He was kneeling behind a little ridge of sandstone; about a foot below its edge was an orifice made by the rains and winds of bygone centuries; through this, as through an embrasure, he had thrust his rifle. Not a chance of being hit by a return shot, while after the enemy's fire had been drawn he could fly down the ravine, probably without discovery and certainly without recognition. His horse was tethered below, behind another rock; and he felt positive that these men had not come upon it. He could mount, drive their beasts before him into the plain, and then return to camp. No need of explaining his absence; he was the head hunter of the expedition; it was his business to wander.

All this was so easy to do, if he could only take the first step. But he dared not fire lest he should merely kill a soldier, and so make an uproar and rouse suspicions without the slightest profit. It was not probable that Coronado would pay him for shooting the wrong man, and setting on foot a dangerous investigation. So the desperado continued to peer through the dim night, cursing his stars and everybody's stars for not shining better, and seeing his opportunity slip rapidly away. After Thurstane and the others had passed, after the chance of murder had stalked by him like a ghost and vanished, he left his ambush, glided down the ravine to his horse, waked him up with a vindictive kick, leaped into the saddle, and hastened to camp. To inquiries about the lost couple he replied in his sullen, brief way that he had not seen them; and when urged to go to their rescue, he of course set off in the wrong direction and travelled but a short distance.

Meantime Ralph had found the captives of the cañon. Clara, wrapped in her blankets, was lying at the foot of a rock, and crying while she pretended to sleep. Coronado, unable to make her talk, irritated by the faint sobs which he overheard, but stubbornly resolved on carrying out his stupid plot, had retired in a state of ill-humor unusual with him to another rock, and was consoling himself by smoking cigarito after cigarito. The two horses, tied together neck

and crupper, were fasting near by. As Coronado had forgotten to bring food with him, Clara was also fasting.

Think of Apaches, and imagine the terror with which she caught the sounds of approach, the heavy, stumbling steps through the darkness. Then imagine the joy with which she recognized Thurstane's call and groped to meet him. In the dizziness of her delight, and amid the hiding veils of the obscurity, it did not seem wrong nor unnatural to fall against his arm and be supported by it for a moment. Ralph received this touch, this shock, as if it had been a ball; and his nature bore the impress of it as long as if it had made a scar. In his whole previous life he had not felt such a thrill of emotion; it was almost too powerful to be adequately described as a pleasure.

Next came Coronado, as happy as a disappointed burglar whose cue it is to congratulate the rescuing policeman. "My dear Lieutenant! You are heaven's own messenger. You have saved us from a horrible night. But it is prodigious; it is incredible. You must have come here by enchantment. How in God's name could you find your way up this fearful cañon?"

"The cañon is perfectly passable on foot," replied the young officer, stiffly and angrily. "By Jove, sir! I don't see why you didn't make a start to get out. This is a pretty place to lodge Miss Van Diemen."

Coronado took off his hat and made a bow of submission and regret, which was lost in the darkness.

"I must say," Thurstane went on grumbling, "that, for a man who claims to know this country, your management has been very singular."

Clara, fearful of a quarrel, slightly pressed his arm and checked this volcano with the weight of a feather.

"We are not all like you, my dear Lieutenant," said Coronado, in a tone which might have been either apologetical or ironical. "You must make allowance for ordinary human nature."

"I beg pardon," returned Thurstane, who was thinking now chiefly of that pressure on his arm. "The truth is, I was alarmed for your safety. I can't help feeling responsibility on this expedition, although it is your train. My military education runs me into it, I suppose. Well, excuse my excitement. Miss Van Diemen, may I help you back through the gully?"

In leaning on him, being guided by him, being saved by him, trusting in him, the girl found a pleasure which was irresistible, although it seemed audacious and almost sinful. Before the cañon was half traversed she felt as if she could go on with him through the great dark valley of life, confiding in his strength and wisdom to lead her aright and make her happy. It was a temporary wave of emotion, but she remembered it long after it had passed.

Around the fires, after a cup of hot coffee, amid the odors of a plentiful supper, recounting the evening's adventure to Mrs. Stanley, Coronado was at his best. How he rolled out the English language! Our mother tongue hardly knew itself, it ran so fluently and sounded so magniloquently and lied so naturally. He praised everybody but himself; he praised Clara, Thurstane, and the two soldiers and the horses; he even said a flattering word or two for Divine Providence. Clara especially, and the whole of her heroic, more than human sex, demanded his enthusiastic admiration. How she had borne the terrors of the night and the desert! "Ah, Mrs. Stanley! only you women are capable of such efforts."

Aunt Maria's Olympian head nodded, and her cheerful face, glowing with tea and the camp fires, confessed "Certainly!"

"What nonsense, Coronado!" said Clara. "I was horribly frightened, and you know it."

Aunt Maria frowned with surprise and denial. "Absurd, child! You were not frightened at all. Of course you were not. Why, even if you had been slightly timorous, you had your cousin to protect you."

"Ah, Mrs. Stanley, I am a poor knight-errant," said Coronado. "We Mexicans are no longer formidable. One man of your Anglo-Saxon blood is supposed to be a better defence than a dozen of us. We have been subdued; we must submit to depreciation. I must confess, in fact, that I had my fears. I was greatly relieved on my cousin's account when I heard the voice of our military chieftain here."

Then came more flattery for Ralph, with proper rations for the two privates. Those faithful soldiers—he must show his gratitude to them; he had forgotten them in the basest manner. "Here, Pedronillo, take these cigaritos to privates Kelly and Shubert, with my compliments. Begging *your* permission, Lieutenant. *Thank you.*"

"Pooty tonguey man, that Seenor," observed Captain Phineas Glover to Mrs. Stanley, when the Mexican went off to his blankets.

"Yes; a very agreeable and eloquent gentleman," replied the lady, wishing to correct the skipper's statement while seeming to assent to it.

"Jess so," admitted Glover. "Ruther airy. Big talkin' man. Don't raise no sech our way."

Captain Glover was not fully aware that he himself had the fame of possessing an imagination which was almost too much for the facts of this world.

"S'pose it's in the breed," he continued. "Or likely the climate has suthin' to do with it: kinder thaws out the words 'n' sets the idees a-bilin'. Niggers is pooty much the same. Most niggers kin talk like a line runnin' out, 'n' tell lies 's fast 's our Fair Haven gals open oysters—a quart a minute."

"Captain Glover, what do you mean?" frowned Aunt Maria. "Mr. Coronado is a friend of mine."

"Oh, I was speakin' of niggers," returned the skipper promptly. "Forgot we begun about the Seenor. Sho! niggers was what I was talkin' of. B' th' way, that puts me in mind 'f one I had for cook once. Jiminy! how that man would cook! He'd cook a slice of halibut so you wouldn't know it from beef-steak."

"Dear me! how did he do it?" asked Aunt Maria, who had a fancy for kitchen mysteries.

"Never could find out," said Glover, stepping adroitly out of his difficulty. "Don't s'pose that nigger would a let on how he did it for ten dollars."

"I should think the receipt would be worth ten dollars," observed Aunt Maria thoughtfully.

"Not 'xactly here," returned the captain, with one of his dried smiles, which had the air of having been used a great many times before. "Halibut too skurce. Wal, I was goin' to tell ye 'bout this nigger. He come to be the cook he was because he was a big eater. We was wrecked once, 'n' had to live three days on old shoes 'n' that sort 'f truck. Wal, this nigger was so darned ravenous he ate up a pair o' long boots in the time it took me to git down one 'f the straps."

"Ate up a pair of boots!" exclaimed Aunt Maria, amazed and almost incredulous.

"Yes, by thunder!" insisted the captain, "grease, nails, 'n' all. An' then went at the patent leather forepiece 'f his cap."

"What privations!" said Aunt Maria, staring fit to burst her spectacles.

"Oh, that's nothin'," chuckled Glover. "I'll tell ye suthin' some time that 'll astonish ye. But jess now I'm sleepy, 'n' I guess I'll turn in."

"Mr. Cluvver, it is your durn on card do-night," interposed Meyer, the German sergeant, as the captain was about to roll himself in his blankets.

"So 'tis, returned Glover in well feigned astonishment. "Don't forgit a feller, do ye, Sergeant? How 'n the world do ye keep the 'count so straight? Oh, got a little book there, hey, with all our names down. Wal, that's shipshape. You'd make a pooty good mate, Sergeant. When does my watch begin?"

"Right away. You're always on the virst relief. You'll fall in down there at the gorner of the vagon bark."

"Wal—yes—s'pose I will," sighed the skipper, as he rolled up his blankets and prepared for two hours' sentry duty.

Let us look into the arrangements for the protection of the caravan. With Coronado's consent Thurstane had divided the eighteen Indians and Mexicans, four soldiers, Texas Smith, and Glover, twenty-four men in all, into three equal squads, each composed of a sergeant, corporal, and six privates. Meyer was sergeant of one squad, the Irish veteran Kelly had another, and Texas Smith the third. Every night a detachment went on duty in three reliefs, each relief consisting of two men, who stood sentry for two hours, at the end of which time they were relieved by two others.

The six wagons were always parked in an oblong square, one at each end and two on each side; but in order to make the central space large enough for camping purposes, they were placed several feet apart, the gaps being closed with lariats, tied from wheel to wheel, to pen in the animals and keep out charges of Apache cavalry. On either flank of this enclosure, and twenty yards or so distant from it, paced a sentry. Every two hours, as we have said, they were relieved, and in the alternate hours the posts were visited by the sergeant or corporal of the guard, who took turns in attending to this service. The squad that came off duty in the morning was allowed during the day to take naps in the wagons, and was not put upon the harder camp labor, such as gathering firewood, going for water, etc.

The two ladies and the Indian women slept at night in the wagons, not only because the canvas tops protected them from wind and dew, but also because the wooden sides would shield them from arrows. The men who were not on guard lay under the vehicles so as to form a cordon around the mules. Thurstane and Coronado, the two chiefs of this armed migration, had their alternate nights of command, each when off duty sleeping in a special wagon known as "headquarters," but holding himself ready to rise at once in case of an alarm.

The cooking fires were built away from the park, and outside the beats of the sentries. The object was twofold: first, to keep sparks from lighting on the wagon covers; second, to hide the sentries from prowling archers. At night you can see everything between yourself and a fire, but nothing beyond it. As long as the wood continued to blaze, the most adroit Indian skulker could not approach the camp without exposing himself, while the guards and the garrison were veiled from his sight by a wall of darkness behind a dazzle of light.

Such were the bivouac arrangements, intelligent, systematic, and military. Not only had our Lieutenant devised them, but he saw to it that they were kept in working order. He was zealously and faithfully seconded by his men, and especially by his two veterans. There is no human machine more accurate and trustworthy than an old soldier, who has had year on year of the discipline and

drill of a regular service, and who has learned to carry out instructions to the letter.

The arrangements for the march were equally thorough and judicious. Texas Smith, as the Nimrod of the party, claimed the right of going where he pleased; but while he hunted, he of course served also as a scout to nose out danger. The six Mexicans, who were nominally cattle-drivers, but really Coronado's minor bravos, were never suffered to ride off in a body, and were expected to keep on both sides of the train, some in advance and some in rear. The drivers and muleteers remained steadily with their wagons and animals. The four soldiers were also at hand, trudging close in front or in rear, accoutrements always on and muskets always loaded.

In this fashion the expedition had already journeyed over two hundred and twenty miles. Following Colonel Washington's trail, it had crossed the ranges of mountains immediately west of Abiquiu, and, striking the Rio de Chaco, had tracked its course for some distance with the hope of reaching the San Juan. Stopped by a cañon, a precipitous gully hundreds of feet deep, through which the Chaco ran like a chased devil, the wagons had turned westward, and then had been forced by impassable ridges and lack of water into a southwest direction, at last gaining and crossing Pass Washington.

It was now on the western side of the Sierra de Chusca, in the rude, barren country over which Fort Defiance stands sentry. Ever since the second day after leaving San Isidoro it had been on the great western slope of the continent, where every drop of water tends toward the Pacific. The pilgrims would have had cause to rejoice could they have travelled as easily as the drops of water, and been as certain of their goal. But the rivers had made roads for themselves, and man had not yet had time to do likewise.

The great central plateau of North America is a Mer de Glace in stone. It is a continent of rock, gullied by furious rivers; plateau on plateau of sandstone, with sluiceways through which lakes have escaped; the whole surface gigantically grotesque with the carvings of innumerable waters. What is remarkable in the scenery is, that its sublimity is an inversion of the sublimity of almost all other grand scenery. It is not so much the heights that are prodigious as the abysses. At certain points in the course of the Colorado of the West you can drop a plumb line six thousand feet before it will reach the bosom of the current; and you can only gain the water level by turning backward for scores of miles and winding laboriously down some subsidiary cañon, itself a chasm of awful grandeur.

Our travellers were now amid wild labyrinths of ranges, and buttes, and cañons, which were not so much a portion of the great plateau as they were the *débris* that constituted its flanks. Although thousands of feet above the level of the sea, they still had thousands of feet to ascend before they could dominate the desert. Wild as the land was, it was thus far passable, while toward the north lay the untraversable. What course should be taken? Coronado, who had crimes to commit and to conceal, did not yet feel that he was far enough from the haunts of man. As soon as possible he must again venture a push northward.

But not immediately. The mules were fagged with hard work, weak with want of sufficient pasture, and had suffered much from thirst. He resolved to continue westward to the pueblas of the Moquis, that interesting race of agricultural and partially civilized Indians, perhaps the representatives of the architects of the Casas Grandes if not also descended from the mound-builders of the

Mississippi valley. Having rested and refitted there, he might start anew for the San Juan.

Thus far they had seen no Indians except the vagrants who had robbed Phineas Glover. But they might now expect to meet them; they were in a region which was the raiding ground of four great tribes: the Utes on the north, the Navajos on the west, the Apaches on the south, and the Comanches on the east. The peaceful and industrious Moquis, with their gay and warm blankets, their fields of corn and beans, and their flocks of sheep, are the quarry which attracts this ferocious cavalry of the desert, these Tartars and Bedouin of America.

Thurstone took more pains than ever with the guard duty. Coronado, unmilitary though he was, and heartily as he abominated the Lieutenant, saw the wisdom of submitting to the latter's discipline, and made all his people submit. A practical-minded man, he preferred to owe the safety of his carcass to his rival rather than have it impaled on Apache lances. Occasionally, however, he made a suggestion.

"It is very well, this night-watching," he once observed, "but what we have most to fear is the open daylight. These mounted Indians seldom attack in the darkness."

Thurstone knew all this, but he did not say so; for he was a wise, considerate commander already, and he had learned not to chill an informant. He looked at Coronado inquiringly, as if to say, What do you propose?

"Every cañon ought to be explored before we enter it," continued the Mexican.

"It is a good hint," said Ralph. "Suppose I keep two of your cattle-drivers constantly in advance. You had better instruct them yourself. Tell them to fire the moment they discover an ambush. I don't suppose they will hit anybody, but we want the warning."

With two horsemen three or four hundred yards to the front, two more an equal distance in the rear, and, when the ground permitted, one on either flank, the train continued its journey. Every wagon-driver and muleteer had a weapon of some sort always at hand. The four soldiers marched a few rods in advance, for the ground behind had already been explored, while that ahead might contain enemies. The precautions were extraordinary; but Thurstone constantly trembled for Clara. He would have thought a regiment hardly sufficient to guard such a treasure.

"How timorous these men are," sniffed Aunt Maria, who, having seen no hostile Indians, did not believe there were any. "And it seems to me that soldiers are more easily scared than anybody else," she added, casting a depreciating glance at Thurstone, who was reconnoitring the landscape through his field glass.

Clara believed in men, and especially in soldiers, and more particularly in lieutenants. Accordingly she replied, "I suppose they know the dangers and we don't."

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Maria, an argument which carried great weight with her. "They don't know half what they claim to. It is a clever man who knows one-tenth of his own business." (She was right there.) "They don't know so much, I verily and solemnly believe, as the women whom they pretend to despise."

This peaceful and cheering conversation was interrupted by a shot ringing out of a cañon which opened into a range of rock some three hundred yards ahead of the caravan. Immediately on the shot came a yell as of a hundred de-

mons, a furious trampling of the feet of many horses, and a cloud of the Tartars of the American desert.

In advance of the rush flew the two Mexican vedettes, screaming "Apaches! Apaches!"

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the Apache tornado burst out of the cañon upon the train, Thurstane's first thought was, "Clara!"

"Get off!" he shouted to her, seizing and holding her startled horse. "Into the wagon, quick! Now lie down, both of you."

He thundered all this out as sternly as if he were commanding troops. Because he was a man, Clara obeyed him; and notwithstanding he was a man, Mrs. Stanley obeyed him. Both were so bewildered with surprise and terror as to be in a kind of animal condition of spirit, knowing just enough to submit at once to the impulse of an imperious voice. The riderless horse, equally frightened and equally subordinate, was hurried to the rear of the leading wagon and handed over to a muleteer.

By the time this work was done the foremost riders of the assailants were within two hundred yards of the head of the train, letting drive their arrows at the flying Mexican vedettes and uttering yells fit to raise the dead, while their comrades behind, whooping also, stormed along under a trembling and flickering of lances. The little, lean, wiry horses were going at full speed, regardless of smooth faces of rock and beds of loose stones. The blackguards were over a hundred in number, all lancers and archers of the first quality.

The vedettes never pulled up until they were in rear of the hindermost wagon, while their countrymen on the flanks and rear made for the same poor shelter. The drivers were crouching almost under their seats, and the muleteers were hiding behind their animals. Thus it was evident that the entire brunt of the opening struggle would fall upon Thurstane and his people; that, if there was to be any resistance at all, these five men must commence it, and, for a while at least, "go it alone."

The little squad of regulars, at this moment a few yards in front of the foremost wagon, was drawn up in line and standing steady, precisely as if it were a company or a regiment. Sergeant Meyer was on the right, veteran Kelly on the left, the two recruits in the centre, the pieces at a shoulder, the bayonets fixed. As Thurstane rode up to this diminutive line of battle, Meyer was shouting forth his sharp and decisive orders. They were just the right orders; excited as the young officer was, he comprehended that there was nothing to change. Moreover, he had already learned how men are disconcerted in battle by a multiplicity of directions. So he sat quietly on his horse, revolver in hand, his blue-black eyes staring angrily at the coming storm.

"Kelly, reserve your fire!" yelled Meyer. "Recruits, ready—bresent—aim—aim low—fire!"

Simultaneously with the report a horse in the leading group of charging savages pitched headlong on his nose and rolled over, sending his rider straight forward into a rubble of loose shales, both lying as they fell, without movement. Half a dozen other animals either dropped on their haunches or sheered violently to the right and left, going off in wild plunges and caracolings. By this one casualty the head of the attacking column was opened and its seemingly re-

sistless impetus checked and dissipated, almost before Meyer could shout, "Recruits, load at will, load!"

A moment previous this fiery cavalry had looked irresistible. It seemed to have in it momentum, audacity, and dash enough to break a square of infantry or carry a battery of artillery. The horses fairly flew; the riders had the air of centaurs, so firm and graceful was their seat; the long lances were brandished as easily as if by the hands of footmen; the bows were managed and the arrows sent with dazzling dexterity. It was a show of brilliant equestrianism, surpassing the feats of circus riders. But a single effective shot into the centre of the column had cleft it as a rock divides a torrent. It was like the breaking of a water-spout.

The attack, however, had only commenced. The Indians who had swept off to right and left went scouring along the now motionless train, at a distance of sixty or eighty yards, rapidly enveloping it with their wild caperings, keeping in constant motion so as to evade gunshots, threatening with their lances or discharging arrows, and yelling incessantly. Their main object so far was undoubtedly to frighten the mules into a stampede and thus separate the wagons. They were not assaulting; they were watching for chances.

"Keep your men together, Sergeant," said Thurstane. "I must get those Mexicans to work."

He trotted deliberately to the other end of the train, ordering each driver as he passed to move up abreast of the leading wagon, directing the first to the right, the second to the left, and so on. The result of this movement would of course be to bring the train into a compact mass and render it more defensible. The Indians no sooner perceived the advance than they divined its object and made an effort to prevent it. Thurstane had scarcely reached the centre of the line of vehicles when a score or so of yelling horsemen made a caracoling, prancing charge upon him, accompanying it with a flight of arrows. Our young hero presented his revolver, but they apparently knew the short range of the weapon, and came plunging, curvetting onward. Matters were growing serious; an arrow already stuck in his saddle, and another had passed through his hat. Suddenly there was a bang, bang of firearms, and two of the savages went down.

Meyer had observed the danger of his officer, and had ordered Kelly to fire, blazing away too himself. There was a headlong, hasty scramble to carry off the fallen warriors, and then the assailants swept back to a point beyond accurate musket shot. Thurstane reached the rear of the train unhurt, and found the six Mexican cattle-drivers there in a group, pointing their rifles at such Indians as made a show of charging, but otherwise doing nothing which resembled fighting. They were obviously panic-stricken, one or two of them being of an ashy-yellow, their nearest possible approach to pallor. There, too, was Coronado, looking not exactly scared, but irresolute and helpless.

"What does this mean?" Thurstane stormed in Spanish. "Why don't you shoot the devils?"

"We are reserving our fire," stammered Coronado, half alarmed, half ashamed.

Thurstane swore briefly, energetically, and to the point. "Damned pretty fighting!" he went on. "If *we* had reserved our fire, we should all have been lanced by this time. Let drive!"

The cattle-drivers carried short rifles, of the then United States regulation pattern, which old Garcia had somehow contrived to pick up during the war, perhaps buying them of drunken soldiers. Threatened by Thurstane's pugna-

cious presence and hurried up by his vehement orders, they began to fire. They were shaky; didn't aim very well—hardly aimed at all, in fact; blazed away at extraordinary elevations; behaved as men do who have become demoralized. However, as the pieces had a range of several hundred yards, the small bullets hissed venomously over the heads of the Indians, and one of them, by pure accident, brought down a horse. There was an immediate scattering, a multitudinous glinting of hoofs through the light dust of the plain, and then a rally in prancing groups—at a safe distance.

"Hurrah!" shouted Thurstane, cheering the Mexicans. "That's very well. You see how easy it is. Now don't let them sneak up again; and at the same time don't waste powder."

Then turning to one who was near him, and who had just reloaded, he said in a calm, strong, encouraging tone—that voice of the thoroughly good officer which comes to the help of the shaken soldier like a reinforcement—"Now, my lad, steadily. Pick out your man; take your time and aim sure. Do you see him?"

"Si, señor," replied the herdsman. His coolness restored by this steady utterance and these plain, common-sense directions, he selected a warrior in helmet-shaped cap, blue shirt, and long boots, brought his rifle slowly to a level, took sight, and fired. The Indian bent forward, caught the mane of his plunging pony, hung there for a second or two, and then rolled to the ground, amid a yell of surprise and dismay from his comrades. There was a hasty rush to secure the body, and then another sweep backward of the loose array.

"Good!" called Thurstane, nodding and smiling at the successful marksman. "That is the way to do it. You are a match for half a dozen of them as long as you will keep cool."

The besieged travellers could now look about quietly and see how matters stood with them. The six wagons were by this time drawn up in two ranks of three each, so as to form a compact mass. As the one which contained the ladies had been the leader and the others had formed on it to right and left, it was in the centre of the first rank, and consequently pretty well protected by its neighbors. The drivers and muleteers had recovered their self-possession, and were all sitting or standing at their posts, with their miscellaneous arms ready for action. Not a human being had been hit as yet, and only three of the mules wounded, none of them seriously. The Apaches were all around the train, but none of them nearer than two hundred yards, and doing nothing but canter about and shout to each other.

"Where is Texas Smith?" demanded Thurstane, missing that mighty hunter, and wondering if he were a coward and had taken refuge in a wagon.

"He went off shuttin' an hour ago," explained Phineas Glover. "Reckon he's astern somewhere."

Glover, by the way, had been useful. In the beginning of the affray he had brought his mule alongside of the headmost wagon, and there he had done really valuable service by blazing away alarmingly, though quite innocuously, at the galloping enemy.

"It's a bad lookout for Texas," observed the Lieutenant. "I shouldn't want to bet high on his getting back to us."

Coronado looked gloomy, fearing lest his trusted assassin was lost, and not knowing where he could pick up such another.

"And how are the ladies?" asked Thurstane, turning to Glover.

"Safe's a bug in a rug," was the reply. "Seen to that little job myself. Not a buggin' in the hull crew been nigh 'em."

Thurstane cantered around to the front of the wagon which contained the two women, and shouted, "How are you?"

At the sound of his voice there was a rustle inside, and Clara showed her face over the shoulder of the driver.

"So you were not hurt?" laughed the young officer. "Ah! that's bully."

With a smile which was almost a boast, she answered, "And I was not very frightened."

At this, Aunt Maria struggled from between two rolls of bedding into a sitting posture and ejaculated, "Of course not!"

"Did they hit you?" asked Clara, looking eagerly at Thurstane.

"How brave you are!" he replied, admiring her so much that he did not notice her question.

"But I do hope it is over," added the girl, poking her head out of the wagon.

"Ah! what is that?"

With this little cry of dismay she pointed at a group of savages who had gathered between the train and the mouth of the cañon ahead of it.

"They are the enemy," said Thurstane. "We may have another little tussle with them. Now lie down and keep close."

"Acquit yourselves like—men!" exhorted Aunt Maria, dropping back into her stronghold among the bedding.

Sergeant Meyer now approached Thurstane, touched his cap, and said, "Lieutenant, here is brifate Sweeny who has not fired his beece once. I cannot make him fire."

"How is that, Sweeny?" demanded the officer, putting on the proper grimness. "Why haven't you fired when you were ordered?"

Sweeny was a little wizened shaving of an Irishman. He was not only quite short, but very slender and very lean. He had a curious teetering gait, and he took ridiculously short steps in marching, as if he were a monkey who had not learned to feel at ease on his hind legs. His small, wilted, wrinkled face, and his expression of mingled simplicity and shrewdness, were also monkey-like. At Thurstane's reprimand he trotted close up to him with exactly the air of a circus Jocko who expects a whipping, but who hopes to escape it by grinning.

"Why haven't you fired?" repeated his commander.

"Liftinint, I dasn't," answered Sweeny, in the rapid, jerking, almost inarticulate jabber which was his usual speech.

Now it is not an uncommon thing for recruits to dread to discharge their arms in battle. They have a vague idea that, if they bang away, they will attract the notice of some antagonist who will immediately single them out for retaliation.

"Are you afraid anybody will hit you?" asked Thurstane.

"No, I ain't, Liftinint," jabbered Sweeny. "I ain't afeard av them niggers a bit. They may shoot their bow arreys at me all day if they want to. I'm afeard of me gun, Liftinint. I fired it wonst, an' it kicked me to blazes."

"Come, come! That won't do. Level it now. Pick out your man. Aim. Fire."

Thus constrained, Sweeny brought his piece down to an inclination of forty-five degrees, shut his eyes, pulled trigger, and sent a ball clean over the most distant Apaches. The recoil staggered him, but he recovered himself without going over, and instantly roared out a horse-laugh.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he shouted. "That time I reckon I fetched won av 'em."

"Sweeny," said Thurstane, "you must have hit either the sun or the moon, I don't know which."

Sweeny looked discomfited; the next breath he bethought himself of a saving joke: "Littinint, it 'ud sarve erry won av 'em right;" then another neigh of laughter.

"I ain't afeard av the ball," he hastened to asseverate; "it's the kick av it that murthers ma. Littinint, why don't they put the britch to the other end av the gun? They do in the owld country."

"Load your beecce," ordered Sergeant Meyer, "and go to your bost again, to the left of Shupert."

The fact of Sweeny's opening fire did not cause a resumption of the close fighting. Quiet still continued, and the leaders of the expedition took advantage of it to discuss their situation, while the Indians gathered into little groups and seemed also to be holding council.

"There are over a hundred warriors," said Thurstane.

"Apaches," added one of the Mexican herdsmen.

"What band?"

"Manga Colorada or Delgadito."

"I supposed they were in Bernalillo."

"That was three weeks ago," put in Coronado.

He was in profound thought. These fellows, who had agreed to harry Bernalillo, and who had for a time carried out their bargain, why had they come to intercept him in the Moqui country, a hundred and twenty miles away? Did they want to extort more money, or were they ignorant that this was his train? And, supposing he should make himself known to them, would they spare him personally and such others as he might wish to save, while massacring the rest of the party? It would be a bold step; he could not at once decide upon it; he was pondering it.

We must do full justice to Coronado's coolness and readiness. This atrocious idea had occurred to him the instant he heard the charging yell of the Apaches; and it had done far more than any weakness of nerves to paralyze his fighting ability. He had thought, "Let them kill the Yankees; then I will proclaim myself and save *her*; then she will be mine." And because of these thoughts he had stood irresolute, aiming without firing, and bidding his Mexicans do the same. The result was that six good shots and superb horsemen, who were capable of making a gallant fight under worthy leadership, had become demoralized, and, but for the advent of Thurstane, might have been massacred like sheep.

Now that three or four Apaches had fallen, Coronado had less hope of making his arrangement. He considered the matter carefully and judiciously, but at last he decided that he could not trust the vindictive devils, and he turned his mind strenuously toward resistance. Although not pugnacious, he had plenty of the desperate courage of necessity, and his dusky black eyes were very resolute as he said to Thurstane, "Lieutenant, we trust to you."

The young veteran had already made up his mind as to what must be done.

"We will move on," he said. "We can't camp here, in an open plain, without grass or water. We must get into the cañon so as to have our flanks protected. I want the wagons to advance in double file so as to shorten the train. Two of my men in front and two in rear; three of your herdsmen on one flank and three on the other; Captain Glover alongside the ladies, and you and I everywhere; that's the programme. If we are all steady, we can do it, sure."

"They are collecting ahead to stop us," observed Coronado.

"Good!" said Thurstane. "All I want is to have them get in a heap. It is this attacking on all sides which is dangerous. Suppose you give your drivers and muleteers a sharp lecture. Tell them they must fight if the Indians charge, and not skulk inside and under the wagons. Tell them we are going to shoot the first man who skulks. Pitch into them heavy. It's a devilish shame that a dozen tolerably well-armed men should be so helpless. It's enough to justify the old woman's contempt for our sex."

Coronado rode from wagon to wagon, delivering his reproofs, threats, and instructions in the plainest kind of Spanish. At the signal to march, the drivers must file off two abreast, commencing on the right, and move at the fastest trot of the mules toward the cañon. If any scoundrel skulked, quitted his post, or failed to fight, he would be pistoled instantan by him, Coronado, *sangre de Dios*, etc.!

While he was addressing Aunt Maria's coachman, that level-headed lady called out, "Mr. Coronado, your very voice is cheering."

"Mrs. Stanley, you are an example of heroism to our sex," replied the Mexican, with an ironical grin.

"What a brave, noble, intelligent man!" thought Aunt Maria. "If they were only all like him!"

This business took up five minutes. Coronado had just finished his round when a loud yell was raised by the Apaches, and twenty or thirty of them started at full speed down the trail by which the caravan had come. Looking for the cause of this stampede, the emigrants beheld, nearly half a mile away, a single horseman rushing to encounter a score. It was Texas Smith, making an apparently hopeless rush to burst through the environment of Parthians and reach the train.

"Shall we make a sally to save him?" demanded Coronado, glancing at Thurstane.

The officer hesitated; to divide his small army would be perilous; the Apaches would attack on all sides and with advantage.

But the sight of one man so overmatched was too much for him, and with a great throb of chivalrous blood in his heart, he shouted, "Charge!"

M I L K.

“**W**HO was Adam's nurse?” was a question that greatly agitated the tonsured monks of the time of Martinus Scriblerus, as with measured tread they paced the cloister's shaded path. This and other knotty problems—as, Did Adam have an umbilicus? What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair? Do angels know things more clearly in the morning?—ever escaped the utmost attempt of their quodlibetarian discussions, and are as far as ever from a satisfactory solution. They, however, illustrate the effects of the want of accurate information that constitutes the difficulty in the way of answering many questions that present themselves; and though we may not arrive at any more satisfactory conclusions in the examination of some of the hypotheses regarding milk, yet this fluid offers so many points of interest that we do not hesitate to discuss them with the readers of *THE GALAXY*.

On its entrance into the world there is no being so utterly helpless as an infant. The young of other mammalia can move about almost at once in search of their maternal base of supplies; but the infant has neither the physical power nor the sense to do more than call attention to its wants by vigorous cries, which are immediately soothed by an application to its mother's breasts, that panacea for infantile woes. For the nutrition and growth of this and other newly-born animals an exceedingly nutritious food has been provided. This is prepared or secreted by certain glands called *mammæ*; hence all creatures provided with these glands have been collected by naturalists into a great division or class of animals, to which the name of mammalia, or mammals, has been given. In these creatures, and in woman, the development of the *mammæ* is greatly advanced when the power of reproduction appears, but perfect functional activity is usually only gained when the mother for the first time hears the cries of her child, and applies it to her breasts; then the secretion is fully established, and there is a sudden flow of blood to the vessels of the part, as in blushing. Indeed, in both cases the action seems to be very similar, and almost entirely under the control of the nervous system, as is shown by the curious cases which from time to time have been related of the appearance of this secretion in young women who have never had children, in old women, and even in men. Of the latter, Professor Dunglison mentions an instance in which a fully developed negro man had officiated as wet nurse for several years in the family of his mistress; and he represented that the secretion of milk was induced by applying the children intrusted to his care to the breasts during the night. Extraordinary as this may appear, it is surpassed by the statement of Professor Carpenter, in which he confidently asserts that the secretion of milk has been transferred to different parts of the skin, to the mucous surfaces of the digestive and respiratory organs, and even to the surface of an ulcer.

From whatever animal it may be obtained, milk is better adapted than any other food to the sustenance of infants, since it contains representatives of all the kinds or groups of food, viz.: Water, to be used as the basis of the blood and other fluids of the body, and to reduce its temperature by evaporation; sugar and butter for the purposes of respiration and the evolution of power and warmth in the system; caseine, cheese, or curd for the nutrition and development of the muscular system; with phosphate of lime and other salts required in

the construction of the bones, and for a variety of purposes. Not only are these essential articles all provided in milk, but they are also present in the proportions required to satisfy the wants of the consumer, and, in addition, so blended as to necessitate but little effort in their digestion and assimilation. In the case of the infant the powers of digestion are but feeble, and many worthy authorities have supposed that milk is absorbed in them with very little change. However this may be, experience has demonstrated that when the milk of any animal is employed for the nourishment of an infant, it should be so prepared as to give it as nearly as possible the same composition as that of woman.

To illustrate the relative differences in the proportions of the chief ingredients of milk, we quote the following tabular arrangement of the results of the experiments of Messieurs Deyeux and Parmentier :

Caseine.	Butter.	Sugar.	Water and Salts.
Goat.	Sheep.	Woman.	Ass.
Sheep.	Cow.	Ass.	Woman.
Cow.	Goat.	Mare.	Mare.
Ass.	Woman.	Cow.	Cow.
Woman.	Ass.	Goat.	Goat.
Mare.	Mare.	Sheep.	Sheep.

From which it follows, on account of the close proximity of the woman and the ass throughout the table, that in the animals mentioned the milk of the ass more nearly than any other approaches in its properties and characters that of woman. It is therefore better suited than any other to the wants of an infant when there is a deficiency in the natural supply. It is also evident that, compared with woman's milk, that of the cow is very rich in caseine, and very deficient in sugar and water. Since this variety is usually resorted to in case of a deficiency in the mother's milk, it is necessary in order to adapt it to the infant's wants to dilute it with from three to four times its bulk of water, and add sufficient sugar to render it sweet to the taste. Thus prepared, cow's milk furnishes the most available source from which to obtain the necessary supply.

As regards the peculiar properties of woman's milk, Dr. Young remarks that the proportion of curd is so very small that he tried in vain to coagulate it. Other experimenters have demonstrated that the caseine of woman's milk differs greatly from that of cow's milk in its action with a number of chemical tests, and is more nearly approached in quantity and character by the caseine of ass's milk than by that of the milk of any other animal. In support of this Dr. Clark asserts that the curd vomited by infants is not caseine, but consists almost entirely of the hardened cream of the milk. The same authority also states that woman's milk is very little prone to turn sour. That of the cow will become putrid in from four to five days, while woman's milk will remain without taint for many weeks, and even months. He adds: "I once kept a few ounces of a nurse's milk for more than two years in a bottle on the chimney-piece, and though it was frequently opened it did not show any evidence of putridity."

Though the milk of a healthy woman may not be liable to undergo alteration after it has been removed from the mammary gland, it of all kinds of milk is most subject to changes during secretion or formation. Many of these are natural and common to the milk of all animals, while others occur more frequently in woman. Among the natural changes are those that are incidental to the period at which the milk is secreted. When it first appears, and for a few days thereafter, it is laden with peculiar cells called colostric corpuscles, which serve the

special purpose in the digestive economy of the infant of stimulating the intestines and causing them to assume their proper function.

After a few days the colostrum of which we have spoken disappears, and the milk is especially adapted to the growth and nutrition of the child. Other changes, however, slowly occur in the proportions of its ingredients, so that at six or eight months milk is not as well adapted to the wants of a newly-born infant as that of a woman who has been nurse only for a short time. Finally, after ten or twelve months the colostric corpuscles begin to reappear, nature thus indicating that the nursing period should cease, by rendering the milk unfit for further use.

The changes following the action of causes exterior to the mammary gland are: 1. Those produced by the food. 2. Those by drugs. 3. Those by disease. 4. Those by mental emotions. The changes produced in the milk of the cow by food all are familiar with, for every one has at some time experienced the disagreeable results that attend the accidental presence of the wild onion in pastures where these animals feed. In the same manner other and even poisonous vegetable products are at times found in the milk, the origin of which is to be accredited to a similar source. Other variations in the proportions of the ingredients of milk are caused by a change in the nutritive power of the food, independently of the presence of deleterious substances. In this connection it is curious to remark the fact that any change in diet, and above all even from a poorer to a richer and more nutritious class of articles, at first causes the milk to diminish in quantity, though after a while the richer diet produces a more copious supply. In some cases, however, there is a necessity for a particular class of articles. Sheep, for example, will die of the rot in rich lowlands, where cattle reach the highest degree of perfection; while goats only thrive among crags where sheep would scarcely find a sufficient supply to maintain life. Of all kinds of food, that which more generally than any other causes cow's milk to become deleterious is the refuse of distilleries. Though this stuff may contain a very considerable amount of nutritious material, it nevertheless is so changed in its character by the alcoholic and other fermentations to which it has been submitted, that, taken in combination with the confinement to which the animal is subjected, it saps all healthy action in the creature, and diseases the milk glands, causing them to secrete a fluid so changed in its nature as to contain the globules of pus found on ulcers and other sores. Such an unclean product is of course utterly unfit for food either for infant or adult, and has justly received the opprobrious epithet of swill-milk. The merits or rather demerits of this vile concoction, with its attendant phenomena of stump-tailed, decayed-hoofed counterparts of Pharaoh's lean kine, and filthy, nude "male milkmaids," have been so discussed *usque ad nauseam*, that we shall dismiss them without further comment.

Instances of change in the milk from the introduction of drugs or medicines that have been administered to the mother are very numerous. Many ordinary salts, as common salt and iodide of potassium, find their way at once into the mammary secretion. Advantage has for a long time been taken of the knowledge of this fact by physicians, in the administration of certain medicines, and especially of compounds of mercury, to infants. Among the vegetable or organic medicines, many, as castor oil, have but little effect on the milk, while others, as morphine, sometimes pass almost at once into the secretion of the mammaræ, and produce their characteristic effects on the infant that partakes of it.

The changes produced in milk by diseases existing in the mother or nurse are among the puzzles that have for long exercised the minds of physicians.

Even in the case of secondary syphilis, regarding which Barton remarks, "The most frequent source in the infant is without doubt its wet nurse," Astruc, Bell, and Diday favor the opinion that it is transmitted by the milk, while Hunter and others suppose that it is conveyed by the contact of the mucous surface of the lips of the child with the nipple. If the transmission of this taint by the milk is admitted, as there is very strong authority for doing, it is evident that the germs of consumption and the whole class of scrofulous ailments, together with a variety of other constitutional disorders, may in like manner be implanted in the system of an infant born of healthy parents and perfectly healthy at the time of its birth.

The influence of powerful emotions in altering the properties of the milk is admirably illustrated in the following abridgments by Professor Carpenter from the work of Sir Astley Cooper on the breast: "The secretion of milk proceeds best in a tranquil state of mind, and with a cheerful temper; then the milk is regularly abundant and agrees well with the child. On the contrary, a fretful temper lessens the quantity of milk, makes it thin and serous, and causes it to disturb the child's bowels, producing intestinal fever and much griping. Fits of anger produce a very irritating milk, followed by griping in the infant. Grief has a very great influence on lactation, and consequently on the child. The loss of a near and dear relative, or a change of fortune, will often so much diminish the secretion of milk as to render adventitious aid necessary for the support of the child. Anxiety of mind diminishes the quantity and alters the quality of the milk. The reception of a letter which leaves the mind in anxious suspense lessens the draught, and the breast becomes empty. If the child is ill, and the mother is anxious respecting it, she complains to her medical attendant that she has little milk, and it is so altered as to increase the illness of the child. Fear has a powerful influence on the secretion of milk. I am informed by a medical man who practises much among the poor, that the apprehension of the brutal conduct of a drunken husband will put a stop for a time to this secretion. When this happens, the breast feels knotted and hard, and the little milk that is secreted is highly irritating. Terror also instantly stops this secretion. Even passions which are generally sources of pleasure, and which when moderately indulged are conducive to health, will, when carried to excess, alter and even entirely check the secretion of milk."

It will be noticed in the instances cited above that the flow of the milk has either been suppressed or has only become irritating to the digestive apparatus of the infant. Sometimes, however, a positively poisonous secretion is produced, as in a case related by the same authority, in which a carpenter fell into a quarrel with a soldier, and was attacked by the latter with his drawn sword. The wife of the carpenter at first trembled from fear and terror, and then suddenly threw herself furiously between the combatants, wrested the sword from the soldier's hand, broke it in pieces, and threw it away. During the tumult neighbors came in and separated the men. While in this state of strong excitement the mother took up her child from the cradle where it lay playing, and in the most perfect health, never having had a moment's illness; she gave it the breast, and in so doing sealed its fate. In a few minutes the infant ceased sucking, became restless, panted, and sank dead on its mother's bosom. In another instance the mother had lost several children from convulsions; one, however, survived the usually fatal period; but while nursing him one morning she had been strongly dwelling on the fear of losing him also, although he appeared to be a very healthy child. In a few minutes after the infant had been transferred to the arms of its

nurse, and while she was urging her mistress to take a more cheerful view, directing her attention to his thriving appearance, he was taken with a convulsion-fit and died almost instantly.

Not long since the belief was very prevalent that the milk of a nurse not only affected the child by producing gastric derangements, or as an active poison, but that the moral and intellectual faculties were likewise influenced. In this connection one writer asks: "What made Jupiter and Ægisthus so lecherous, but that they were fed with goat's milk? What made Romulus and Polyphemus so cruel, but that they were nursed by the wolves? What made Pelias so brutish, but that he was nursed by an unhappy mare? Is it any marvel, also, that Giles the Abbot continued so long the love of a solitary life in the woods and deserts, when three years together he sucked a doe? What made Dr. Caius in his last sickness so peevish and so full of frets at Cambridge, when he sucked one woman froward of conditions and of bad diet? and contrariwise so quiet and well when he sucked another of contrary disposition? Verily, the diversity of their milks and conditions, being contrary to one another, wrought also in him that sucked them contrary effects." Even Shakespeare, the closest observer of nature and passion, in his "Richard III." upholds this doctrine of transmission of moral faculties by the nurse's milk, when he causes the Duchess of York to exclaim:

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

While we may perhaps be justified in rejecting the idea that there is a positive poison or material in the nurse's milk, which by conveyance into the system of the child produces in it peculiar mental and moral characteristics, we cannot doubt or refuse to accept the experience which shows that the milk of a bad-tempered, irritable, or sickly woman will cause derangements in the digestive system of the nursing child. Taking this view of the case, we find that our ancestors had some justification for their ideas regarding the effects of milk on the moral nature of a child; for it is evident that if an infant is continually fed on a diet that irritates its digestive apparatus, it will become restless and peevish or morose, just as is the case with an adult suffering from dyspepsia; and it is not difficult to imagine that when this habit has been established, and continued for many months, it may stamp an imprint on the child's mind and faculties from which it may never entirely recover.

From the facts we have presented it follows that when the milk of the mother is deficient in quantity or inferior in quality, it is necessary that some other suitable source of supply should be sought for the infant. In large cities this is by no means easy of accomplishment, for wealthy fashionable women, finding that maternal duties interfere seriously with their engagements and pleasures, decline to nurse their children, and thereby create a demand for wet nurses that is with difficulty met. In the selection of a wet-nurse care should be taken to obtain a person as free as possible from all constitutional taint. Especially should the professional wet-nurse, who at regular intervals visits the lying-in wards of our great hospitals, be avoided. She is utterly unfit to assume a mother's place, and only prepares herself for her vocation in order that she may lead an indolent life, have her appetite pampered, and by her exorbitant demands, her tyranny and her temper, become the torment of her unhappy employers. Not only should a wet-nurse be healthy and of a sufficiently moral na-

ture to render her presence in a house tolerable, but she should possess a good temper. In short, she should be as docile, gentle, and bovine as possible. When these attributes are wanting, it is best to resort at once to the most convenient of all substitutes, the cow; the milk of which, when properly prepared, answers the desired purpose admirably, and the household is spared the introduction of a disagreeable, exacting subordinate.

Every article of food we have thus far discussed is adulterated to a greater or less extent by those who deal in it, and milk is no exception to the rule. The material usually employed for this purpose is water. This is readily detected by determining the specific gravity and percentage of cream that the sample will yield, by means either of a lactometer or a lactoscope. The addition of water imparts the well-known sky-blue color and reduces the flavor. It is therefore necessary to add a little molasses to sweeten, salt to heighten the flavor, and annatto to improve the color of the diluted product. In addition to these substances, Hassall states that chalk, starch, and the brains of different animals are at times employed to improve the appearance of skim-milk and of that which has been watered. Various kinds of gum are also used for the same purpose, and soda to correct any acidity that may have resulted from fermentation. An idea of the extent to which adulterations are practised by London dealers may be formed from the statement quoted by the same author, in which it is asserted that, calculating from the number of cows furnishing the London supply, the allowance of pure milk cannot be greater than a tablespoonful per diem to each inhabitant.

The adulterations enumerated are not of a poisonous nature; but since they do not possess properties at all resembling those appertaining to milk, they are but little better than poisons when introduced into the delicate stomach of an infant. Instances of the purposed introduction of metallic salts and other poisons into milk are not uncommon, and the accidental presence of lead is not infrequent when earthen-ware vessels glazed with that metal have been used in the dairy.

Owing to the difficulty of preserving milk, and the expense attending the transportation of so bulky an article, attempts have been made to separate the solid ingredients from the large proportion of water present in the original secretion. To this we are indebted for the condensed milk now so generally employed in many private and public houses and on ships. While it does not compare with the fresh, pure article, it is, of course, superior to any other substitute when it is properly prepared. The chief objection to condensed milk is its liability to contain traces of copper when the metal employed in the construction of the evaporating pans is not properly tinned. Lead may also be occasionally present when portions of solder employed in sealing the cans in which it is preserved have by accident reached the interior.

JNO. C. DRAPER, M. D.

HISTORIC DOUBTS CONCERNING PATRICK HENRY.

IT is remarkable that the fame of Patrick Henry as an orator should be so purely and almost exclusively traditional; especially when we consider that it has been transmitted from times so near and so improved, when the printing-press was in daily exercise, when there was no lack of the facilities of making history, and when his contemporaries are found so abundantly recorded as to the peculiarity of their talents or the merit of their lives. None of the utterances of an orator so famous and so modern survive; we have not one of his actual speeches; there are no literary remains of the man; none of the words really and truly spoken by him have come down to us, if we may except a few detached sentences, of which the authenticity, as of a literal report, is not clearly avowed, or, if so, is essentially doubtful. It is altogether an exceptional case in American history: a reputation so great as is in our present day asserted for Patrick Henry, so utterly naked of historical evidences, and so entirely dependent on the popular imagination to sustain and to transmit it.

The information of tradition is always to be received with suspicion; especially when it happens to be in contrast with the full historical records we have of other contemporary men and events; and yet more especially when its testimony is on a subject so uncertain as the fame of a public speaker. On no subject are the opinions of men more divided than on the nature of genuine eloquence; and in no case is the vulgar judgment subject to such frequent revision and correction by the culture of the few, as in the dispute as to what constitutes the true orator. The experience of every cultivated observer will furnish instances of this frequent disagreement between the clamor of the mob and the intelligence of the few; of men thrust upon public attention as orators by a mob of admirers, men who have come perhaps from some obscure place with the reputation of "great guns" there, and who on trial before a cultivated audience have proved, to the grief of the judicious, nothing more than voluble speakers, with a certain physical vivacity as far removed from the divine *afflatus* of eloquence as the twitchings of a jack-in-the-box are from the harmonious and mysterious magnetism of life! How often have we been disgusted at the declination of "famous orators"—the uncertainty of this mob acclamation about "eloquence," indeed the rarest gift of genius and the most distinct, the one *sui generis* to a severe and capable criticism!

The disappointment is one so common that we need not hunt for illustrations. We have at hand a striking one among living Virginians. The writer can recollect when some people in Virginia actually thought they had a live "orator" in Henry A. Wise. His illimitable discharges of words were immensely edifying to the vulgar; but the moment the orator ventured before a cultivated audience his day was over. In an assembly of the intelligent, the Demosthenes of the cross-roads was solemnly voted a bore, or idly tolerated as a clown.

We have here an exaggerated illustration of the distance between that vulgar judgment concerning the orator which may give rise to tradition, and that ver-

dict of the intelligent which constitutes the certainty and security of reputations. But it will be asked, who could be a more intelligent witness to the eloquence of Patrick Henry than his biographer, the elegant and accomplished William Wirt? We answer, the witness is only one; one sworn to exalt his subject, after the common fashion of that biography which Macaulay names among our wild literary *manias*; one whose own literary conceits were enormous; one who notoriously gives us Henry's speeches in the classic style of the *oratio obliqua*, himself practising the rhetorician; one than whom no single person could have been selected from Henry's contemporaries better calculated to give us an entirely unreliable description of the man, and, at best, more likely to make his falsehoods plausible and dangerous by the deceptions of his fancy and the peculiarities of his style.

Let us meditate the remarkable, important fact, that the volume of Wirt is, strictly speaking, the only *historical* evidence we have of the assertion, grown familiar in our day, and repeated with such unquestioning accent, that Patrick Henry was a great orator. Now, what is the value of this testimony? The same Mr. Wirt wrote "The Blind Preacher"; and the facts turned out to be, that Mr. James Waddell was a very excellent old man, but not much above the mediocrity of speakers; that no one was more surprised than himself at Wirt's eulogy—deeply mortified, in fact, as the honest man confessed himself to be, by the extravagance of his biographer; that even he was not blind, suffering only from the weakness of his eyes; and that he actually never did preach the sermon from which "the British Spy" professed to quote literally some one or two sentences! Now, is it at all improbable that the same author may have done in a measure for Patrick Henry what he did for James Waddell? and, indeed, is there any evidence but that of a page of Wirt, that Patrick Henry ever did actually make that "give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death" speech, whose inspirational words have been mouthed on the hustings and repeated forensically by little boys for three-quarters of a century? It is an unwelcome task to destroy a pleasing and romantic picture which we have been in the habit of accepting as true. But if we are to speak with the severity of the historian, we have to say that the evidence that Patrick Henry ever made such a speech is not worth a baubee, and that, on the contrary, there is reason to believe that he never did utter said oft-quoted invocation! We say so much, because it is only Wirt who reports the speech; because he produces it in such connection as to show that it is he (the author) evidently, though not by literal confession, making a speech for himself; and because, if Henry had so spoken, it is likely that it would have been noticed by some of his numerous and capable audience, the utterance being bold, and not likely to pass unchallenged by their memories. But granted that Henry spoke *in totidem verbis*: what, we should like to know, is the particular eloquence of it? True, it is brave, fervent, and all that—but is it not a trifle trite? Or, to be strictly honest, is it not a plagiarism taken from that classic morsel in "the Reader," "Sempronius's Speech for War," which the writer recollects to have recited in school when he was ten years old, and thought to be capable of the instruction of "liberty or death"?

It is to be noticed that this wonderful speech described by Wirt is introduced into the Virginia Convention of 1774, which sat in the city of Richmond. How is it, then, that of the many members of this Convention who themselves spoke on the question—that of a resolution that the colony "be immediately put into a state of defence"—none have testified to the burst of declamation attributed to

Henry, a thing so remarkable and in which they themselves were involved as debaters? Among his so silent and uncommunicative auditors were such men as Nicholas Bland, Pendleton, Harrison, Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Mason, Page, and notably Jefferson, who did on another occasion, in the House of Burgesses, notice, and in frequent detail too, another effort of the same orator. That Patrick Henry did make a speech in this Convention we do not doubt. He was the mover of the resolution referred to, and he naturally spoke to it. Judge Tucker refers to him as speaking to the question "with all the calm dignity of Cato of Utica"—a stoicism quite unlike the fierce and incandescent product of Wirt. This, certainly, could not have been *the* speech that tradition tells of. A recent historiographer† who has meddled in the subject attempts to bring some support or color to Wirt, by a conversation, an oral statement derived from "an old Baptist clergyman," who, however, gives his support no further than describing the orator as speaking with such zeal that "the tendons of his neck stood out like whip-cords." Which is true, Judge Tucker or the Baptist clergyman? And, in such conflict, may we not be pardoned for dropping the question, and committing ourselves to a wise skepticism as to whether Patrick Henry did actually speak a single one of those sentences which Wirt has rehearsed?

But it will probably be said that our assertion has been too broad, to the effect that Henry's contemporaries have not testified to such greatness of eloquence as Wirt has described; and there will be obvious quotations, even from the tame and critical Jefferson, as to his power of oratory. Granted; but when we come to analyze the evidence of Mr. Jefferson, we find it on near examination not only to be equivocal, but to suggest new suspicions as to the true measure of Henry's gifts. If the truth must be fully told, Thomas Jefferson was among the most envious of men; one has only to read the "Ana" to see this infirmity displayed in the busy, painful canvassing of the opinions of posterity, which to make more effective he transported to the shelter of the grave. There is a curious ingenuity of envious persons in making the most extravagant concessions of certain virtues or qualities in their rivals, only that with better grace and deeper effect they may wound other parts of their characters or lives. Of this common deception or hypocrisy we think Mr. Jefferson has furnished a melancholy instance in the estimate of Patrick Henry which he has left to the world; that is, if the inconsistencies and contradictions of this estimate mean anything else than an utter looseness of conception, the maudlin incoherence of an incapable witness—of which hypothesis we must certainly acquit "the sage of Monticello." "Henry was a great orator," says Mr. Jefferson, rapturously; but then, after that was said, the great orator was ignorant, was fond of low company, herded with overseers, changed his shirt but once a fortnight, and was so brutally dull that he had to confess that he could not find resolution in a whole winter to read a few chapters that had been recommended to him in Hume's "History of England"! He suffered from "incurable idleness"; "his ruling passion was fiddling, dancing, and pleasantries." Now, in this testimony it requires no deep sight to detect the marks of a man at cross purposes, attempting to disguise an almost fierce envy or contempt under the preface of an insincere complimer. And besides this suspicion of Mr. Jefferson's sincerity, his testimony in some instances is so utterly at variance with well-ascertained facts, that we may apply to it the rule, *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, and declare the whole story which

* Wirt's Henry, p. 140. note.

† Henry S. Randall.

he told to Mr. Webster at Monticello* of his quondam contemporary to be utterly worthless.

So far from Patrick Henry being the dullard here represented, we have been told by one who knew him well in Richmond, that he was such a student in his law office, that he was known, in preparing for a single case of litigation, to have shut himself up for three days, during which he did not see his family, and his food was handed by a servant through the office door! Mr. Wirt will have his hero mostly an "inspirational speaker," while the Richmond witness makes him a perfect *fag*, whose preparations must have stunk most unpleasantly of the lamp. At the very time Mr. Jefferson has the orator unable to digest the plain and agreeable prose of Hume, Mr. Wirt has him reclined under the forest trees, in true pastoral style, reading Livy in the original Latin. Another witness comes forward to Mr. Jefferson's aid, and another Governor of Virginia reports the orator as habitually using a language not above the dialect of the negro. Mr. Randall, in his "Life of Jefferson," thus introduces Patrick Henry: "He talked like a backwoodsman about man's *naïteral* parts being improved by *larnin*. about the *yearth*, etc." And this added in a foot-note: "Governor Page of Virginia used to relate on the testimony of his own ears that such was the pronunciation of the subject of this sketch."† What, then, shall we believe of this mess of inconsistencies, and is the "forest-born Demosthenes," after all, a mythical personage? Even as to the article of dress, there is a contradiction of testimony; and Mr. Jefferson's cruel description is manifestly false. So far from the great orator being clownish or unclean in his dress, he seems to have been eccentrically luxurious in it, and on occasions to have practised a peculiarity in it of the weakest and most bizarre description. The diamond he displayed was worthy of Fisk, Jr. His usual attire in the Legislature of Virginia was "stunning"—the body of his dress black, white cravat, and a red velvet mantle thrown over the shoulders!

Really, as we collect the evidences of Mr. Henry's appearance and manners, there is a painfully increasing suspicion that there was an element of charlatany in them, or, at any rate, that the man was not really as he is in the picture-books of our day and in the pleasant traditions of an admiring posterity. As to his qualities as an orator, we have a theory of our own—one the merit of which is, that it is curiously consistent with each extreme in which he is represented by his contemporaries. And we may as well say here in advance and plainly, that we have no idea that Patrick Henry was an orator, in the sense that Cicero, or Burke, or Mirabeau was, and that the few certain historical evidences which we have on the subject completely exclude such a supposition.

The most important fact in his life which touches this question is one but little known to readers, or that has been slightly estimated by his partial biographer. It is that this man, for whom so much has been claimed as an orator, sat for two years in the Continental Congress, when the early questions of the Revolution were being debated, when the most inspiring themes were appealing to mind and heart—sat for these two whole years without ever venturing to speak once to an assembly so well qualified to hear him, if he had indeed been a great orator, and so well disposed to entertain him, if indeed a great reputation had preceded him. If the delegate from Virginia was really the incomparable orator that had inflamed the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, how could he have remained for two years this figurehead in Congress, and that when questions

* Memorandum in Webster's "Private Correspondence," vol. I.

† Randall's Jefferson, vol. i., p. 20.

calculated to stir men's hearts to their depths required him to speak? It is the quality of true eloquence that it cannot contain itself, that it dares all assemblies, that it recognizes the variety and numbers of its audiences only to draw inspiration from them. Was Patrick Henry afraid of the reputation he had made on obscurer occasions in Virginia? Did he fear to risk it before an assembly which Lord Chatham declared to exceed intellectually any parliament in Europe? Was he another instance of that phenomenon which we see so habitually in our meaner Congress of to-day: men coming there with great local reputations, and with great expectations of their constituents, and never being heard of afterwards? We will not pursue these painful, yet obvious and unavoidable surmises; yet certain it seems, if Patrick Henry had been *the* orator represented by his biographer, he would not, could not have been the silent, undistinguished, in fact, *extinguished* man he was in Congress.

Patrick Henry had sat in Congress from 1774 to 1776. He declined a reëlection, along with George Washington, who had been equally a "silent" member of this high assembly; but for Washington there was, of course, the excuse that he made no pretensions to eloquence. Henry had been flanked with other Virginia colleagues who spoke abundantly, and who made names as orators and debaters by his side. Such were Richard Henry Lee, Peyton Randolph, Richard Bland, and Edward Pendleton. He made not a single addition to his eloquence, where every incentive and every opportunity were offered; and, what is more remarkable, he went obscurely back into the Virginia Convention, to remain as silent and undistinguished there. Indeed, from his first apparition as orator and "rebel," about the time he was designated by Lord (Governor) Dunmore as "a certain Patrick Henry, of the county of Hanover, with a number of deluded followers," to the date of the Declaration of Independence in the Virginia Convention, *i. e.*, the resolutions which proposed this movement in Congress, Mr. Henry appears to have veiled whatever eloquence he had, and to have been satisfied to repose on his laurels. He remained silent when the proposition for independence was about to be decided by the Virginia Convention. The "supernatural voice" was not heard on an occasion so great and exacting. Although a member of the committee that drafted the Declaration of Rights and the first Constitution of Virginia, Mr. Henry spoke on none of these inspiring themes, and he permitted another member of his committee to offer the resolution of independence. Such poverty of speech, to say the least, was unworthy of such an orator as Wirt has described and tradition has accepted. True, an explanation has been hinted that deeply involves Henry's integrity as a patriot. It has been conjectured that his zeal for liberty had declined, that he had undergone a change of his political opinions which he was unwilling to confess in public; and there has been brought to light in modern times a very curious letter from General Charles Lee, written in May, 1775, in which he refers to Mr. Henry on the supposition of a letter from the latter taking grounds against independence.* But our explanation is different, and not so cruel. The falling off, we are disposed to believe, was that of the orator rather than of the patriot; and we must believe this at the peril of far worse suspicions. There must surely be some explanation of this utter want of evidence of the orator, just where we should expect such evidence. That Patrick Henry had been flattered, that he had been overvalued by country audiences, and that he was therefore a failure in Congress, it is reasonable to believe. But for whatever reason he failed, our general proposition is not disturbed, to the effect that the historical evidences of him as an

* "American Archives," Fifth Series, vol. i., p. 96.

orator are essentially deficient, and that of him in this character we are thus permitted most seriously to doubt.

If our Virginia orator failed to set the Susquehanna on fire, it was perhaps no more than his failure to display his genius in any like conspicuous circumstances in his life. It is a most remarkable, and we may add significant fact, that the greatest triumphs accorded to him by his biographer were won in comparatively obscure places and before small audiences. If we may except the apocrypha of the House of Burgesses, they were mostly affairs of the county meeting and the local gathering. If his neighbors thought him a "god," as Wirt says, that does not prove a great deal, as many a man's neighbors have overestimated their prodigy; and the good people of Charlotte county had no peculiar claim, as we are aware, for putting their opinions in stead of the world's, and having their apotheosis accepted by mankind.

So far, however, we have treated desultorily the merely external, the strictly "historical" aspect of the question of Mr. Henry's gifts of oratory. Another mode of treatment is more decisive; it is the subjective one. One of the most pregnant statements which Mr. Wirt repeats with such industry of mistaken emphasis, and which other deluded admirers confirm in their own way, is that it was impossible for any of Mr. Henry's auditors to remember anything he had said, even to the extent of a single sentence. Mr. Jefferson testifies, as to a mental curiosity: "I have frequently shut my eyes while he spoke, and when he was done, asked myself what he had said, without being able to recollect a word of it."* The audience might be pleased, persuaded, "powerfully affected," in reportorial phrase; but not one of them could recollect what the speaker had said—reproduce even a few of his happiest words or most forcible expressions. Mr. Wirt is constantly insisting upon this infirmity of the audience as a surpassing proof of Henry's eloquence; but we very much suspect that, when it comes to be analyzed, the infirmity will be found to be in the speaker himself. Curious, indeed, and most suspicious too, that of all Patrick Henry's wealth of words, displayed on so many occasions, none of them should ever have lodged in the mind or memory of his audience, and that to this day they are as completely forgotten as if they had never been spoken! Can this, we most seriously ask, be the incident of true eloquence? Does it carry in itself such disappointment, such nothingness, unless the stenographer is by to transfix the word, and give it a form on paper? Our consciousness, the consciousness of every one who has ever had the happiness of hearing a genuine orator, decidedly and resentfully answers, No. The very words of a true power in eloquence are memorable ones; our passions are not the only things excited by the orator; our whole mind is alert under his influence; the memory is transfixed by a singular expression, an epithet, an unexpected adjective; the incisive words are in our hearts, and they stick there. This is of the very power of the orator; it is realized whenever the man whose lips have indeed been touched with fire speaks to us.

But there certainly *is* a condition of mind described by Mr. Wirt, in which, to a certain extent, moved by a speaker while he speaks, we find ourselves, after he has concluded, forgetting what he has said. But it is a movement of a second-rate art—second-rate by a long interval. It is the effect of certain speakers that they are agreeable, or even forcible, as long as their voices are in our ears, but that the mind operates as a sieve on receiving them, and retains nothing of

* Manuscript of Nicholas P. Trist.

heir speeches. This effect is a well-recognized one, which will occur to many persons in their experience of public speaking. But, surely, it is not that of the orator, in the sense in which Cicero, or Burke, or Fox, or men of that stamp were orators—men whose words, even if they had not been transcribed, could have no more eluded our memory than the live fire touching our bodies, and which, whether few or many were gathered up, would have been treasured forever in brilliant fragments.

Patrick Henry, we repeat, we cannot admit to be in any such sense an orator. What then shall we say? Certainly there lived such a man as Patrick Henry, and certainly he spoke with some remarkable effect in his day. Rather, let us take the hint just afforded us by Mr. Wirt, and reconcile a number of apparent contradictions, by concluding that Patrick Henry was of the class distinctively known in our country (America) as *stump-speakers*, and that he was a very eminent representative of that class. To speak with volubility, to affect an audience with the vivacity of our delivery, to make vague impressions on them of assent, or of a sort of physical sympathy with the energy of our discourse, may have a certain merit; and it is quite sure to found with the vulgar the reputation of an orator. It is precisely such a style as will account for most of the triumphs of Patrick Henry, while explaining the barrenness of the popular recollections of the man, and reconciling the curiously conflicting statements which we have of his ignorance, his want of real intellectual force, and, yet, his unquestionable popularity as a speaker, and an undoubted fame as such, very unduly, but not improbably, expanded as the last has been by the literary art of a biographer and the characteristic extravagance of tradition. A theory that answers so many exigencies is perhaps the best that can be formed under the circumstances.

If it offends the fancy of his countrymen, or the pride of his descendants, we shall be glad to have these point out to us wherein we may possibly and unwittingly have offended that true object of a common regard—the truth of history.

In behalf and in the interest of this truth, a few more words are indispensable. We have in this article nothing to do with the record of Patrick Henry as a politician, except so far as it touches the question whether or not he was a great orator. But really the one question enters into the other further than might be generally supposed. The maxim of Quintilian that "the orator must be a good man" has a deeper sense than that yielded on first reflection. The warmth that constitutes true eloquence must proceed from an amount and degree of sensibility such as can be furnished only by an acute and determined sense of virtue. The demagogue, the man who speaks in any sort of selfish interest, with any lack of allegiance to truth, cannot possibly be an orator in the highest and best sense of that term.

The test is an unfortunate one for Patrick Henry. Even throwing out of view the imputations which we have already seen cast upon his patriotism, and his relations to the movement for the independence of America, there is enough ascertained in his public career to condemn him in measured language, as the most inconsistent of politicians, and the most detestable "turn-coat" of his day. He started by avowing himself the most democratic of democrats. He was a man of the people, "a poor worm," a democrat *intus et in cute*. He even quarrelled with the French cookery of Mr. Jefferson's table at Monticello, thought it un-republican to supplant the dish of "bacon and greens," and "did not approve of gentlemen abjuring their native victuals." Yet this excessive democrat, this homely companion of the people, we find *twice* involved in a plot to establish a dictatorship in Virginia. Such a plot existed in 1776. It was renewed in 1781,

when Tarleton had raided to the bases of the Blue Ridge, when public affairs were disordered, and when it was avowed that it was "necessary to place Mr. Jefferson *hors de combat*," to accomplish the scheme of the conspirators.* It is true that the biographer of Mr. Henry labors to prove that he did not instigate or even actively engage in these plots; but they were known to him, and they must have been entertained by him, since he did not denounce them. There is reason to believe that in the first instance he only gave up the evil ambition when Colonel Archibald Cary, accosting his stepbrother in the lobby of the Legislature, said, "Tell Governor Henry for me, that the day of his appointment as Dictator shall be the day of his death—that he shall feel my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day!"

When the Constitution of the United States was submitted for ratification, Mr. Henry opposed it as tending to consolidation, and as calculated from the large powers it gave the Executive to be the ruin of the country. Yet the last effort of his eloquence—that from which he sank exhausted at Charlotte Court-House—was to advocate the doctrine that "Virginia was to the Union only what Charlotte county was to Virginia"; to pronounce the Alien and Sedition Laws "good and proper"; and to picture "Washington at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, inflicting military execution" on the people of Virginia, as the probable and deserved consequence of their persisting in the line of policy laid down in the resolutions of 1798!

A man whose public life could compass such inconsistencies, so utterly at variance, so audaciously contradictory, may have been a successful demagogue, may have been the very prince of "stump-speakers"; but he must have lacked, alike, the consistency of intellectual purpose and the integrity of moral principle, to constitute him a great orator.

* Girardin, Appendix, p. xi.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

PATIENCE.

O GODDESS, born of changeless purpose, wed
 To changeless love, upon thy brow the sign
 Of two eternities writes thee divine:
 Eternity behind, in which no voice has plead
 For rest; eternity before, whose tread
 Will falter not, nor haste through the long line
 Of ages, making all their burdens thine,
 And laying in thy bosom all their dead.
 O goddess, reach thy sceptre unto me,
 The golden sceptre of thy silent smile;
 One thing alone I ask, that I may be
 Even the least in thy sweet kingdom while
 Time is. I can abide, called by thy name,
 All lives, all deaths, without a fear or shame!

H. H.

THE ALBUM OF THE REGIMENT.

I.

A TALL and rather elegantly-formed woman of about five-and-forty was hurrying along the rue St. Dizier at Nancy at such a rate that her guide, a waiter from the Hôtel de l'Europe, had some difficulty in following her. An August sun was beating full upon her head, for she brandished the umbrella in her hand like a javelin instead of availing herself of its shade. From her dress and adornments it was plain to see that she was a stranger to the modes and fashions of city life.

"Madame! Madame Humblot!" cried the nearly-exhausted servant. "One moment if you please. You have passed the door. Here is the Colonel's house."

Madame Humblot stopped, and looked about timidly.

"Already!" said she. "Where?"

"Just across the street," said the servant. "Don't you see the sentry?"

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I will remember it next time. What did you say his name was?"

"M. Vautrin. A fine man he is too, and he gives an elegant dinner every Sunday."

"Is he married?"

"Certainly, and has a daughter almost grown, a young lady."

"Oh! I am so afraid Madame Vautrin will be out," said Madame Humblot.

"That we can soon find out," said the domestic.

He crossed the street, exchanged a few words with the sentry, and returning reported the whole family of Colonel Vautrin at home.

To gain an interview with the Colonel's wife, Madame Humblot would have confronted unheard-of dangers; but now that all difficulty of gaining access to her had disappeared, she felt her heart sink within her. She hesitated about entering the door which stood open before her; but the inquisitive look in the faces of her guide and the sentinel made her pluck up all her courage, and she soon found herself in a very large and comfortably-furnished parlor, in presence of the mother and the daughter. Madame Vautrin was very fat and very timid, and Mademoiselle Vautrin was very thin and not timid at all; and it was the latter of the two who reassured the matrons and opened the conversation by requesting Madame Humblot to be seated, and to explain at her leisure the motives of her very kind visit.

Madame Humblot saw that retreat was now no longer possible; so she explained in a few words that she was a widow owning and managing herself a considerable estate in the town of Morans, and possessed of a daughter of nineteen, whom she desired to marry to a young officer of the garrison at Nancy. The young man, whom a curious succession of circumstances had brought her to look upon as the future husband of her dear Antoinette, seemed an admirable young man, but she was very insufficiently informed in relation to his character, his principles, and his habits, and she invoked the ancient freemasonry of motherhood in requesting from Madame Vautrin in a matter of such importance the plain and unvarnished truth.

This preamble seemed to interest Madame Vautrin and to put her more at her ease. She replied that she felt flattered by the confidence reposed in her, and

would conscientiously enlighten Madame Humblot in so far as her retiring habits and very slight acquaintance with the officers composing the garrison would enable her. But if the young officer belonged to the regiment of her husband, "Colonel Vautrin, who knew all his men like Cæsar——"

"But I do not know," interrupted Madame Humblot, "whether he has the honor to serve under Colonel Vautrin."

"If he is an infantry officer, there can be no doubt of it, as ours is the only regiment of that arm at Nancy."

"But perhaps he is in the cavalry. We have never seen him in uniform."

"You astonish me. What is his rank?"

"Captain, I think, or at least lieutenant. He has never informed us of his rank."

"What an original he must be! What is his name, my dear Madame?"

"Alas! Madame, that is one of the matters upon which we hope to be informed by you."

Madame Vautrin stared with wonder at this announcement, and the young girl burst into a hearty laugh. Madame Humblot perceived that there seemed to be some question of the soundness of her wits, and continued hastily:

"I will explain what has so much astonished you, my dear Madame, and you will see that Providence or fate is more responsible than I am for what seems to you so very odd. But is not this charming young lady rather too young to listen to a story of a nature so very—complicated——?"

"Madame," broke in the young girl abruptly, and with an air of great self-assertion, "I am nearly fifteen years old, and my mother has always discussed the gravest questions confidently in my presence. Do you desire me to leave you, mother?"

Madame Vautrin blushed deeply and stammered out, "Blanch—Blanchette—my darling treasure—you need not go away; but practise a little on your piano while we are talking—there's a good child." The spoiled child went to the piano and commenced an exercise, which she attacked furiously at first; but little by little her music became more subdued, and only served as a gentle accompaniment to the conversation, of which she did not fail to catch every striking or interesting feature quite as distinctly as her tender mother.

"Madame," began the Widow Humblot, "I am not ashamed to tell you that I am a perfect slave to my dear Antoinette. Nine-tenths of the mothers now-a-days are just like you and me in that respect, and maternal weakness seems to be an epidemic. When you and I were young we were as much loved, I suppose, but not in the same way. We used to be whipped sometimes, but our daughters never are, though they deserve it quite as much, perhaps. Our parents arranged our lives for us to suit themselves, without much apparent regard to our fancies. We used to bewail our hard lot, and revolt sometimes; but it was of no use, and after all everything turned out for the best; for fathers and mothers know men much better than young girls in their teens. I thought I should die of despair because I was sacrificed to an ignorant farmer when I imagined I was dead in love with a pretty-faced attorney's clerk; but I have always blessed my parents for marrying me in spite of my tears to poor old Humblot, who made me perfectly happy while my pretty clerk was serving out a life sentence at the galleys. Antoinette is a good little girl, who loves me dearly and lets me into all her little secrets, and we have perfect confidence in each other. If she had taken a fancy to a hard case, I should only have to tell her so; but suppose now that this young officer be a good fellow, and he seems to be one, is there any reason in the world

why I should oppose her wishes? There were some good matches proposed to us at Morans, but she didn't like any of them, and she gave reasons for her dislike which I could not resist. I always said to myself that she was young still, and we had plenty of time before us. And last month, as we had nearly gone through the whole list of eligibles in our neighborhood without finding any one to her taste, I took it into my head that there would be no harm in looking up something a little further off. I had read in the newspapers that the watering-places, like Baden-Baden, Hombourg, and the like, were places where a great many excellent matches were made; and, besides, my daughter seemed to be becoming a little vaporish, and in need of some amusement; so off we started for Baden. We got on very well till we came to Commercy. There Destiny was lying in wait for us. There was only one place in our railway compartment, and that I had filled up with wraps and bundles, hoping it would be kept unoccupied. But just as the train started an obstreperous crowd of ten or a dozen officers in uniforms, escorting another in civil dress, came directly to our carriage. They were all talking together as if they had just left table. The door of our carriage was opened, there was a general embracing and shaking of hands and bidding good-by, and a young man of twenty-five or thirty came tumbling in among my bundles and shawls. He excused himself very civilly and threw away his cigar with horror as soon as he saw he was in the company of ladies. He was sorry to fill up our carriage, already so crowded, but he was obliged to rejoin his regiment as soon as he possibly could before his truancy should be discovered. He promised to seek a place in another carriage at the next station, and in any event he was not going beyond Nancy. But he did not change at the next station, for we were already engaged in an animated conversation, and every one in the carriage was delighted by his charming and witty manner, for he did not once indulge in any reprehensible vivacities of expression. His language was original, frank, and soldier-like, but had none of the flavor of the barracks, or it would not have proved so seductive both to my daughter and to me. He is really a very accomplished young man, handsome without vanity, brave without bravado, witty without malice, and wild without wickedness. You must recognize him by this description."

"I recognize more than one, my dear Madame, but we will find *the* one."

"Oh, I should know him among a thousand! At first he seemed to direct his attentions to all our company, but finally he concentrated them apparently upon myself and my daughter; and Antoinette listened to him with a really sympathetic curiosity. You would swear that they were made for each other; and perhaps this idea struck them as soon as it did me. He is very tall, so is she for a woman; he is dark, she is a blonde; they have both the same kind of beauty. I said to myself that if love does sometimes fall at once upon two hearts like a stroke of lightning, this was just the case for it. You will see that I was myself quite bewitched; for a mother is always niggardly of her daughter's love, and we are always disposed to look upon the man who pleases them as if he were a robber. But this youngster got on famously. The enemy's country was conquered in advance, and his march was a triumph. My daughter has been brought up very strictly, and is naturally very timid, both on account of her rather secluded life, and her height, which is unusual at her age. But will you believe that she soon began to chatter with this young man as if they had been close friends for ten years? I could hardly recognize her, she was so full of frank gayety and innocent wiles. They were quite surprised to find themselves at the Nancy station, which proves that they had not counted the

miles. The officer bade us adieu in a few words which expressed a great deal—sentiment, good-nature, and modesty. I don't recollect his exact words, but what he said amounted to this: that travelling is a queer sort of business; that travellers attach themselves to each other in a thousand ways as if they should never quit each other, and then at the first station it is good-night to everybody. Each goes his own way with some pleasant remembrance, and that is the end of it forever.

"He seemed to me right enough when I began to think it over by myself; for when one has an only daughter, one wants to have her near home, and her marriage to the bravest and most charming officer in the world seemed to me no better than an abduction. Everything considered, I was glad enough to forget this little incident, and I was pleased to see that Antoinette ceased to speak of it. At Baden we met very many pleasant families, and the young men were very attentive; for Antoinette is not only very pretty herself, but she is known to have an income of about sixty thousand francs, and larks are taken with the same bait at Baden as everywhere else. You may be sure there were plenty of proposals; there were even, God bless me! some to spare for me. In short, everybody was very civil to us, but Mademoiselle accepted it all as though it was due to us, and nobody got any thanks. I used to feel her pulse now and then, and would ask her, Well, what do you say to this one, or how are you pleased with this other? But she always had the same answer, 'Well enough,' 'So, so.' Not the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, but a perfect indifference. So things went on for a month or more, till one day, happening to break a little filigree brooch not worth ten sous, she began to cry at such a rate that it seemed as if she would cry her eyes out. A mother isn't fooled by such disproportionate grief. For such an effect there must be some adequate cause. I questioned her; I began to cry myself; I did just as you would have done yourself, madame, for all mothers' hearts are cast in the same mould; and at last the poor child gave up to me her secret. I had quite forgotten the young officer, but for thirty days Antoinette had been thinking of nothing else. Love had attained gently and noiselessly to its full height in her innocent soul, which had shown itself a soil admirably adapted to its growth. The dear child told me that this love was for her whole life, that she had met her ideal, that she would never marry any other man, and that if I was barbarous enough to refuse my consent it would inevitably be the death of her.

"Alas! I did not need so much persuasion. These daughters of ours hold our heart-strings and lead us wherever they will. I have reflected, madame, on the subject, and I begin to believe that Antoinette has made a wise choice. Epaulets are only a vain ornament, to be sure, but yet they are to some extent a guarantee. They indicate a certain degree of education, good-breeding, chivalric feeling, courtesy, courage, disinterestedness, and, above all, of personal honor, for a man cannot remain in the army when this last comes to be suspected. The worst of it is, these officers drag our daughters about from city to city and from garrison to garrison; but I thought to myself, they cannot drag them to war with them, and I shall recover my rights over my daughter at each campaign, or, at least, over the babies, for these are not adapted to war transportation. And who knows, after all, but that he may resign his commission when he shall have a family? But, whether or no, my resolution is taken, and this young man shall be my son-in-law, however humble his birth or extreme his poverty. We are rich enough for him and ourselves both, and I have never wanted my daughter to marry a marquis. It is a pretty position enough to be the wife of an officer.

But now it remains to be seen whether this unknown beauty may not be a rake or a gambler or a drinker of absinthe. If ill luck would have it that he should be addicted to either of these three vices, I would break off the marriage even though I should bring Antoinette to despair. I would rather kill her at a blow than to see her die a lingering death of torture."

At this peroration Madame Humblot shed a few tears, and Mademoiselle Vautrin made a tremendous din on the piano. Madame Vautrin was an indolent but sympathetic soul, and the effort she had made to follow the recital, joined to the emotion it had caused, had put her into a profuse perspiration. She reflected a moment while wiping her face and the back of her hands, and suddenly asked:

"What if he should be married?"

"Oh! if he be married," replied Madame Humblot, "my daughter is saved. Impossibility settles everything."

"And if he should be a son of some pretentious and titled family, for there are many such in the army, you know?"

"As for that," said Madame Humblot, "we can only give what we have got, and in money we are not so ill provided. And our name is not a bad one either, for it is that of honest people who have never disgraced it. And after all, what does a woman's name signify when it is at once lost and merged in that of her husband?"

"Very well, then; all we have to do is to find the young man. Are you sure you should recognize him at the first glance?"

"Oh, among a thousand!"

"The search won't be either very long or very difficult. The garrison of Nancy is composed of our regiment, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, and a few officers of artillery and the general staff. I am not myself very well acquainted with Colonel Vautrin's officers, but my daughter has a complete collection of their portraits in a photographic album. We will begin with that, and if your son-in-law is not in the regiment, we will make inquiry among the cavalry and the staff. I am sorry your young man's absence was not on a regular leave, for then we should only have to look over the morning reports for the day you met him. But never fear; we shall find him out; it is only a question of time."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Madame Vautrin, for your aid and kind sympathy. May God reward you by granting to your dear girl the happiness you will confer upon mine!"

Whereupon the two mothers embraced tearfully, and Madame Vautrin called to her daughter:

"Blanche! Blanchette! my darling love! Eh, Blanchette!"

But the louder the mother called the more violent and tremendous were Blanche's assaults upon the piano, which one would have thought was undergoing punishment for some fearful crime. When she condescended to give her attention, Madame Vautrin continued:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. Won't you please bring us your album?"

"My album?"

"Yes, the album of the regiment."

"It is in my room. I will go for it."

She went out slowly, made a face at herself in the mirror as she passed it, and when she had reached her chamber, closed the door after her and bolted it, took up an album bound in red leather with ivory ornaments, and began to turn over the leaves. At number five of the lieutenants of the second battalion she

stopped. Beneath the portrait was written the name *Paul Astier*. "It is he," said she, making a face. "It can't be any one else."

She slipped the card out of its frame, tore it into little bits, and put them into her pocket. Then reflecting that the vacant space would perhaps excite remark, she tore out the page which had served for a frame, and, when she had concealed its fragments, her little features were lighted up with a satanic joy as she muttered between her teeth:

"At last I have my revenge on an insolent fellow! I am a woman!"

She ran down with the album to her mother, who thanked her, kissed her forehead, and said, "Now, my dear, you can stay with us; we have finished all our secrets."

And now only think how Madame Humblot's heart began to beat. She only glanced at the portraits of the superior officers, but when the captains began to defile before her she opened wide her eyes. The regiment was not wanting in fine-looking men, but she thought with pride that all were less handsome and distinguished-looking than her future son-in-law. Blanchette grinned as she listened to her remarks, and said to Madame Humblot:

"If these gentlemen could only hear you, they would pick a quarrel with the prince who so far eclipses them all."

When they had reached the last pages of the album the little wretch became more wicked and malicious than ever.

"There are only four left," said she; "Hope is in the bottom of the box. Ah! now I have an idea that this is the hero of the romance. No? You won't have Lieutenant Bouleau? But he's a brave soldier. Rose from the ranks; been in service twenty-seven years; seen eighteen campaigns; has the military medal and the cross; and see what a lovely scar he has between the eyes."

"It is all over," cried Madame Humblot. "He is not in the regiment, and I am the unhappiest of mothers."

"No, no," said Madame Vautrin; "if he is not in the regiment, he must be either in the cavalry or the staff. Are you anxious to have the matter settled at once?"

"Oh, so anxious! Only think how that dear angel is counting the minutes at our hotel."

"Well, then, I will take my hat and shawl and go out with you. Blanchette will keep house for me, like a good child."

As soon as the two mothers were gone, Blanchette folded her two meagre arms, struck a stage attitude, then began to walk back and forth in the large parlor like a little panther in a cage. She was ugly without an ugly feature, just as one sees sometimes a very pretty face with hardly a pretty feature. Every physical and moral defect of her awkward age was in her shown in an exaggerated degree. Her thin arms and legs were shaped like drum-sticks, her feet were very long, and her hands interminable. Her movements were without grace, and her color dark and without freshness. Her nose, eyes, and forehead seemed to go ill together, although her nose was straight, her forehead shapely, and her eyes lustrous and with good lines. Perhaps it was only harmony that was wanting; but in a woman harmony is everything.

Now, there is no girl of ten years old who doesn't say to herself when she sees a handsome woman, "That is what I would like to be, or what I shall be some day when I am grown up." But Nature seems to take a wicked pleasure in bringing to naught these ambitious hopes. She turns up with a brutal finger the poor little nose that wanted so much to be Grecian; she opens half-way to

the ears an innocent mouth that didn't ask to be any bigger; hair of an uncertain color, that gave promise of a beautiful auburn, either grows into an ugly brown or takes on the appearance and quality of tow. There is no help for it all, but the effect on the temper is not favorable to amiability. Blanche Vautrin would not probably lack admirers, for a well-dowried colonel's daughter, although ugly, could not fail of a husband; but she none the less was enraged at her lack of beauty, which she desired for itself alone.

Almost all her father's officers flattered her and treated her with as much consideration as if she had been Venus in person, though their cajoleries were always received with disgust and ill-humor. But though their flatteries, which she considered her due, brought her no pleasure, any omission of them was sure to provoke her still more; and while those who offered her this homage were treated with contempt, she hated those who refused it as rebellious and contumacious.

The most bitterly execrated of all these rebels was Paul Astier. He was a handsome, brave, and upright fellow, who had made his own way in life. The son of a forester in the wood of Ardennes, he had worked hard to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at eighteen had enlisted as a common soldier at the beginning of the Crimean war. He had gone through the campaign without a wound, though a mine had exploded directly beneath his feet at the attack on the Malakoff. When he returned in 1856 he had been twice gazetted for gallantry, and had won his sub-lieutenant's epaulets. In 1859 he had exchanged into Colonel Vautrin's regiment, in order to take part in the campaign of Italy, and had found among the privates of his company an old friend and playmate with whom in boyhood he had bound fagots in the Ardennes. Bodin, who could neither read nor write, attached himself like a dog to him, and would have sacrificed his life to serve him. So, in spite of their difference in rank, their old friendship remained unimpaired, and when off duty the greatest familiarity of manner existed between them.

The campaign of 1859 was short, as everybody knows; yet Astier found time to gain a new grade, and at the close of the war went into garrison at Nancy with the rank of lieutenant. From the very first he had not been pleased with Blanchette, and, as he was very little given to the arts of diplomacy, he had not taken pains to make himself agreeable to her. The child was the more annoyed at his indifference as she had found him much more pleasant to look at than any of the other officers. She endeavored to attract his attention, but her attempts were as fruitless as they were awkward, for coquetry is an art requiring much time and practice. But the more failures and repulses she met with, the oftener she returned to the charge; like a gambler who persists in play though he knows his ill luck must only result in his ruin. So things went from bad to worse, and her annoyances daily became more aggravating.

One day she said to him:

"Monsieur Astier, I am told you draw extremely well. Won't you please send me some of your sketches?"

Astier went straight to a toy shop and bought a dozen illuminated baby books which he gave to her.

"The joke seems to me in very bad taste," said Blanche.

"Mademoiselle, I have selected such as are given as rewards of merit to little girls who have behaved very well indeed. If you don't think you have deserved them, I will take them back again."

Another time she attacked him in a large company.

"Monsieur Astier, when you were a private, you used to carry a knapsack, didn't you?"

"Certainly, I carried one very far."

"Well, when you used to sleep on the ground and took your soup from the camp-kettle, what society did you visit in?"

"In a very amiable society, but one which, for that reason, you would hardly appreciate."

Whenever she thought she had found out anything to his disadvantage, she never failed to make it a matter of public question.

"Monsieur Astier, are your parents still living?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And what profession does Monsieur Astier, Sr., pursue?"

"Gathers fagots."

"Ah, indeed! and Madame Astier?"

"Makes the old man's soup."

"What a patriarchal existence! I suppose these honest foresters will be very proud of you when you have got your cross?"

"Mademoiselle, they have not waited so long."

The words of these dialogues are nothing without the music. One should have heard the sharp and drawling tone of Mademoiselle Vautrin in contrast with the deep and frank voice of Astier. Blanche rarely got the advantage in their contests, and as weakness is always cruel, she came finally to the last degree of atrocity.

"Monsieur Astier, have you ever been in any campaigns?"

"In all since my time, Mademoiselle."

"And under what skies have you cultivated the art of war?"

"In the Crimea, Africa, Italy."

"You have, perhaps, then, seen some of the enemy?"

"Sometimes."

"And what did these wretches do to you?"

"They gave me my promotion."

"But they never wounded you?"

"No, nor killed me. But you should pardon them; it was not their fault."

"How does one manage to escape accidents in time of war?"

"Very easily; one has only to be very lucky."

"Or very prudent."

"Mademoiselle, I am grateful for the compliment; for the colonel, your father, has always denied me that quality."

"It seems to me that a soldier ought to get wounded if only from coquetry. An officer without wounds always seems to me like an imperfect being."

"At the first opportunity, Mademoiselle, I will endeavor to send you one of my arms or a leg."

"Arms and legs! What should I do with them? I am provided with them."

"Yes, but so slightly."

The least allusion to her scrawniness put her quite beside herself; and she hated poor Bodin almost equally with Astier for some reflection she had heard he had made upon her tawny complexion.

II.

HATRED has miraculous intuitions. The very moment Madame Humblot had begun to tell her story Blanche had thought of Lieutenant Astier. But she was not previously aware of his day's absence without leave the preceding month, and had never heard that he had friends among the officers at Commercy. How did it happen, then, that in the rose-tinted portrait of Madame Humblot she had at once recognized the person she always had represented to herself in the blackest colors? Her mind and hand had both acted so rapidly, and her little piece of villainy had been committed so quickly, that she was surprised at it herself. She began to reflect when the two mothers had left her to herself, and to ask what would happen if the two ladies should chance to meet Astier on their walk. Recognition, emotion, astonishment. Madame Humblot fainting would fall into the lieutenant's arms, an explanation and a good understanding would follow. Mademoiselle Antoinette would come upon the stage, and soon ———

Blanche felt not the slightest sympathy for this overgrown Antoinette.

Nothing in the world could prevent or delay the conclusion if this interview should take place. Astier was an officer in good repute and credit, and had a brilliant future before him. His poverty was accepted in advance by Madame Humblot. There was no doubt that he would thankfully accept the match proposed to him, for he was not averse to marriage; and though his pride and nobility of character would have prevented him from contracting an alliance purely of interest, yet this sentimental young lady could hardly fail to interest him and to inspire an attachment, if her personal attractions were such as her mother herself gave reason to suppose them to be.

He would marry her then, but after, or even before the ceremony, all the little circumstances of the romance would be explained. Madame Humblot would not fail to tell that she had looked through the regimental album without finding her son-in-law, and the reason would be inquired into. What would Madame Vautrin, and what would her father, a man who admitted of no jesting in matters of personal honor, think and say? But what above all she dreaded and feared was the judgment of society. The suppression of the portrait was not only an odious act, but it was becoming a ridiculous one because it effected nothing. If people should only look upon it as a stupid piece of malice, the result of blind hatred, that might pass; but suppose they should incline to see in it the working of quite another passion, a passion the reverse of hatred? Ah! rather the direst tortures than the shame of having, at her age, coveted a man whose affections were placed elsewhere.

Now it seemed almost impossible to conceal the lieutenant from Madame Humblot's pursuit. The old lady had good eyes, and her daughter had probably still better ones; and, although love is said to be blind, it is only when he finds it for his interest to deceive himself. Nancy is a large town to be sure, but there one is not lost in the crowd as in Paris, especially an officer who is always obliged to wear his uniform. Besides, the two mothers were already relating their story to the other ladies of the garrison, who would, of course, be all interested that the discovery should be made. In twenty-four hours the sixty thousand francs of income offered to the handsome unknown would be the talk of the town; and if Astier was not recognized by his friends, he could come forward and discover himself.

There is no other way, thought the wicked young woman; Monsieur Paul Astier must disappear.

This was very much the reasoning and conclusion of highwaymen who, for the sake of precaution, put out of the way the witnesses of their crimes; but it is not so easy to hide away, like a nutmeg, a big lieutenant. Blanchette thought over the matter, and after five or six very wild plans at last hit upon a good one.

She had obtained some time before, and with some trouble, one of Astier's sketches. It was a very funny caricature of one of the officers of the regiment, Major Sparrow, who commanded the Second Battalion. Paul had represented a sparrow eating a cherry, and the whole design, seen at a little distance, made an admirable likeness of the major and the major's nose; for this officer, a brave soldier and a good fellow, had, by his African habits, developed this feature to an unusual degree both of size and color. Aside from this ridiculous defect, he was very much esteemed and respected by every one, and was on the best of terms with his subordinates. He had a high regard for Astier, who returned it fully, and for nothing on earth would have caused him pain; but youth and spirits and love of fun lead one oftentimes into malicious tricks, and when one has formed a good joke he hasn't always the sense to keep it to himself. So this sketch, tinted with water-colors, was brought one day to the mess-table of the subalterns, where it caused much laughter, and one of the other officers added to it an explanatory legend. After the dinner the matter was forgotten, and the sketch itself, in a damaged state, was left on one corner of the table. A friend of Astier, Lieutenant Foucault, picked up the sketch, folded it, and put it in his pocket, and, without thinking any harm, gave it to Mademoiselle Vautrin. A week afterward the young girl had told Astier, with an air of triumph, that she had obtained one of his sketches in spite of him, but did not say what the sketch was, and he had thought no more of the matter. But to-day it was quite another affair. She returned to her chamber, opened a box, took the caricature, signed it with Paul's name in printed letters, put it in an envelope, printed upon it the address of Major Sparrow, and called her father's orderly from the door. "Old Schumacher," said she, "go and put this letter in the post-office, and let no one see or read the address. You won't read it yourself, I know; your education will forbid."

This second little crime weighed somewhat heavily upon her conscience. But then she excused herself by alleging the necessity of the act, and she knew that a duel between a major and a subaltern was quite impossible. The result of it will be, thought she, that Astier will get off with a week or a fortnight of close arrest, and that won't kill anybody. In a week Madame Humblot and her daughter will be tired of wearing out their shoes on the sharp pavements of Nancy. They will think they were dreaming, and will go back to their harvesting. If they only will go before the general inspection, everything will be saved.

She went back to her piano to occupy herself with her music until the ladies should return. Madame Vautrin came in alone, very tired, and evidently dejected,

"Well, mother."

"I don't understand it at all. We have turned over the cavalry, stared at the artillery, questioned the engineers, and passed in review the general staff. All the ladies have been so kind and have aided us in every way, and shown the greatest interest in Madame Humblot. But we have been completely at fault. My head aches with it. Haven't you some idea of how it is?"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell me, then."

"I have an idea that these two innocent people have allowed themselves to be humbugged by some joker who is no more an officer than I am."

"Child, do you suppose any one would pretend to be an officer when he was not?"

"Why not? I read every day in the papers of rogues assuming the uniform and the medals of military men in order to cheat people."

"Yes, but officers themselves are not to be so deceived. Recollect that at Commercy ——"

"I know that; nevertheless some civilian may have possibly dined with the officers at Commercy, and after dinner, when a little excited, may have thought it a good joke to humbug Madame Humblot."

"But for what purpose?"

"Oh! for fun, and because there are some faces that provoke humbugging just as certain trees draw the lightning. If you like to think that it was some very distinguished young officer, very well; but if I were you, I should be careful how I encouraged my friends to risk their happiness and their savings on a person who has begun by appearing in a false character."

"But if he is an officer, this young man?"

"How can he be?"

"Well, these ladies are coming here to tea this evening; don't discourage them at all events."

At dinner Madame Vautrin told the story to her husband.

"My dear," said the colonel, "I am sorry this prize hasn't fallen to one of our young men. Lieutenants should be much more comfortable if they had sixty thousand francs to add to the sixty-five they receive on the first of each month."

"But, papa," asked Blanche, "do you suppose an officer could be strolling about without leave for a whole day without his colonel knowing anything about it?"

"It might happen in some garrisons through the negligence of the commanding officer; but in my command, I venture to say, such a thing would be impossible."

"Oh, papa, you needn't be uneasy about it. This officer, if there be an officer in the case, certainly is not from your regiment."

Madame Humblot and her daughter came in the evening, and the sight of Antoinette gave Blanche a bitter pang.

Fancy the rage of a child who knows she is ugly, who has passionately longed for beauty, and has even imagined for herself an ideal of grace and elegance. All at once she sees before her the very incarnation of her vague desires, the person she has always dreamed of being. Another possesses in full completeness all the graces of person, all the charms of feature, she has so fondly hoped for. It seems to her almost as if she had been robbed of her own proper personality, and cast-off garments had been thrown to her in charity.

But the young woman exercised some restraint over her feelings, and repressed her first impulse, which was to tear out Mademoiselle Antoinette's eyes. They shook hands, smiled upon each other, and exchanged without apparent effort the customary civilities. Soon they began to be intimate, and the candor and expansiveness of the poor victim was without limit. She could not for a moment doubt the sincerity and truth of the young man, or believe that he had made the slightest false pretences. She thought the two old ladies had perhaps looked over the album too hastily, or that the picture had been a bad likeness.

Blanche pretended to agree with her, and drew her into an adjoining room away from prying curiosity, and put the whole regiment into her hands that she might study it at her ease. When she had finished the album, the perverse crea-

ture kissed her and said: "Do not be troubled about it; there isn't a single officer worthy of you in papa's regiment. I know it; we must look elsewhere. Probably he belongs to the staff, and to-morrow we will look for him together. Now let us go into the parlor, for mother has sent word to the officers that she would be at home this evening, and many of them will come in; for your arrival is quite an event here, and they will all desire to see you. Perhaps *he* will come, and you will meet him face to face."

There was a numerous company in the parlor when they returned. All the ladies had come to see the Humblots, and most of the bachelors to show themselves. Many a one had said to himself as he gave the last stroke of the brush to his dress-coat: "Since it has pleased Heaven to permit a brilliant heiress to fall a prize to one of the garrison at Nancy, perhaps Heaven will carry its originality so far as to cause my humble person to find favor in the eyes of the fair one." With this hope each endeavored to expose his own special advantages. One twirled his moustache, another brought his well-shaped foot to bear, another turned about on his heels to show the elegance and grace of his figure. Among all these fine fellows Paul Astier was only conspicuous by his absence. Since Blanche had become altogether rude to him, he never came to the colonel's except on occasions of ceremony or on an express invitation.

If Mademoiselle Humblot was disappointed, Blanche had the satisfaction of seeing Major Sparrow talking in private with her father, and gesticulating with some vehemence. This is what had taken place toward the end of the day: As Astier was folding his napkin after dinner, he had been hastily summoned to the major's quarters. He had gone with pleasure, hoping that the major required some service of him which he would be only too happy to perform.

But as soon as he saw the old officer, he perceived at once there was a storm brewing, for the nose was fairly blazing in the midst of his singularly pale countenance.

"Lieutenant," said the major, "have you ever had reason to complain of me when on duty?"

"Never, Major."

"Or off duty?"

"Never."

"Have I ceased to deserve esteem among men, or to have a claim to the respect of young people?"

"Every one esteems and respects you, Major."

"You haven't lost your wits by some accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"You haven't been drunk to-day?"

"No, that I am sure of."

"Then why the devil have you insulted me, *sacré bleu!*"

"I, Major?"

"Who but you? I didn't address this blackguard thing to myself, I suppose. Do you recognize it?"

Paul recognized the sketch, which he had supposed destroyed long ago and had quite forgotten.

"Major," said he, "when I drew this wretched caricature a year ago, I did a foolish and improper thing; but he who stole it, kept it, signed it with my name, and sent it to you, has done an infamous one. I ask your pardon for a fault which would have been a slight one if it had not come to your knowledge. As for the beggar who has taken pains to turn a trivial joke into an insult, I will endeavor to find him out and to punish him as he deserves."

"Meantime," said the major, "since I should not have received this work of art unless you had executed it, you will be good enough to consider yourself under close arrest until further orders."

It is no great hardship for a civilian to remain in his lodgings, although quite alone, for a week or two; but for a young officer it is a severe punishment. Almost always very poor, there is nothing homelike or attractive about the rooms they use only to sleep in. Paul Astier, like all infantry lieutenants, paid twenty francs a month for his quarters, sixty-five francs for his board, and for other necessary expenses the remainder of his pay, excepting the small sum of eleven francs per month, which he was at liberty to devote to cigars, to the coffee-house, to literature, to charity, or other extravagances or superfluities.

He occupied a narrow and ill-furnished chamber in the oldest part of the city, but life had always smiled upon him, and he had dreamt pleasant dreams in his little den. A simple volunteer, he had advanced as far as his twenty-sixth year as the graduates of the military school of the same age. His name had already been three times presented at general inspection as a candidate for the cross of the Legion of Honor, and he hoped soon to be promoted to a captaincy. If he kept on at the same rate, it was certain he would gain the rank of a general officer before he reached the age of superannuation. In the mean time his poverty was not irksome to him, and he was content. But the evening he returned to his lodgings under Major Sparrow's order, it seemed to him as if his star had suddenly become eclipsed, and the little room seemed very dismal. He hardly touched his dinner, which the faithful Bodin had brought to him perfectly cold, and soon became absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was discontented with every one, himself included. He had given offence unintentionally to an excellent old man, and this event could not fail to be attended by unlucky consequences. The general inspection was approaching, and, for a fault of which he was only half guilty at the worst, he should run the risk of again failing to obtain the cross. This was the third time. His first nomination was after the battle of Solferino, and that time he had failed because in actual war the wounded take precedence. The second time, the inspector-general had set a black mark against him as "too familiar with his inferiors and wanting in dignity." For, the evening before at a party, Blanche Vautrin had said to the general, "Do you see that tall officer who has such a fine figure? He lets his orderly *thee* and *thou* him because they watched cattle together when they were boys at home."

The general had found that this was true, and had marked off poor Astier. This time the affair was much more serious, but Paul was less affected by the thought of losing his just rights than by the shame he felt at having such an accusation to make against a fellow officer. The treachery was so base that he could not bear the thought of imputing it to a comrade. The first sensation of physical ill makes the new-born infant utter cries of pain; and a young man experiences something similar when he first opens his eyes to the existence of moral evil, and discovers that every one is not honest and kind like himself. Without undressing, Paul threw himself upon his little bed and cried.

III.

His confinement lasted for a whole fortnight, and during this time of absolute solitude he had no other distraction than the sight of the street, and the greasy novels which Bodin brought him from a neighboring circulating library. Several times he felt ashamed of his idleness, and wished to shake off his torpor and commence a work upon the military art over which he had long meditated.

But he found with grief that his brain refused its service under these conditions, and his thought broke its wings against the walls of his chamber. He found that liberty of movement was indispensable to the gestation of ideas, and that days of captivity, like days on shipboard, are only the wastage and the refuse of one's life.

Meantime, Madame Humblot and her daughter had taken again the road to Morans. The old lady was as much vexed as a sportsman who has failed to make a bag, and feels like shooting down pigeons and poultry rather than return home empty-handed. Towards the end of her stay she had pointed out first one officer and then another to her daughter, and seemed to say to her, "Since the Phoenix has disappeared, let us take the best we have left."

But Antoinette's heart was not to be moved.

"If it be God's will that I ever marry," said she, "I shall find again him whom I have loved. But if this happiness is denied me, I shall know that it is His will to keep me to Himself."

Blanche Vautrin gloated over her despair like a little demon. She never quitted her victim, and tasted drop by drop each one of her innocent tears with ravenous appetite; then all of a sudden she would herself burst into tears without apparent motive, would embrace poor Antoinette with violence, and eagerly demand her favor and pardon. Antoinette hardly knew how to express her gratitude for such generous outbursts of sympathy, and could only exclaim:

"How good and kind you are! and how I love you!"

"Oh, no," Blanche would reply; "you must detest me, rather. I have a wicked heart, I am a monster!"

Three or four times she was just on the point of avowing everything, but something restrained her. It was neither jealousy nor the dread of blame, nor remorse for the lies she had told, but a kind of shamefaced pride.

"I would avow all," she said to herself, "if I were only a little older, if I were only sixteen instead of fifteen; but people are so malicious, and though they admit that the heart has neither youth nor age, yet this maxim only serves to justify the follies of old maids of forty."

The day Mademoiselle Humblot bade her good-by, with every demonstration of affection she said to her:

"I do not ask your friendship, but your prayers. I am more unhappy than you, though you cannot understand it. My conscience is like a field of battle covered with the dead and wounded. I have done all I possibly could to aid you; and if you are not happy, there are others much more wretched than you."

No one sought for the explanation of this enigmatical language. Nothing is astonishing in the mouth of a girl of fifteen.

Two days after the departure of the Humblot family, Paul Astier was released from confinement. The cause of his arrest was not made public, but it was known that he had treated his superior officer with disrespect. His name was stricken off the list of nominations for the cross, and that of Lieutenant Foucault put in its place. When he reappeared at the mess-table he received coldly the condolences of his comrades, and when at dessert a bottle of champagne was opened in honor of his return, he rose when his health was proposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before responding I have a question to ask. Do any of you recollect that about a year ago I showed one day at table a caricature of Major Sparrow?"

He did not wait for an answer, but continued in a dry tone:

"The dinner ended so gayly that I forgot to take my sketch with me. Did any one of you happen to find it?"

"I did," said Foucault.

"Ah, indeed! was it you? The coincidence is disagreeable.

"Why?"

"Did you keep the drawing?"

"No. I thought it of no consequence, and I gave it away."

"Gave it, or sent it?"

"Gave it directly."

"Foucault, tell me this instant to whom you gave it."

"I receive orders only from my superiors, Monsieur Astier."

"If you refuse to receive my orders you will take at any rate this glass of wine in your face."

The action followed the word. The others interfered to prevent a scuffle, and a duel was settled upon. The colonel could not interpose to prevent it, as the insult had been too flagrant. The next morning early they fought with regulation swords, and Paul Astier was run through the body. For two months he lay in the hospital just between life and death.

About this time Blanche Vautrin fell into that languishing state of health which is often attributed to too rapid growth in girls of her age. She had fever, convulsions, and delirium, and several times was given up by the physicians; but she passed through the crisis and began slowly to recover. But her illness and her convalescence wrought a wonderful change in her appearance. Her friends, if she had any, would hardly have recognized the little homely Blanche in the tall, pale, and slender young girl, who was now driven about each day in the sunshiny autumn days. Her eyes were now large and lustrous, her nose straight and thin, of Grecian outline, and her pale lips were bounded by lines of delicate and antique grace. The lack of harmony in her features was now no longer seen, and it seemed as if everything had been moulded anew by the cruel hands of suffering and distress.

Nor was this change confined to her external features. Her voice had acquired a sweeter tone and more sympathetic inflections, and her wit and judgment seemed to have lost their causticity and harshness. Her heart was more open to the gentle emotions, and even the sight of a lonely and late-blooming violet would awaken a tender feeling. To convalescents everything seems newly made, and they fancy that Nature has decked herself anew for their special delight.

She gradually recovered her strength, but her gayety had quite forsaken her. It was thought she could hardly endure the winter of Lorraine, and it was arranged that she should spend the cold season in Palermo with her mother. The day of their departure they met before the door of the station a tall and pale young officer, who was walking painfully along, one arm resting upon a cane and the other on the shoulder of the faithful Bodin. He touched his cap to the colonel, who was in the carriage, then turned away with an indefinable expression of disdain. Blanche comprehended that an explanation with Lieutenant Foucault had taken place after the duel, and that Paul was no longer ignorant of the author of his misfortunes.

Madame Vautrin, always kind and tender-hearted, said to her daughter:

"There's a poor fellow who sorely needs a trip to Sicily too."

"Unluckily," replied the colonel, "he has only his pay to live on."

Blanche could not help thinking that except for her the young officer would be in good health, rich, and happy. Her remorse followed her to the land of the orange and myrtle. To a soul not utterly corrupt a bad action is a heavy

burden. Hardly a day passed that Blanche did not think of Paul Astier, and ask herself, "Where is he now? what has become of him? He must feel the cold so cruelly, while I seek shelter from the warm sunbeams. Perhaps he may have had a relapse, perhaps he is dead. And I should know nothing of it! No one would inform me, and I, unhappy girl, have not even the right to ask a question concerning him!"

Now and then she exchanged a letter with Mademoiselle Humblot, and the news which she received from Morans did not comfort her conscience. Antoinette informed her that she was about to enter a convent, but without formally renouncing her liberty. An absurd but obstinate hope still sustained the poor girl.

"Still another brave heart that I have brought to desolation," thought Blanche, "and for what? What have I gained by all this suffering? I spread misery around me, and there is not in the whole world a more unhappy wretch than I."

While she was passing her life in alternate self-reproach and self-bewailings, the climate, the open air, exercise, and, above all, youth, had performed their work and completely metamorphosed her little person. Her frail figure had become full and plump, her dresses became too small for her, the bony protuberances of her arms disappeared, and here and there dimples began to show. Her color had changed from a dull tawny hue to the brilliant olive so much admired in creoles. At Palermo she was thought beautiful, and her mother passed hours and hours before her in rapturous contemplation. Indeed, it seemed as though base lead had been transmuted into shining silver, and after six months' absence Madame Vautrin brought back to Nancy a Blanchette who was charming. Her beauty was not altogether regular, and of the lost ugliness there still remained something strange and striking; but this very singularity was not to be despised, and many women would pay dearly for it if it were to be bought in the shops.

Paul Astier had completely recovered, and not only had resumed his military duty, but for two months had been hard at work at his quarters. He would not have allowed himself an hour of recreation a week if he had not been obliged to appear at the Monday evening receptions.

This necessity brought him several times into Mademoiselle Vautrin's presence, but he always affected not to know her. Beautiful or ugly, she was neither more nor less monstrous in his eyes; but still he did not fail to do justice to her beauty.

One evening when he was near her, though her back was toward him, she divined his presence, and turning quickly upon him said:

"Am I then so much changed, Monsieur Astier, that you have quite forgotten me?"

He replied coldly: "Always and everywhere, Mademoiselle, no matter what changes may happen, you may be sure of my grateful remembrance."

Then turning away from her he left the room, lighted his cigar in the vestibule, and humming an air returned to his quarters, where his work was awaiting him. This was the execution of his long considered plan of a new work upon the military art, which should revolutionize the whole system and organization of the army. He had thought much and deeply upon the subject, and his experience in the Crimea, in Africa and Italy, had made evident to him many of those vices in the military system then practised, which it was his object to correct and remove. His book gave evidence of careful study and sound judgment, and even its most Utopian chapters were full of brilliant ideas, some of

which have since been adopted and made to do good service in the army ; but, unfortunately, Paul Astier was too early with his schemes for improvement ; he was right too soon, and his watch was a few hours in advance of the official clock. But he felt so sure he was right, and the fever of invention so wrought upon him, that without waiting for the necessary official permission to publish his work, he hurried with it to the printer, and had a first edition of fifteen hundred copies struck off at once. This involved an outlay of six thousand francs, of which he had not a single sou. But he felt so sure of success that he did not hesitate to incur this obligation in order to hasten it. He sent the first ten copies to the bureaux of the War Department, quite persuaded not only that the publication would be permitted, but that the entire edition would be immediately bought up by the Government for distribution through the army.

Of the ten copies, nine were thrown aside unread ; the tenth fell into the hands of an old bureau martinet, who opened it to kill time, and almost burst with indignation at the first page. "What ! overthrow the established order of things ! Abolish the red-tape and circumlocution office ! Raise a sacrilegious hand against a system and an institution so perfect and so beautiful, one which in a few years would make France the fourth or fifth power of the Continent ! And in what disordered brain had such a revolutionary idea first germinated ? A lieutenant's ! In a general it might possibly have been pardoned, in a colonel passed over with slight reprimand ; but in a lieutenant it is simply damnable !" Upon the report of the old officer, the Minister of War caused a severe letter to be sent to Astier, forbidding the publication, and warning him against similar imprudences if he would not entirely ruin his prospects in the army. Among that strange people called the army, to hear is to obey. No one is right unless by permission of his chief, and good sense and reason are matters of rank. When two of the race disagree, it would be ridiculous to weigh their respective arguments ; it is enough to count the stripes upon their caps. The lieutenant was regularly informed that he was quite wrong, and it never occurred to him to raise further question. He gave away twenty copies to his friends and comrades, and the remainder of the edition was consigned to the garret of the printing-office.

If the matter could have rested there, no harm would have been done ; but the paper and printing had to be paid for, and as Astier made no secret of his absolute poverty, his creditors were obliged to write to the colonel to make reclamation upon his pay-roll. Now his pay barely sufficed as it was for his subsistence ; but supposing one-fifth of it to be applied to the claims of his creditors, the liquidation would require a few days over nineteen years. In such cases the rule adopted by the military authority cannot be sufficiently admired. The debtor is at once placed on the retired list ; that is to say, reduced to half-pay. Paul Astier then found himself one fine morning in a condition of semi-destitution which left him about eighty francs per month. His colonel took him aside and said to him with all the courtesy and kindness imaginable :

"My dear fellow, I am very sorry, but I can't help you. We are all bound by the Regulations. You will be missed in the regiment, for you are not only endowed with great capacity, but with the most amiable qualities. I will do what I can to reconcile you with the superior authorities, and we shall all be glad to have you back again when you have paid your debts. Choose whatever residence you please."

Paul replied that he would remain at Nancy, but that he had no hope of being able to pay his debts.

"What the devil then put it into your head to write and print a book? You had begun so well, my dear fellow! But now for two years you seem to have got into a streak of bad luck. It began with your trouble with Sparrow. I'm not superstitious, but sometimes it seems to me as if some one had cast a spell over you."

"It may be so, Colonel."

The next day he quit service and began to give lessons in the town. As he had some good friends who recommended him, he soon had plenty of pupils. He taught some drawing and others mathematics. He no longer frequented the café, was prodigiously economical, reduced his expenses to one hundred francs a month, and began to pay something to his creditors. One day some one asked him if he would give a young lady lessons in water-colors.

"Certainly," said he.

"Well, take care you don't fall in love with your pupil. She is Mademoiselle Vautrin."

"Ah, right enough" replied Paul; "she is much too pretty; besides, I have no time to give her."

Blanche kept herself informed of all that he did. She talked with the orderly, Schumacher, who tipped with Bodin, who still served his old lieutenant gratis. The young girl felt sincere admiration for the young man who showed so much courage in his ill fortune. She saw him struggling against impossibilities without the least affectation of heroism, and rolling the rock of Sisyphus with the same simplicity with which a day-laborer trundles his wheelbarrow. For the first time in her life she awoke to the conception of true greatness of soul, which is never without simplicity; but the more justice she rendered to her enemy, the more rigorously she condemned her own conduct. One sad October day she saw from her window a tall young man hurrying along the street in the driving rain and sheltering himself, his books, and his papers, as well as he could under his umbrella. It was Astier. "There he goes," said she to herself, "he who once was the gayest, the brightest, the most cheerful officer of the regiment; and it is I who have brought him to this pitiable state!" As she was absorbed in these reflections Astier raised his head, and recognizing the colonel's daughter touched his cap politely without slackening his pace. She leaped toward him with a kind of frenzy like a blind or a crazy person. Her arms were extended before her, her hands struck the window panes, and drawing back as if overcome by shame, she fell into a chair and burst into sobs.

The young man caught in his haste some glimpses of this pantomime, and fell into a reverie as he returned to his den.

"My eyes must have deceived me, or I have comprehended ill," thought he; "but even though she should repent of her wickedness, remorse would only make one more contradiction in her perverse and wilful soul."

Nevertheless, this trifling incident left a pleasant impression after it. Man is preëminently a social being. The idea that we are hated, even though by those the least worthy of our friendship and separated by leagues of distance, is always saddening to us. An anonymous insult will poison the hours of a Stoic. Paul Astier all at once found the sky less sombre and his little chamber less dreary. His conscience felt relieved of a burden, although in this guerilla warfare he had no cause for self-reproach. He thought oftener and more pleasantly upon the inexplicable creature who now seemed to bear him some little goodwill after having done him so much mischief. The sudden change excited his curiosity, like a problem to be solved. He was naturally led to pass from time

to time before the colonel's house, which he used before to shun. He sometimes caught the eye of Mademoiselle Vautrin, and he felt sure that she now no longer looked upon him with hatred. But as he was miserably poor and wretched, and as the most of his troubles could be laid to her door, his lips still expressed a bitterness which was no longer in his soul. "She is an odious monster, but she may have some vestige of a heart after all. But she is a pretty monster none the less."

If he had visited as he used to do, Blanche might have plucked up courage to have gone straight to him and to sign a treaty of peace between two quadrilles. She felt strong enough to confess all her wrongs and to beg for absolution. But where could she meet this mercenary, who was beating the pavement from six in the morning until he retired to his hole at eight in the evening? She certainly could not pursue him in the streets.

Six long months passed by—long for Astier, who was toiling hard, and long for Blanche, who was wearing away a purposeless and weary life. One morning she received a letter with the post-mark of Morans. She durst not open it, and ran to her mother, crying, "Open and read it; I am afraid to. I feel sure Antoinette Humblot is going to be married."

Her instinct had not deceived her. Antoinette announced with sadness her approaching sacrifice. After having made two trials of the convent without succeeding in resigning herself to its privations, the poor girl had ended by devoting herself to her mother's happiness. She was to be married to a neighboring farmer, a widower, but still young, whom she esteemed without loving. The nuptials were to be celebrated in a fortnight, unless some miracle should intervene. They hoped to enliven them by the presence of Madame and Mademoiselle Vautrin, but could not promise them very gay countenances. The postscript was charmingly sincere:

"MY DEAR BLANCHE: I still preserve in the depths of my heart a souvenir which I cannot now suffer to remain there without sin. I pluck it out and send it to you. When you shall have destroyed this letter it will have ceased to exist. It is done. I beg your tears."

Blanche did more than weep; she sobbed aloud, she prayed, she begged pardon of God, of her mother, of poor devoted Antoinette. "No!" she cried, "I will not destroy a souvenir so touching and so pure! Good, faithful, noble girl! she was made for him; they are worthy of each other. Ah! shall every one but me in this wretched world be of some worth and value? I will become like them, cost what it will! I will undo my detestable work, and will repair the harm I have done. Without a miracle, did you say, dear angel? Then a miracle there shall be!"

Madame Vautrin was utterly confounded at this explosion, and sobbed and wept without knowing why.

"But tell me," she begged, "tell me what is the matter. What has happened? Heaven help me, my daughter has lost her wits!"

"No, mother, I am calm, and I will be brave, and you shall know all. But send for my father; he must be here."

When she was in presence of her judges, she drew up her own indictment, and did not spare herself. The history of the album terrified her mother, who could hardly credit such deep dissimulation in her daughter; but the colonel was not so much affected by it, and perhaps only half understood it. But when

he knew that Blanche had put the signature of Astier and the address of the major to the fatal caricature, he turned pale and sprang to his feet with uplifted hand.

"Wretch!" cried he, "I would crush you this instant before me if you were a man; but, thanks to God, you are a miserable girl, and will not always bear my name!"

She did not bend before his terrible anger, but walked straight up to him and said:

"Kill me, father. You will do me a kindness, for I am so wretched."

When she had confessed everything the colonel said to her:

"Do you know what we have now to do? I shall send for Astier, and will recount to him before you all your infamous behavior; I will place him again in the path of fortune and happiness from which your wickedness has driven him; and, as you are an inferior and irresponsible creature, I will myself ask his forgiveness for the wrong you have done him."

Paul was sent for and came in. As soon as he perceived the two ladies, he understood that there was no question of military duty, but he could guess no more. Madame Vautrin was wiping her eyes, and Blanche was clutching the arms of her chair as if there had been an abyss before her. The colonel was red in the face, and pulled at his shirt collar, and twisted his moustache, and cast furious glances about him.

"My dear Astier," he began, "you will one day be a father—soon, I hope. May God preserve you from ever knowing the shame which at this instant is strangling me! Do you recollect that six months ago I asked you if some one had not cast a spell over you? My friend, there is the sorceress!"

"Colonel, I beg of you, deal gently with your daughter; she was but a child when she committed the—rogueseries you reproach her with."

"What! you know then?"

"The story of Major Sparrow? Certainly, I have known it long."

"And you said nothing, and you passed it over! and you barely escaped death on the field! Blanche, if he had died, I would have killed you!"

Blanche was silent, but her countenance seemed to say, "I should not have cared."

"But if you knew all," continued the colonel, "why then haven't you married Mademoiselle Humblot?"

At this name Paul's stupefaction showed clearly that there was a part of the story that he did not know. The colonel related the affair from its beginning as he himself had just learned it. He spoke in high terms of Antoinette's beauty, and fortune, and various merits; but the lieutenant seemed more perplexed than dazzled. He sought in the countenance of Blanche for some commentary explanatory of her father's words, and Blanche, feeling his eyes upon her, trembled under their grave, scrutinizing, but gentle look. Paul Astier's kind and clement eyes troubled her more than her father's rage. The lieutenant had never yet shown so much kindness toward her; and never, no never, in their long warfare, had she felt so dreadfully afraid of him.

The colonel finished his speech by saying:

"My friend, I will obtain for you a leave of absence and a pass for Morans. As it would not be befitting that you should leave any debts behind you at Nancy, I beg you to do me the honor of using my purse. This letter of your future wife (take it, take it!) will show you that, though not expected nor hoped for at Morans, you will be most welcome there. I shall myself come to your wed-

ding. Meantime, I shall bring about your reconciliation with the War Department, and shall obtain for you a triumphal readmission to the regiment. The honorable distinction which was your due, and which my daughter has so diabolically prevented you from obtaining, shall not long be wanting, I promise you. I cannot engage to bring it to you as a wedding present, but I will tell Madame Humblot what manner of man you are, with what gallantry you have borne yourself before my eyes under the fire of the enemy, and, what is still more rare and more noble, with what magnanimity you have supported your distresses. And I will say to her that any father of a family, no matter how high his rank or position, might well be proud to call you his son-in-law."

This eloquence would probably have transported any other man than Paul. Him it seemed hardly to touch, and he negligently let fall the precious letter. His attention was directed to the three countenances of the Vautrin family; he seemed to be seeking some hidden meaning in the words of the colonel, and interrogated with pensive and troubled eye the physiognomy of the two ladies.

At last he seemed decided.

"Monsieur Vautrin," said he, "may I see you a moment in private? I have a few words to say to you."

When they were in the ante-chamber he continued:

"Colonel, in the whole world there is no better man than you. You have never harmed any one but your country's enemies, and even them you would have spared if the affair could have been arranged in any other way. Madame Vautrin is a wife worthy of you. The lining is of the same quality as the stuff. Now, I believe it a moral impossibility that the association of two rights should produce a wrong, and I refuse utterly to believe that Mademoiselle Vautrin has done wrong for the mere pleasure of wrong-doing."

"But what possible motive?"

"Bless me! I did not foresee that it would be so difficult to explain myself. But I must go on now I have begun. You have had time to know me thoroughly, and you know I am not a conceited puppy nor a fortune-hunter. You will understand that I am not a man to bring sorrow upon my friends for the sake of throwing myself at the head of people I never saw. What I have now to say will seem to you mad enough, but you must think what you will. Colonel, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of Mademoiselle Vautrin, your daughter, and I make my retreat lest you drive me from your house as you did before from your regiment."

As he finished he opened the door and slipped out quietly, leaving the colonel utterly dumbfounded.

"Blanche! Augustine!" cried he; "my daughter! my wife! we have done a mischief, my dear children! The poor devil's wits are surely crazed! Will you believe that in answer to all I have said to him he has asked my permission to marry Blanchette?"

The young girl in her turn uttered a loud cry—but it was a cry of joy.

"I—I, who have so much deserved punishment! Oh! mother, mother, the thousandth part of God's goodness has not been told!"

From the French of EDMOND ABOUT.

TEN YEARS IN ROME.

THE INQUISITION.

IN a recent article in THE GALAXY* I endeavored to portray the Inquisition (belief in whose necessity is now an article of Roman Catholic faith), not from *ex parte* statements, which might be open to a suspicion of prejudice, but from its own archives, and in its own words. From the same sources, I shall endeavor in this article to depict the doings of three model Inquisitors, from their own reports to the Holy Office at Rome. I shall also incidentally show that the genius of the Papacy has been always opposed to free thought, and that it has used the Inquisition, and still uses it, to repress freedom in every shape. Fighting a battle of annihilation with democracy, in which one or other must fail, the Church of Rome is now preëminently a political institution. Only as she is studied in this aspect, can a fair approximation to truth be attained. There is no possibility of effecting a truce between the old and new ideas. Democracy and Catholicism poise one another, and neither can reign so long as both exist. This is not a personal view. The leading Romish organs in England regard the present crisis as eminently political. A recent writer in the organ of Archbishop Manning, "The Westminster Gazette," thus defines it:

The Catholic world is astir; it desires to testify not only its attachment to the Head of Christendom, but its unity in protesting against the godless Revolution, and against the policy of States, indifferent to religion, permitting the violation of law and justice. This united movement is a good augury for the future; it shows that public opinion in the Catholic world gladly seizes every opportunity of recording its judgment in favor of the rights of the Church in a manner the most significant. It relieves Catholic Europe in a measure from the reproach of tamely standing by while the agents of the Revolution, like the soldiers who cast lots for the garment of Christ, were plundering the possessions of the Church. If the days of crusades are over, at all events a moral crusade may do much to drive back the impious hordes of Atheists, Jews, and Liberals which are encompassing the Church of Christ. If Catholic indignation has been somewhat slow in making itself felt; if the voice of the Catholic peoples has not penetrated as yet with sufficient distinctness and determination into the Cabinets of Kings or into the Revolutionary Parliaments of Europe; if the united will of the vast majority of the populations has been hitherto disregarded by a noisy and triumphant minority, it is because the voice and will of the Catholic world were wanting, not in fervor or depth, but in proper organization. A combined movement will remedy this defect. In the present year, when the Church is to meet in Council; when Bishops from the remotest ends of the earth will gather round the chair of Peter, the centre of Christendom, a favorable opportunity offers for the Catholic peoples to manifest to the enemies of the Church, to godless States and temporizing rulers, and to the guides of public opinion, their determination not to tolerate the spoliation of the Church or the infringement of any of its inalienable rights in any country, far less in the States of the Church, or to permit that a hostile finger should be raised with impunity against the civil sovereignty. The turbulent minority, which has hitherto ridden roughshod over justice, because it thought justice was weak, will recoil when it sees that the cause of justice, of law, and of religion is strong in support of the Catholic peoples of Europe. What, then, is needed is to convince the enemies of the Church and of the Pope that the majority is united and determined, and has made up its mind no longer to submit to the dictation of the leaders and fosterers of the Revolution. Every public movement which manifests this determination hastens the end of the domination which has been al-

* THE GALAXY for May, 1870.

ready too long allowed to dictate the policy of European States. In the support of the Papal army, in the collection of Peter's pence, in the offerings for the celebration of the Pope's jubilee, Catholic France has taken the lead in a manner so significant as to control the policy of the Emperor, and to strike something like terror into the hearts of the revolutionary party in Italy. Germany, also, is bestirring itself with praiseworthy alacrity, and is organizing in almost every diocese, more especially in Prussia, united offerings to the Holy Father, and sending addresses expressive of Catholic determination to stand by the Pope and make good, as far as possible, the losses he has incurred from the spoliation of revolutionary Italy. In Italy itself, where the majority of the people abhor the tyranny and impolicy of the dominant faction, a like spirit and generosity are manifested in spite of the cruel oppression and increasing poverty under which their unhappy country labors.

Ancient documents prove that the same measures are taken now under the direction of Cardinal Barnabo, as were taken in 1662. At that period the emissary of the Pope in England was one Dionysius Lazari, a Jesuit priest. He presented such a report as is now sent monthly from Fordham, N. Y., to Rome. One of these I possess. It is styled, "Relatione fatta alla Congregazione de Propaganda Fide da Dionysio Lazari sopra alcome cose che possono essere di servitio alla santa Fede Cattolica. 1662."

He is occupied in considering the methods whereby Catholicism might be restored in England, and suggests three as especially feasible. The conversion of King James he thinks might be effected, His Majesty being indifferent to his creed and rather timid. His words are: "*Per la pratica che ho di lui, lo stimo indifferente in qualsivoglia religione*" (from the knowledge that I have of him, I consider him altogether indifferent in matters of religion). It would be well to foster his suspicions of Protestants and Protestantism, even by means of forged letters: "*far artificiosamente avisar qualche suo ministro fuori del regno di persona da loro credula fedele, e nell' istesso regno far trovar qualche lettera a nome supposito che trattasse in forme segrete queste maerie*" (to contrive that some minister of his out of the realm should receive seeming advices from some person believed trustworthy, and to manage that some letter in a feigned name should be found in the kingdom, which might treat of these matters with forms of secrecy). The Duke of Buckingham (Steenie) might be gained over, for his Duchess was the daughter of a Romanist, and is secretly one herself. As the Duke attached great importance to alliances with foreign powers, it was through these that he might be most easily won, especially as he was always in danger from the Parliament, which was composed for the most part of Puritans, and he, Buckingham, would esteem it a sufficient kind of vengeance to lead the King into Catholicism.

The people are to be influenced by every possible means, and if freedom of preaching could be obtained it might be turned to great account. The King, being avaricious of money, frequently consents to measures, from pecuniary necessity, against his inclinations. Advantage might be taken of this to obtain permission to speak by offering money for it, proposing a toll on preachers and hearers.*

Unquestionably there was little but political intrigue in this. But it may be said, this was only the opinion of a private individual, for whom his superiors were not responsible. Let us quote from a few more documents to show that always the secret instructions of the Pope to his representatives have been inimical to Protestantism.

* The writer gives the Italian or Latin in every case where he quotes. Briefly, but the editor prefers the *tre, cinque, and dieci* to *three, five, and ten*, and it is necessary to give in this article the Latin or Italian signature as—[*U. G. G. G. G.*]

In the "Istruttione a V. Sra. Mons. F. Barberino, Arcivescovo di Nazaret, destinato Nuntio ordinario di N. Sigre. al re christianissimo di Francia. 1603," the Holy Father instructs his ambassador, afterwards Pope Urban VIII., as follows :

Your Excellency will proceed in such a manner with the King, that he shall not only give evidence of his desire for the conversion of heretics, but shall aid and favor them after their conversion. The idea of balancing matters so that both the parties shall be maintained in amity, is a vain, false, and erroneous proposition ; it can be suggested only by politicians, evil-minded persons, and such as love not the supreme authority of the King in the kingdom. . . . Our Lord the Pope would have you place before him (the King) for his consideration a most easy method (for getting rid of the Protestants), one that will cause no commotion, can be very easily executed, and produces its effect without constant labor. It is that which His Holiness has on other occasions suggested to His Majesty, ad-ducing the example of the King of Poland, viz., that he should confer no appointments or promotion on heretics. . . . Your Excellency will also remind His Majesty that he should occasionally give a shrewd rap to those fellows (the Protestants), for they are an insolent and rebellious set.

The destruction of Geneva as the asylum of Calvinism is strongly urged : "To do away with the nest that the heretics have in Geneva, as that which offers an asylum to all the apostates that fly from Italy."

In the "Istruttione a Monsre. il Vescovo di Rimini, destinato Nuntio alla repubblica di Venetia dalla Santita di N. S. P. Paolo V.," we find that efforts were to be made to betray Fra Paolo Sarpi, the intrepid denouncer of Papal abuses, to the Inquisition :

With respect to the persons of Fra Paolo, a servite, and Giovanni Marsilio, with others of those seducers who pass under the name of theologians, your Excellency has received oral communication, and you ought not to have any difficulty in attaining that these men should be consigned to the Holy Inquisition, to say nothing of being at once abandoned by the Republic, and deprived of that stipend which has been conferred on them to the great scandal of all.

In the "Report of the Imperial Diet held at Ratisbon in the year of our Lord 1608," etc., there is the following :

The Magdeburg heretic intruder, being supreme president of this tribunal, and desiring to exercise the duties of his office, was not admitted ; thus from that time no causes have been heard, and the suits have accumulated, more especially the offenses offered to Catholics, the heretics insisting that they ought to have an equal place in that tribunal with the Catholics, and continually laboring to usurp the ecclesiastical possessions.

This civil equality has always been very disagreeable to Rome. One of the many modern attempts to usurp autocracy over Protestants was seen in Melbourne, Australia. Dr. Gould, Bishop of Melbourne, *ex officio* Inquisitor, had been instructed in 1860 : "Use every means to insure the preponderance of the Catholic religion in the State." Accordingly an Irish (Fenian) Ministry was returned through the influence of Dr. Gould and the Jesuits, whose College had acquired notoriety by the ejection of its former principal for swindling (see Melbourne "Argus") and alleged fraudulent bankruptcy. The Irish Ministry, recruited by such notorious traitors to England as Gavan Duffy, dismissed every Protestant official, even to the smallest schoolmaster and policeman. Irish recruits for the militia received larger bounty, Irish policemen received rapid promotion. The plan was so effectively worked for making Victoria a Fenian republic, that nothing but the unanimous action of Protestants, ousting the Minis-

try, and thus seizing the reins of power, stopped it. We shall show presently that this usurpation is the peculiar aim of the Jesuits here, and is attempted wherever they obtain fixed residence.

"A little flattery is sometimes good," and so the Legate of Bologna is thus instructed: "To keep special watch over the cavilling lawyers, and more particularly over such of them as take upon them wrongfully to protect the people of the rural districts against the citizens and gentlemen; . . . to make a pretence of caressing all magistrates, and not to be too hard upon the nobles." Certainly. Some people are gained over by even *pretended* flattery. After 1850 and the return of Pius IX., the lawyers who were so patriotic as to attempt the defence of those who were marked out for the vengeance of the Government were all obliged to fly the Roman territory. But it is notable that among the five thousand victims of the rage of the Legate of Bologna, scarcely one was a noble.

The "Instructions given to the Bishop of Aversa, Nuncio to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Ferdinand II. Rome, 12 April, 1621," are very vindictive. They accuse the Protestants of the very designs they had fostered themselves. It is remarkable that these instructions were suggested to Cardinal Caraffa, the leading spirit of the Holy Office. The Pope is comforted by perceiving that in Silesia they have refused to tolerate the Calvinists. He would not sanction the toleration of the Augsburg Confession in Hungary, although that Confession comes nearest to Romanism. He recommends the following measures for the repression of Protestantism in Bohemia:

1. The foundation of a Catholic university in Prague.
2. The reestablishment of the Catholic parish priests in the ancient parishes, and that of Catholic schoolmasters in the cities.
3. The use of catechisms and good books for all, but for children and ignorant people the ancient spiritual songs in the Bohemian tongue.
4. Booksellers and printers should be Catholics; bookshops and printing-presses of heretics should be subjected to visitation.
5. The Jesuit fathers and other religious orders should be called into activity.

Protestants are not to be appointed to office. The worldly wisdom of the following is admirable:

The minds of men being more effectually moved by their own interests than by other motives, they will begin by degrees to bend their spirits to the Catholic religion, more particularly the young, if for no other reason, yet for the sake of participation in public honors.

Ecclesiastical tribunals were to be established, but in dealing with the Jesuits, the Nuncio is to use the utmost caution, making use of them, as they make use of everybody else.

Make great account of Father Beccano, the Emperor's confessor, and avail yourself skilfully of his assistance; not neglecting meanwhile to observe the language and opinions of that father, the better to discover his purposes, and to acquaint me with them; and in like manner have recourse to the Jesuit fathers with a wary confidence.

The lands acquired from heretics, by their destruction or banishment, were to be bestowed on the Church. All these designs have been constantly attributed to Rome in Protestant countries, and as constantly denied. Yet here they are under the sign manual of a Pope. No conscientious Romanist, at all in the confidence of the Vatican, will for a moment deny that these are always the instructions of Roman missionaries from the Propaganda:

1. Pervert Protestant youth, especially heirs and heiresses.

2. Secure admission to sick persons, and if possible work on their fears so as to procure their conversion and a legacy in favor of Rome.
3. Obtain the confidence of those who are advisers of the State.
4. Found Romish colleges and schools in every available place, and teach thoroughly Ultramontane views.
5. Issue only books approved by Rome.
6. Coerce the free press.
7. Use the methods of propagandism adopted by the Jesuits.
8. By every available device return only Romanists at elections.

The history of Popery in New York city might be cited as a powerful exemplification of the way in which these instructions are carried out.

Let us look still further at the documentary evidence of the political designs of Rome.

In the "Instructions to Don Tobias Carona, of the clerks regular, sent by Gregory XV. to the King of France, and first to the Duke of Savoy, respecting the enterprise against the city of Geneva," are several noteworthy statements. The Pope begins by saying: "Italy, which has been elected by eternal Providence to govern at one time the temporal, at another the spiritual empire of the world," etc., etc. That is, the Popes have succeeded to the realm of the Cæsars. Geneva is very obnoxious to this spiritual domination, "not only as being full of men infected with pestilence, but as being the very seat of pestilence." To destroy that city is a task worthy of the Vicar of Christ. The Pope had formed the plan of this attack from the commencement of his reign, but is wary.

Since our motive is that of religion, it will be advisable that we should avoid all rumor, concealing our proceedings as much as possible; therefore we will send a monk there. Your Reverence will conduct this affair throughout as originating in the mind of His Holiness, without any other inspiration than that of the Holy Spirit.

As the third Person in the Trinity is said to dictate every horrible proceeding in the torture-chamber of the Inquisition, so here the Pope ascribes to His inspiration alone the idea of a bloody war of extermination. To better effect his object, the Legate was to awaken in the Duke of Savoy "the propensities of a warlike heart"; and if he should require help, he was by all means to lead him to hope for some assistance, though the treasury was somewhat distressed.

The King of France was to beware of incurring the suspicion that he was persecuting the Protestants solely for his political interests. Religion must be the ostensible motive. Still, these very political interests required the destruction of Geneva. As the English were fast bound by treaties, and all the other Protestant communities were fully occupied with their own affairs, the thing could be done with impunity. How generous and magnanimous! This policy has been acted out more than once against Rome—perhaps will be again.

As France made slight advances toward liberty of conscience, the efforts of the Papacy to carry out its systematic repression were more continuous and unremitting. The Archbishop of Damietta, Papal Nuncio, is instructed to oppose the appeals *comme d'abus* made to the Parliament against the clergy, and to withstand interference in the prohibition of books. "The printing-presses are true hotbeds of all false doctrines, and it will be necessary that the Nuncio should seek to make friends of the booksellers, that they may give notice from time to time of what books are in the press, seeing that when once they are printed there is difficulty in obtaining the prohibition."

The elaborate work of Cardinal Caraffa, called "*Commentaria de Germania sacra restaurata*," of which there is a copy in the Propaganda annotated by himself, reveals the method in which he carried out the Papal instructions previously

cited. It was destined only for the eyes of the Inquisition and the Curia, for its freedom of utterance is remarkable. His "*Relatio Bohemica*" was written in 1622, on the same subject. The decree of Trent prohibiting the cup to the laity was not easily carried out. He says :

The curate of Tein committed open disobedience, and had the boldness to preach to the people that they should not suffer the Papists (used in the sense of Ultramontanes), who sought to tyrannize over everything, to take away the use of the cup, and that they should pray to God for him, the true defender of that ancient rite of their fathers, in such sort that the populace made some little tumult, presenting themselves that evening to the number of 2,000 at that curate's house, as if in his defence. But this having come to my knowledge, I at once incited His Majesty to indignation, and obtained command that the said priest should be arrested and given over to Monsignore the Archbishop. This was executed without any delay whatever. . . . And he, after some weeks of incarceration, having died under the question in prison, his place was supplied by another priest.

He gives the full details of the measures of repression :

By decree of His Majesty, and in conformity with the resolutions adopted by the preliminary congregation held in Vienna, all the cities of the kingdom have since been reformed, the heretical ministers and preachers being driven out of them and from the districts around them. In each of them, besides the priest, there has been placed a captain, judge, president of the council, and chancellor—all Catholic, the heretical worship being banished from their borders for ever ; for the Emperor had become convinced by experience and the example of the fidelity of Budweis, and the perfidy of almost all the others, how great a difference was made by the question of whether the cities were heretic or Catholic.

All conventicles of the heretics have been prohibited under heavy penalties, both within the city of Prague and beyond its walls, with whatever pretext they might be assembled. The order for this was given many months since, at my request.

All the heretics have been removed from the Senate of the city of Prague, their places being supplied by Catholic members ; and they have been deprived of all effectual authority, having left them only a certain appearance of power in matters of no great importance, and all the privileges prejudicial to the Catholic religion accorded to them by former kings being formally annulled, the Emperor having an excellent opportunity for doing this, because he had reconquered the kingdom by force of arms after it had been in open rebellion. The Academy or College of Charles IV. has been restored to its primitive institution, to the glory of God and the Catholic religion, being placed under the care of the Jesuit fathers, who have also the superintendence of all the schools in the kingdom ; and they are besides using their utmost diligence to prevent the printing or selling of books that are contrary to Catholic truth, the booksellers and printers being subjected to their censorship.

There have been given to the Jesuit fathers 20,000 thalers at one time, to be expended on the building of their college : and in this matter it has not been requisite that they should employ any good offices, having no need of any one to mediate between them and the Emperor, because of the evident utility of their proceedings. Estates producing 6,000 thalers yearly have been assigned to increase the revenues of the chapter of the cathedral, and 24,000 thalers for the augmentation of the archiepiscopal income. The parish churches of Prague and of the whole kingdom have been placed at the disposition of Monsignore the Archbishop, even those which were originally possessed by individual nobles, who were all rebels, the Emperor having reserved that right to himself ; while the estates of those rebels have also been sold, care being taken that for many leagues around Prague all the lands should be bought by Catholics.

The usefulness of the Jesuits and the Propaganda is strongly insisted on in the Pontifical instructions to Ludovico Caraffa, Nuncio at Cologne :

It will be a work most worthy of your lordship to labor for the promotion of the semi-

naries already founded, and to cause that new ones shall be instituted; and for these and similar works who does not see that the Jesuit fathers are admirable?

The apologists for Rome seem always ashamed of the facts of history; that is, those who live out of Rome. Accordingly, the late Archbishop Hughes denied, in a published work, that the Church ever sanctioned persecution! (Hughes and Breckinridge Conference.) Now no one ought to know better (for whether he did know or not is open to doubt, since Cardinal Barnabo, then Monsignor Barnabo, called him "a well-meaning ignoramus") that in the last century, when the two sons of Maria Theresa, Leopold and Joseph, Charles, King of Naples, and the King of Portugal increased their efforts to reduce the unfavorable influence of the clergy upon civil society, there was presented to the Court of Rome a list of propositions called a "Corollario," approved by twelve bishops of the Austrian Empire, and the basis of the Syllabus of Pius IX. The last has already become one of the "Canons de Ecclesia"; the two first will probably be canons *de fide* before St. Peter's Day.

1. The Vicar of Christ participates in all honors due to Christ; he is sovereign in the Church, priest of priests, bishop of bishops. If any one believes that he can be placed on the level of these, let him be anathema.

2. The Pope is superior to the Church, superior to the Council. If any one believes the contrary, let him be anathema.

3. The tribunal of the Holy Inquisition is a paternal institution, designed to establish and maintain the holy verities of the Papal power. If, therefore, any one believes that the Inquisition is an institution of cruelty, because it employs torture, fire, and sword, let him be anathema.

The logical reduction of the Syllabus to this unassailable fact is very startling to the anti-Jesuit faction:

The Church is the Pope;

The Pope is the Jesuits;

Therefore, the Jesuits are the Church.

For a century at least, it is demonstrable that they have ruled the Propaganda; and that the Propaganda has ruled and does rule the Catholic world, anybody knows who knows anything at all. They are the life and soul of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which has its branches all over the world. Its avowed object is found in the very title of the Propaganda.

A few lines in support of the assertion that the Jesuits have everywhere opposed civil and religious liberty. Should a band of British soldiers invade New York, and attempt to hold it for their Government on the plea that it had once belonged to them, what would be the feelings of American citizens? Yet this invasion in the Pope's name has taken place, by a band to whom right, conscience, and law are figments; who have but one conscience, that of the General; no law but the Constitutions of their Order.

The following is an extract from a catechism very widely circulated in France and Italy:

Q. What is Liberty?

A. The triumph of Despotism and the reign of arbitrary power. Under such a triumph and such a reign, stores and shops, instead of being opened as they ought to be, are constantly closed.

Q. What is Equality?

A. The right to put down his neighbor, and to rise above him; the largest application of that common saying is: Get you out! Let me get in!

Q. What is Fraternity?

A. The desire generally felt by the poor to plunder the fortunes of the wealthy, and if necessary to kill them.

Q. What do you understand by working man?

A. The laborer who gets his pay and does not work.

Q. What do you understand by meritorious men under republican régime?

A. The one who, never having done anything, is found by his very position able to do everything.

Q. What is the religion of the Revolutionists?

A. Revolutionists have no religion. Were they to admit the existence of God, they would strike at the great principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Rome itself furnishes a striking instance of the intrigues of the Jesuits against liberty in the reign of the present Pope, now their great ally. At the death of Gregory XVI., Cardinal Ferretti was elected, and was unpopular with the Jesuits, who suspected him of leanings to the Young Italy party. This party was founded by Mazzini (1831) when his exile from Geneva obliged him to take refuge in Marseilles. His idea was the creation of an Italian nationality. The movement was not merely revolutionary but regenerative. Their flag bears on one side, "Liberty, Equality, and Humanity;" on the other, "Unity and Independence, God and Humanity." These were the principles of the society in all its foreign relations, as God and the People was its motto in all its labors for Italy. Its existence and purpose are public, and its secret organization is compulsory by the present Roman régime. It has a central committee abroad to keep up its standard, to form communications with other countries, and to direct the enterprise; and it has committees in every principal town in Italy to superintend the various movements. It has an oath and a declaration of political belief, a method of recognition for all members, and another for envoys. A cypress branch is its badge in memory of the martyrs to freedom and as an image of constancy, and its motto is "*Ora et semper*," "Now and ever!" Fearing that the new Pope would adopt the principles of this society, the Jesuits formed another devoted to the old order of things, and called *Sanfedesti*, the Holy Faithites. The Abbate Leone, at the Jesuit conference at Chieri in Piedmont, thus defined its principles:

1. Catholics must hate heretics, philosophers, reformers, and republicans of all sorts and shape. They will form a community of hatred which will daily increase and strongly bind them one to the other.

2. It is, however, indispensable to disguise it till the day arrives when it shall break out.

3. Meanwhile we must dis sever the Catholics from the inimical government, constitute with them a separate government, in order to deal terrible blows to heretics, philosophers, reformers, and republicans, on some future occasion.

4. The Catholic people is the successor of the people of God; consequently heretics, philosophers, reformers, and republicans are the enemies we have to exterminate, and the kings who refuse to obey the Holy See are so many Pharaohs.

The principal supporters of the *Sanfedesti* in the Sacred College were the Cardinals della Ganga, de Angelis, Lambruschini, Antonelli, Barberini, etc. They spread among the people violent and inflammatory documents, of which the following is one:

DEAREST BRETHREN: Our holy religion is almost dead. The intrusive Pontiff Mastai is its oppressor. He is devoted to Young Italy. His attitude is very significant. Vigilance, prudence, and courage, dearest brethren, if you have at heart, as I believe, the maintenance of the religion of Jesus Christ, God made man. That will triumph. He will assist, and already assists you. Besides the aid of God, we have that of man. Ferdinand

I. is on our right, Ferdinand II. on our left. But do not the less remind the faithful that the devourers in vain resist the will of the Most High. When raised against religion, it will be our most powerful arm. The terrible day will be announced to you. Heaven ! Heaven protect our enterprise !

By every species of machination they thwarted the good reforms of the Pope, sowed discord between him and the people, fomented mutual discontent, made him believe that the Romans were incapable of appreciating freedom, and the Romans that the Pontiff was utterly devoid of truth and honor. The earliest reform was directed to the schools. This was frustrated, and they are now in 1870 precisely as they were in 1848. The ignorance and negligence of the rural schoolmasters is proverbial. They are poorly paid, and generally do something besides teaching to eke out a living. Musical instruction is proscribed, and the direction of the schools is confined to the parish priest, the commissary, and the delegate. These can dismiss the teachers at pleasure. The conduct of the pupils is reported to the Government with great minuteness. The instruction is confined to elementary spelling, writing, arithmetic, exercise of memory upon the psalms, prayers for the Pope, and the study of the catechism previously cited. The Italian literature is forbidden, and the only books in use are prepared by the Jesuits. Even here the system of espionage is maintained, and the price of promotion is to spy out the actions of others. An attempted reform of the prisons failed also. What these are may be gathered from the fourteenth section of the Roman penal code, entitled "*Carcere Duro*": "The condemned shall be confined in a dungeon, secluded from all communication, with only so much light and space as is necessary to sustain life ; he shall be constantly loaded with heavy fetters on the hands and feet ; he shall never, except during the hours of labor, be without a chain attached to a circle of iron around his body ; his diet shall be bread and water, a hot ration every second day, but never any animal food. His bed shall be composed of unplanned planks, and he shall be forbidden to see any one without exception." I saw them, both at Civita Vecchia and at Rome, in 1863. The dungeons were filthy in the extreme, and were only washed out by buckets of water thrown over the floor *once a month*. The very walls swarmed with noxious and loathsome vermin, and the stench was horrible. The prisoners were absent, but I saw their hot rations, two thick slices of bread, steeped in hot water, and flavored with tallow. The ordinary weight of their chains is twenty pounds. Their only recreation is the weekly mass. They never see books or paper, or light when in their cells, which swarmed with lizards and centipedes. The Holy Office has scarcely any worse dungeons, and these are generally allotted to *political* offenders.

Let us now note the action of the Propaganda on several memorable occasions as stated in her own records, "*ad majoram Dei gloriam*." The Inquisition is her chief agency, and true to her title, she invariably uses its engines of repression. The records of famous Inquisitors labelled with their names are preserved in the Vatican, and from these some brief excerpts may be taken. Each person narrates the events in which he was concerned, and seemingly with the zest of one who congratulates himself on a good deed. Space will only allow me to make three selections.

RELAZIONE ALL' EMINENTISSIMA CONGREGAZIONE DE PROPAGANDA FIDE.

NARRATIVE OF THE INQUISITOR BORELLI.—Having received the commendatory letters of His Holiness to the King of France and the Duke of Savoy, I represented to those princes the duty of destroying the abominable heretics of the valleys. They gave me

authority to proceed according to my instructions, and I at once undertook to inquire into the most secluded villages of those parts, and arranged a system whereby it was almost impossible that the heretics should escape. The prisons having become too small, and unfit for safe custody, we constructed new ones. Especially we directed our efforts against the valleys of the Durance, with its side valleys of Le Queyras, Fressinières, and Val Louise, noted for heretics. These we summoned before us, and upon their refusal we condemned them for contumacy. A well-disciplined band of soldiers were authorized to arrest these persons, and if they resisted to burn their dwellings.

The story of Father Borelli is too long for *verbatim* transcription; I therefore condense its main incidents.

His policy was to keep the inhabitants of the valleys in the greatest uncertainty as to their fate. They were seized at all hours and in all places. No one knew, when they parted at morn, whether they should ever meet again. Disquietude and apprehension seized every one, and for fifteen years this dreadful state of things existed, along with burnings, shootings, hangings, and massacres. On the 23d of April, 1393, it was resolved to overawe recalcitrants by a grand spectacle. The churches of Embrun were decorated as on festivals, and the Romish clergy in their richest robes assembled at the Inquisitor's residence, and carried him in solemn procession to the principal church. The people were confined within the nave by double ranks of soldiers, and in the centre was a troop of prisoners heavily chained. "These," says the story, "were eighty stiff-necked heretics from Fressinières, and the leaders of the sect. Together with them were one hundred and fifty persons from Val Louise, about one half the population. Having adjured them to confess their heresy and recant, for which end they had all been previously put to the greater question, we with much solemnity handed them over to the secular authority." They were all burned alive!

The secret of these condemnations leaks out in the Inquisitor's admission, "The property of those condemned was, by order of His Highness, confiscated for the behoof of the Bishop and the Inquisitors." Does not the political motive always underlie the religious? The arrival of Cattaneé, as Papal Legate, considerably strengthened Borelli. "We are much comforted by the arrival of the most reverend Father Albert Cattaneé, who had labored long in this district. Passing into France by Mont Genève, he caused eighteen heretics to be executed as a wholesome example to the disaffected." A very fair beginning. As he entered Fressinières, then the headquarters of Borelli, the inhabitants fled to the rocks, but the soldiers surrounded them and captured the greater part. The soldiery were inspired by fanaticism, promises of immediate salvation in case of death, and copious libations of wine, and in their enthusiasm dragged out the miserable people from the deepest ravines and gorges. Finding resistance hopeless, the Vaudois abandoned their homes, drove their flocks before them, and, seating the aged and the children on oxen and mules, retired to Mont Pelvoux, singing the 27th Psalm, as of old the early martyrs sang it in the Catacombs. The mount they had selected as a refuge is over 6,000 feet in height, and is surrounded by fearful precipices. A large cave with a narrow opening, expanding into an immense, irregular hall, formed their abode. The strong men placed themselves in the cave's mouth. The narrative says, "They had taken victuals with them sufficient to last two years." But the Legate was fertile in expedients. "We had a skilful commander named La Paloud, who was inspired with great zeal for the cause of Holy Church. The same resolved to surprise the heretics. As this could not be done on the side where the heretics were on guard, he gathered large quantities of thick ropes, and, thus armed,

climbed the Pelvoux. The soldiers, having clambered up the steep slope, fixed cords above the opening of the cavern, and slid down in full equipment, right before the heretics. The consciousness of their great crimes deprived the latter of skill, for our men feared that they would cut the ropes, and hurl them into the abyss. The heretics threw themselves in great numbers over the precipices, and the commander La Paloud, having summoned the people in the cave to surrender, collected wood at the mouth and kindled a large fire, so that by the smoke they were compelled to come forth, when they were easily despatched. This signal triumph of Holy Church was full of warning to the other people of the valleys; for after the fire was extinguished, it was found that four hundred unbaptized infants had been smothered in their cradles or in their mothers' arms, while the whole population of that nest of heresy, Val Louise, to the number of three thousand, was destroyed. The valiant La Paloud was rewarded with a share of the property of these wretches, as also his men. Thus by their own design were these heretics collected together that they might be more easily destroyed."

This is one of a long list of similar deeds. Space will not permit extended extracts. But let us take another.

NARRATIVE OF THE INQUISITOR FRANCESCO PLOYERI.—This ecclesiastic appears to have had a strong enjoyment of his duties, and to have exhibited great aptness and ingenuity. The "Memoirs of Raymond Juvenis" supply details which from modesty the Inquisitor omits in his own relation; for instance, that "in order to discover if the accused person were really guilty, they applied to him a red-hot iron, which *if it burnt him*, it was a sign of heresy, and he was condemned." In denying that the Church has ever sanctioned persecution, Archbishop Hughes evinces astounding ignorance for even an *Irish* prelate; for in the instructions of Monsignor Cattaneé, who left Ployéri to complete his work of extermination, five pontifical bulls are cited, issued between 1056 and 1290, demanding the complete and merciless destruction of heretics "for the glory of God and the good of religion."

Exasperated by continued persecution, the Protestants appear to have taken reprisals, and this furnished an opportunity for the Inquisitor to set aside the little formalities of a trial and accusation, etc., and to proceed to wholesale extermination. He says:

One La Bréoule, a heretic, and captain of the party which had thought to surprise the city of Embrun, on the feast of the Conception of our Lady (December 8, 1573), was seized and the whole of his plans revealed. Whereupon the soldiers, fired with just indignation, strangled him, and having dragged him through the mud, quartered him, and suspended the parts upon four gibbets at the four gates of the city.

He was considerably assisted by the Baron d'Oppède, a most ferocious fanatic, who evidently believed that his place in heaven depended upon the blood he shed while upon the earth.

These two worthies introduced "curious devices" into France and Piedmont for discovering the secrets of the heretics. "Curious devices" is the Inquisitor's definition of abominable tortures. So successful were they, however, that the Inquisitors of Italy adopted them generally. Three only may be cited out of forty-seven, so barbarous, disgusting, and hideous, that the mind which devised them must have been especially assisted by Satan.

SPLINTERS.—The mode of administering this ordeal is in Ployéri's own words :

The accused being brought to the place of torment, let him be admonished to confess his crimes. If he be obstinate, then let him be stripped, and his hands and feet made fast to planks. Then the executioner shall be brought in, and he shall swear faithfully to fulfil his fice, without fear or mercy. Then shall the thumb of the right hand be strapped fast, and the accused shall again be warned not to let himself be thus dealt with. And upon his obstinacy the splints shall be brought and one applied to the thumb, and exhortation shall be again made, etc. Then the second splint shall be brought, etc. If the accused continues obstinate, then apply the splints to the feet.

The splints shall be of a size adapted to pass smoothly between the nail and the flesh, about one and a half inches long, and five-eighths of an inch in width, of stout metal. State if they are used hot or cold. It shall be sufficient to apply the splints to the great toes, thumbs, and four fingers and toes, two on each hand and foot. The accused may suffer this torment for twenty hours. If it be a woman, not more than fifteen, unless she be a virgin under twenty years. Note if the accused blaspheme when the splints are applied, and if so, what kind of oath he employs.

Another torment of Ployéri's invention seems to have no definite name. The flesh of the victim was horizontally scored, and the skin was forcibly pulled up by means of flat pieces of steel which were left in the wound. The unhappy victim was chained in an upright posture, and one after another of these frightful torments were inflicted upon him. But the most fiendish of all was certainly the method taken to torture or kill pregnant women. This was called by a most indecent name, and its *modus operandi* was this. A sort of vest of iron was fitted round the stomach, which was gradually compressed according to the victim's firmness, until life was extinct. One or two extracts more from this Inquisitor's record is all we have space for. Assisted by d'Oppède, before mentioned, he laid siege to the valleys about Merindol. The inhabitants fled, but one young man fell into their hands. His name was Maurice Blanc. He was tied to a tree, and the soldiers, after aggravating his agony by firing at a distance, made a target of his body. He fell pierced by five bullets, exclaiming, "O Lord, receive my spirit into thy hands !" The villages were then set on fire and entirely destroyed. Some women were surprised in a church. They were stripped, and being compelled to join hands were marched round the town and through the camp amid shouts of laughter and outrage. The narrative says, "This was done by the troops," of course. The poor women were then taken, covered with blood from pike wounds, and flung one after another from the top of a high rock. Some were reserved for worse purpose. Mark the following : "Seeing that they despised death, it was deemed advisable to leave their disposition to the commandant, that if possible more wholesome terror might be imparted by their doom." Accordingly, they were sold as harlots, *the price reverting to Holy Church !* One young mother, with her infant in her arms, was seized and violated by these soldiers, while she held her babe pressed to her breast. An old woman of seventy was seized, and shaved in the form of a cross, and being decorated with some worthless tinsel was dragged through the streets, the soldiers chanting in derision, as in processions. Passing an oven prepared for baking bread, they thrust her in ; but the owner extricated her, after she had been severely burned. On another occasion, a church was invested into which the miserable Protestants had fled. The women were stripped and outraged in the presence of husbands, brothers, and fathers, and afterwards thrown from the steeple. The pregnant women, *by order of Ployéri*, were disembowelled ! Five hundred persons were destroyed. The Chancellor de l'Hôpital says of this massacre :

. . . . Vivos et morte peremptos
Indigna : raptasque, soluto cruce, puellas ;
Et late miseris subjecta incendia vicis.

From the NARRATIVE OF CARDINAL ALEXANDRINI I extract a few incidents. Stefano Carlino, by order of His Eminence, was tortured so horribly that his bowels were forced out. The Cardinal describes him as "a most pestilent wretch, from whom we desired to extract confession of the secret practices of the heretics, but he died denying his evil deeds." Bernardino Conto was covered with pitch and burned alive at Cosenza. Mazzone, formerly a priest, was stripped of his garments, and scourged with small iron chains; and when his flesh had been torn to pieces, he was dragged through the streets and killed at last by blows from two burning billets of wood. The Cardinal condemned sixteen hundred persons in all to death. Ascanio Caraccioli supplements the account before us. Although a bigoted Romanist, he seems to have had some compassion. He says: "Eighty-eight prisoners were shut up in a low chamber. The executioner came. He entered and laid hold of one, and after having wrapped a linen cloth about his head, he led him out to the ground adjacent to the building, caused him to fall down upon his knees, and cut his throat with a knife. The blood spouted upon his arms and clothes; but removing the bloody cloth from the head of the man whom he had killed, he entered again, took another prisoner, and slaughtered him in the same manner. My whole frame still shudders when I figure to myself the executioner with his bloody knife between his teeth, and the dripping cloth in his hand, his arms red with the blood of his victims, going in and coming out again almost a hundred times, in that work of death. . . . A hundred women were tortured next day before being put to death."

Before Cardinal Alexandrini's arrival the practice of flaying relapsed heretics had been commenced. He ordered eighty-six to be thus treated and afterwards sawn in two. The pieces were placed upon stakes along the road for thirty-six miles. He says: "This was a great terror to the heretics, and greatly strengthened the faith."

In the "Correspondence of the Inquisitors" is a letter of this Cardinal to the Propaganda, in which he says:

I have resolved to put the greater number of them (the heretics) to death, by reason of their contumacy. The preaching ministers and leaders of this sect will be burned. Five have been sent to Cosenza, in order to undergo that punishment; and as they have been very bold, they are to be anointed with rosin and sulphur, so that being gradually consumed, they may suffer the more for correction of their impiety. Many women remain prisoners, all of whom will be burned alive. Five of them are to be burned to-morrow.

The letter terminates with a filthy joke about the pregnancy of some of these ill-fated women. Its date is June 27, 1561.

Further extracts from these documents I defer until another occasion. Enough have been given, however, to show the true spirit of the Propaganda. The most fiendish cruelties are but the logical sequence of its intolerance of freedom. The same spirit that attempts to stop a lecture by a riot, has armed and still arms the Inquisition in the accomplishment of deeds at which fiends might blush.

LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

IT was the year of the first great Exhibition of all Nations in London; the year of prodigious hopes, industrial, political, and otherwise; the year of peace, freedom, and human brotherhood, which was followed by an age of war and international hatred, not even yet drawing to a close. It was the year 1851, the year of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; of the Koh-i-noor, and the Greek Slave, and the competing locksmiths, and the yacht America; the year which brought into official cooperation and fellowship the three most single-minded, straightforward, disinterested men then living in the world—Richard Cobden, Arthur Duke of Wellington, and Horace Greeley; the year which seemed destined to solder close impossibilities and make them kiss; but which, so far as the people and the purposes of this story are concerned, was fraught rather with severances than unions, and brought not peace but a sword.

A very short time after the pompous opening of the Exhibition there was a great debate on some important question of foreign politics one night in the House of Commons. Every English parliamentary debate—almost, indeed, every night of such debate—has its hero; its successful speaker, who carries off the honors and the palm; and the hero of this debate was a very rising young man, already marked out, to all appearance, for great official things—Charles Grey Scarlett. Scarlett was the son of a banker, who had taken active part in the Reform agitation of 1831, and had before that time named his only son after two of his political idols—Charles Fox and Earl Grey. Charles Grey Scarlett, left a wealthy man by his father, had already made quite a mark for himself in the House of Commons. He was a handsome man, much thought of in society; his youth had been noted for its gravity and stillness; he was believed to be of pure morals, and people said he had a sweet, kind, and loving nature; he had a few, very few, close friends, to whom he was very dear; if he had enemies he did not seem to care about them. Why indeed should he care for anybody's enmity? He had wealth, station, health; a ready and eloquent tongue; the command of that capricious organ—the ear of the House of Commons; and he had a beautiful and noble wife. All that such a man could have wanted to fulfil his destiny in London society was an aristocratic alliance; and Charles Scarlett had been some two years married to Lady Judith, daughter of the Earl of Coryden. Lady Judith was a beauty and an heiress.

Charles Scarlett was, according to the standard of the House of Commons, still quite a young man, in fact a sort of precocious boy, in parliamentary life. Perhaps he was some thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. He was a man of large frame, and might perhaps have been a little like his father's hero Fox, but for the kindness of Nature, which had given him a clear and handsome face.

Charles Scarlett sat down, this night of debate, amid the ringing cheers of the House; having delivered what even his political opponents, or some of them at least, declared to be the speech of the session. With all the flush of his suc-

cess full on him, he rose and left the House. Many other members left at the same moment, as the next speaker threatened to be dull, and they hurried to the dining-room, the smoking-room, the library, or the lobby. But Scarlett seemed about to leave the House altogether, for he walked slowly into Westminster Hall, avoiding all acquaintances and greetings as best he might. His speech had been delivered at an unusually early hour for a speaker of any mark; it was now only half-past seven in the evening, and men of mark do not often rise before ten to address the House. It was about dinner-time, and Westminster Hall was comparatively empty.

Scarlett walked slowly along the echoing pavement of the vast hall, amid the gathering dusk of the soft summer evening. Perhaps it was the effect of the gray deepening twilight, or the solemnity of the majestic enclosure through which he paced, that appeared to cast a shadow of gloom upon his face. Certainly you would not have thought, to see him, that you looked upon the visage of success.

Two men came out of one of the corridors almost at the same time, and walked down the hall a little way behind Scarlett.

"Well, it's a great hit, no doubt," grumbled one of the two, a stout, hard-faced, hard-voiced man, Mr. Jabez Gostick, M. P. for a north-of-England borough, and one of the Manchester school; "but I don't think there's much in it. That's the sort of thing that takes our House, Atheling, when it is talked by one of the swells. Scarlett's a sort of aristocrat; at least, he hangs on to the lot. He gets in among the peers and peeresses now behind his wife's petticoats. She's one of themselves; daughter of that Evangelical old humbug the Earl of Coryden, who takes the chair at Exeter Hall meetings. That's the way to get on in this country, Atheling. *You* are more lucky."

Mr. Gostick's companion was Judge Atheling of the State of New York, who had come to London to see the great Exhibition, and for whom his friend Mr. Gostick had found a seat that night in one of the galleries. Judge Atheling was a huge, soft-cheeked, beardless, blue-eyed man; with a complexion all white and red, like that of a schoolboy; and small, fat, white hands. He was still called judge in New York State, although he never sat in judgment now.

"Well, sir," said the Judge in a clear, quiet voice, "that is so, to some extent; and so far as it goes I am proud of it. Men don't rise among us merely because of their wives and their wives' relations; at least, they can't reckon on doing so. But I think there's something in that man. I like his forehead; it's a forehead with great brains behind it, and an immense purpose. His speech was very fine; I listened to every word of it; I had got to listen, it was so full of argument, and every sentence to the point. We don't very often hear such speeches in our House of Representatives. Who is that talking to him? is he one of your great men?"

"No, not exactly," said Gostick with a short hard laugh; "it's Tom Dysart; and I daresay he has been having more champagne than is good for him. Shouldn't wonder if there was a row."

As Mr. Scarlett was approaching the entrance of the hall there came in from Palace-yard outside two or three men together, one of whom, recognizing Scarlett, broke away from his companions, and stopped the path of the successful man. Of all men Charles Scarlett would have avoided this one. Now there was no avoiding him. Tom Dysart confronted Scarlett with flushed face and vehement gestures.

Tom Thynne Dysart was a much slighter and somewhat shorter man than

Scarlett. He had dark hair, flaming dark eyes, an aquiline nose, and white, vulpine teeth. His face was flushed; and although he was rather a handsome man, there was about him a perpetual suggestion of blended sensuousness and ferocity, which marked and marred him more than a scar would have done. Dysart belonged to a good family, had brilliant talents, and seemed at one time to have a career before him, which lately he had been spoiling as fast as he could. Just now he appeared to have received his *coup de grâce*, for his seat in Parliament, which alone had kept him of late out of the hands of the Jews and the sheriff's officers, had been disputed on petition; and a committee of the House of Commons appointed, according to the now superseded system, to try the petition, had decided that the seat was illegally obtained, and that Dysart was no longer a member of Parliament. Of this committee Charles Grey Scarlett had been a member.

Mr. Gostick, M. P., was well aware of this fact, and it was therefore that when he saw Dysart confront Scarlett he anticipated a "row."

"Look here, Scarlett," Dysart exclaimed, "don't think to escape now without hearing the truth! You are a hypocrite and a humbug, like your confounded old father-in-law! I knew that I was doomed the moment you were put on that committee—I did, by heaven! You did all you could to ruin me; and you think you have succeeded! But you haven't. I'll get over this some time, and I'll let you see that I am not a powerless enemy—I will, by ——!" and he swore a bitter oath.

Scarlett, at first a little embarrassed, seemed to have recovered his composure.

"Mr. Dysart," he said very calmly, "I don't think any good can come of our talking over this matter, or indeed any other. If there were any possibility of convincing you, I should like to convince you that I tried to serve and not to injure you. I did indeed have some hope at one time that I might be able to serve you, but you know yourself what the evidence was."

"The evidence! You were only too ready to believe any confounded lies that perjured scoundrels were willing to swear! You are my enemy; not an open enemy but a coward!"

A little group of persons was gathering; for although even Dysart did not speak in a loud voice, yet the tones and gestures were menacing, in such a place very unusual, and therefore to idle observers specially inviting. Mr. Gostick and Judge Atheling drew near; Dysart's friends endeavored to draw him away.

Charles Scarlett grew hot and his lips quivered as he heard the word "coward." But he controlled his anger, and would have quietly gone his way.

"You need not hold me," said Dysart to his friends—he still stood between Scarlett and the entrance to the hall; "he knows he is safe here. If it were anywhere else, I would chastise him with this cane."

He held the cane up with a swagger.

Scarlett lost his temper utterly for the moment. He drew close to his opponent, and said in a low tone, almost a whisper:

"You evidently mistake, Dysart; you think you are speaking to your wife!"

Then, with a cry and a curse, Dysart struck him across the face.

There was for a moment, only a moment, a scene of wild confusion, strange indeed in that solemn, sad, majestic hall. The vastness of the place, the growing darkness, the comparative insignificance in extent of this one little excited group, which made but a moving speck on the broad dim spaces of the pavement—all combined to prevent the quarrel from becoming a public "row" and

scandal calling for the rush of the police from all the doorways. It was over in a moment, and the police were none the wiser.

When the group reduced itself to form again, Dysart was securely held by his friends, and indeed seemed to have somewhat regained his self-restraint. Judge Atheling had picked up Scarlett's hat and handed it to him. Scarlett thanked him with a word and a bow. Scarlett was now perfectly composed.

"I take you to witness, gentlemen," he said, in a calm steady voice—"Mr. Gostick, and you other gentlemen who have seen all this—that I did not return Mr. Dysart's blow, nor attempt any retaliation. I am sorry that I so far lost my temper as to say some words which provoked him. No quarrel between him and me can come out of this."

He raised his hat to the group, and, no longer molested, walked slowly out of the hall and into Palace-yard. Dysart and his friends went the other way toward St. Stephen's Hall.

"Your swells, as you call them, don't always seem to have much courage," said Judge Atheling to his companion. "I never saw a man take a touch of a cowhide so philosophically."

"Humph!" replied Mr. Gostick, M. P., reflectively, "I don't much like the man; but you may depend on it Scarlett does not want courage."

"He's big enough to be brave, anyhow," said the Judge.

"No want of pluck there," pursued Gostick. "There's something in all this that we don't understand yet."

CHAPTER II.

"ALL HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS LAY SHIVERED ROUND HIM."

MR. SCARLETT crossed St. James's Park on his way homeward. He lived in one of the fashionable streets off Piccadilly. He walked very slowly, and sometimes came to a stand altogether for a moment or two, and looked back. Once he caught a glimpse, through the trees, of the Houses of Parliament, and he sighed audibly and shrugged his shoulders.

"No one," he murmured, "ever valued success there more than I did, more than I do now at this very moment, when I give it all up forever. Well, it is something to know that there *is* a sacrifice on my side."

Then he turned and walked more quickly homeward. Arrived at his house, he opened the door with a latch-key, and went quietly into his library. He unlocked a desk and took out two documents—his will, which he had lately altered, and a paper containing a statement of certain instructions addressed to his solicitors. These he read over carefully, and enclosed in an envelope which he sealed and directed to the solicitors. Then he wrote two short letters, one to an intimate friend and old college companion; the other to his wife, Lady Judith Scarlett.

When he first entered the library his servant, hearing the master's step, came into the room with lights. Mr. Scarlett did not speak.

His letters finished, Scarlett walked listlessly up and down the room. Once or twice he stopped before some favorite volume on the shelves, took it down, looked at it with a sort of affectionate regard, and put it back in its place again. There was one book, however, over which he lingered. It was a volume of illustrations of Goethe's poems; and Scarlett opened it by chance just at a page which showed the third scene of the fourth act of Faust—a wood and a cavern,

and Faust alone ; and underneath the opening words of the famous soliloquy of despair :

“ Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir alles
Warum ich bat ! ”

Terrible confession ! Spirit supreme, thou gavest me all, everything I prayed for—and now, behold, this is the end !

“ Was it not so with me ? ” murmured the successful man, as he stood alone this night. “ Did not the Unknown Spirit of Life and Creation grant me all, all I ever asked for or dreamed ? Health, fortune, success in every field I cared to enter ? Is there a name in England which speaks already of higher promise than mine ? Lead us not into temptation ? I never was led into temptation, in the common sense. I never knew the ignoble impulses that have drawn other men astray. I had love, and hope, and everything that could gladden life ; and one mistake, one misconception of my own nature and soul, has marred it all. Supreme Spirit, you gave me all indeed ; and what have I made of the gift ? I was to have been an instrument of happiness, and good, and honor to others and myself—and I steep two lives at least with my own in misery and shame. And my name will be remembered as that of a coward and a criminal ! ”

He looked into the face of the Faust in the engraving, as if he sought some likeness there. “ That expression ought to be like mine,” he said bitterly ; and he closed the volume and replaced it on its shelf. Then he sat down in his arm-chair, leaned his chin upon his hands, and seemed absorbed in thought.

The little timepiece over the fireplace gave a sudden silvery chime, and Scarlett started up. His eyes fell on the letter addressed by his own hand to his wife. He took it up with an air of determination or desperation, and left the room. He crossed the hall, and ascended the stairs until he reached his wife's room, which he knew he should find empty just then ; for Lady Judith had gone to one of her father's solemn, almost sacrificial, dinner-parties. A dim light was burning, and the room looked more like an oratory than a lady's boudoir. It had a large open Bible on a reading-stand, and over the reading-stand was a crucifix, and on the table were divers prayer-books and hymn-books.

Scarlett laid on the table the letter he had written, and was turning away, when he took up, half unconsciously, a volume that was near. It was a small and handsome copy of the New Testament. Scarlett held it a moment irresolutely in his hand, as if uncertain whether to open it and look into it or not. He decided at last : he put the book down without opening it, and he left the room.

A few moments afterward Mr. Scarlett quitted the house. His servant took it for granted that he was returning to his place in Parliament ; but the hero of the night's debate—the most rising orator of the session—the coming minister—the successful man, who people said might even be looked upon as a predestined premier—did not return to the House of Commons ; his place in Parliament knew him no more.

It was a streaming wet night when, some hours after Mr. Scarlett had crossed his threshold, his wife's carriage rattled up to the door, its lamps gleaming through the wet and darkness almost like the dragon of the great Pendragon ship, “ making all the night a steam of fire.” So, at least, it might have seemed if he had only read the “ Idyls of the King,” or if the poems had then been published, to the ragged little boy who lay coiled up on Lady Judith's steps, and who was startled from his sleep by the crash of the wheels and the horses, and opened his dazed eyes to the glare of the two great lights that suddenly flashed upon him.

The footman who sprang up the steps to knock at the door, the servant who opened the door, were alike horrified and disgusted to find a ragged brat crouching there.

"Be hoff hout of this, this instant minnit!" said one, pushing the boy forward.

"Git hout of the way!" said the other, giving him a push sideways, in order to open a free passage for the lady of the house.

Lady Judith's eye fell upon the little social sinner who had come uninvited to her door.

"Stay, Francis," she said to one of the servants, as she gathered up her draperies and mounted the steps; "don't send him away. Come here, boy; come in here under this light."

She was standing in the hall, and she motioned the child to come in. The little fellow pulled off his cap, and squeezed it to get the rain out; then he scrubbed his feet, bare as they were, on the scraper; and thus made ready for polite society, he entered the hall and stood beneath the lamp. If any new illustration could possibly be found of the contrast between rich and poor, it might perhaps have been extracted somehow from this lady and this child, who now gazed at each other. Lady Judith Scarlett was a magnificent woman—tall, stately, somewhat pale, no doubt, with a forehead white as that of a statue, and luxurious masses of dark hair. Hers was a face and form to impress, rather than to fascinate; almost, one might say, to repel, rather than to allure. Infinite power and fixity of purpose spoke in the eyes and lips and chin; while even the full white shoulders and noble bust, which her shawl now hardly concealed as she stood in the sheltering hall, did not quite suffice, with all their feminine beauty, to invest their owner with that softening halo and allurements of womanhood which is woman's highest charm. The rich lady's arms and bosom were as naked as the poor boy's feet; but there were diamonds on the former, and only mud on the latter.

The boy was some five or six years old. He was very wet, ragged, and dirty; but he had really a pretty face, and under his uncombed curls there gleamed a pair of eyes as bright as Lady Judith's diamonds.

"Have you no home, my boy?" Lady Judith asked, in the clear imperative tone which ladies accustomed to Sunday-schools and ragged-schools naturally adopt when catechising a doubtful claimant, and which seems intended to intimate at once that it is no use trying on any nonsense.

"No, ma'am—I mean to say, my lady; at least, I haven't any home to-night."

"Where's your father?"

"Dead, ma'am, ever so long."

"And your mother?"

"In the hospital, over there." He jerked his head, as if to indicate in the precise manner possible the locality of the institution.

"Don't I know your face, my boy? Is not your mother the Italian woman who used to play on a guitar, and whom I visited when she was sick in Stalley's buildings, in the court yonder?"

"Yes, my lady." The boy's lip began to quiver, and his eyes to fill with tears.

"What was your father's name?"

"Volney, my lady."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, that will do; you must not sleep on the door-

step in the rain. Your mother is a decent poor woman, much to be pitied ; as, indeed, most women are. Francis, let this boy sleep somewhere in the house to night, on a hearth-rug or anywhere, and give him something to eat. Remind me of him in the morning before he goes away."

Lady Judith turned and went up stairs ; her maid, who followed her, pausing an instant to exchange a glance of wonder and sympathy with the servants whom the inexplicable caprice of a lady had burdened with the odious charge, even for a night, of a ragged and dirty little boy.

To reach her bedroom, Lady Judith had to pass through the room already described—the boudoir converted into an oratory. In passing through, the lady turned her eyes reverentially toward the figure of the crucified Christ ; and then, looking meekly downward, she saw the letter addressed to her in the handwriting of her husband. She knew the hand. Does it seem idle and ridiculous to say that a woman knew her husband's writing ? Perhaps it seems so ; but Lady Judith had had few love-letters from Charles Scarlett—they say a woman never forgets the writing which even once told her of a love—and their brief prime of wedded tolerance over, she had had few letters or scraps of writing of any kind from him. For three months before this night they had been almost as strangers to each other. Her charities and her piety had never won him back ; his rising fame had not warmed or softened her. She knew his writing, however ; and she knew that when he wrote to her, and left a letter on her table, there must be grave and solid reason for it. No possibility of little scribbled messages for her about delays in the House or business in the city, accompanied with the tender phrases of playful excuse and affection, which loving husbands write and happy wives receive. No ; when Charles Scarlett writes to his wife Judith, look you, there must be matter in it.

So Lady Judith thought ; for she sent her maid away, and opened the letter alone.

She opened it with a firm hand ; and though her eyebrows contracted, and her lips had to be firmly compressed while she read it, yet she did read it steadily to the end. Then she read it again. It was very short ; it gave her to know that her husband had left her forever—that he had given up every hope which could delight ambition—every splendid possibility which political genius and parliamentary influence might realize—in order to be free from her. One can understand the feeling of blended pride and remorse with which a woman, even a guilty woman, learns that a gifted and successful man has renounced all that earth can offer for the sake of being with her. It is less easy to comprehend how a woman, not consciously guilty, but indeed, on the contrary, believing herself all virtue and religion, feels when she learns that such a man has renounced pride, power, and success, for the sake of being free from her.

Lady Judith went into her bedroom, and presently got rid of her maid. She did not sleep that night, but she allowed her woman to undress her, and she went into bed. Her future part in life was too uncertain to be settled at present without long grave thought ; and she would do nothing by which an excuse could be afforded for precipitate talk and scandal. No one would observe her husband's absence for one night, and the morning might have counsel to bring. So she acted just as she ordinarily did until her maid was gone.

Then she felt as if she could not remain lying down—as if the weight of her bitterness would stifle her. She left her bed and walked the room, and sat and thought and prayed. Prayed for patience and heavenly support in affliction, and the strength to pardon those who had done her wrong ? Oh no ; but for cour-

age and fortitude to wait and compass and witness the punishment of those who had sinned against her. Probably she did not say this in actual outspoken words; but this was the soul and spirit of her prayer; and like some other devout people, she was liable at moments to forget that the Power she supplicated can detect any wrong interpretation which the lips may happen to put upon the message of the heart.

Brooding over the past through that weary night, did Lady Judith never think, never once think, that perhaps things might have gone better but for some fault of hers? Did she reproach herself with nothing? Did she not suspect that there must have been something besides man's inherent wickedness to explain the sudden fall into shame and sin of one generally so pure of heart and character, so full of ambitious and steadfast purpose, as her husband? Was she not conscious of any error in always coldly standing aloof from him and his ways, and making him aware that she shrank from him as an unbeliever, and thwarting him whenever she could, and avowedly hating all persons and things he loved? Nay, did she not think with regret and compunction that when, soon after their last quarrel and their subsequent tacit separation, she had come to know something which might have gladdened and softened his heart, and brought them back to each other, if anything on earth could, she had proudly and purposely kept from him the knowledge that a hope long deferred was at last likely to be gratified? No; she felt no regret, no compunction; she saw in herself only a victim, a wronged being, a sufferer throughout—one other pure and religious woman made a sacrifice to the cold cruelty and selfishness of man. She even felt a thrill of something almost like pride and joy to think that she had kept from her husband all knowledge of the hope which had lately begun to throb beneath her bosom. For Lady Judith's religion was only her own strong will converted into a divinity and a code, and prayed to, worshipped, and obeyed. That it led her so often into works of charity and goodness is not surprising after all. No oracle always gives forth wrong counsel. False gods flourish on the good deeds which, despite of them, their votaries sometimes do.

Lady Judith sat, or walked, or knelt in her white night-dress, looking like a beautiful stately ghost come back to earth for some stern business of revenge. The night wore away, and when day was bright she returned to bed; and her maid, coming to call her at the usual hour, found her apparently fast asleep.

The news gradually spread itself over London that Charles Scarlett had flung away his career, and had committed a political, social, and moral suicide. There was no sudden shock; the story only suffused itself by imperceptible degrees and shades, like a dawn, over the sky of London society. Those who were privileged to come near the real facts of the case learned that Scarlett had been for two days at least making very deliberate preparations for his self-outlawry. He had penned a brief, quiet address to the constituency of the borough which he represented in Parliament, merely announcing that he had determined, for private and personal reasons, on withdrawing from political life, and thanking his constituents for the confidence they had always given him while he was their representative. This letter he had enclosed to his solicitors, with instructions that the necessary steps should be taken on his behalf to obtain the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds—in other words, the permission of Parliament to resign his seat as a member. He had taken with him a sum of money which, although considerable in itself, was quite insignificant when compared with the wealth which he possessed and left untouched. Concerning this property he made certain conditional dispositions which it is not necessary just now to ex-

plain. Lady Judith Scarlett was in any case a wealthy woman; and her money and lands were absolutely her own.

In fact, Charles Scarlett seemed to have done just what any man of his position might naturally have done who was about to travel—say to explore Africa, or seek sport in South America—for a year or so. Nothing contained in any of his written and formal instructions could have given any one to understand whether he did or did not contemplate an early return to England. But public scandal started a good many theories of explanation; and soon a general consensus seemed to have settled upon one.

"Now, Atheling, you have a pretty fair specimen of the ways of our aristocracy, or of the fellows who try to be like them. Egad! I think the imitators in these, as in most other cases, are the worst. Look at this Scarlett. His father was a respectable man, and made his money honestly; but this fellow must be an aristocrat. To gain his social place he must marry an earl's daughter; and then, to show that he was worthy of his station, he must carry away another man's wife."

"Then that is the true story?" Judge Atheling asked.

He had called this morning to say farewell to his friend Mr. Gostick at Mr. Gostick's lodgings in Manchester buildings, Westminster. Mr. Gostick was a very rich man, and kept up a heavy imposing sort of style in his Lancashire home; but when in London for the session he lived in a couple of shabby rooms, for which he paid two guineas a week.

"That is the true story?" Atheling asked. "Always the woman in the mischief." And a smile twinkled over his broad benignant face, on his full soft lips, and his blue kindly eyes. It is an odd thing that even pure-hearted and good people should be so ready to smile when they hear of somebody carrying off another man's wife; but they do smile at such things—at least, they did twenty years ago.

"Of course, that is the true story. Tom Dysart's wife, you know; the fellow who struck Scarlett in Westminster Hall the other night. That was the reason Scarlett did not hit him again. I told you at the time there was something or other up which kept Scarlett so quiet. Well, sir, Scarlett paid him off. When Dysart got home that night, or next morning very likely, his wife was gone."

"With Scarlett?"

"Well, I suppose it is not uncharitable to infer that much; at all events, Dysart is yelling it all over the town—that I know for certain. Poor thing!"

"Poor Dysart?"

"No, no; Dysart's a ruffian. The poor wife, I mean. She must have had a hard life of it with him. She was a beautiful girl; and a good, sweet girl, too. My wife knew her very well. Why she married him I don't know; but he was a handsome fellow, and was cousin to a lord—that's the curse of our social system in this country, Atheling."

"Well, it's a bad affair altogether," said the Judge, who had now wholly ceased to see the comic aspect of the situation, and who indeed could never read the story of the woman bidden to "go and sin no more" without tears rushing into his eyes. "A bad affair; all the worse that some of these people don't seem to be bad people. I never saw a face and head I liked better than that man Scarlett's. If you were a phrenologist, my friend, you would know what I mean."

"Phrenology!—fudge!" interjected downright Mr. Gostick.

"Ah, well, you don't understand; and would not be convinced, like a genu-

ine Briton. But I liked the man's head. The moral qualities seemed particularly well developed. Then you know, after all, there really is a sort of misguided heroism and devotion about a man who throws away such a career as he had, and regularly ruins himself for a woman."

"And ruins the woman, too. And the other woman, his wife? That's heroic too?"

"No, you have me there," said Atheling. "You will look at all sides of a question, and will not allow me to keep to my sentimental side. Still he has given up everything; that must be allowed. He's as good as Marc Antony, anyhow."

"Stuff!" grumbled Mr. Gostick. "My esteemed friend, you know nothing of our ways here. This man Scarlett will come back to London somewhere about the middle of next session; and his friends and admirers will like him all the better for what he has done. Given up! He has given up about half a session of the House of Commons, and he has gone on a holiday trip. That's about the size of the thing. He has only won his spurs as an aristocratic chevalier."

"Well," said Atheling, "you know your people best; and I must not lose my train or keep my wife waiting. I am obliged to you, Gostick, for all your kindness; and if ever you do cross the Atlantic——"

"I'll come and see you. But you and your wife will pay us another visit here in the Old World before long?"

"Not very soon, I think. We have set our hearts on making a great journey to the West—quite a big thing; to the Rocky Mountains, and further perhaps."

"Is not that a heavy undertaking for a woman?"

"Not for my wife. She and I are still only like a big schoolboy and school-girl. Nothing tires us or puts us out; and we are good company to each other. Then we have a restless fit always on us of late. In fact, since we lost our sweet little girl, our one only infant, my wife can't rest long anywhere; and no more can I. The moment we begin to feel as if we were settled and at home anywhere, we hear the patter of her little feet again; and we know she is dead."

The Judge's large blue eyes were watery. Gostick too was touched. The one soft place in his heart was that which belonged to the domestic virtues. He had no sympathy with irregular emotions of any kind, heroic or otherwise; but the griefs of honest proper married people concerned him.

"Say, Gostick," said the Judge suddenly, "there weren't any little children mixed up anyhow in this Scarlett affair, were there? *He* had no child, I hear."

"No, *he* had no child; but I think there was a little Dysart—a girl, I believe. *Mr.* Dysart certainly had a little girl; but I don't know—perhaps she's dead."

"Ah, let's hope so. It would be better so, surely. I don't like to think of a girl whose mother dare not look frankly into her child's eyes. Let's hope the child is dead. Yes, yes; no doubt she is dead."

Judge Atheling seemed to take quite an anxious personal interest in the fate of the child, of whose existence, problematical as it was, he had never heard before that moment. He was an eccentric sort of man, with a kind of religion of his own, which sometimes, when provoked, presumed to be sturdily antagonistic to other people's dogmas, but was indeed at bottom only a mere unorthodox mush of charity and love and pity.

Atheling talked with his wife over the story of Scarlett's disappearance and the possibility of the fugitive Mrs. Dysart having a little girl, whom perhaps she

had to leave behind to the heedless hands of a profligate and brutal husband. Mrs. Atheling, however, would not hear of this conjecture. If the child were alive, she insisted that the mother would have taken her away; and this, she admitted, would be dreadful under the circumstances. No; if the girl were alive, Mrs. Atheling ruled that the mother would never have run away, but would have borne with anything rather than bring shame upon her daughter. So they agreed that the child was dead and buried. But if they had not had to leave England at once, they would never have rested until they had found out all about the matter; and on many a night, as they steamed across the Atlantic, there seemed to rise over the waves, out of the moonlight, the sweet sad face of a deserted little child; looking like their own lost daughter somewhat, but looking as she never did—pale and unhappy.

Meanwhile London soon began to forget Charles Grey Scarlett. He did not fulfil Mr. Gostick's prediction; he did not return about the middle of the next session. His enemy Dysart obtained a sort of consolation for his loss by receiving a high official appointment, which gave him a large salary and the control of a department of revenue. Some people said the ministry owed this to Dysart, because he had worked long in their interest, and had lost his seat in the House mainly through his over-anxiety to keep his vote at their service. Others declared that some of his aristocratic relatives insisted that a good place must be found for him, to keep him out of debt and harm. And others again positively affirmed that the place was obtained for him through the pertinacious and urgent exertions of the Earl of Coryden, at the command of his daughter. For Lady Judith, they said, was so high-minded and good a woman, that she felt it a point of conscience to do some substantial service for a man whom her husband's sin had so cruelly wronged.

Anyhow, Tom Dysart got a good place, and spent his salary splendidly. It must have been a great comfort to his friends to know that his domestic calamities had not broken his manly heart.

Other rising men came up in the House of Commons, and Charles Scarlett was forgotten there. He had not had celebrity long enough to become even a tradition. Scandal soon ceased to talk of him; friends, acquaintances, rivals ceased to think of him. There was no one left in England who had ever loved him; only hatred kept his memory green.

CHAPTER III.

BORN IN BITTERNESS.

THE great Exhibition of 1851 is over, and the Crystal Palace no longer cumbereth the earth of Hyde Park; the house of glass is transplanted to Sydenham, and the Exhibition has become a memory; the Duke of Wellington is dead, and well-nigh forgotten; the Prince President Louis Napoleon has become Emperor of the French; the Crimean war is over; Garibaldi has freed Sicily, and the kingdom of Italy has been made; Darwin has written his book, and Buckle lies in a grave at Damascus; Abraham Lincoln has been elected President of the United States, and there has been a Southern Confederacy and a great smoke of battle, and the Confederacy is gone and Lincoln is murdered; Prince Albert is dead, Richard Cobden is dead; people who can remember the Exhibition of 1851 begin to feel almost like old fogies as they stand with their juniors on the Champ de Mars, Paris, and criticise the Exposition of 1867. So many years have passed since the last chapter.

It is a bright day, not too hot, in the late summer or early autumn of 1867 in Paris. It is about the time of year when Parisians who belong to society have ventured on their grand annual expedition to the sea-shore, or Baden-Baden, or their provincial *châteaux*, and Paris is, for the most part, abandoned to the stranger. An English party, weary of the crowd and the courts, and the Tunisian palace and the Russian cottage—wearied of Spanish minstrel-girls who could speak no language but Clerkenwell English, turbaned Turks who answered any question in the most fluent French, and such other wonders of nature and art—had sought refuge and repose in a gallery devoted to sculpture. He who knows anything of such scenes knows that around a really great pure work of the sculptor's art is solitude. Let conspiracy, if it would discuss its plans in safest secrecy, seek out a great popular exhibition and shelter itself near a noble marble group. No idle crowd gathers there.

No conspiracy, however, was in process of concoction by this English party. They only sought a little rest; one of them at least looked utterly wearied and out of humor, and this was the youngest of the group. The party consisted of an elder lady and a younger, and two young men. The younger lady was apparently not more than sixteen years of age; she was very small and of delicate, almost frail *physique*, with thin, white, nervous-looking hands, one of which could be seen just now, for she had plucked off her glove with an impatient fretful eagerness. Her features were small and regularly formed; her complexion was perfectly colorless. Her dark hair was smooth, and arranged without a chignon; her eyes were dark, glittering, and restless. The elder lady was by no means elderly—perhaps forty, certainly not more. She too had dark hair and a pale face, but she was of splendid physical proportions and a noble, queenly bearing. Yet no one could look at these two women without feeling satisfied that he saw a mother and daughter.

One of the young men had the regulation whiskers, moustache, light complexion, and white teeth of the fashionable and well-bred Englishman. He was unmistakably a gentleman, or what his countrymen would have called a "swell." The other had something of an olive tinge in his face, and short, thick, curling hair of deep brown, which looked almost black when contrasted with the bright locks of his male friend, and positively light when one compared it with the "raven down of darkness" on the foreheads of both the ladies. This young man wore a short moustache, and had otherwise a beardless face—not shaven, but beardless. The group, taken altogether, had somewhat of a distinguished appearance.

"How I hate all this sort of thing!" broke out the younger lady, with a grimace and a shrug of the shoulders.

"What sort of thing, Alexia?" asked the elder.

"This exhibition, and this detestable looking at sights and odious people; and Paris, and all the rest of it; and everything. Where are you going next, mamma?"

"I am going to the service in the Protestant church."

"Why don't you call it 'temple,' mamma? The Protestant temple—that is the proper slang phrase for it among your religious set of people, I think."

"I don't talk slang, Alexia."

"I call it all slang, that sort of thing; and I hate religious slang worse than any other. Charles Escombe's slang, which he picks up among billiard-markers and vulgar actresses, I believe, is much less odious to me than the slang of your people, dear mamma."

Charles Escombe laughed a good-humored British laugh, showing his bright white teeth.

"Pray don't attack me, Miss Scarlett. I am not equal to the encounter, I assure you. Besides, I hardly know a billiard-marker by sight; and, I declare, don't know any actress, vulgar or otherwise, except so far as seeing her from the stalls may be considered an acquaintanceship."

The young lady disclaimed any reply to, or even recognition of, his remark; and, looking at her mother, said:

"Then, mamma, if you are going to the Protestant temple, or whatever you call it, I am going home. I hate being in the hotel, but it is better than this."

"Very well, Alexia. You can take the carriage."

"Thank you; I don't want the carriage. I mean to walk."

"Alone, Miss Scarlett?" asked Escombe, smiling.

"Alone, of course. You don't suppose I want anybody's company?"

She laid a peculiar emphasis on the word "anybody," and fixed her eyes on him with a glance of gleaming scorn, which he bore with perfect good-humor.

"But it isn't quite the thing, you know, for a young lady to walk alone in Paris."

"Is it not? Then it is just the thing I mean to do."

And the young lady arose with a very resolute air.

Her mother glanced at the darker young man, and they exchanged looks.

"I, too, am going home," he said. "I have had enough of this, and I am not in a humor for the service at the church. I'll walk with you, Alexia, and Charles Escombe will stay with Lady Judith."

The young lady looked up at him, fixed her eyes on his, and then said, still holding him, and him only, in her gaze:

"Perhaps mamma would prefer that you remained with her."

"I should certainly prefer Angelo to remain with me," said her mother calmly, "if you did not wish to go away. But if you will go, some one must go with you."

"Then if it is left to my selection, I prefer Angelo, certainly. Let Charles Escombe stay with mamma, and help her to pray for the conversion of the Faubourg St. Germain to the principles of Dr. Pusey or Lord Shaftesbury, according as she feels disposed. I hardly know one from the other, and I don't care if the French never were converted."

The agreeable conversation was here interrupted for a few moments by a party of visitors who came into the gallery as if they had been there before, and wished, for a special reason, to study one of the groups of sculpture again. For they walked directly up to one of the masterpieces of modern Italian art, and stood gazing at it. The new-comers were three—a tall, stout, heavy-looking man of sixty, a tall, thin lady about the same age, and a young woman of nineteen or twenty.

"What a beautiful girl!" said Alexia, in quite an audible tone, apparently as if she did not care in the least whether the object of her admiration heard the praise or not.

"I think she has heard you, Miss Alexia," Charles Escombe whispered.

"If she did, she probably did not understand; Frenchwomen hardly ever know English."

"But I don't think she is a Frenchwoman."

"What then? English, perhaps? Do you suppose that sort of graceful figure and that walk are common among our countrywomen?"

"Miss Scarlett is cynical," said Escombe, smiling; "and we know that she is always unpatriotic."

Meanwhile the subject of the discussion, with her companions, turned from the group at which they had been gazing, and passing close by our English party, left the gallery. Alexia calmly surveyed the lady from her bonnet to her boots, as if she were studying a statue. The young lady looked at her in return, and their eyes met. Apparently the stranger was almost as much struck with Alexia as Alexia had been with her; for, as the three new-comers passed out of the doorway, our party distinctly heard the young woman say to her companions in English, but with a somewhat peculiar accent:

"What a pretty pale girl that is! Can she be English?"

"A case of mutual admiration," said Escombe. "She is a very fine girl indeed. Splendid eyes! Did you see her, Lady Judith?"

"Yes; she is handsome, I think. But I did not much observe her. What sort of people were those with her? They look wonderfully uncouth."

"I thought the ancient pair must have come from the French provinces somewhere," said Escombe. "The man looked like a personage who might be a *maire*, or something of that kind. But they are some sort of English people by their talk."

The dark-complexioned young man, who had for the last few minutes been sitting in silence, here rose, and said:

"If you will go, Alexia, I shall be glad to go too."

Alexia looked inquiringly into his face.

"Not with you!" she answered, in a low undertone.

He only smiled a grave, sweet smile, and took her arm and drew it under his.

"You are not angry with *me*, Alexia?"

"O no," she replied, after a moment's pause, and in a softer accent; "I am not angry with you."

They presently passed through the door and into one of the open gardens; and the young man talked cheerfully to the girl, who began at last to answer in a genial voice and with gentler gleams in her glittering eyes. Suddenly she broke off in the midst of something she was telling him, and said in vehement accents:

"I sometimes think that I hate every one in the world except you!"

Just at that moment they heard footsteps approaching; and from one of the side-paths which opened on the broad walk—where they were treading amid enormous stone vases of gorgeous flowers, amid ferns, and trees, and gleaming statues, and jets of water sparkling in the sun—there came forth, so close to them that one or other group must give way to allow the other to pass, the girl and her companions whom Alexia had lately criticised.

This group was certainly remarkable. It was made up of a very tall, very stout, ungainly, fair-cheeked, blue-eyed man, with bald forehead and yellowish hair hardly yet touched with gray; an equally tall, remarkably thin and shrivelled lady, with complexion yellow almost as the gentleman's hair, and twinkling brown eyes that peered everywhere and took in everything; and a young woman, with fair hair just long enough to reach her shoulders, and allowed to fall there in its natural curls, seeming almost like the *chevelure* of some brilliant young cavalier of the days of the Stuarts. This girl was rather tall, although she appeared of moderate proportions indeed between her two high-reaching companions; and she walked and moved with a certain grace and strength and springiness as unlike to the measured and stately movements of a fine English-

woman as to the mincing prettiness and coquetry of a fashionable Frenchwoman's gait. She had certainly, as Escombe remarked, splendid eyes; eyes of a deep, changing blue, which in some lights looked gray; eyes that had a thoughtful depth in them, that filled the gazer with emotion as they turned even by chance on him; eyes that were tender and sympathetic, and yet telling of a high aspiring soul. Egeria might have had such eyes perhaps, or Corinna.

For the rest of the face, one forgot it almost at first, because of the eyes and the hair; but it was a face full everywhere of beauty; more girlish than a stranger would have thought, while the gravity and melancholy which always shine out of really beautiful, lustrous, untwinkling eyes had still their full, fresh command over him. Indeed, this was simply a handsome girl; only there was something in her look which seemed to say that she was a girl with a past and a future—with a history and a destiny.

Alexia Scarlett and her companion looked at the girl alike with a feeling of admiration. She, of course, knew them again; and there was something almost approaching to a glance of open recognition exchanged. The eyes of the strange young lady and those of Alexia's companion met for an instant. Then she passed on; and Alexia turned and looked after her. She wore a dress of some light summer fabric and of violet tints; and the dress was at that time somewhat remarkable because of its short skirts, adapted for easy walking. A small, black, cavalier-fashion hat, with a drooping black feather, contrasted picturesquely with her fair hair.

It must be owned that it was not Alexia alone who looked after this graceful disappearing form. Alexia's companion, too, stood and gazed with undisguised interest along the path she was so lightly and firmly treading.

"I wish she had looked back," Alexia said at last. "I should like to have seen her face again. Not because she is pretty—in fact, she is not pretty; I don't care for pretty faces—but there is something peculiar about her—something of character and expression. I think I should like to have a sister with such a look in her eyes."

"I wish you had a sister, Alexia," said the young man, looking down upon her with an expression partly of tenderness, partly of pity.

"Do you? Then I don't. She would be very good, of course, and delightful, and angelic; and you would all praise her and love her, and hold her up in perpetual contrast with me; and I should grow to detest her very soon. I feel quite sure Eve was perpetually torturing her wretched son Cain by holding up to him the example of his sweet little brother Abel."

"I am glad I have nothing angelic in me but the name, Alexia, lest you should hate me."

"Would that vex you much?"

"Indeed, it would—very deeply."

She stopped, and looked up at him. Unluckily, perhaps, he was just then glancing back once again along the path where the fair-haired girl had been. Alexia's eyes sparkled with a quick, fierce light; and she caught his arm, and said in a tone of sudden sharpness:

"Did you ever see that girl—that person—before? Come, tell me—did you?"

"Never, Alexia. Why do you ask?"

"Because of the way in which you looked after her."

He smiled.

"Come, tell me why you smile. You did see her before?"

"Only when we all saw her—in the room where the sculptures were."

"But did you not meet her, you yourself, somewhere before, or hear or know something about her?"

"Never saw her, or heard or knew anything about her, until to-day."

"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed passionately; and her hand clasped his arm more fiercely. "She looked at you as if she knew you; and I detest her already."

"Don't you believe my word, Alexia?"

"No—I don't. Well—yes; I suppose I do. But I thought you looked at each other as if you had some sort of acquaintance."

"If we had, Alexia, what would it have mattered, and why should I not have told you?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because you think I am bad-tempered and malignant, and all the rest of it, as mamma is always telling me; and perhaps you thought I might have taken some freakish dislike to that girl; but I only hate her far worse now."

"Because I don't know her?"

"No; because I have made myself ridiculous about her. Do you know another reason why I don't like her?"

"Indeed, Alexia, I do not."

"Because she seemed so familiar and so happy with those old people, whoever they were—her father and mother, I suppose. Did you ever see such a frightful old yellow creature as that tall thin woman? And yet that beautiful girl seemed quite fond of her; and they were affectionate to each other. Very well; did you ever see mamma and me affectionate?"

"My dear Alexia, you know you are very peculiar in your ways sometimes, and you don't try to accommodate yourself to your mother's likings and habits."

"You think me very malicious and wicked?"

"No; I think you want self-control, Alexia. But I think you might govern yourself if you would. You are very young; you have time to improve."

"How much older, pray, are you than I am?"

"I don't well know, several years certainly; six or seven at least."

"That is not much. How do you manage to control yourself? How are you always so kind and sweet to mamma?"

"My dear Alexia, because I love her so dearly."

"Love her dearly! Stuff!"

Angelo laughed.

"Come, Alexia, you are not half so bad as you give yourself out to be. You *are* fond of your mother; and you and she would be tender and loving friends if you would only give way a little. I know your mother better than you do."

The girl shook her head.

"Yes, indeed, I do. I ought to know her well, and to love her. No one in all the world, I do believe, ever was so good to another as she has been to me. I would give my life to please her—or to please you, Alexia, for that matter; although, if it were a question between one and the other, my dear little sister, I must cling to *her*."

Alexia paused for a moment, and then said:

"Listen to me, Angelo. You don't know my mother fully; I know her by instinct. She is fond of you, in her way, because you devote yourself and your life to her. It has often made me more perverse and malignant than ever when I saw how devoted you were—looking up to her as if she were a saint or a goddess. Let me tell you, good example is sometimes worse in its effects on wicked

people like me than bad example would be. It offends and aggravates us. No matter. What I want to say is, that you don't know my mother. Some day you will cross her in something—you will refuse to sacrifice your will or your pleasure to hers; and then she will crush you, and throw you away, and trample on you as I do this wretched faded old flower."

She plucked a flower from her belt, crushed and crumpled it in her fierce little white hand, flung it on the gravel walk, and stamped and trampled on it.

"It was Charles Escombe gave you that flower," said Angelo calmly. "You ought not to treat it thus."

"I care nothing for Charles Escombe or his stupid flower; and you know that perfectly well. You say such things only to offend me."

"Indeed, Alexia, I never say anything to offend you; and Charles Escombe is one of the best fellows and the truest friends living."

"Yes; very well; let him be so. But, my meek Angelo, I see already that a time will come when you will quarrel with my mother."

"Never, Alexia; the thing is impossible."

"Why? Are you above all human passion?"

"Not I, dear; but I hope and believe I am above outrageous ingratitude; and it would be nothing short of such a crime if I were to quarrel with Lady Judith. Don't think of it. There is nothing I would not do rather than displease her."

Alexia laughed a short, bitter little laugh.

"My dear, good, devoted, sweetly-filial Messer Angelo, there are things you would not do to please even her. Do you think I don't see that you can have a will of your own, just as strong as hers or mine? Some time you will have to choose between offending her and giving up something you have set your heart upon; and you will offend her without a pang of hesitation. The time will come when I shall hear her denouncing you as a monster of ingratitude—as she does most people. Look out for yourself when that time comes! She will not spare you! I shall look on and laugh and be glad. I delight in the thought already."

"Don't, Alexia—don't talk so foolishly and bitterly. It pains me to hear it; and I know you do not wish to do that."

"Sometimes I do; and to-day especially. I think that when I was born, I must have been consecrated by mistake to some demon. My mother is so very devout, that she would naturally have sought for a patron saint for me; and as she never was quite a Roman Catholic, or fully acquainted with the names and histories of canonized personages, she probably vowed me away to some fiend in mistake. If so, this must be his fête-day and mine. I feel delightfully insane and wicked to-day."

Any one who could have seen and heard this young man and young woman—the latter hardly more than a child—as they thus talked during their walk through the Champs Elysées, which they had now reached, would assuredly have been struck by the patience, good-temper, and moderating, protecting pity, with which Angelo bore himself towards her whom he called his sister. No expression of impatience, no word of anger, broke from him. She was now doing her best to torment him; saying wild and fantastic things just because she knew he did not like to hear her say them. And he knew this; and was only grave and tender with her, waiting until the evil fit should pass away, and the better mood of this freakish and bitter Undine of the night should have command once more. It did, indeed, seem sometimes as if the cradle of this slender, pale, and

beautiful girl had been rocked by Sycorax herself. Tetchy and wayward was her infancy as that of Gloster; a legendary changeling could hardly have shown less sympathy and instinctive affection for the woman on whose breast she was imposed than Alexia Scarlett did for the mother who bore her. The strange thing was, that hardly any one hated her—her who was so full of capricious hate. The servants whom she insulted, and sometimes almost maltreated, had compassion and a charitable word for her; and even at this moment, as she walked homeward in her ill-humor, and tried to annoy her patient escort, there were words whispered of her into her mother's ear which a very Griselda of meekness and virtue might have gladdened to hear.

These words were spoken by Charles Escombe, who had taken advantage of Alexia's sudden departure to speak to her mother of certain hopes and schemes he had already been forming. Charles Escombe was a younger son of an aristocratic house. He would never, in all human probability, come to enjoy a title, except his present prefix of Honorable; but, more fortunate than most younger sons, he had received by bequest a tolerable property. He was one of a class of young aristocrats growing numerous in England of late years—young aristocrats whose creed is philosophical Radicalism, and whose practice is systematized philanthropy. If there were a Young England party of the present day, Charles Escombe might be taken—not, indeed, as one of its leaders; for he had not genius enough to lead anything—but as one of its average representatives. The Young England of Disraeli's better days believed in a paternal nobility, wearing white waistcoats, doling out alms to bedesmen at sound of bell, and playing cricket with a grateful tenantry. The school of which Charles Escombe was a member believed in Stuart Mill, workhouse reform, and the overthrow of the Established Church. This school was equally strong on sentiment and on statistics. If one could combine Gradgrind and Rousseau, he would thus have constructed an idealized symbol—a *beau idéal*—of Charles Escombe's Young England. Escombe believed in the regeneration of the world by the universal suffusion of the democratic idea; but if you misquoted by a single word any clause in the Reform Bill, or exaggerated by half-a-dozen souls the population of any country or county whatever, he would have come down upon you hard and fast with his incontrovertible facts and figures, and demolished you.

A certain similarity of pursuits, or at least a common earnestness in pursuing anything which seemed desirable, had brought the Hon. Charles Escombe into close relationship with Lady Judith Scarlett. The fact that her Protestantism was illumined considerably by Pusey, while his was tempered by Auguste Comte, did not much divide them. Escombe had a profound respect for Lady Judith's intellect and energy, and he kept his Comte all to himself when she was present. He had no mother; his only sister was married to a Scotch lord, and was of a hard Presbyterian turn; and he drew towards Lady Judith and her family with a frank liking for each of its members. Towards one, indeed, he began already to entertain feelings which now were finding expression.

Lady Judith and Charles Escombe were still in the sculpture gallery. Escombe had said his say; Lady Judith looked uncomfortable.

"I wish you had not told me this so soon," she said at last. "Do you know how old Alexia is? She wants nearly a month of sixteen."

"Of course, Lady Judith, I know all that; she will be sixteen on the 27th of October. Yes, I know all about that; but I thought it right to tell you; not that I want to bring matters to a crisis now, you know, but that you should un-

derstand my motives and objects, and so forth, and that you should not disapprove when you see me doing my best to win Alexia, and to make her love me.'

"Are you sure; quite sure, that you love her?"

"O yes, indeed I am. I have thought it over very calmly, Lady Judith; I have put it to myself in a variety of ways. You can't think what trouble I have taken to make myself understand it thoroughly. What with that and the work-house-reform business, and the compound householder, I have had quite a hard time of it. But I see my way; I do indeed. I know Alexia is only a mere child, one might say; but I know that I love her, and I could not take any step in the matter until I had first spoken to you."

Lady Judith looked at him with a gaze that spoke at once of curiosity and of pity.

"Granted, then," said she, "that you understand yourself; are you quite sure that you understand *her*?"

"Well, yes, I think so. I know what you would say, Lady Judith; and very frank and generous of you, I am sure. I know that Alexia seems a little odd at times, and hasn't a very mild temper, and does not care always about pleasing everybody. But you know, Lady Judith, the very best people sometimes don't get on together. My sister and I never could hit it off together, somehow—not that I am one of the best, or even of the second best, Heaven knows—and I think sometimes—I think, you know—" Here he hesitated, colored a little, and then plucked up courage and went on: "I think, Lady Judith, you and Alexia don't seem very well adapted to each other. I don't say that either is to blame; but I think she requires, perhaps, a different sort of treatment. Now a man and a woman may get on very well indeed, where two women, whatever their relationship, can't manage to agree; and, in short, I am not afraid of trusting my happiness to Alexia, if I had her all to myself to manage; and if you'll only give me the chance, I'll set about trying to win her."

Lady Judith rose from the crimson-velvet seat on which she had been resting, and crossed the floor, and studied with much appearance of keen critical interest the knee and ankle of a marble dryad which formed one of a group. Then she returned to Escombe, and said:

"I think I hear people coming. Suppose we go into the open air."

He gave her his arm, and they walked in silence into the garden which Alexia had lately traversed. Near a little fountain, scattering its waters into a basin, and trickling sadly in its fall from the noses and bosoms of a cluster of bronze nymphs, there was a seat; and there Lady Judith and Escombe sat down. He waited for her to speak. She spoke at last.

"Charles Escombe, if my daughter were of my mind, she would not marry mortal man—the best that ever lived. If my advice were likely to have the slightest influence for good with her—if, indeed, it were not likely rather to impel her into doing the very thing I advised her not to do—I would urge her to drown herself sooner than trust her heart and her happiness into the keeping of any man. Let me say something more. If you were my son, and my counsel could guide you, I would urge you not to trust your happiness into the keeping of any woman. My bitter experience of life is, that either the one or the other must prove treacherous and false. But I know that neither you nor she will take my advice, and I don't thrust it on you. I would rather, for my daughter's sake, that she did not marry you; I would rather, for your sake, that you did not marry her. But I put all that aside, and I only say that I cannot refuse to do anything in my power to make you happy, even in your own way—which I

think a wrong way, leading to late repentance. Now, then, let me ask you, have you any special reason to believe that Alexia cares for you?"

The young man looked embarrassed and uneasy; but he was a thoroughly manly fellow, and he came out with his answer frankly.

"No, Lady Judith, none whatever; but I would try to win her, and do my best."

"Don't you think that if her extreme youth, and her temper, and her odd ways, allow her any feelings of the kind at all, Alexia's inclinations turn in a different direction?"

"You mean," he said with some hesitation and difficulty, "Angelo Volney?"

"I do."

"I don't think there is much in that. I should hardly have said a word if I thought *he* would be injured by it; but I don't believe he has any feeling towards her more than what is natural and brotherly, and that kind of thing; and I think any feeling she has is merely girlish, childish. Do let me try, Lady Judith!"

He spoke in quite a pleading tone, and looked, indeed, a handsome, winning fellow as he spoke.

"Let me still deal frankly with you, Charles Escombe. My own first wish would be, that my daughter should not marry. I think, apart from all personal or individual considerations, that there is much great work to be done in the world especially in England, which can only be done by women who are free; that is, by women who are not married. But I suppose I cannot have that wish. And my next desire would be, that Alexia should marry (if she will marry) Angelo Volney. There are many reasons why that seems to me so natural and desirable an arrangement, that I sometimes have thought it might even be providential. But I know my own unworthiness too well" (and as she spoke, Lady Judith raised her head, and looked supremely proud and beautiful) "to presume on my capacity to interpret the decrees of Providence. If, then, Alexia will marry, and if she and Angelo do not choose to join hands, you are the only man left on earth to whom I would willingly give my daughter."

Charles Escombe took her hand and pressed it to his lips, having previously, in accordance with his character—blended of the practical and the sentimental—glanced around the garden to be certain that nobody was looking.

"But remember," Lady Judith went on when this unwonted demonstration was over, "there must be nothing precipitate. Remember that she is still a child; and I will have no marrying of children. You will start presently on your tour through the United States?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Quite right. I would have nothing to prevent, or even to postpone that. That ought to be the grand tour now; Europe is grown old, used-up. No young man of rank can do anything useful, or take any high place, who has not seen and studied the republican States of America. Canada, of course, you will visit; but I don't care so much about that; there is no new problem of political and social life working out there. You will go, then, to America at the time you have already fixed upon."

"I meant to sail in the early part of September; but I began to think lately of waiting for—well, for Alexia's birthday."

"Not at all; don't think of waiting; go at the time you originally marked out. Let us avoid all sentimentalism and nonsense. Now listen: I have made up my mind that Angelo Volney shall go with you."

The young man flushed and looked very glad.

"Indeed, Lady Judith! I am delighted; and so, I am sure, will he be. I would have suggested it long ago, and so would he; but I hardly thought—we hardly thought, I mean—that you could have spared him."

"I am not accustomed to think of myself in anything; and I *can* spare him. I dare say he can bear leaving me."

"Well, now, really I don't know. Of course, he would like to go; every fellow would like such a trip, I suppose. But I don't think he would enjoy it, or would go at all, in fact, if he supposed that you wanted him here."

"I don't want him here; and I have special reasons—two at least—for wishing him to go. Then this is our understanding: you go upon your American tour, and you take him with you. Until you come back, you are to make no approach whatever to Alexia—I mean no approach of the kind you have indicated. When you return to England, if you are still of the same mind, you are free to try your fortune; and I shall pray for you both, and shall accept with resignation the result, whatever it be."

"Lady Judith, I ask for nothing more. This contents my uttermost expectations. How shall I thank you? how shall I prove that I am grateful, and that I appreciate you?"

"By not alluding to the subject any more until after you have returned from the United States. You can keep a word and a purpose; and so can I. We understand each other—at least as well as a man and a woman ever could understand each other. We need not speak of the matter any more. Let us go and see something."

"Certainly. What do you wish to see?"

"The Prussian village-school model first, and then some of the machinery. We are late for the service in the church with all this talk, and I regret that."

So they went and inspected the Prussian village-school, and Charles Escombe could explain everything and give the exact figures of everything; and then they saw some machinery, and he could explain all that too. And not a word of sentiment or love escaped the lips of that good young man during the whole of their instructive ramble. But when they were leaving the Palace for the late dinner which Escombe had been invited to share, the autumn moon was already rising over the trees, and fountains, and colonnades, and statues which had sprung up so suddenly out of Bellona's barren bosom, the Field of Mars, and its light was falling tenderly, poetically over the Champs Elysées, and over the quiet Seine; and surely no lover, though inflated like a very windbag with political ideas, and crammed full as a cornsack with facts and figures, ever yet looked at the moon without feeling a throb of sentiment pulsate within him. So Charles Escombe thought of the pale pretty child he loved, and he looked on the pale beautiful face of her mother; and as he assisted Lady Judith into her carriage, he pressed her hand and softly whispered to the stately lady:

"You have done a good deed, Lady Judith! You have made a man happy!"

Lady Judith looked at him with an expression of pity and sadness. She almost sighed. Perhaps for a moment, thinking of her own drear and barren life, she envied the emotion which could thus gladden so earnest a heart, and make the wise happily unwise, and the desert of practical philanthropy blossom with the roses of sentiment. But if she felt any such softening sensation, it was soon gone, and she returned to her wonted condition of mind, in which pity and scorn of mankind and conviction of mankind's inherent foolishness and baseness were predominant. She gazed at the handsome, true-hearted, manly creature before her, and thought with wonder, curiosity, and compassion that the whole world

was now changed for him because he had some hope of winning the worthless love of a freakish, fantastic, ill-humored, malignant little girl in whom she, Lady Judith, the mother who had borne the child, could see nothing that was not pitiable, despicable, or hateful.

"*I* never was like that," Lady Judith thought to herself proudly; "I never could have been thus infatuated about any human creature. Man is man, and woman is woman. I never could for a moment, even when I was a girl, have been deceived and humbled into fancying that either was an angel. I never could thus abase my intelligence and my nature before any poor human creature!"

So she pitied Charles Escombe for the folly of his love, and prided herself on the wisdom and strength which could not stoop to such emotions. She was indeed, and ever had been, wiser in her generation than the children of light.

CHAPTER IV.

"MOTHER, YOU HAVE MY FATHER MUCH OFFENDED."

"I WONDER any one would take the pains to rear a daughter!" Such is the heartfelt utterance of the perplexed and half-distracted mother in the "*Beggar's Opera*"; and having in it that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, it might have commended itself to the sympathy of Lady Judith Scarlett. This lady had indeed never seen or read the "*Beggar's Opera*," and would have been simply disgusted with it if she had; but she was almost every day brought into unknown and unconscious kinship with honest Mother Peachum by the sensations which the capricious and unmanageable character of her daughter aroused within her. Lady Judith's world in London pitied her because of her daughter, and sympathized with her, and marvelled why it was that so good, devoted, and religious a mother should have been afflicted by the existence of such a child. Only those who came very near the mother and daughter—the servants, for example, of whom mention has already been made—ever had a word to say for the poor child of misfortune, "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsions."

When Lady Judith Scarlett was left in a condition worse than widowhood by the events described in the first and second chapters, she did her very best not to yield mentally, morally, or physically to the stroke. She looked Calamity and Humiliation boldly, sternly in the face, and strove to stare them out of countenance. She had youth, beauty, wealth, rank, and an almost universal public sympathy to uphold her. But even these gifts and good fortunes cannot wholly unsex a woman or give her nerves of steel and a framework of gutta-serena; and Lady Judith's physical nature yielded somewhat, at last and after a struggle, to the pressure, and strain, and excitement which she had ordered her soul to bear. The result was, that Alexia Scarlett came prematurely into the world; was first a sickly baby, then a cross-grained, elfish, malignant child; and is now a young woman, precocious in passion and in self-will, humorous as winter, full of fierce and often meaningless angers and suspicions; antagonistic almost to everybody in everything; hoping little, believing little; seldom laughing, but at the vexation of others; never allowing others to see her tears, but weeping freely and bitterly when she could enjoy the luxury of solitude and tears together.

Always had Alexia Scarlett, since she came to distinguish persons, been

haunted and tortured by a distrust and dislike of her mother. The girl could not help it; it was apparently instinctive, and belonged to her blood and the laws of her being. Perhaps when physiology and morality and the principles of social life shall have come to a full understanding and reconciliation among each other, we may see more clearly than we now do the inexorable justice, physical and religious, which would brand with a practical and visible condemnation such unions as that of Charles Scarlett and that Judith whom man's law made his wife; and we shall have no more difficulty about recognizing the consequence of such as shown in the temperament of an Alexia, than we now have in acknowledging that consumptive mothers are likely to bring forth consumptive children. However that may be, it is certain that Alexia Scarlett never loved, or believed in, or confided in her mother; and that the older she grew, the deeper the gulf seemed to be which sundered the souls of these two women. Her mother's religious devotion Alexia scorned, believing it to be nothing but hypocrisy—which it certainly was not. Her practical beneficence and systematized philanthropy Alexia openly gibed and scoffed at.

"The absent are always in the wrong," was not a maxim which governed Alexia Scarlett. On the contrary, the present almost always were in the wrong with her. Distrusting and disliking therefore the mother who was present, it was but natural that her thoughts should turn habitually to the father who was absent. For many years Alexia was allowed to believe that her father was dead. Whenever anything displeased her or went wrong with her—which happened rather often—she was accustomed to attribute all her wrongs and sufferings to the absence of a father's care, and she was wont to hide in her own room, and shed passionate tears over an imaginary grave. Once when Lady Judith strove to teach her to say her prayers correctly, and told her she must address her petition to "Our Father who art in heaven," the little girl looked up with a scornful anger as keen and proud as that of Hamlet himself when he makes his bitter retort upon his mother, and she only said, "*My* Father who art in heaven!"

But Alexia was precocious almost in every way; and she soon began to conjecture shrewdly enough either that her earthly father was not yet in heaven, or that there was something uncommon and mysterious about the death which had left her fatherless. She had no direct means of learning the truth, for Lady Judith's first act when she began to compose herself to her widowhood had been to make a clean sweep of the servants in the house; and not a creature now in her employment knew anything whatever of Charles Grey Scarlett. Tom Thynne Dysart had long disappeared out of London society. The official position he got was given too late to save or even serve him. He only spent money ten times as fast as ever on the strength of his appointment; and after two years' occupation of the place, its accounts became hopelessly muddled, much of its revenue had vanished, and Dysart suddenly disappeared. When he was gone, it was found that he had spent and wasted the official receipts with a wild hand; that he had borrowed and swindled; that he had even forged great names, and rendered himself in various ways liable to the operation of the criminal law. The thing stirred a great scandal: a virtuous Opposition publicly and often denounced the Government for having made such an appointment; the independent newspapers insisted that Dysart might have been arrested if the heads of the Home Office really desired his capture. But Dysart was gone. Afterwards it was reported that he had died miserably in a wretched exile; and he too be

came forgotten, and one other witness was removed out of Alexia Scarlett's world who would only too gladly have told her something of her father's story.

Chance had intervened during this visit of the Scarletts to Paris to bring the mystery of her father's disappearance back with fresh curiosity and bitterness to Alexia's mind. In the hotel where they were living she came on some old volumes of the "Illustrated London News," dating from the year of the first great Exhibition; and turning over the leaves, she discovered a portrait of her father, who was described as one of the rising celebrities of the day. Then, going carefully and pertinaciously along over page after page, she came at length to certain mysterious paragraphs of gossip about the extraordinary disappearance of a distinguished political man; authentic contradictions of this rumor, delicate and doubting allusions to that other, and so forth; and she was easily able to establish, to her own satisfaction, the date of the event, whatever it was, which had left her fatherless. Her conclusion was prompt and characteristic. She at once assumed that, driven to despair by her mother's unloving coldness and harsh fanaticism, her father had killed himself.

Alexia was a lonely creature at best, much given to the secret perusal of the dreariest tragedies and the grimmest romances. It fed her morbid soul with a kind of cruel delight to dwell upon this hideous solution of the mystery that had curtained her childhood. She spoke to no one of what she believed herself to have discovered, but brooded over it, and allowed it to take utter possession of her.

This evening, after her return from the Champ de Mars, she hurried into her own room, sharply announced that she did not intend to come to dinner, and that she would not see or speak with anybody. The windows of her room looked across the gay and glittering Rue de Rivoli and through the gilded gates of the Tuileries into the gardens, where a well-trained band was making joyous music among the chestnut trees. The gladness and life of the outer world found no way into the lonely heart of the sad and self-tormenting girl. She first pulled down the blinds, that she might not see the gayety and happiness of people outside; then she locked her door; and then she flung herself down on the floor and hid her face.

Many things had conspired to distract her on this unlucky day. To begin with, she awoke out of some strange dream about her father—some ghastly dream about her having come upon his dead body, half hidden with leaves, in the brown depths of an autumnal forest, as such things happen in the weird romances she loved to read; and that her mother was standing by, and that the corpse bled anew when Lady Judith came near; and Alexia screamed, and thus scattered her hideous phantasy. But its memory brooded over her; and now, as she turned her face to the floor, it glared upon her closed eyes again. Then she had not liked Charles Escombe's manner all day. She could only tolerate Escombe in her best moods, and she hated him in her worst; he was such a favorite with her mother, and always so sure to be right in everything he said and did. Again, she had been vexed somehow by Angelo's admiration for the strange girl in the Exhibition gardens—Angelo, the only person she yet knew for whom she had any gleam of affection, or in whom she felt any confidence. Then she had been trying to be very good; and there are some people with whom, as in the case of the lover resolving to forget his faithless love, the hard struggle to forget is itself a new temptation to remember. Poor Alexia never analyzed her emotions or their causes; but she knew that things had gone ill with her that day; and she felt the coming on of a raging mood, as one feels the

coming of a headache. As she lay there, it seemed to her as if ghosts came around and moaned over her; as if demons came and tempted her, or mocked her. Perhaps these latter visitants were indeed of just the same brood as the fiends that of old came to lonely struggling men in ascetic caves and tempted and maddened them.

The outer world would be better than this. She sprang to her feet, pulled up the blinds, and opened the windows. It did not seem, however, as if either solitude or society was destined on this unlucky day to bring soothing to the fretful mood of this poor, self-torturing child. For, as she looked out of the window and strove not to rage at those who seemed happy underneath, she saw an open carriage drive past, in which were seated the elderly pair and the young woman whom she had seen in the sculpture gallery that day. The broad soft face of the man positively beamed and rippled all over with delight; the thin wrinkled countenance of his companion broke into countless little grimacing dimples of pleasure; and the beautiful girl looked like a living symbol of health, womanhood, intellect, and gladness.

"I wish I knew her," sighed our self-imprisoned child. "I think I could trust her and love her. No, I don't. I hate her, because she is so happy and so beautiful, and because Angelo looked at her, and because she has her father."

She turned away from the window and flung herself on her bed.

Two or three times there was a tapping at her door; but Alexia would not open or make any answer. This indeed was commonly her way. As the evening wore into night her maid came, and through the keyhole offered her services, but was sharply bidden to begone. Then Alexia thought she could best escape all the further persecution of a wicked and tantalizing world by undressing and going into bed unassisted. She had nearly undressed, with no other light than that of the moon, which was shining in, when a somewhat imperious tapping was heard at the door, and Alexia knew that her mother was there. The young girl's heart beat fast. Not often did Lady Judith trouble herself personally about her daughter's fits of ill-humor or sudden disappearances into solitude. Lady Judith had no sympathy with whims. She believed that she had thoroughly disciplined her own nature; and she made as little allowance for women who could not discipline theirs as a man who has never felt a pang of fear is likely to make for one who is constitutionally a trembler.

"Open the door, Alexia," said Lady Judith calmly.

"Pray, mamma, do you very much want to see me? I am nearly undressed."

"I want to speak to you, Alexia. Open your door."

There was something in Lady Judith's voice which always carried with it, when the owner so desired, a sense of inexorable resolution. Alexia felt that she could not fight the quarrel, if there was to be one, upon that ground; and she sought strength in an utter abandonment to the rising power of her own evil temper. She opened the door, and Lady Judith entered.

The mother and daughter confronted each other, and were indeed a contrast all the more striking because of the points of resemblance. Assuredly all the physical advantage was on the side of the former. The moonlight showed her firm and stately figure, the white forehead, the dark hair, the floating robes of silk, the gleaming bracelets and sparkling rings, the queenly opulence of form and of apparel, the supreme self-composure. It showed too the small, fragile, pallid girl shrinking back in her little frilled night-dress, contracting her forehead over the fierce and fitful light of her dark eyes, and eagerly clutching at something on the table as her mother entered.

"Alexia, have you prayed to-night?"

"No, mamma. I am not quite in the sort of mood, I suppose, which makes a prayer acceptable. *I* cannot have the prayerful mood always ready."

"You ought to pray for a better spirit. You ought to pray for guidance and for light from above——"

"Light from above? Yes. I want light from above! Do you know for what? To show me how my father died, and who it was that caused his death! Mother, where is my father? If he lives, I will go to him, if he were at the other end of the earth! If he is dead, tell me where his grave is, and who killed him! Keep your preachings and your prayers from me, and tell me of my father, or I will kill myself here before your eyes!"

And indeed the young woman held in her hand a glittering weapon, and looked like a being well capable of making her threat a deed.

UNPARDONED.

KNEEL down and sob for pardon by his bed;
 Clasp the still, pulseless hand you spurned away.
 Death crowns with majesty his fallen head,
 And sets a voiceless eloquence in clay!

Weep heavy tears above the calm eclipse
 Of eyes that so inexorably close;
 With penitential kisses touch the lips
 Merciless in implacable repose.

Some devil made you stubborn till the last;
 Tenfold your anguish would not wake him now.
 His heavenly part, that could forgive, is past
 To heaven. See what white stillness girds his brow!

Not to have sought him a brief hour before
 The end! Ah, murmur not of cruel fate.
 He might have pardoned who for evermore
 Is silent, and your devil mocks: *Too late!*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

TEMPERAMENTS.

IS there a science of temperaments? Hippocrates thought so, and Galen, the prince of theorists; and since their time a hundred writers have endeavored to establish it as an accurate science. Caldwell, Buchanan, Thomas, Richerand, Cabanis, and Powell, are among the names of those who have discussed the subject with the most originality. They have given us a great variety of classifications; yet the upshot of their labors seems to be the demonstration that the study of temperament is the study of the most intricate phenomena of organization, and that the subject is at once the most important and the least understood in the whole domain of anthropology.

Fortunately, however, we have attained, if not the final theory of temperaments, a sufficient number of data upon which to base valid and important conclusions. Some of these practical aspects of temperament I purpose to state in this paper; premising a brief account of the better-established points in the theory of the subject.

Suppose that the whole company of the human race were gathered together in a plain for the purpose of scientific classification. What is the most obvious basis of classification that would present itself to an intelligent observer? Not the stature, not the shape of the skull or the quality of the teeth or hair; but the different *colors* of this multitude of men, which would divide them with a considerable degree of sharpness into the following four classes:

I. White men.

II. Yellow men.

III. Brown men (tawny and red).

IV. Black men.

This classification is rude; yet it is much more than a merely superficial one. It underlies, as Professor Huxley has shown, the most elaborate scientific distributions, and is based upon deep characteristics. Each of these four great classes of men has taken the very form and quality of its tissues from the influence of climate and soil, the bath of actinic and thermal influences in which, for countless generations, it has been steeped. These subtle climatic dyes, cosmical mordants, have tinged alike the bodies and the minds of nations. Not merely the dyer's hand, but his entire nature has been subdued to what he works in. Nothing in man is more intrinsic than color; it is the expression of the profoundest influences. Ramsay holds that the black or carbon man is the product of the carboniferous era. The same causes which have blanched the Caucasian have made his race intellectual and dominant; and in all races there is a quite constant relation of color with character.

It would be interesting to inquire how far this division of the human family may correspond to the less obvious, yet even more important classification of which I am to speak—the classification founded on temperaments. By way of illustrating the latter, I may assume a general correspondence of the four colors with the four temperaments as follows—the white races, however, representing all of the temperaments in the order of predominance named:

White men correspond to the nervous, sanguine, bilious, and lymphatic temperaments.

Yellow men correspond to the lymphatic temperament.

Brown men correspond to the sanguine temperament.

Black men correspond to the bilious temperament.

the understanding of the complex combinations which make up the character of our acquaintances, friends, and lovers.*

And first, of the sanguine temperament. "Sanguine people," says Dr. Powell, from whose treatise on the Human Temperaments I quote, "really know or perceive the things and the relations that exist within the sphere of their pursuits, and the results that may grow out of them. They appear never to reason ; and yet their judgments will compare favorably with the best that the race produces. They are less adapted to the inductive sciences, and to sedentary and studious pursuits, than to the active. They are better adapted than any other class to occasions that require fortitude and submission. None are more brave, and none less revengeful. They are well constituted to enjoy all the amenities of life ; but they rarely indulge to intemperance." This is the eminently *practical* temperament.

The corresponding physical organization, which I have called the thoracic, is characterized by the perfect development of the organs of the chest, and by the purity and abundance of the blood, and its thorough distribution to all the tissues. It may be usually recognized by its light hair, blue or gray eyes, fair skin, a nose commonly large and frequently convex on the bridge, well-defined lips, having the superior one the more prominent ; the limbs and all parts of the body are round, well turned, and more adapted to strong, dignified, and graceful movements, than to such as are remarkable for activity or suppleness. In consequence of large perceptive or small reflective powers, the forehead recedes. The occiput is tolerably large ; and there is high physical vitality. As illustrations of this temperament, Washington, Petrarch, and General Scott may be cited.

II. The bilious temperament gives adaptation to the active and ambitious pursuits of life, for domination among men, and for the study of the physical sciences ; it is less adapted to sedentary habits and philosophical investigations. It is not so elastic as the sanguine. It does not cease to feel or to act when the exciting cause is removed ; and hence it is liable to become morbid, even to insanity. Great men of this temperament are men who have been impelled by will and purpose of their own to great achievements ; great men of the sanguine temperament are men who have discharged with distinguished ability and faithfulness the obligations bestowed upon them. The latter never usurp the power intrusted to them ; the former never surrender it without reluctance. Dante, Mohammed, Cortes, Charlemagne, Charles XII., and Lady Huntington were of this temperament.

In the corresponding physical constitution, which I have called the basic, the bony structures of the frame are especially well developed and powerful. The spinal column is long, the bones are dense and large. Every feature of the system is angular and abrupt. There are two varieties of this constitution : one has black hair, dark eyes, and a brown skin ; the other, which may be called the *xantho-bilious* constitution, has red hair, bluish-gray eyes, and a florid complexion. Unlike as these two varieties externally are, they are yet structurally the same. In each the muscles are less developed than in the sanguine, but are more dense and firm ; the nose is rather large, and often aquiline, but perhaps more frequently in America long, slender, and pointed, with very thin *alæ* and well-developed nostrils ; the lips are well defined, and, as in the sanguine temperament, the superior one is more prominent than the inferior, and the fore-

* Dr. Buchanan regards these varieties as almost infinite. In his views, based upon a new system of anthropology, each dominant group of organs in the brain, or of structure in the body, gives rise to a peculiar temperament.

head, as in the sanguine, recedes, and for the same reason. The brain is usually smaller, but more dense and active, than in the sanguine; the hemispheres are less elevated, but the posterior lobes are much developed, and the whole head is poised more obliquely upon the cervical column. This organization manifests as much intrinsic force as does the sanguine, and a higher degree of persistent energy; in it perceptions, conclusions, and actions follow each other in quick succession. Men who possess it are liable to the imputation of being rash and visionary, yet their impressions last longer, and lead to a greater persistence of action, than those of any other primary temperament.

III. The lymphatic temperament is easy-going and conservative, yet irritable. Infirmity of temper is its frequent accompaniment. High mental development in it is rare, yet not entirely wanting.

In the accompanying abdominal constitution "the proportion of fluids," says Dunglison, "is conceived to be too great for the solids." The lymphatic development is frequently postponed until a late period of life in persons who have from childhood displayed the characteristic marks of this constitution. In them the hair is light, the nose *retroussé*; the eyes are somewhat heavy and of a dull blue color; the lips are thickish and their cleft is straight—"no arc of Cupid" here; the forehead is rather square and perpendicular, and the entire head approximates toward a quadrangular outline. The learned Dr. Samuel Parr was a good instance of this constitution and temperament. Dr. Powell considers Socrates to have been a fine specimen of this constitution, and thinks that the excellence of his character is sufficient to redeem the serious faults of the class to which he belongs. S. T. Coleridge possessed much of this temperament, though in him it was combined with the sanguine. Occurring alone, it is, like the temperament yet to be described, an insufficient and unfortunate one; but in combination with others it has much value, its physical element giving calmness and equability to the character, and acting as a sort of *buffer* between the susceptibilities and the harsh shocks of life.

IV. In the nervous temperament there is great activity and susceptibility of the intellect, coupled with an irritability which is due to insufficient physical *stamina*. Persons of this temperament crowd the scholastic walks of life. They are sedate in manner and sparing of words; they often write with eloquence, but they have none of the orators' personal magnetism, and never utter the moving eloquence which is necessary to influence masses of men. Their pen is more effective than their presence, and their sword is seldom mighty. It may be surmised that Paul the apostle belonged in part to this temperament, for he declares that his "bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible;" but the vital power of the sanguine and bilious temperaments is evident in the record of his active life.

This temperament is compatible with profound discrimination and great learning; but in it all the mental functions, though accurate, are feeble, and great achievements cannot be expected from it alone.

The cerebral constitution accompanying the nervous temperament may be known by its large front and upper brain, its light, lank, and fine hair, its blue or greenish eyes, a thin and rather small nose, sometimes inclining upward at the extremity, thin lips, and cheek bones that are prominent on account of the thinness of the facial muscles. The forehead projects; the head is large, often flattened at the sides and somewhat quadrangular; the cerebellum, however, is small, and the thorax and abdomen are contracted. The skin is pale and opaque; the countenance is serious, bordering upon gloom, and the motions of the body are slow and dragging. In this constitution the insufficient vital forces

easily succumb; cold, privation, reverses, poverty, extinguish its feeble flame; and in the struggle for success which among civilized men has taken the place of the struggle for life that goes on among the lower beings, the nervous constitution "goes to the wall" sooner than any other. Yet, as it possesses but moderate functional activity, it escapes much of the liability to the acute diseases which attack the heartier temperaments; and under favoring circumstances often enjoys the best of health and attains old age.

The faults of this temperament and constitution are negative. It lacks protoplasm; it is wanting in the physical basis of life. Men with small heads and large chests have achieved the greatest things, but the record of men with large heads and small chests is almost void. Neither in practical affairs nor in speculation have they often impressed themselves powerfully upon the world. However fine their intellects may be, they are never able to use them effectively. They are steamboats with hulls too weak for their engines. "Natural superiority of the intellect," said Thomas Beddoes, "can arise only from a happy organization of the senses." And hear a later author, who is a better authority: "There is a prevalent belief," says Galton, "that men of genius are unhealthy, puny beings—all brain and no muscle—weak-sighted, and generally of poor constitutions. I think most of my readers would be surprised at the stature and physical frames of the heroes of history who fill my pages, if they could be assembled together in a hall. I would undertake to pick out of any group of them, even out of that of the divines, an 'eleven' who should compete, in any physical feats whatever, against similar selections from groups of twice or thrice their numbers, taken at haphazard from equally well-fed classes. . . . It is the second and third-rate students who are weakly. A collection of living magnates in various branches of intellectual achievement is always a ~~feat~~ to my eyes, being, as they are, such massive, vigorous, capable-looking animals." *

To be a great man, it seems almost absolutely necessary to have a great body. The exceptions to this rule are only apparent. There is almost always fine vital force in the first rank of men—a constitution which, though it may be marred by disease or broken by depressing conditions, yet tends to express itself in a superior physique. Take a thousand average men from the street; weigh them and measure their chests and their stature; then compare them with a thousand superior or distinguished men; the latter will weigh more and stand higher than the average. The very word *eminent* at first meant "tall." Napoleon was short, but he had an iron frame, and more endurance than a giant. Mrs. Browning was a delicate invalid, yet so intense was her physical vitality that she battled with disease for years, and maintained an ever-flowing current of literary production. A superior mind, heart, or will properly belongs to a superior body; as a rule, it is developed in and by it, and it favors physical growth. Spenser says:

"The soul is form, and doth the body make."

I have known many professional men who had fine heads and fine educations, who yet could apply them to no useful purpose. Their vital forces were too feeble to follow up the leadership of the brain.

For such men physical culture is indispensable. The only salvation of the nervous temperaments is to be found in the practice of muscular Christianity. Fencing, rowing, dancing, and the lifting cure enable them to increase that bodily endowment, which is indispensable for the greatest achievement.

Such are, in brief, the outlines of the four classes of human organization.

* "Hereditary Genius," p. 331.

The reader will not, I think, find it difficult to recognize their counterparts in actual life.

But these types rarely occur, as I have already said, in a simple or unmixed form. In the large majority of cases a combination of two or more of these types exists, as the sanguine-bilious, the bilious-nervous-lymphatic; not more than two or three persons in a hundred present an unmixed temperament. The study of the combinations, therefore, of the temperaments and constitutions is of the greatest importance. There are six binary combinations, four ternary, and one quaternary combination of the four original forms—making fifteen in all. These are easily discriminable, and after a little study easily recognizable. Given the portrait of any person, or even his record in literature or in affairs, and two persons who are moderately expert in temperaments will agree surprisingly in their estimate of his constitution; or, conversely, knowing the temperament, will announce the character. Nine-tenths of a stranger's character may thus be read beyond speaking distance and at first sight, though the other tenth, his mysterious personality, may baffle the student of human nature for a lifetime. But a knowledge of temperament conveys a critical power of the highest value. To recognize it clearly in any instance is to seize at a glance all the broader outlines and more salient points of character, and to interpret these under a single class and name, instead of being forced to dwell upon the complete detail of description. Thus the temperaments determine, in the main, the tone or temper of a man's life. Whether he shall arrange with forethought the programme of his career, and shall be a planner, a long-headed man, or shall habitually "take short views," as Sydney Smith recommended; whether he shall be sunny or gloomy, active or indolent, excitable or serene, efficient by impulses or capable of sustained efforts; these and a hundred other alternatives of character depend, more intimately than any one but the student of temperament can understand, upon the physical and mental peculiarities which we classify under these different types. Temperaments are the surest key to character. The indications of phrenology and of physiognomy are hardly of equal value.

A knowledge of the temperaments is, therefore, of the highest value in the criticism of character. Ignorance of their domination constantly leads to serious mistakes alike in the relations of business, friendship, and love. Thus, women too often judge each act as the direct expression of an individual preference or dislike, as purely an affair of choice. They do not discover that whatever part the will may play in character, it is subordinate to the broader forces which come of race, of organization, and of circumstance, and that character is the necessary result of these. They are trained to live in the personal, and judge of words, actions, emotions, with reference to their individual standard. We hear much, and much that is true, of the profound intuitions of women. Respecting most affairs—at least whenever they have sufficient knowledge of the data—their intuitions are wonderfully accurate and just. But when sentiment or love is concerned, they are apt to be as remarkably untrustworthy. Witness the mistaken marriages they constantly make! For every man that marries a worthless woman, two or three women give themselves to worthless men. Nor is it a sufficient answer to say that there are twice as many bad men as bad women in the world. Women lack knowledge—I do not say by their own fault, for they are by nature more practical than men, and quite as well adapted to management as they. Give them equal knowledge of the case, and they will often deal with it more shrewdly and successfully than men. What talent they often manifest in business matters! Many a fortune has been missed or lost by neglecting a

wife's advice. But the education of women seldom gives them the subtler data of life and character; and in consequence their intuitions of persons are too often mere guess-work, vague impression. They need a more definite knowledge of the keys of character. Of their own sex, indeed, they read the nature with more acuteness than they read that of men; for their critical perceptions of each other are at least undisturbed by the glamour of sentiment. But for women women have an incredible lack of charity. They visit the sins of men upon each other. Why we notice and blame their mutual injustice, while we do not reprehend the disagreements of men, is a question which I suppose may be answered by saying that the former offend the masculine spirit of gallantry in speech, while no tradition is contradicted when men abuse each other. At any rate, so rare is the woman whom women cordially praise, that she might be thought perfection were not their standards of estimation so different from those of men. In each other women admire sincerity, intelligence, manners that are unconscious, and personal beauty, and they despise their besetting sin of affectation. Men, on the contrary, care less for intelligence and sincerity than for sympathetic attraction and personal magnetism. They admire the charming coquetties, the feminine consciousness of women: and their admiration of beauty more frequently inclines toward its physical than its intellectual element. Women enjoy delicate and refined beauty; men prefer the "snow and rose-bloom" of health and high animal spirits. So different indeed are the preferences of the two sexes, that when one woman praises another to me, I answer: "I believe that I ought to admire her, but I am sure that I shall not." Each sex, in short, admires in the other the qualities that are most distinctive. But women too often extend this law to their own sex, and admire their sisters who are rather masculine than feminine. In our city society you shall see cultivated and delicate ladies crowding around a sharp-tongued woman who is clever and heartless, destitute of any "sweet attractive kind of grace," given to a species of sarcasm quite in vogue in America, and which consists, not in saying sarcastic things, but in saying things that are rude to the point of insult. Not irony, but polite brutality, is their forte. To men these sexless and shrewish women are intolerable. Yet they are attractive to not a few of the loveliest women, who find in their unfeminine natures a certain masculine quality which they can enjoy without constraint. They like these ogresses as a certain spinster was said to enjoy the odor of a cigar, "because it made her feel as though there was a man about the house"; and the virago finds, in their consideration, a substitute for the flatteries that are generally denied her by men.

The irrational likings of women find a counterpart in their irrational dislikes. But the latter, more easily than the former, are explained by influences of constitution and of temperament. How seldom, for instance, is the nervous woman, the slight, cerebral, intellectual woman of culture, just or even tolerant to a woman of abounding physical nature, to the dark, passionate temperaments of the typical South! The nervous woman can admire the shrew I have described; and, on the other hand, she is ready to fall in love with the dark and passionate man, nor will any fine intuitions stand in the way of her marrying such a man, who may yet prove utterly selfish, sensual, and unworthy of her. Upon such a man the nervous man would pass an equally generous judgment, admiring, even without the eloquent advocacy of that passion magnetism which inclines each sex to be mutually lenient, the ardent qualities which are so opposed to his own. And the cerebral man would lay down his life for the ardent woman. The bilious and sanguine women, the Cleopatras and Zenobias, are the born queens of men.

But the nervous, intellectual woman never does justice to these richer and more sensuous types of her own sex. For the ardent woman the nervous woman seldom has charity, kindness, or tolerance. Her grace and desire to please she calls affectation; her repose, sluggishness; her languor, indolence; her affability, assurance; she considers her independence impudence; and, perceiving her sensuous nature, swears that she is sensual.

In all these repugnances there is without doubt a germ of reason. Persons of slight and sensitive organization shrink from these powerful natures that move so easily in the world, suggesting the lithe strength, the prowling freedom of wild animals, that, if provoked, would retaliate with prompt injury, and that could easily become such powerful enemies. One feels that in these tawny people great crimes as well as great virtues are latent. Their companionship has apprehensions in it. In their society we remember Machiavelli's maxim: "Treat your friend as though some day he may become your enemy." But we are apt to forget the power of circumstance and culture over these rich natures, which, by means of an ample physical basis for thought and action, and through abundant passion, constantly perform the best achievements of the world; we forget that equal sincerity, equal intellectual and moral earnestness, may be found in all the temperaments. From no healthy variety of the human animal need we shrink. Terence was right with his maxim. We should avoid brutal individuals, but cherish no prejudices against temperaments. Thus, the bilious-lymphatic men form an estimable class; yet among them are the individuals who trample upon the nervous-sanguine ones—the Gradgrinds who crush or slight their approaches of fancy, feeling, intuition. Travellers relate that herds of asses are employed in capturing the electrical eel. Driven into the ponds which it inhabits, they trample it with their hoofs until the batteries of the highly organized creature are discharged, and it is easily captured. The gymnotus among men is bruised in the same way by asses' hoofs. The stolid continually beat down the electric natures. With the former the subtlest and least proven questions are held as matters of definite dogma and formula. If you speak of intuitions, they promptly admit their existence, and recite a numerical catalogue of the same—not ten or fifteen, but exactly eleven in number. These people make the parrot metaphysicians of orthodoxy, the professors of country colleges, who write books of philosophy not so much because they love truth as because they have a theology to sustain. As Emerson says, their "airs of sincerity are the emptiest affectations." The dogmatic people habitually unjust to the intuitive and impulsive temperaments, estimate them as fickle, selfish, deficient in a solid basis of character, and fail to see that the highest purpose and effort may exist in a less pertinacious, a less equable working temperament than their own.

The larger part, indeed, of the dislikings and misconceptions in the world proceed from these oppositions of temperament. The susceptible-nervous person looks upon the self-poised, determined man of the bilious temperament as hardly less alien to himself than a foreigner or even an enemy. He shrinks from his cool pertinacity, his ruthless self-seeking, his bitter and determined dogmatism, that is never open to conviction, even though an angel should come down from heaven. To the sensitive man he seems a sort of Christian Fate or Mephistopheles. Yet this antagonism may be mainly a matter of temperament; both parties are, very likely, most estimable persons. Of this sort was the celebrated antipathy in the case of Doctor Fell—

I do not like you, Doctor Fell;
The reason why . . . I cannot tell.

But the reason is not obscure to the expert. The two men were antagonistic in temperament. Yet the poet was doubtless an ornament to letters and the physician to his profession.

It is, indeed, the irrelation of temperament, and the failure to make just allowances for it, that causes half of the misunderstandings and antipathies, to say nothing of the actual enmities, in the world. There are certain people with whom we never become acquainted, no matter how often we may make the attempt. When we meet them the first time, we fail to find any subject of common interest in conversation, though we may try all known topics and some others. At the second meeting we feel that we need a second introduction to clinch the first. All is to no purpose. Doubtless, under favoring circumstances and by making a special effort, we could find some vital point in such persons' experience, and attain a degree of confidence and mutual interest. But, our natures being ill-mated, it is unprofitable for us to attempt an intimacy. Temperament has drawn a charmed line between us which we can seldom overpass. With another the same person may attain a perfect sympathy, while to us he must remain nothing more than the "bowing" or the "speaking" acquaintance. Blessed formula of irrelation! These phrases enunciate the plain yet unconsidered fact that there are many excellent persons who can never, by any possibility, be our friends; and this not because of the lack of opportunity, but because of mutual unfitness. The mistake of the world is in allowing such people to become one's antipathies. It is pure assumption to conclude that because we do not love our neighbor we should hate him. We need not even take the trouble to dislike him. There is a great limbo of indifference provided for such people; and there is no sufficient reason for quarrelling with them, or regarding them as any darker an affliction than bores.

We are convinced without great difficulty that we should extend liberal judgments toward men of different race or training from our own. We perceive that their differences in language, customs, education, all appeal to other standards of appreciation than those of our familiar experience; and that this very diversity is valuable and interesting to us. But we have yet to learn that our neighbor, merely through difference of temperament, may be stranger to us than the Gaul is to the Saxon, or the Laplander to the Greek. The enmities, the family feuds, the wars of all ages, have found fuel, if not tinder, in temperamental antipathies. Temperaments misunderstood perhaps created the differences between the houses of Montague and Capulet, or provoked and maintained the wars of the Roses. Nations have hated each other for centuries mainly because one was fair and the other dark. Race and temperament are not, of course, the only quarrel-breeders; but their influence is so powerful that I do not need to exaggerate it. National antipathies, though discouraged by civilization, remain exceedingly strong; and in view of the increasing spirit of toleration in the world, they are less excusable than ever. The English hatred of the French has hardly yet cooled down to the temperature of dislike; the Irishman detests the negro with all his heart; the Californian maltreats the Chinaman. Races must, it would seem, maintain a secular quarrel about their differences.

Possibly the world will some day outgrow this bitterness of antipathy; possibly even the lion and the lamb may lie down together when they understand each other better. If there is to be a "millennium," its spirit will consist in making allowances.

The knowledge of temperaments has individual as well as national uses that are important. It confers the power to correct our personal biases. Thus: how

many visionary or gloomy lives are led by people who never suspect the cause of their sorrow to be the merest accident of constitution, and who have no sufficient outward cause for despondency ! Could the melancholy man but once perceive that his apprehensions, whether of business embarrassment, of the loss of friends, or of position, or of good name, were based mainly upon his own infelicity of organization, upon a melancholic or bilious vice of blood, he would be enabled to make proper allowances for this discoloration of the medium through which he looks at life, and to attain the legitimate happiness of the sunnier temperaments. Without any definable physical derangement, a man may possess an undue predisposition to gloom which shall darken his whole life. It is much to recognize this fact ; for a fault of constitution, quite as much as any other, is partly corrected when it is perceived. It is indeed very rare that any one attains to this high philosophic self-criticism ; the difficulty is to persuade one's self that his nature is biassed and at fault, that he is constitutionally frivolous or uncharitable or despondent. Yet any one who perceives this to be the case, and has a moderately persistent will, can by systematic effort materially improve his temperament. This, too, he can do in spite of the circumstance that temperament is one of the most fixed facts about the individual. For the firmest things are not absolutely fixed ; a breath of attraction or repulsion will sway a star ; the greatest will finally yield to the least. The gloomiest nature may brighten itself, the bitterest sweeten itself, the most shrinking take on a healthier tone of tissue. I do not say that much may be made out of nothing ; no degree of effort will create the bright and sunny spontaneity which goes with the finest and the strongest temperaments, and which, like other high endowments, is mainly intrinsic, a thing that is born, not made. Yet we can season in some degree if we will, the very grain and fibre of our inmost nature. And where we cannot reach this last result of culture, we can sometimes attain a result almost as rare, the power of perceiving and allowing for the deficiency.

Astronomers find that no two observers exactly coincide in marking the time of a transit. The same "personal equation" disturbs our individual estimates of men and of affairs. We must discover our own personal difference, and consent to make allowance for it ; and our personal difference is determined by our temperament.

The Emperor Julian was by nature a timid scholar. Until called to the exercise of power he showed no quality of a higher order. But there were in him incredible latent forces of the will. The timid scholar was declared Cæsar, was invested with the imperial purple, and removed from his library to the head of a great army. His determination rose with the occasion. Laborious, distasteful, and dangerous as his new station was, he yet accepted it without complaint ; and though quite conscious that he was by temperament unfitted for it, he set about to create and to develop in himself the character that the station required. He essayed to make himself imperial. The result was one of the most surprising and inspiring phenomena in the history of the human will. Perhaps never has the experiment of self-culture been successfully made upon so grand a scale. Julian rose from a *littérateur* to be a legislator ; from a recluse and a timid student to be an august commander and a master of men ; from a dreamer to be an invincible conqueror. One of the most insignificant became one of the grandest characters that the world has ever seen ; and the change was wrought by will as well as by circumstance. The lesson of the great Julian's life is this : Understand your temperament ; then make your temperament your servant.

TITUS MUNSON COAN, M. D.

THREE WOMEN.

AMONG the women I have known, three have impressed me as types of clearly defined varieties of the sex as it is developed from the womanly germ and moulded by the influences of modern society. These three women are all of more than ordinary natural gifts; two of them have had more than ordinary culture; and each of them has a very marked and sharply defined character. Born on the same social plane, one from which they could step almost at will into any circle of society, their lots in life have been very different; and yet they have to a certain extent the same associations, and even common family connections. Notwithstanding their superiority of mind and character, no one of them would be regarded by the most sensitive man as in the least mannish or even masculine; no one of them has ever manifested the slightest aspiration toward a sphere of action beyond that to which their sex has been limited by custom. Their very faults and failings, of which they have not too many, are entirely womanish, as their merits and charms, which are many, are entirely womanly. Therefore no man fears or dislikes them. Their husbands—for they are all married—love and honor them, and treat them, as far as all their intimate friends can see, with tenderness and with respect. That they have escaped the common griefs and trials of their sex, I will not say, and cannot believe. Few women, or none, of warmer blood and brighter perceptions than shell-fish have, are free from those; but the lives of these three well-bred and socially cultivated wives and mothers would be regarded by the large majority of their sisters as happy—so happy that if none of the sisterhood were less so, there would be no woman question, and “The Revolution” would lack the reason of its being.

These three women I have known well from a period of their lives sufficiently early to enable me to watch their development and to trace the steps by which they have passed into the positions which they now hold, loved and honored by all who know them. It may be worth while for me to describe them as they appear to me, and have appeared to me for more than a decade.

Martha is, or was in her youth, the most highly educated of the three. The daughter of a merchant, a successful, although not wealthy merchant of the highest class, himself intelligent and educated and the son of an intelligent and highly educated professional man, she had from early childhood to early womanhood all the instruction and the training that are supposed to impart solid acquirements and form a rich, well-balanced mind. She was taught and studied assiduously two languages besides her own. At school she spoke French only to teachers, to all of whom that was their native tongue; and she learned what are called the elementary branches of education through that polite and elegant medium training—which is in itself much valued as a means of imparting clearness of thought and exactness of expression. The books through which Martha went in the course of a week would have made a perceptible addition to most private collections; and as these increased in number and grew in importance with her advancing years, the bulk of what she used before she ceased to study would have made in itself a little library. Her religious training was no less constant and assiduous. Instruction in the household, constant church going twice on Sunday and once in the week, the Sunday-school, the Bible class, monthly concerts of prayer (the only concerts she was allowed to enjoy), Dorcas

meetings, anniversaries—all these means of grace, as she heard them called, were hers from her infancy up; and she was not allowed on any pretence to neglect, or even to slight any one of them. But no pains were taken to give her any knowledge of the world, or even of society. Although bred most carefully as to manners and assiduously guided in the practice of all the proprieties and courtesies of cultivated social life, she was left without instruction in the accomplishments and graces pertaining to that life. To give any time to these, or more than could well be avoided to society, she was taught was hardly consistent with the strict following of that straight path of duty of which she heard so much, and within which she was kept so rigidly, that if she had only been a girl of warm passions and a little spirit, her breaking loose and running wild through the pathless fields of pleasure would have been both certain and natural. Even as it was, perhaps, the prim propriety of her listless life was owing quite as much to absence of temptation as to rigidity of discipline. For to young men of ordinary tastes and habits there was little attraction in such a girl and such a household; the precise, bare, colorless character of which was almost as impassable a barrier to her as she would have found in the walls of a convent.

With all this she had little instruction in household and family duties. Rather because of all this; for it needs but a moment's reflection to make clear that a girl whose time and whose energy are given to the study of English, and French, and Italian, and chemistry, and philosophy, and history, and mathematics, and divers other subjects of almost equal interest and importance to young women, the study of all these being pursued at once, with also the preparation of lessons for the Bible class—for instance, the ferreting out of texts from the Hebrew Scriptures to prove that she was born into the world with a nature so totally depraved that unless she put implicit faith in certain religious dogmas, her body would surely be roasted without being consumed forever and forever by an all-benevolent Being, while her soul was racked with subtler and keener torment at the recollection of the enormity of her sin in not believing what she could not comprehend and hardly apprehend—could have no time for such poor and sordid business as the learning how to make herself and her kindred, present and to come, materially comfortable and happy as to their every-day life in this finite, sublunary world.

After she had passed eighteen or nineteen years of this life, misfortune fell upon her family. Her father suffered terrible reverses, but reverses such as most merchants in this country suffer at least once, and from which many of them never fully recover. This man never rallied. His ruin was total. Her mother died, and the care of the household fell upon her, the eldest sister. She did as well, perhaps, as she could be expected to do, considering what had been her education; and after three or four years of that life she accepted an offer of marriage which raised well-founded hopes of future happiness; for her husband was a man of some property, of excellent character, of intelligence, and a thoroughly kind heart. He, however, did not escape pecuniary reverses, which, although they did not ruin him, so crippled his means that ere long she, having in the course of a few years borne half a dozen children, found every minute of her day demanded by her daily round of household duties, as every hour of her husband's was by his business as the family provider. This lot was not peculiar to her, but was rather the common one among women born and bred as she was. But her education had done nothing to fit her for it. Her acquirements, not frivolous, be it remembered, but "solid," were now, and in fact had been for years, utterly useless. The fruit of an unstinted expenditure of time and money and

youthful energy, they had become, about when they might have been well digested and assimilated, of no more value to her than a knowledge of the Rosicrucian mysteries. Chemistry did not help her in overseeing, or even in undertaking the preparation of a dinner; she had no need of mathematics in the keeping of her house accounts; history had no examples profitable to her, as, indeed, it seems to have few or none for any of us; and the only philosophy in which she had the slightest interest was the philosophy of living. She who once could hardly carry the books which she studied in one day, now hardly reads, and from within three years of the time when her school education ceased, has hardly read one book a year. Her life, her whole self, is absorbed in ministering to the material comfort of the husband and the children whom she loves. This being her life, she is reasonably happy, and even cheerful. She is in every respect more admirable and more lovable than when she was eighteen years old. The waters of trouble have gone over her, but they have left her nature richer, deeper, stronger for the overflow. Looking back, she must have moments of poignant regret; looking forward, she must always feel the trouble of anxiety. Yet she is happier than she was before she knew these; for her capacity of happiness has increased, and what she now takes in with calm delight, if not with joy, would in her early womanhood have been beyond her apprehension. Her very person has grown comelier with her years and somewhat sore experience. Once a puny, pale-faced girl, whose only personal attractions were a pair of large eyes, a profusion of hair, and a delicate skin, she is now a full-limbed, fair-browed, rosy-cheeked matron, who yet is at no outlay for cosmetics, white or red, and who can set at naught the counsels of Banting. She has gained much, while she has lost only her youth, which she must have lost in any case.

Catharine, the second of these women, was marked out in her cradle for one of the queens of society, and step by step she has ascended her throne. Deprived of her mother in early youth, the daughter of a man in public life, and like Martha the eldest girl of her family, she was called upon to take the leading position in the household and a place in society at a period of life when most girls in her condition are entirely given up to study among the serious, or among the gay to music, dancing, dressing, and flirting. Thus early brought in contact, as the mistress of a household, with such men and women as her father's position and associations would bring around her, she had a part to play for which by gifts of mind and person she was peculiarly fitted. For self-possession, self-poise, courage, tact, penetration, intellectual quickness of apprehension, and a quality more common with women than with men, which enables them to seem to know even while they are learning by observation, she has no superior, and not many equals, among all the women I have met. These would have made her, with her associations, a political woman, if she had lived in France a generation or two ago. With us of Anglo-Saxon race, however, that variety of womanhood is rare and very difficult of production—God be thanked therefore. Consequently Catharine became only a woman of mark and singular attractiveness, and thus of influence, in a society largely composed of notable persons. For this position she was formed by nature, and toward it she was helped by a commanding person and a pronounced manner.

For it is very certain that people will yield that to mere physical largeness which they will refuse to, or at least dispute with, littleness of body and self-distrust. True of men, this is particularly true of women. One hundred and fifty pounds of beautiful woman, five feet five inches high, can have for the ask-

ing, or take without asking, what one hundred and fifteen pounds and five feet one of woman, not beautiful, could get, if at all, only by a struggle in which the weapons would be blandishment, and entreaty, and even social stratagem. And Catharine, although hardly beautiful in the full sense of that much-abused word, is one of the handsomest and most distinguished women in the society which confesses her superiority, and yields gracefully to her graceful and potent sway. Women look with equal admiration and envy upon the white splendor of her grandly-outlined shoulders, and do not wonder that men never fail to answer the beckoning of that lovely hand. A brow worthy of Juno, an eye that commands the attention which the lips rivet and reward—add to these a costume which always becomes such a figure and such a face, and you have the Catharine who is always at least one of the five of a social ellipse, if not the central figure of a social circle. Little women, and women who feel themselves to be her equals, and that they could show themselves such if they had but her advantages, sometimes find her oppressive. And it must be confessed that to such persons, even among men, she is often overwhelming. There is a self-assertion in the sweep of her ample drapery, a warning in the rustle of her tempestuous petticoat, as she bears down, superb as a seventy-four in full sail, and as resistless, upon some distinguished person, to whom she means to give a distinguished reception, that clears the way before her, and causes all craft of inferior rating to shrink aside with a sense of insignificance. Were she less attractive, less gifted, less charming, this would be resented and there would be rebellion. But what would be denounced or ridiculed in others is pardoned to her height and grandeur, and even admired. She is what queens and duchesses ought to be, and so rarely are. She has the faculty of command. I never knew a man say No to her, and very few women. When they do not wish to submit, they feel that their best chance of safety is in keeping out of her way; and they flee that they may not subject themselves to the influence of her noble presence and her superbly gracious manner.

And yet, with all this, she is full of sport, and can be as playful as a kitten—a kitten of the Royal Bengal stripe. But this is a part that she rarely plays, except in the sight of those favored ones whom she admits on a footing of equality to the society of her unguarded moments.

Catharine is a type of the highly cultivated woman, and seems in place only when surrounded by cultivated people, and all the means and appliances of high refinement. But if admission to social station were to be obtained only through competitive examination, there are not a few others, Martha among them, who, at the opening of their womanhood at least, would have passed before her. Her early education was far from being defective, and she uses her pen no less gracefully than her tongue; but her youthful brain was not much oppressed with learning, or her beautiful arms loaded down with books. Should necessity drive her to it, she would make a matchless principal of a young ladies school; but she would hardly be able, as a little, ugly, insignificant, but thoroughly estimable woman whom I know, of whom no one takes any notice, is, to go into her class-rooms upon necessity, and take the place of any one of her teachers. And yet Catharine holds her own in conversation with any man—a senator, an ambassador, a man of letters, a scientific man, a painter, or an actor; no matter what their well-earned distinction, all such men find no less pleasure in talking with her than the mere man of society does, who seeks her because of her personal attraction, her toilet, and her air of fashion. She can even give pleasure to, and perhaps (for who can limit the power of such a social alembic?)

can extract pleasure from a bore. Although fashionable, she is not frivolous (and by the way, there is no greater mistake than the common one of supposing that fashionable women are necessarily or even generally triflers); and she manages her household with an administrative faculty, which she displays no less in the committee-room of a charitable association, or the gathering of a coterie assembled in an elegant drawing-room to devise the means of doing honor to some stranger of celebrity. Yet those who have had the good fortune to be admitted to her privacy, say that she is never more herself than in a tête-à-tête; and it has been even whispered by those who know her well, that she is mistress of that great art which has been in use since the world began, but which has only of late years received its name in our tongue—the art of humbug. Her husband, a man of ability, of rare judgment and singular goodness and simplicity of heart, seems to look upon her with constantly increasing admiration; as well he may, for she is more beautiful as well as more charming than she was when she first led him captive. He is even willing to wear a halo of her reflected light. Her children move around her and wait upon her, not as if they were her pests, but her pets and her pages.

The third of these women, Mary, had fewer advantages of every kind than either of the others. The youngest child of a large family, and born just when her father, a merchant whose honorable reputation survived his ruin, saw a handsome fortune slip from his grasp, she had probably as little education in the way of mere book study and schooling as ever falls to the lot of girls in her social position. Like most youngest sisters, she was alternately petted and imposed upon, laughed at and scolded, by her seniors in the family; and like most girls the means of whose parents are greatly inferior to those of the people with whom are their natural associations, she was excluded in a great measure from the advantages of social intercourse. But her mental gifts and her character enabled her to rise superior to the disadvantages of her situation. She was neither spoiled by petting nor crushed by snubbing. A native dignity preserved her from the former, an elasticity of spirit defended her against the latter. An earnest and a tender soul, a nature almost equally thoughtful and emotional, reserved and sensitive, combined to make in her the noblest and most lovable type of womanhood. We hear much of self-made men, but little of that commoner phenomenon the self-made woman—a much more estimable and admirable creature; and brightest among all that I have met of those women was this one, whose intellect nevertheless was always less her guide than the impulses of her heart. A creature so loving, so unselfish, so wise with woman's unsoiled wisdom, so true, so pure, so passionate, is unknown to most men except in the ideal creations of great imaginative poets. Capable, in the keenness and flexibility of her mind and the strength of her passions, of the extremity of evil, she made of her strength and even her weakness and her petty foibles impulses to goodness; and by the time she had attained her full womanhood she had become worthy of all love, all trust, all honor.

Neither a beauty nor a belle, she was rich in womanly charms, and men found attractions in her that caused her never to lack that homage for which the sex are born to hunger. But before she had well proved her power in this respect she was married. Like many women of her kind—shall we not say like most of them?—she loved a man whom, in her appreciation of him, she endowed from the wealth of her own soul with all the qualities that went to make up her ideal of true manhood; and who, although not entirely unworthy of a noble

woman's love, was not worthy of the only love that could be bestowed by such a woman; his best title to which, next to her free gift of it, was his ability to love and to appreciate the giver. And yet there must have been something sweet and masterful in the man, or such a woman could not, after living with him for many years, have gone on loving him with the same true, tender, passionate, proud love, ready to sacrifice everything to his happiness—almost for his pleasure—even her own love, and, what was more, her pride. For pride was the source of all the little that was not perfectly admirable in her character and her conduct, and was therefore the trait upon which she most valued herself, the sentiment which she most cherished. To the demands of this stony, pitiless god, she would sacrifice her daily comfort and the happiness dearest to her heart. In doing this, however, she was not an exceptional woman, as woman has come to be in modern times.

Educated only by her intercourse with the world, by light and desultory reading, and by the exercise of her own faculties—in fact, going to school only to her own thoughtfulness—she came to have an intellectual charm, even for men who were professed students and thinkers. Not that she was either learned or logical; but she was wise and witty. Her counsel in serious affairs was always worth attention, and generally worth following; and where she was perfectly at home, the table must have been very brilliant at which her gayety was not the brightest and most spiritual. More than this, she had that rare possession of woman, that great lubricator of the friction of life—humor. Not many women can even appreciate humor; and of those who appreciate it, not one in a hundred has the faculty herself; but here was a woman at whose jests, and more, at whose whims (for humor is always more whimsical than properly jocose). Falstaff himself might have smiled approvingly, in the times when he had forsworn sack, and lived cleanly as a gentleman should. Her sympathy, both moral and intellectual, was as wide as the full-circled horizon of humanity. Her sensitive nature felt keenly not only for but with the suffering of savages and antipodes; but she frittered herself away in no mooning sentimentalism. She gave herself up to what was before her, and was far more inclined to harangue the ragged little ruffians of the street upon the enormity of their crimes and condemn them, without other judge or jury, to summary ablutio, than to join societies for the amelioration of the condition of the heathen. Indeed, she might have been suspected of just enough feminine perversity and prejudice to condemn them for their heathenism, and then to declare that if people would be heathens they should not expect to be ameliorated. But her husband has told me that when stirred by any great emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, his first thought was always of her, his first longing for that quick, full-flowing sympathy which made joy brighter and sorrow lighter. And on the other hand, at least one man of letters, not without experience and repute, being in doubt as to the worth of what he had written, has often, at no little inconvenience, taken his manuscript to her for consultation, and rarely without following, never without profiting by, her suggestions.

To all this she added the grace and charm that pertain to our ideal of the perfection of maternity. Beautiful in all men's eyes was her passage through the mere physical phases of her sex's function. She bore her children not awkwardly or shamefacedly, but with grace and mingled modesty and pride, and brought them forth with joyful confidence even in her sharp, brief hours of trial. To her children she gave her life, as she had given them her life's blood within

her breast and from it. With her the maternal instinct took the form of a grand passion. Her children, among whom, when they grew up, she seemed like a not much elder sister, and who had so little awe of her that they joked her and even hoaxed her almost as if she were one of themselves, had yet for her a sweetly reverential love which is the incense offered only to the dual divinity of perfect womanhood and perfect motherhood.

These women and the multitudinous class of which, as to condition, habits of life, and acquirements, they are fair representatives, must, I think, have been altogether unknown to that warmly approving Irish traveller and very clever essayist, Mr. Justin McCarthy. He probably was happily ignorant of the amazement in the well-wishing eyes that followed him as he fled across the sea after launching his article upon "American Women and English Women" at a public which his good-nature and his captivating style had cajoled into almost absolute confidence and credulity. But in this last gracious effusion he overrated their vanity and overtaxed their capacity of flattery. His notion that "the young American woman" in general possesses "a good general knowledge of and interest in the politics of her own country" is beyond dispute the most astonishing utterance with which the condescending British traveller has yet favored us. It is even a little more of an eye-opener than its twin judgment, uttered in the same surprising paragraph, that most American women talk with "an accuracy that would bear literal reporting," with "a fluency which never pauses for a word and never seems to know the slightest difficulty in expressing an idea;" nay, even that that wonderful creature, the American woman, is "always capable of managing a parenthesis." She cannot manage a man, to wit, her husband, mind you, as an English woman can; but she is capable of managing a parenthesis, "anywhere with perfect accuracy," dropping the parenthetical part and taking up the original thread of the sentence at exactly the right word. Pray, among what manner of women have our hapless admirer's lines fallen? Into what hideous social asylums was he entrapped, where women spouted politics in formal sentences, "the language reading like a page copied out of a book"? If such were his sad experience of life in this country, how could he have been at a loss to account for the gloominess of the men which he mentioned in his preceding sketch? What joy is there for man in such a place? He may do his work, to be sure, in sexual seclusion; but his toil over, he must perforce seek recreation, but not solace, either among the bearded companions of his labors, or with "little petticoated Gladstones" who talk politics by the page ready for instant reporting and printing. And our Irish friend tells this, tells it even to us, without one word of commiseration, and indeed rather as if he expected us to be proud and pleased at his story! Know, gentle traveller, that if we want to hear politics talked, we go to men whose business or whose pleasure it is to talk our politics. We, most of us, keep our politician, as the blacking-maker kept a poet; and one great reason why we like the companionship of our women is because they do not talk politics. What manner of women can you have fallen among, that they regaled you with opinions and disputations, in sentences cut and dried, upon the political state of the country? Say, rather, what manner of man must you be that you have the power thus to extort from them that which they so deftly hide from us?

But seriously, this very able, spirited, and generally observant writer has in this instance given us a characteristic example of the unaccountable misapprehensions of our society from which no candor, or intelligence, or good-will seem,

to protect the British traveller. The truth of this question is, that according to the observation of all "Americans" who have had opportunities of comparison, either abroad or at home, "American" women are far less interested in or acquainted with politics, even the politics of their own country, than European women of equal culture, no matter what their nationality. "American" women abroad are frequently put to a nonplus by questions about politics which their friends there ask them, and suppose them to be able to answer, as a matter of course; and the knowledge of politics and the lively personal interest taken in the political, and even the mere party struggles of the day among English, French, German, and Italian women, is one of the social phenomena with which the travelling American is most impressed. A heavy wager might be safely laid that of the women, old and young, present at any large social gathering in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, or Buffalo, not three in ten could tell the name of the governor of the State and of the two New York senators and of the member of Congress from her own district. We have just gone through a great civil war, the result of which has been a complete subversion of the Federal Constitution, and an entire change in the political condition of the country, and which has cost almost every woman in the land the life of at least one friend or kinsman; and yet a like wager might be safely laid as to their knowledge of the questions which that war has settled. Our amiable critic may be sure that he would find that knowledge limited generally, even among the better educated and more intelligent, to the fact that the South was not allowed to go, that the slaves were freed, and that we have now negro voters, negro members of Congress, and negro judges—facts the last of which many even of the most anti-slavery, patriotic, and loyal among them do not contemplate with any very great degree of equanimity. And as to talking in clearly projected sentences, sentences with a beginning, a middle, an end, sentences built with the *entresols* of parentheses in their original design, where indeed did our Justinian judge find *men* here who talk in that marvellous fashion, except in those, to us, unexplored regions in which he did not find one dull American? Think of it, O suffering Yankees, who have undergone the social oppressiveness of large boarding-houses, where the alternative is silence or inanity, and where "the gloom is not solely attributable to the hash!"

This at least is certain, that the women of whom the three whom I have endeavored to portray are, to a certain degree, the representatives, although also the flower, and who all, our Irish friend should remember, have superior intelligence, and at least the culture that comes of the effect upon such intelligence of intellectual associations, do not talk politics, hardly know them. Even Catharine, accustomed from her girlhood to the society of public men, does not soil her Junonian lips with political discussion. Indeed, to those men one great charm of her society is that they can flee from politics to her. Else what would be her womanly attractiveness? They can talk politics with each other, or with their constituents. What else would be the reason of her being? Otherwise, to every one of them, she might better be only another man. And looking back upon the lives of those three women, of whom she is the most brilliant, although not therefore the most to be admired, I see this one truth clearly to be read in all of them, unlike as they are in all other respects—that woman's womanly success in life, whether in the highest or the humblest sphere, does not in any way depend upon book-learning or accomplishments. Could Martha and Catharine change places now, or had they changed places when they were on the threshold of so-

ciety, which they passed at the same time, Martha would be none the better able, for her solid acquirements, to take Catharine's place in society ; Catharine, for her lack of Martha's thorough education, none the better fitted for or contented with the sober simplicity of her life, and her unvarying round of household duties ; while Mary, if she had had the education of Martha, or the presence and the social advantages of Catharine, or both, would have been but a little more widely known for those qualities which win her all the love and all the honor that can be won by pure and simple womanhood.

The story has been recently told of a young woman who became deeply enamored of a young man of a higher condition of life than her own, without his knowledge. To make herself worthy of him she began a severe course of study, including French, Italian, and the pianoforte ; working the while at her trade and sleeping but three hours a day. Before she had brought herself to the proper pitch of worthiness, the young man married another girl, and she went mad with disappointment. Poor, ignorant girl ! If she kept her senses long enough to learn anything about her successful rival, she probably found out to her amazement that she could speak not a word of either French or Italian, and that she had never vexed the keyboard of a pianoforte. The idea of winning a man, were he the Admirable Crichton of society, or of making him happy when won, by a display of French and Italian and "biano blane," could only enter the head of a woman as ignorant of men as this poor creature was of art and literature. Woman's power to win and keep the love of a man and of her children depends not a whit on her command of foreign languages, but it does depend largely on the way in which she speaks her mother tongue, and yet more on the feelings than the thoughts which she uses that tongue to express. When a woman chooses to become and can become a sexless intelligence, she then may derive from a thorough education all the benefit of which such a kind of creature is capable. But I have yet to see the woman who was more capable of making others happy, or who seemed to be happier herself, for any other knowledge, not feminine, than she might and would acquire in her intercourse with the men of the society in which she moved.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THREE SINGERS.

OF poets and of singers
That ever sang to me,
Of minstrels and of psalmists,
I best of all love three :
The waves that move incessant
On the unresting main,
The winds from o'er the mountain,
And the falling of the rain.

What say you, O storm wind ?
And what say you, O sea ?
Read me the rune, O drops of rain,
That so beguileth me !
In vain my heart has studied
Your ever-flowing song,
Its cadences of sadness,
Its monotone of wrong.

Yet still ye keep repeating
In such an earnest way
Your tale of some disastrous year,
Of some unhappy day.
The wild winds shout it seaward,
The surf back to the land ;
The rain affirms the story ;
Yet I cannot understand.

There are tears for some great sorrow,
There are sighs for some great woe,
And sobbings for unheard-of things
That happened long ago,
With hintings of the future,
And some long-waiting plan
Of grave and fearful moment
To the shuddering heart of man.

So I listen to the singing
Of these weird singers three—
The shifting wind, the crooning rain,
And the angry-shouting sea ;
But so cunningly the Master
Hath made their music flow,
That we never till the ending
Shall the mystic meaning know.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE RUINE.

IN a grapple of Napoleonism with Bismarckism, we republicans may surely take the side we please, or no side at all. American sympathy in general polarizes around one or other of the rival standards, without much respect to the merits of either. Who remembers Prince Leopold or Prim? Who cares whether Luxemburg becomes a French or a Prussian fortress? What are Hohenzollerns to us or we to Hohenzollerns? France draws the sword and flings away the scabbard; and therefore Americans, regardless of reason, find their hearts beating, some to the *bâton* of Moltke and some to the drums of MacMahon.

After all, would logic enlighten much our instincts and partialities? Which party has monopolized justice? Has not France as well as Prussia turned Europe into an armed camp? Does Germany covet Alsace and Lorraine less than France the Rhenish provinces? Both powers are cutting their roads to leadership with the sword; and where our good wishes go is pretty much a question between education and experience, between 1778 and 1861. Grandsires nurtured us to love the land of Lafayette and to hate the Hessians. In the gallery of Washington, Greene, and Putnam, are niches for D'Estaing, De Grasse, and De Rochambeau. It was De Heister's Germans who broke Washington's centre at Flatbush, and Rahl's Germans whom he captured at Trenton; it was Donop and his Germans whom Greene defeated at Red Bank; and it was Baum and Brugman, with Germans, British, and Indians, whom Starke and the New England militia conquered at Bennington; Greene fought Hessians at Guilford, and overthrew them at Eutaw Springs.

And yet, even while we muse on a France which, as America's earliest friend and England's oldest foe, seems for a moment to us, as to the fathers, "our natural ally," fresher memories of 1861 dissipate those of 1781. Napoleon III. plotting to crush the Union and plant a monarchy in Mexico, breaks the spell of enchantment created by historic gratitude. We cancel the obligations of American statesmen to republican thinkers of France, when Frenchmen of our day raise a throne on the continent where elder Frenchmen helped to overthrow one.

To Prussia we at least owe something for her neutrality. It may have been a neutrality of indifference; it may be that since she was no warlike rival of ours, Prussia lacked the selfish interest of England and France in our destruction; but at least the Prussian Government treated us with friendly courtesy, and the people loved our cause. A hundred thousand German-Americans fought in our ranks, and Americans followed a Sigel, as their ancestors had followed a De Kalb—the gallant Prussian who, when the South Carolina militia at Camden fled at the first fire, opposed his own breast to the foe, and fell, pierced with eleven wounds. The prolonged newspaper discussion over our supposed historic debt of sympathy is a mistake. We owe no sympathy anywhere as a nation, and there is no parallel between 1776 and 1870. France was our friend, but the France of the Bourbons, not of the Napoleons—the France who fought for us, and not the France whom we have had cause to fight again. Germany once sent her troops here to quench a fire of political liberty; but they were the troops of a single electorate, which now dallies apparently between the rival causes of France and Prussia. Hapless hirelings, the Hessians of the Revolution were caught by that merciless royal crimp, the petty potentate who ruled them, and sold by the head as food for powder. We must not hold all Germany, which knew little of the colonies, and cared less, responsible for these ill-starred mercenaries: as well might France or the Pope count on Switzerland for kingcraft or Romanism, because of the historic loyalty and valor of the Swiss guards, faithful among the faithless.

On the other hand, France claims even Steuben and De Kalb (the prototypes of Blenker and Sigel) among the heroes she sent us, because they were residents of Paris, not of Prussia, and from Paris alone derived their enthusiasm—De Kalb being an officer in the French service. Once more, if Napoleon and Paris were against us in 1861, so were not, perhaps, the common people of France. If the Emperor addresses his army to-day as "Soldiers of Italy, Algiers and Mexico," his subjects have stamped the Mexican venture as the central blunder of his reign.

So the historic arguments balance, leaving pure partiality or individual opinion as to

who has the better cause, to divide American sympathies. I knew a lady who, being asked which of the European cities, she had visited was best governed and freest, chose Paris—"There everybody may pick flowers as he likes in the Bois de Boulogne." It is said to be the theory of an Eastern city that "Good Bostonians, when they die, go to Paris." I fear such personal partialities as these, on the one hand, or German family alliances and friendships on the other, enlist the feelings of many Americans for the French or the Prussian eagles; and perhaps if England should declare for France, we might all be Prussian.

But whatever road our sympathy takes, I believe we of America do not affect that holy horror of the conduct of the combatants which England exhibits. That war is a terrible calamity is to us no empty commonplace, but a truth more vivid, personal, and poignant than to most Englishmen of our time. Nevertheless, I do not think we share the adroit denunciations of Disraeli or the Pecksniffian indignation of Gladstone, based on the "causelessness" of the war.

For one, I do not see in deference to what superior virtue of their own, Russia, Austria, and England are so shocked at the "unprecedented wickedness" of this war, Can these Pharisees recall no thirst of land or trade or power, no shedding of blood for a Poland, an India, an Italy? Have they never sought to "subjugate people of another race and language,"—have they never succeeded? Do their annals show no wars of succession, no struggles starting from the ambitions of princes, the jealousies of ministers, the quarrels of courtesans, the shattering of a vase, or the larceny of a necklace?

Every nation has a popular dream or fantasy. With us Yankees it is "manifest destiny." With the English it is colonial possessions—a custom-house on every degree of latitude and longitude, a British flag in every harbor. Sweden and Denmark dream of Scandinavian Union. Russia clutches with her right hand at Constantinople and with her left at Peking. Poland sighs for independence. Italy's dream—Rome the capital of a united Italy—is already on the point of fulfilment. Germany's noble aspiration is Teutonic brotherhood, and Prussia's is to be the powerful head of Germany. France seeks a "natural frontier."

The Rhine, theme of poets and dream of patriots, has long been the coveted river of two great races. It seems indisputable that Napoleon sought in 1866 to get possession

of those Rhenish provinces by statecraft, which he now seeks to conquer by the sword. But Prussia would not do by France with any of the Rhenish districts as Italy had done by her with Savoy; and Napoleon learned with chagrin that nothing was to be had as gratuity, and all must be won by war. Of course since that time it has been merely a question of opportunity and of readiness when a Franco-Prussian struggle should begin. The struggle became inevitable when in 1866 Bismarck outwitted Benedetti, who appears to be about as poor a piece of diplomatic putty as is often shaped by a master-hand.

With all this palpable for four years, that the British Ministry should now be puzzled over the "cause" of the war, is as ludicrous as that it should complain of not being "consulted." With Germany in fragments, perpetual peace was possible; but with a united Germany, war passed to the list of moral certainties. The unification of Germany was the crystallizing act which destroyed the artificial equipoise of half a century; and it was but the bursting into words of a thought which for years had quietly existed, when there arose in the midsummer of 1870 a simultaneous cry from France and Germany, *Au Rhin!—Am Rhein!*

In this great game of war, the stakes are high—Alsace and Lorraine against the Saar region at least; and therewith great prestige, and the proud title of "Arbiter of Europe." If the spectacle of two great Christian nations killing men by the million, and laying waste myriads of happy homes, for such "tricks of fame," be somewhat dolorous, and if visions of a millennium of the ploughshare and pruning-hook be somewhat rudely dispelled, it may yet be consoling to reflect that no nation ever suddenly took the rank of a vast and growing power without having to fight for its position. The most regrettable feature of the contest as it stands, is perhaps, the Emperor's prediction of a long and terrible contest. It would be better, if possible, to settle the question of superiority between France and Prussia as quickly as it was settled forever between Prussia and Austria. The only satisfactory thought connected with Napoleon's prophecy is, that this last appeal to arms between the Latin and the German race may be decisive, and that the conquered may be put out of power to repeat the contest, and that the conqueror may be put under bonds to keep the peace by a congress of nations.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

AMONG a crowd of English novels there is one which is worthy of special mention, partly because it is not the work of a professional novelist and is little likely to be sought for by the regular novel-reader. This is a book called "The Bane of a Life" (Tinsley Brothers), by Thomas Wright, who, under the title of "A Journeyman Engineer," has written two or three rather remarkable works on the social habits of the English working classes. Thomas Wright is just what he professes to be, a working engineer, and "The Bane of a Life" is his first attempt at a novel. As a story it is nothing; but as a simple, severe, naked reproduction of the common life of a certain class of the English poor, it is almost a solitary phenomenon in literature. We at least have never seen anything like it. Thomas Wright's working men and women are to Dickens's or Charles Reade's, what a hard cheap photograph is to an idealized painting. There is an air of perfectly unconscious truthfulness about the whole thing; that is to say, the author is so simply truthful, that he has never apparently formed any set artistic plan or purpose of faithful delineation. His range is very narrow, even among working people—for there must be working men and women in England who have hopes, and aspirations, passions and pains, beyond the common toils and petty pleasures, the ordinary domestic instincts and animal sins, of everyday humble life; and yet our author has given no hint of the existence of any such. But within the limits he happens to have adopted, we take it that the fidelity of these life-pictures is a marvel in literature. The very defects of the author's style—just that of a working man with enough of self-culture to make him ambitious, and his language occasionally inflated and pompous—add to the realistic effect of the whole book. It is not a cheerful story in any sense—and this fact doubtless will be another obstacle in its way to the sympathies of the average novel-reader; but it is a book which thinking people, anxious for authentic knowledge of social facts, would find it an advantage to study. It will probably not be printed in the United States, and indeed could hardly

find many readers here; but any American who will take the trouble to get it and to read it, as a genuine working man's description of the ways and struggles, pleasures, sufferings and sins of a large portion of his class, will find his trouble rewarded. Indeed, the book is a curious literary phenomenon rather than a story, and as such deserves to be noted.

SOME little sensation or pulsation has been created in England by the publication of a pamphlet called "The True Rights of Woman," of which Miss Fanny Aikin-Kortright, a lady of English birth but American parentage, is the authoress. The pamphlet is an eloquent, but sometimes very extravagant, attack on the whole woman's suffrage movement; a thoroughly feminine production in its somewhat shrill vehemence, but with a good deal of cleverness and force in it. This is the pamphlet with which Mr. Gladstone has fallen in love, and which the Queen honored by special marks of favor. It has nothing new in the way of argument—how could anything new be said now on either side of this controversy?—but there is a certain vigor and ring about it which will rather attract the reader. Anyhow, it is worth reading as the most emphatic and decisive protest yet made in England, by a woman, against the favorite movement of so many of her sisterhood. Of course, Miss Kortright attributes all sorts of abominable consequences to the agitation for Woman's Rights; that was to be expected from a vehement lady arguing on such a question. Atheism and unchastity are apparently regarded as the natural fruit of woman's alliance with practical politics.

THE English poet's seem to be following the example of the young gentlemen in France in Prince Arthur's day, who would be sad "for very wantonness." Here is the new volume of poems by Robert Buchanan (who, by the way, has lately received the trumpery pension which the English Government doles out to men of letters, and is bidden to go and make merry on 500 dollars a year), and it is the dreariest work published in verse this many a moon. It is

called "The Book of Orm," and it is a poetical rendering of the vision seen by Orm the Celt, a sort of soothsayer or prophet, a mortal

Born in the evening of the world, and looking
Back on the sunset to the gates of morning.

The chants of Orm are for the most part melancholy as autumn wind, sad as the dark clouds that gather round the setting of a wintry sun, "black vesper's pageants." They are the very minstrelsy of disbelief and disappointment, and despair. They see, as an English theologian somewhere puts it, "the devil everywhere and God nowhere." We must indeed remember that the "Book of Orm" is an imperfect work, a fragment of a poetical undertaking which has been thus far left incomplete because, we regret to say, of the young poet's broken health. But the poems in this volume, judged as we see them, have at least only a ghastly beauty; they sing a querulous and morbid strain, which can cheer or gladden or exalt no heart. We do not like to see poetry thus becoming a mere bird of the night, a churchyard owl, a Banshee yearning and wailing over the coming of the angel of death. More than that, we have a strong impression that such vague melodious arraignments of Fate and Providence are not very difficult to construct, if one has any gift of verse at all. Therefore we think there was more true poetic genius in Buchanan's earlier poems, with all their realisms—in the London lyrics for instance which Algernon Swinburne so gracefully and kindly described as the songs of "costermongers and their trulls," than in this weird and mystic "Book of Orm." It is doubtless owing to the lack of Buchanan's own supervision, that such mistakes as the mention of "a cherubim," and several misprints, are allowed to disfigure the volume.

ENGLISH fiction has lately been doing so little worth mentioning, that we notice with pleasure "The Kilmeny," by William Black, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers have reproduced in America. Not that "Kilmeny" is a good story—in fact, viewed as a story, it is extremely defective; but it is pure and poetic in spirit; it is full of beautiful description; it has many passages that denote a clear and penetrating thought; and it has at least two or three fresh and well-drawn characters. One cannot imagine the regular novel-reader caring about "Kilmeny"; but people of taste and refinement,

who like thought and picturesque power more than mere story, will read it with pleasure—despite the fact that the "Saturday Review" assailed it with a perfectly inexplicable and unintelligible fervor and fury of scorn. The author of "Kilmeny" is a very young man, who has, we think, good stuff in him; and who, if he will only develop his story-telling power a little more, and keep his poetic and semi-philosophic dreamings a good deal under control, is likely one day to make his mark in fiction.

THE Golden Club (an English association of which Bryant, Emerson, Sumner, Longfellow, Cyrus W. Field, Garrison, and many other distinguished Americans are honorary members) has just published in two handsome volumes the principal speeches of Richard Cobden. The work was partly edited by John Bright—that is to say, Bright lent a hand until his health broke down—and partly by Thorold Rogers, than whom no man living is better qualified for such a task. Far inferior as oratorical efforts to the speeches of his friend Bright, Cobden's public addresses are distinctly superior to them, not merely as pieces of argument, but as entertaining and instructive reading. Cobden was one of the most fascinating and convincing public speakers who ever talked over a reluctant assembly; his knowledge of the subjects he discussed was so profound, his style was so luminous, and his manner was so easy. The speeches collected in these two volumes reflect the views of the great English statesman on every important question, domestic or foreign, that arose during his public career. It is needless to say another word to indicate the value of the work.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, "L'Education Sentimentale: Histoire d'un Jeune Homme." It is rather remarkable that while standard French prose is the perfection of style, and even third-rate Parisian journalists and novelists excite, in this respect, the envy and admiration of literary foreigners, three of the greatest masters of modern French fiction—or any modern fiction—Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Gustave Flaubert, are notorious for the imperfections of their prose style. To see the name of Flaubert (said to be a disguise of the real Flauberge) in such company may give the reader a shock of surprise; yet it is not so much

out of place there as he may be inclined to think. The man who could write a romance on such a subject as the subject of "Salammbô" and find any one but a few scholars to read it must be a genius in his way.* True, it ferthly be, as some hold, an essential attribute of genius, Flaubert's claims stand a bad chance, for in fourteen years he has published but three books. Yet, after all, it cannot be said that the result is disproportionate to the time and labor; and from an artistic point of view it is impossible not to regret that the disagreeable qualities of these works will probably always keep them out of the reach of the merely English reader. Not that a translator would be hampered by the ordinary obstacle of indecency. For a French novelist, Flaubert is exceptionally proper. To use a trite but appropriate comparison, "Madame Bovary" is no more immoral than a dissecting-room or a hospital is immoral. "Salammbô" contains barely half a page that might not be read aloud in the most decorous drawing-room; and though the present work has to deal with many dubious persons and incidents, there is nothing prurient or voluptuous in its treatment of them. But "Madame Bovary" has not a single attractive character from beginning to end. "Salammbô" is so horribly cruel that Sainte-Beuve, not a person addicted to strong language, called it *Sadesque*, classing it, by this epithet, with the most atrocious books ever written; and, with one exception, all the principal personages of "L'Education Sentimentale," including the hero, are detestable for their weakness or wickedness, or both.

When this novel was first announced, it was generally supposed to be, and described as being, analogous to Feuillet's "M. de Camors," a narrative showing how a young man of good position and capacity is corrupted by his social surroundings—his *milieu*, as a French critic might say. And though this classification is not strictly accurate, it may be accepted as a rough approximation. Works of this kind, when ably executed, are the most mordant satires on the society which they profess to represent. We can recall few English writings

of the class, and fewer good ones. If Mr. Kimball's "Was He Successful?" (a book which, from the unfortunate time of its appearance, failed to receive all the attention it merited) had a few more scamps and fools in it, it might pass as a tolerable representative of the species.

The plot of "L'Education Sentimentale" is, like its hero, somewhat feeble, nor are there any startling scenes in the book, though it touches incidentally some stirring political epochs. Perhaps, however, this apparent want of a regularly connected and deeply interesting story is one of the artistic necessities of the subject. Be this as it may, one effect of it is to bring into still greater prominence the extreme pre-Raphaelitish minuteness of execution which is always one of the author's most salient qualities. In the very first chapter he describes the starting of a river steamboat from a Parisian quay with all the elaboration of detail which a Michelet, a Macaulay, or a Froude might lavish on the representation of a gorgeous pageant in some past age or distant country; and every successive incident of importance is prefaced by a careful picture of the landscape in which it is set. Doubtless the reality of the panorama is thus enhanced, but the repetition finally palls on the reader, who is tempted before he reaches the second volume to skip some of the descriptions, and understand, if not altogether sympathize with, the English critic who called word-painting "a detestable trick."

Nevertheless the book is wonderfully real and true, not only in its graphic descriptions but in its social philosophy; truer than would appear to one altogether unacquainted with the superficial aspects of French society. Thus, when Arnoux, the vulgar adventurer, makes his first appearance, he begins to explain his theories on and narrate his adventures with the other sex to the young man whom he does not even know by name, "retailing all this in a paternal tone, with an amusing ingenuousness of depravity." To a green Anglo-Saxon this public display of vice seems overcharged; but it is exactly what may be expected from a great many Frenchmen, and Frenchmen much less vulgar than M. Arnoux. We could easily adduce conclusive and spicy proof of this assertion, but respect for the virtuous reader restrains our pen.

The conclusion too, though it may to some appear incomplete, is far more in accordance with the practical Nemesis of real

* "Salammbô" is the only historical novel faithful to the facts of history, and on many other accounts is one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It has been the theme of many important French criticisms, and much critical notice has been given of a very interesting article in *Revue* by an avowed writer who was writing but rebuked to find himself in the charge of archaeological and psychological pedantry.

life than are the windings-up of most popular English novels. Frederick Moreau, worse than Thackeray's Pendennis and nearly as bad as Trollope's Clavering, comes nearer his deserts than either of those worthies. Without any sudden upset or sensational catastrophe, he is left an old bachelor, rusting in the country on the remains of his dilapidated fortune.

In one point this book shows a decided development of the author's power. He may almost or quite take rank with Disraeli as an epigrammatic satirist. Witness this passage :

He knew Mably, Morelly, Fourier, St. Simon, Comte, Cabet, Louis Blanc, the whole cart-load of socialist writers, those who would reduce humanity to the level of the barrack, those who would turn it loose in a brothel, those who would nail it to a counter; out of a hodge-podge of all this he had constructed for himself the ideal of a virtuous democracy, part model-farm, part manufactory, a sort of American Sparta, where the individual existed only for the good of society—a society more omnipotent, absolute, infallible, and divine than a Pope or a Grand Lama. He had not the slightest doubt of the approaching realization of this conception, and everything and everybody that seemed to be in its way he attacked with all the fury and all the faith of an inquisitor.

This is still better. The *habitués* of a fashionable house are discussing a political riot, and condemning the "conspirators" :

Most of these men had served at least four governments. They would have sold France and the whole human race to secure a fortune, or avoid an inconvenience—nay, out of sheer baseness and instinctive worship of power. But they all declared, that there was no excuse for political offenders.

And this little hit is delicious : The hero (!) has been out in the Revolution of '48, not fighting, but seeing others fight. On his return home, his mistress, a fashionable lorette, receives him with enthusiasm. "She had accepted the republic, as Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris had done the day before."

In short, M. Flaubert's various abilities make us regret more than ever that, like Balzac, Soulié, and other more or less famous French novelists, he can only see the dark side of things, and can find nothing in this life but a "muddle" and a failure. In his world the man of infirm will and no purpose very naturally and properly comes to grief, and so too does the man of action and energy. At the end of the book Deslauriers is stranded as well as Moreau.

PLACE aux dames ! We yield the leading place in our mention of late French pub-

lications to a book of travels* by a lady. Our authoress, in qualifying herself on her title page as *Membre de la Société de Géographie en France*, clearly establishes the fact that French women have in France obtained some rights, even though they be merely scientific. "Over the World" is a somewhat ambitious title for a work in which much the largest number of the known countries of the globe shine only by their absence. Madame de Hell lingers too long in Turin, Venice, and Vienna to effect much in the way of distant travel. Of trans-oceanic journeying there is absolutely none, except a visit to the island of Martinique. Besides this, a trip down the Danube and a few excursions in Asia Minor and the Greek Archipelago, constitute her travel over the world. There are some interesting pages on Constantinople, and two or three good descriptions of the interior of harems. The work, on the whole, is chatty and pleasant reading.

ERNEST FEYDEAU's last novel† tells an interesting story of modern French life among the bourgeoisie of Paris, in which, strange to relate, adultery is neither raised to the merit of virtue, nor discussed in such a tone of levity as to lead us to classify it among the innocent amusements.

PAUL DE KOCK, the inexhaustible, the interminable, would appear from his last novelette‡ to be growing quite respectable, nay, almost highly moral, in his old age; for he began his literary career in 1812 with "L'Enfant de ma Femme." It is probable that they now say of him in France, *Enfin c'est un homme rangé!* The "Petite Lise" he now gives us is a little miracle of propriety, candor, industry, and filial affection; matrimony is respectable, and virtue is triumphant.

GEORGE SAND's last novel is entitled "Malgrétout"—the somewhat singular name given to a French château on the river Meuse. The occupants of the château are an English gentleman, Mr. Owen, and his two daughters, Sarah and Adda, which latter name Madame Dudevant evidently mistakes for the Byronic Ada, or, in its

* "La Vie Orientale—la Vie Créole. A Travers le Monde. Par Madame Adèle Hommaire de Hell." Paris, 1870.

† "Les Amours Tragiques."

‡ "La Petite Lise."

scriptural form, Adah. The story, supposed to be related by Sarah to a friend of her youth, is a domestic one, its interest turning mainly on the love affairs and matrimonial prospects, destinies, and fortunes of the two sisters, who present strongly contrasted characters. With the exception of a scene or two of fast Parisian life, the story is developed amid rural surroundings. The main interest is centred in Sarah, an unusual character to come from the pen that wrote "Rose et Blanche." A dashing Spanish girl, and Abel, a great violinist, are creations of some originality. "Malgrétout" has all the usual charm of Madame Dudevant's limpid style, and is filled with charming bucolic pages.

FEW great men of antiquity have been so frequently portrayed in books as Julius Cæsar. The writers of his own period have recorded all they knew concerning him, and one might suppose that after Suetonius, Plutarch, Cicero, Dion Cassius, Velleius Paterculus, and many more ancient authors, not to speak of the great soldier's own "Commentaries," there remained nothing more to be said of the conqueror of Gaul. And yet, in all succeeding ages, historians, dramatists, and poets have never ceased comment, speculation, and description of his deeds. Never, in fact, more than at the present day, has the great Roman been the chosen subject of their best efforts; for within the past ten years Germany and France have produced as many lives of Cæsar as of the first Napoleon. We might perhaps qualify these last descriptive terms by stating that, in the estimation of many persons, they are convertible; for we find, in France especially, many writers who can more freely and more effectually comment upon the ambition and despotism of Napoleon of Corsica by arraying him in helmet and toga and calling him Cæsar of Rome. Of late years this has been done frequently and successfully—not always indeed without producing unpleasant relations with modern imperial censorship. The latest French history of Cæsar* is from the pen of M. Daniel Ramée, from whose preface we gather that he has had his own private troubles with the censorship and the police, for he states that his work would have been published five years ago but for "circumstances entirely independent of the author." His work, he announces, "is not

written for the ignorant, nor for the friends of despotism. It is addressed to serious and intelligent men, to those who think and reflect, to those who feel their dignity as freemen, to those who appreciate liberty with its political and social consequences."

Writing with the aids and advantages furnished by the erudition and eloquence of such authors as Ferguson, Arnold, and Merivale, in England; Rœsch, Frederick Schlegel, Schneider, Schlosser, Solth, Ruestow, Mommsen, and Goeler, in Germany; and Champagny, Fallue, De Saulcy, and Napoleon III., in France, M. Ramée could hardly fail to produce an interesting work. It does not flatter Cæsar.

A WORK of exceptional interest for the statesman and the military man is M. Camille Rousset's duodecimo* of 400 pages on the French volunteers of the Revolutionary period. It gives us what may be called an inside view of the French army of the days when the Marseillaise was first chanted; not its marching, its manœuvres, and its fighting, but its domestic and moral history. The record is not edifying; nor is it calculated to elevate our ideal of human nature in general, or of French nature in particular. There were good soldiers and brave men in the French army of the Revolutionary period, and upon them fell the heat and burthen of the day. But there was a discouraging multitude of the insubordinate, the unwilling, and the incapable, an appalling number of stragglers, skulkers, marauders, and deserters.

For eighty years the French volunteers of the Revolution have been embalmed in a heroic legend which it was sacrilege to touch. All bravery, all honor, all virtue was theirs. M. Rousset brings to light some historical documents long buried and forgotten in the portfolios of the Minister of War, and lo! the legend dissolves like mist.

Instead of an army of heroes possessed of almost superhuman attributes, we find unorganized and undisciplined bands, sometimes with, but more frequently without, uniform, arms, and the commonest characteristics of the true soldier; too often in the rear instead of at the front; and, as a general rule, a source of greater terror and injury to their own peaceable countrymen than to the enemy. Insubordination was rather the rule than the exception, and this evil even

* *Le Grand Perturbateur Romain, César.* Par Daniel Ramée. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1870.

* *Les Volontaires, 1791-1794.* Par Camille Rousset. Paris, 1870.

extended to the old regiments. Take a single example, and a shocking one :

In April, 1792, two columns of the Army of the North retreated in panic from the unsuccessful attacks on Tournay and Mons. At Lille the column in retreat from Tournay massacred their commanding general, Théobald Thillon, and the column flying from Mons were only prevented from murdering their general-in-chief (Biron) by the energetic intervention of the magistrates of Valenciennes ; and those wretches were not volunteers, but troops of the line. The gangrene of immorality had spread upwards as well as laterally.

The moral condition of the Army of the Rhine was at the same period not much better. Adjutant-General Vieusseux, in an admirable letter addressed to Brisset, May 15, 1792, says : " We must have the courage to make the avowal—our troops are not in condition to fight a disciplined enemy. One must really be ignorant of what war actually is to suppose that bravery alone can supply all our deficiencies. The Frenchman possesses that short-lived courage which is the result of impetuosity and national vivacity ; but after the first moment of enthusiasm, discouragement succeeds, and spreads with a rapidity unexampled in any other army. The details of the late events in Flanders are disheartening ; unexampled cowardice following noisy boasting. It makes my heart bleed (*j'en ai le cœur ulcéré*), for I foresee the same results here." He denounces " a furious, mutinous, and drunken soldiery, who pillage and insult citizens they are called upon to defend," and concludes : " I should say too much if I said all I know, and therefore impose silence on myself."

In August, 1792, we find six hundred volunteers telling Duchoux, the officer in command at Soissons, " We won't have rice. We won't have army bread (*pain de munition*). We must have twenty sous a day, or we refuse to serve."

In September General Labourdonnaye writes to the Minister of War that his life is threatened by the troops, who that very day had killed a lieutenant-colonel ; and two days previously Dumouriez had told Labourdonnaye that he (D.) was in danger of being hung by his own men. In October four Prussian deserters coming into the French lines to give themselves up were seized by a battalion of Parisian volunteers, and notwithstanding the personal efforts of General Chazot to save the unfortunate men, they

were murdered by the volunteers before his face, and he was threatened with the same fate. General Kellermann writes to the Minister of War that battalions of volunteers arrive daily in wretched condition, without arms, without uniforms, and even without cartridge boxes. At Nancy, the volunteers took violent possession of the Museum, Library, and City Hall, and, under pretext of destroying " emblems of tyranny," burned or ruined valuable paintings, " with a barbarity worthy of Vandals," says the official report (page 115).

At page 117, M. Rousset describes the roads from the frontier to Paris as filled with troops of volunteers, well clothed and well armed, returning home because, as they claimed, they enlisted for as long a time as the country was in danger. The danger, in their opinion, having passed, they chose to return home, and home they went, although the Convention, in a beautifully written proclamation, cited for their edification the " example of the Romans in the days of Porséna."

November 27th, Beurnonville reports the desertion as frightful. " This morning," he says, " one company is reduced by desertion to a third lieutenant and one sergeant " (page 125). Finally the dangers and abuses arising from such a state of things rendered its longer continuance impossible, and in the Convention a speech of Dubois-Crancé, made in reply to an address concerning the army delivered by that supereminent scoundrel, Barrère, produced the famous decree of February 24, 1793, which killed the volunteer system in France and made regular troops of all its soldiers.

It would take us too far to cite further examples of the deplorable *morale* of the French Revolutionary army, but we cannot refrain from recommending this work of M. Rousset as a study tending to edification for those editors of foreign journals in this city who, imagining themselves perhaps in Richmond, were instant in season and out of season during the late rebellion in seizing every opportunity of ridiculing, satirizing, and casting discredit on the American Union volunteers, for whose admirable conduct as men and as soldiers we challenge comparison with the volunteers of any country, ancient or modern.

To us Americans railroad progress and extension means the spread of modern civilization to points where it never before

existed. It means the transformation of virgin forests and savage plains into grain fields and stock farms. It means the invasion of the haunts of the Indian and the buffalo by the civilized man of the nineteenth century, who means to occupy the land they shall see no more forever. In Europe, railroad extension means something else, for it goes not into wild and comparatively unknown regions, but into old countries and populations who look back upon ages of ancestors. There railroad progress brings with it the electric telegraph into quiet fields and peaceful hamlets, where for ages, from father to son, the rustic laborer has vegetated in plodding simplicity far from the busy world. Rural communities, which almost from time immemorial have lived the same traditional life, are either broken up or so totally transformed by the invasion of modern inventions and ideas that the peasant known to Europe fifty years ago has almost ceased to exist. Even the traveller of 1840 in those retired provinces of Germany and France which have since been penetrated by railways, would not recognize them in 1870. Of course we do not refer to the general appearance of the face of the country, although even there may be found great changes, but to the population. Until this great transition the outside world was to them *terra incognita*. Sustained intercourse of a few years, daily metropolitan newspapers, the telegraph, and the ballot have totally revolutionized the character of whole communities. A philosophical and politico-economical study of these changes, and of their results, moral, social, and political, has been admirably made and eloquently presented by M. Audiganne,* a French writer of some note on subjects connected with agriculture and manufactures.

Two new editions of "Froissart's Chroni-

* "La Morale dans les Campagnes. Par A. Audiganne." 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1870.

cles" have lately been issued, and are a remarkable instance of the infusion of new life into an old work by the labor of an intelligent editor. They are published respectively in Paris and in Brussels. The French edition was projected thirty-six years ago by the Historical Society of France, and the first volume, edited by M. Siméon Luce, has lately appeared. The Belgian edition, edited by the Baron Kervyn de Lettenhoven, has the advantage of valuable contributions from the rich archives of Brussels, and has reached its ninth volume, a large octavo of nearly six hundred pages.

ONE M. Ernest Pharon, an enterprising Canadian gentleman, we judge, has lately made a journey from the St. Lawrence to the Holy Land, and, through the well-known Parisian publisher, Michel Levy, favors us ("De Montréal à Jérusalem") with his "impressions de voyage" in verse, and very irregularly varied verse—ode, eclogue, sonnet, and idyl. He appears specially to revel and delight in disjointed dactyls, and a sort of epileptic, broken stanza, variegated with queer words and outlandish names. Thus he says:

Sur la De'aware
Philadelphia
Elève en bloc rare,
Cousin du Carrare, etc., etc.

Allons ! Baltimore
Sur le Patapsco,
A l'hotel Gilmore,
Par la main d'un More,
Issu du Congo,
Nous tend, pure encore,
La liqueur que dore
Santo Domingo !

Which is an unnecessarily involved way of stating that a colored waiter at the Gilmore House handed him a glass of Jamaica rum. It is nevertheless satisfactory to know that it was "*pure encore*." Not always is it so.

MEMORANDA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

POLITICAL economy is the basis of all good government. The wisest men of all ages have brought to bear upon this subject the—

[Here I was interrupted and informed that a stranger wished to see me down at the door. I went and confronted him, and asked to know his business, struggling all the time to keep a tight rein on my seething political economy ideas, and not let them break away from me or get tangled in their harness. And privately I wished the stranger was in the bottom of the canal with a cargo of wheat on top of him. I was all in a fever, but he was cool. He said he was sorry to disturb me, but as he was passing he noticed that I needed some lightning-rods. I said, "Yes, yes—go on—what about it?" He said there was nothing about it, in particular—nothing except he would like to put them up for me. I am new to housekeeping; have been used to hotels and boarding-houses all my life. Like anybody else of similar experience, I try to appear (to strangers) to be an old housekeeper; consequently I said in an off-hand way that I had been intending for some time to have six or eight lightning-rods put up, but— The stranger started, and looked inquiringly at me, but I was serene. I thought that if I chanced to make any mistakes he would not catch me by my countenance. He said he would rather have my custom than any man's in town. I said all right, and started off to wrestle with my great subject again, when he called me back and said it would be necessary to know exactly how many "points" I wanted put up, what parts of the house I wanted them on, and what quality of rod I preferred. It was close quarters for a man not used to the exigencies of housekeeping, but I went through creditably, and he probably never suspected that I was a novice. I told him to put up eight "points," and put them all on the roof, and use the best quality of rod. He said he could furnish the "plain" article, at 20 cents a foot; "coppered," 25 cents; "zinc-plated, spiral-twist," at 30 cents, that would stop a streak of lightning any time, no matter where it was bound, and "render its errand harmless and its further progress apocryphal." I said apocryphal was no slouch of a word, emanating from the source it did, but philology aside I liked the spiral-twist and would take that brand. Then he said he *could* make two hundred and fifty feet answer, but to do it right, and make the best job in town of it, and attract the admiration of the just and the unjust alike, and compel all parties to say they never saw a more symmetrical and hypochondriacal display of lightning-rods since they were born, he supposed he really couldn't get along without four hundred, though he was not vindictive and trusted he was willing to try. I said go ahead and use four hundred and make any kind of a job he pleased out of it, but let me get back to my work. So I got rid of him at last and now, after half an hour spent in getting my train of political economy thoughts coupled together again, I am ready to go on once more.]

richest treasures of their genius, their experience of life, and their learning. The great lights of commercial jurisprudence, international confraternity, and biological deviation, of all ages, all civilizations, and all nationalities, from Zoroaster down to Horace Greeley, have—

[Here I was interrupted again and required to go down and confer further with that lightning-rod man. I hurried off, boiling and surging with prodigious thoughts womb'd in words of such majesty that each one of them was in itself a straggling procession of syllables that might be fifteen minutes passing a given point, and once more I confronted him—he so calm and sweet, I so hot and frenzied. He was standing in the contemplative attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot on my infant tuberosity and the other among my pansies, his hands on his hips, his hat-brim tilted forward, one eye shut and the other gazing critically and admiringly in the direction of my principal chimney. He said now *there* was a state of things to make a man glad to be alive; and added, "I leave it to *you* if you ever saw anything more deliciously picturesque than eight lightning-rods on one chimney?" I said I had no present recollection of anything that transcended it. He said that in his opinion nothing on this earth but Niagara Falls was superior to it in the way of natural scenery. All that was needed now, he verily believed, to make my house a perfect balm to the eye, was to kind of touch up the other chimneys a little and thus "add to the generous *coup d'état* a soothing uniformity of achievement which would allay the excitement naturally consequent upon the first *coup d'état*." I asked him if he learned to talk out of a book, and if I could borrow it anywhere. He smiled pleasantly, and said that his manner of speaking was not taught in books, and that nothing but familiarity with lightning could enable a man to handle his conversational style with impunity. He then figured up an estimate, and said that about eight more rods scattered about my roof would about fix me right, and he guessed five hundred feet of stuff would do it; and added that the first eight had got a little the start of him, so to speak, and used up a mere trifle of material more than he had calculated on—a hundred feet or along there. I said I was in a dreadful hurry, and I wished we could get this business permanently mapped out so that I could go on with my work. He said: "I *could* have put up those eight rods, and marched off about my business—some men *would* have done it. But no, I said to myself, this man is a stranger to me and I will die before I'll wrong him; there ain't lightning-rods enough on that house, and for one I'll never stir out of my tracks till I've done as I would be done by, and told him so. Stranger, my duty is accomplished; if the recalcitrant and dephlogistic messenger of heaven strikes your—" "There, now, there," I said, "put on the other eight—add five hundred feet of spiral twist—do anything and everything you want to do; but calm your sufferings and try to keep your feelings where you can reach them with the dictionary."

Meanwhile, if we understand each other now, I will go to work again." I think I have been sitting here a full hour, this time, trying to get back to where I was when my train of thought was broken up by the last interruption, but I believe I have accomplished it at last and may venture to proceed again.]

wrestled with this great subject, and the greatest among them have found it a worthy adversary and one that always comes up fresh and smiling after every throw. The great Confucius said that he would rather be a profound political economist than chief of police; Cicero frequently said that political economy was the grandest consummation that the human mind was capable of consuming; and even our own Greeley has said vaguely but forcibly that—

[Here the lightning-rod man sent up another call for me. I went down in a state of mind bordering on impatience. He said he would rather have died than interrupt me, but when he was employed to do a job, and that job was expected to be done in a clean, workmanlike manner, and when it was finished and fatigue urged him to seek the rest and recreation he stood so much in need of, and he was about to do it, but looked up and saw at a glance that all the calculations had been a little out, and if a thunder storm were to come up and that house which he felt a personal interest in stood there with nothing on earth to protect it but sixteen lightning-rods— "Let us have peace!" I shrieked. "Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! Put a dozen on the barn! Put a couple on the cow!—put one on the cook!—scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted cane-brake! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods put up ram-rods, cam-rods, stair-rods, piston-rods—*anything* that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery and bring respite to my raging brain and healing to my lacerated soul!" Wholly unmoved—further than to smile sweetly—this iron being simply turned back his wristbands daintily and said he would now "proceed to hump himself." Well, all that was nearly three hours ago. It is questionable whether I am calm enough yet to write on the noble theme of political economy, but I cannot resist the desire to try, for it is the one subject that is nearest to my heart and dearest to my brain of all this world's philosophy.]

"Political economy is heaven's best boon to man." When the loose but gifted Byron lay in his Venetian exile, he observed that if it could be granted him to go back and live his misspent life over again, he would give his lucid and unintoxicated intervals to the composition, not of frivolous rhymes, but of essays upon political economy. Washington loved this exquisite science; such names as Baker, Beckwith, Judson, Smith, are imperishably linked with it; and even imperial Homer, in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, has said:

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,
Post mortem unam, ante bellum,
Hic jacet hoc, ex-parte res,
Politicum e-conomico est.

The grandeur of these conceptions of the old poet, together with the felicity of the wording which clothes them and the sublimity of the imagery whereby they are illustrated, have singled out that stanza and made it more celebrated than any that ever—

["Now, not a word out of you—not a single word. Just state your bill and relapse into impenetrable silence for ever and ever on these premises. Nine hundred dollars? Is that all? This check for the amount will be honored at any respectable bank in America. What is that multitude of people gathered in the street for? How?—'looking at the lightning-rods!' Bless my life, did they never see any lightning-rods before? Never saw 'such a stack of them on one establishment,' did I understand you to say? I will step down and critically observe this popular ebullition of ignorance.]"

THREE DAYS LATER.—We are all about worn out. For four-and-twenty hours our bristling premises were the talk and wonder of the town. The theatres languished, for their happiest scenic inventions were tame and commonplace compared with my lightning-rods. Our street was blocked night and day with spectators, and among them were many who came from the country to see. It was a blessed relief, on the second day, when a thunder storm came up and the lightning began to "go for" my house, as the historian Josephus quaintly phrases it. It cleared the galleries, so to speak. In five minutes there was not a spectator within half a mile of my place; but all the high houses about that distance away were full, windows, roof, and all. And well they might be, for all the falling stars and Fourth of July fireworks of a generation put together and rained down simultaneously out of heaven in one brilliant shower upon one helpless roof, would not have any advantage of the pyrotechnic display that was making my house so magnificently conspicuous in the general gloom of the storm. By actual count the lightning struck at my establishment seven hundred and sixty-four times in forty minutes, but tripped on one of those faithful rods every time and slid down the spiral twist and shot into the earth before it probably had time to be surprised at the way the thing was done. And through all that bombardment only one patch of slates was ripped up, and that was because for a single instant the rods in the vicinity were transporting all the lightning they could possibly accommodate. Well, nothing was ever seen

like it since the world began. For one whole day and night not a member of my family stuck his head out of the window but he got the hair snatched off it as smooth as a billiard-ball, and if the reader will believe me not one of us ever dreamt of stirring abroad. But at last the awful siege came to an end—because there was absolutely no more electricity left in the clouds above us within grappling distance of my insatiable rods. Then I sallied forth, and gathered daring workmen together, and not a bite or a nap did we take till the premises were utterly stripped of all their terrific armament except just three rods on the house, one on the kitchen, and one on the barn—and behold these remain there even unto this day. And then, and not till then, the people ventured to use our street again. I will remark here, in passing, that during that fearful time I did not continue my essay upon political economy. I am not even yet settled enough in nerve and brain to resume it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Parties having need of three thousand two hundred and eleven feet of best quality zinc-plated spiral-twist lightning-rod stuff, and sixteen hundred and thirty-one silver-tipped points, all in tolerable repair (and, although much worn by use, still equal to any ordinary emergency), can hear of a bargain by addressing the publishers of this magazine.

JOHN CHINAMAN IN NEW YORK.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose signature, "Lang Bemis," is more or less familiar to the public) contributes the following:

As I passed along by one of those monster American tea stores in New York, I found a Chinaman sitting before it acting in the capacity of a sign. Everybody that passed by gave him a steady stare as long as their heads would twist over their shoulders without dislocating their necks, and a large group had stopped to stare deliberately.

Is it not a shame that we who prate so much about civilization and humanity are content to degrade a fellow-being to such an office as this? Is it not time for reflection when we find ourselves willing to see in such a being, in such a situation, matter merely for frivolous curiosity instead of regret and grave reflection? Here was a poor creature whom hard fortune had exiled from his natural home beyond the seas, and whose troubles ought to have touched these idle strangers that thronged about him; but did it? Apparently not. Men calling themselves the superior race, the race of culture

and of gentle blood, scanned his quaint Chinese hat, with peaked roof and ball on top; and his long queue dangling down his back; his short silken blouse, curiously frogged and figured (and, like the rest of his raiment, rusty, dilapidated, and awkwardly put on); his blue cotton, tight-legged pants tied close around the ankles, and his clumsy, blunt-toed shoes with thick cork soles; and having so scanned him from head to foot, cracked some unseemly joke about his outlandish attire or his melancholy face, and passed on. In my heart I pitied the friendless Mongol. I wondered what was passing behind his sad face, and what distant scene his vacant eye was dreaming of. Were his thoughts with his heart, ten thousand miles away, beyond the billowy wastes of the Pacific? among the rice-fields and the plummy palms of China? under the shadows of remembered mountain-peaks, or in groves of bloomy shrubs and strange forest trees unknown to climes like ours? and now and then, rippling among his visions and his dreams, did he hear familiar laughter and half-forgotten voices, and did he catch fitful glimpses of the friendly faces of a by-gone time? A cruel fate it is, I said, that is befallen this bronzed wanderer; a cheerless destiny enough. In order that the group of idlers might be touched at least by the words of the poor fellow, since the appeal of his pauper dress and his dreary exile was lost upon them, I touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Cheer up—don't be down-hearted. It is not America that treats you in this way—it is merely one citizen, whose greed of gain has eaten the humanity out of his heart. America has a broader hospitality for the exiled and oppressed. America and Americans are always ready to help the unfortunate. Money shall be raised—you shall go back to China—you shall see your friends again. What wages do they pay you here?"

"Divil a cint but four dollars a week and find meself; but it's aisy, barrin' the bloody furrin clothes that's so expinsive."

The exile remains at his post. The New York tea merchants who need picturesque signs are not likely to run out of Chinamen.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

IN books he is tall and tawny, muscular, straight, and of kingly presence; he has a beaked nose and an eagle eye.

His hair is glossy, and as black as the

raven's wing; out of its massed richness springs a sheaf of brilliant feathers; in his ears and nose are silver ornaments; on his arms and wrists and ankles are broad silver bands and bracelets; his buckskin hunting suit is gallantly fringed, and the belt and the moccasins wonderfully flowered with colored beads; and when, rainbowed with his war-paint, he stands at full height, with his crimson blanket wrapped about him, his quiver at his back, his bow and tomahawk projecting upward from his folded arms, and his eagle eye gazing at specks against the far horizon which even the paleface's field-glass could scarcely reach, he is a being to fall down and worship.

His language is intensely figurative. He never speaks of the moon, but always of "the eye of the night;" nor of the wind as the wind, but as "the whisper of the Great Spirit;" and so forth and so on. His power of condensation is marvellous. In some publications he seldom says anything but "Waugh!" and this, with a page of explanation by the author, reveals a whole world of thought and wisdom that before lay concealed in that one little word.

He is noble. He is true and loyal; not even imminent death can shake his peerless faithfulness. His heart is a well-spring of truth, and of generous impulses, and of knightly magnanimity. With him, gratitude is religion; do him a kindness, and at the end of a lifetime he has not forgotten it. Eat of his bread, or offer him yours, and the bond of hospitality is sealed—a bond which is forever inviolable with him.

He loves the dark-eyed daughter of the forest, the dusky maiden of faultless form and rich attire, the pride of the tribe, the all-beautiful. He talks to her in a low voice, at twilight, of his deeds on the war-path and in the chase, and of the grand achievements of his ancestors; and she listens with downcast eyes, "while a richer hue mantles her dusky cheek."

Such is the Noble Red Man in print. But out on the plains and in the mountains, not being on dress parade, not being gotten up to see company, he is under no obligation to be other than his natural self, and therefore:

He is little, and scrawny, and black, and dirty; and, judged by even the most charitable of our canons of human excellence, is thoroughly pitiful and contemptible. There is nothing in his eye or his nose that is attractive, and if there is anything in his hair

that—however, that is a feature which will not bear too close examination. He wears no feathers in his hair, and no ornament or covering on his head. His dull-black, frowzy locks hang straight down to his neck behind, and in front they hang just to his eyes, like a curtain, being cut straight across the forehead, from side to side, and never parted on top. He has no pendants in his ears, and as for his—however, let us not waste time on unimportant particulars, but hurry along. He wears no bracelets on his arms or ankles; his hunting suit is gallantly fringed, but not intentionally; when he does not wear his disgusting rabbit-skin robe, his hunting suit consists wholly of the half of a horse blanket brought over in the *Pinta* or the *Mayflower*, and frayed out and fringed by inveterate use. He is not rich enough to possess a belt; he never owned a moccasin or wore a shoe in his life; and truly he is nothing but a poor, filthy, naked scurvy vagabond, whom to exterminate were a charity to the Creator's worthier insects and reptiles which he oppresses. Still, when contact with the white man has given to the Noble Son of the Forest certain cloudy impressions of civilization, and aspirations after a nobler life, he presently appears in public with one boot on and one shoe—shirtless, and wearing ripped and patched and buttonless pants which he holds up with his left hand—his execrable rabbit-skin robe flowing from his shoulders—an old hoop-skirt on, outside of it—a necklace of battered sardine-boxes and oyster-cans reposing on his bare breast—a venerable flint-lock musket in his right hand—a weather-beaten stove-pipe hat on, canted "gallusly" to starboard, and the lid off and hanging by a thread or two; and when he thus appears, and waits patiently around a saloon till he gets a chance to strike a "swell" attitude before a looking-glass, he is a good, fair, desirable subject for extermination if ever there was one.*

There is nothing figurative, or moonshiny, or sentimental about his language. It is very simple and unostentatious, and consists of plain, straightforward lies. His "wisdom" conferred upon an idiot would leave that idiot helpless indeed.

He is ignoble—base and treacherous, and hateful in every way. Not even imminent death can startle him into a spasm of virtue.

* This is not a fancy picture; I have seen it many a time in Nevada, just as it is here limned.—(Ed. MEMORANDA.)

The ruling trait of all savages is a greedy and consuming selfishness, and in our Noble Red Man it is found in its amplest development. His heart is a cesspool of falsehood, of treachery, and of low and devilish instincts. With him, gratitude is an unknown emotion; and when one does him a kindness, it is safest to keep the face toward him, lest the reward be an arrow in the back. To accept of a favor from him is to assume a debt which you can never repay to his satisfaction, though you bankrupt yourself trying. To give him a dinner when he is starving, is to precipitate the whole hungry tribe upon your hospitality, for he will go straight and fetch them, men, women, children, and dogs, and these they will huddle patiently around your door, or flatten their noses against your window, day after day, gazing beseechingly upon every mouthful you take, and unconsciously swallowing when you swallow! The scum of the earth!

And the Noble Son of the Plains becomes a mighty hunter in the due and proper season. That season is the summer, and the prey that a number of the tribes hunt is crickets and grasshoppers! The warriors, old men, women, and children, spread themselves abroad in the plain and drive the hopping creatures before them into a ring of fire. I could describe the feast that then follows, without missing a detail, if I thought the reader would stand it.

All history and honest observation will show that the Red Man is a skulking coward and a windy braggart, who strikes without warning—usually from an ambush or under cover of night, and nearly always bringing a force of about five or six to one against his enemy; kills helpless women and little children, and massacres the men in their beds; and then brags about it as long as he lives, and his son and his grandson and great-grandson after him glorify it among the "heroic deeds of their ancestors." A regiment of Fenians will fill the whole world with the noise of it when they are getting ready to invade Canada; but when the Red Man declares war, the first intimation his friend the white man whom he supped with at twilight has of it, is when the war-whoop rings in his ears and the tomahawk sinks into his brain. In June, seven Indians went to a small station on the Plains where three white men lived, and asked for food; it was given them, and also tobacco. They stayed two hours, eating and smoking and talking, waiting with Indian patience for

their customary odds of seven to one to offer, and as soon as it came they seized the opportunity; that is, when two of the men went out, they killed the other the instant he turned his back to do some solicited favor; then they caught his comrades separately, and killed one, but the other escaped.

The Noble Red Man seldom goes prating loving foolishness to a splendidly caparisoned blushing maid at twilight. No; he trades a crippled horse, or a damaged musket, or a dog, a gallon of grasshoppers, and an inefficient old mother for her, and makes her work like an abject slave all the rest of her life to compensate him for the outlay. He never works himself. She builds the habitation, when they use one (it consists in hanging half a dozen rags over the weather side of a sage-brush bush to roost under); gathers and brings home the fuel; takes care of the raw-boned pony when they possess such grandeur; she walks and carries her nursing cubs while he rides. She wears no clothing save the fragrant rabbit-skin robe which her great-grandmother before her wore, and all the "blushing" she does can be removed with soap and a towel, provided it is only four or five weeks old and not caked.

Such is the genuine Noble Aborigine. I did not get him from books, but from personal observation.

By Dr. Keim's excellent book it appears that from June, 1868, to October, 1869, the Indians massacred nearly 200 white persons and ravished over forty women captured in peaceful outlying settlements along the border, or belonging to emigrant trains traversing the settled routes of travel. Children were burned alive in the presence of their parents. Wives were ravished before their husbands' eyes. Husbands were mutilated, tortured, and scalped, and their wives compelled to look on. These facts and figures are official, and they exhibit the misunderstood Son of the Forest in his true character—as a creature devoid of brave or generous qualities, but cruel, treacherous, and brutal. During the Pi-Ute war the Indians often dug the sinews out of the backs of white men before they were dead. (The sinews are used for bow-strings.) But their favorite mutilations cannot be put into print. Yet it is this same Noble Red Man who is always greeted with a wail of humanitarian sympathy from the Atlantic seaboard whenever he gets into trouble; the maids and matrons throw up their hands in horror at the bloody ven-

gence wreaked upon him, and the newspapers clamor for a court of inquiry to examine into the conduct of the inhuman officer who inflicted the little pleasantry upon the "poor abused Indian." (They always look at the matter from the abused-Indian point of view, never from that of the bereaved white widow and orphan.) But it is a great and unspeakable comfort to know that, let them be as prompt about it as they may, the inquiry has always got to come *after* the good officer has administered his little admonition.

A ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

THE latest report about the Spanish crown is, that it will now be offered to Prince Alfonso, the second son of the King of Portugal, who is but five years of age. The Spaniards have hunted through all the nations of Europe for a King. They tried to get a Portuguese in the person of Dom Luis, who is an old ex-monarch; they tried to get an Italian, in the person of Victor Emanuel's young son, the Duke of Genoa; they tried to get a Spaniard, in the person of Espartero, who is an octogenarian. Some of them desired a French Bourbon, Montpensier; some of them a Spanish Bourbon, the Prince of Asturias; some of them an English prince, one of the sons of Queen Victoria. They have just tried to get the German Prince Leopold; but they have thought it better to give him up than take a war along with him. It is a long time since we first suggested to them to try an American ruler. We can offer them a large number of able and experienced sovereigns to pick from—men skilled in statesmanship, versed in the science of government, and adepts in all the arts of administration—men who could wear the crown with dignity and rule the kingdom at a reasonable expense. There is not the least danger of Napoleon threatening them if they take an American sovereign; in fact, we have no doubt he would be pleased to support such a candidature. We are unwilling to mention names—though *we have a man in our eye whom we wish they had in theirs.*—*New York Tribune.*

It would be but an ostentation of modesty to permit such a pointed reference to myself to pass unnoticed. This is the second time that "The Tribune" (no doubt sincerely looking to the best interests of Spain and the world at large) has done me the great and unusual honor to propose me as a fit person to fill the Spanish throne. Why "The Tribune" should single me out in this way from the midst of a dozen Americans of higher political prominence, is a problem which I cannot solve. Beyond a somewhat intimate knowledge of Spanish history and a profound veneration for its great names and illustrious deeds, I feel that I possess no merit that should peculiarly recommend me to this royal distinction. I cannot deny that Spanish history has always

been mother's milk to me. I am proud of every Spanish achievement, from Hernando Cortes's victory at Thermopylæ down to Vasco Nunez de Balboa's discovery of the Atlantic ocean; and of every splendid Spanish name, from Don Quixote and the Duke of Wellington down to Don Caesar de Bazan. However, these little graces of erudition are of small consequence, being more showy than serviceable.

In case the Spanish sceptre is pressed upon me—and the indications unquestionably are that it will be—I shall feel it necessary to have certain things set down and distinctly understood beforehand. For instance: My salary must be paid quarterly in advance. In these unsettled times it will not do to trust. If Isabella had adopted this plan, she would be roosting on her ancestral throne to-day, for the simple reason that her subjects never could have raised three months of a royal salary in advance, and of course they could not have discharged her until they had squared up with her. My salary must be paid in gold; when greenbacks are fresh in a country, they are too fluctuating. My salary has got to be put at the ruling market rate; I am not going to cut under on the trade, and they are not going to trail me a long way from home and then practise on my ignorance and play me for a royal North Adams Chinaman, by any means. As I understand it, imported kings generally get five millions a year and house-rent free. Young George of Greece gets that. As the revenues only yield two millions, he has to take the national note for considerable; but even with things in that sort of shape he is better fixed than he was in Denmark, where he had to eternally stand up because he had no throne to sit on, and had to give bail for his board, because a royal apprentice gets no salary there while he is learning his trade. England is the place for that. Fifty thousand dollars a year Great Britain pays on each royal child that is born, and this is increased from year to year as the child becomes more and more indispensable to his country. Look at Prince Arthur. At first he only got the usual birth-bounty; but now that he has got so that he can dance, there is simply no telling what wages he gets.

I should have to stipulate that the Spanish people wash more and endeavor to get along with less quarantine. Do you know, Spain keeps her ports fast locked against foreign traffic three-fourths of each year, be-

cause one day she is scared about the cholera, and the next about the plague, and next the measles, next the hooping cough, the hives, and the rash? but she does not mind leonine leprosy and elephantiasis any more than a great and enlightened civilization minds freckles. Soap would soon remove her anxious distress about foreign distempers. The reason arable land is so scarce in Spain is because the people squander so much of it on their persons, and then when they die it is im providently buried with them.

I should feel obliged to stipulate that Marshal Serrano be reduced to the rank of constable, or even roundsman. He is no longer fit to be City Marshal. A man who refused to be king because he was too old and feeble, is ill qualified to help sick people to the station-house when they are armed and their form of delirium tremens is of the exuberant and demonstrative kind.

I should also require that a force be sent to chase the late Queen Isabella out of France. Her presence there can work no advantage to Spain, and she ought to be made to move at once; though, poor thing, she has been chaste enough heretofore—for a Spanish woman.

I should also require that—

I am at this moment authoritatively informed that "The Tribune" did not mean me, after all. Very well, I do not care two cents.

THE APPROACHING EPIDEMIC.

ONE calamity to which the death of Mr. Dickens dooms this country has not awakened the concern to which its gravity entitles it. We refer to the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter, by Tom, Dick, and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with "readings" from *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and all the insignificants who have been ennobled by the notice of the great novelist or transfigured by his smile will make a marketable commodity of it now, and turn the sacred reminiscence to the practical use of procuring bread and butter. The lecture rostrums will fairly swarm with these fortunates. Already the signs of it are perceptible. Behold how the unclean creatures are wending toward the dead lion and gathering to the feast:

"Reminiscences of Dickens." A lecture. By John Smith, who heard him read eight times.

"Remembrances of Charles Dickens." A lecture. By John Jones, who saw him once in a street car and twice in a barber shop.

"Recollections of Mr. Dickens." A lecture. By John Brown, who gained a wide fame by writing deliriously appreciative critiques and rhapsodies upon the great author's public readings; and who shook hands with the great author upon various occasions, and held converse with him several times.

"Readings from Dickens." By John White, who has the great delineator's style and manner perfectly, having attended all his readings in this country and made these things a study, always practising each reading before retiring, and while it was hot from the great delineator's lips. Upon this occasion Mr. W. will exhibit the remains of a cigar which he saw Mr. Dickens smoke. This Relic is kept in a solid silver box made purposely for it.

"Sights and Sounds of the Great Novelist." A popular lecture. By John Gray, who waited on his table all the time he was at the Grand Hotel, New York, and still has in his possession and will exhibit to the audience a fragment of the Last Piece of Bread which the lamented author tasted in this country.

"Heart Treasures of Precious Moments with Literature's Departed Monarch." A lecture. By Miss Serena Amelia Tryphenia McSpadden, who still wears, and will always wear, a glove upon the hand made sacred by the clasp of Dickens. Only Death shall remove it.

"Readings from Dickens." By Mrs. J. O'Hooligan Murphy, who washed for him.

"Familiar Talks with the Great Author." A narrative lecture. By John Thomas, for two weeks his valet in America.

And so forth, and so on. This isn't half the list. The man who has a "Toothpick once used by Charles Dickens" will have to have a hearing; and the man who "once rode in an omnibus with Charles Dickens;" and the lady to whom Charles Dickens "granted the hospitalities of his umbrella during a storm;" and the person who "possesses a hole which once belonged in a handkerchief owned by Charles Dickens." Be patient and long-suffering, good people, for even this does not fill up the measure of what you must endure next winter. There is no creature in all this land who has had any personal relations with the late Mr. Dickens, however slight or trivial, but will shoulder his way to the rostrum and inflict

his testimony upon his helpless countrymen. To some people it is fatal to be noticed by greatness.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

AN unknown friend in Cleveland sends me a printed paragraph, signed "Lucretia," and says: "I venture to forward to you the enclosed article taken from a news correspondence in a New Haven paper, feeling confident that for gushing tenderness it has never been equalled. Even that touching Western production which you printed in the June GALAXY by way of illustrating what Californian journalists term 'hogwash,' is thin when compared with the unctuous ooze of 'Lucretia.'" The Cleveland has a correct judgment, as "Lucretia's" paragraph, hereunto appended, will show:

One lovely morning last week, the pearly gates of heaven were left ajar, and white-robed angels earthward came, bearing on their snowy pinions a lovely babe. Silently, to a quiet home nest, where love and peace abide, the angels came and placed the infant softly on a young mother's arm, saying in sweet musical strains, "Lady, the Saviour bids you take this child and nurse it for him." The low-toned music died away as the angels passed upward to their bright home; but the baby girl sleeps quietly in her new-found home. We wish thee joy, young parents, in thy happiness.

This, if I have been rightly informed, is not the customary method of acquiring offspring, and for all its seeming plausibility it does not look to me to be above suspicion. I have lived many years in this world, and I never knew of an infant being brought to a party by angels, or other unauthorized agents, but it made more or less talk in the neighborhood. It may be, Miss Lucretia, that the angels consider New Haven a more eligible place to raise children in than the realms of eternal day, and are capable of deliberately transferring infants from the one locality to the other; but I shall have to get you to excuse me. I look at it differently. It would be hard to get me to believe such a thing. And I will tell you why. However, never mind. You know, yourself, that the thing does not stand to reason. Still, if you were present when the babe was brought so silently to that quiet home nest, and placed in that soft manner on the young mother's arm, and if you heard the sweet musical strains which the messengers made, and could not recognize the tune, and feel justified in believing that it and likewise the messengers themselves were of super-sublunary origin, I pass. And so I leave the

question open. But I will say, and do say, that I have not read anything sweeter than that paragraph for seventy or eighty years.

ANOTHER correspondent writes as follows from New York:

Having read your "Beef Contract" in the May GALAXY with a great deal of gratification, I showed it to a friend of mine, who after reading it said he did not believe a word of it, and that he was sure it was nothing but a *pack of lies*; that it was a libel on the Government, and the man who wrote it ought to be prosecuted. I thought this was as good as the "Contract" itself, and knew it would afford you some amusement.

Yours truly, S. S. G.

That does amuse me, but does not surprise me. It is not possible to write a burlesque so broad that some innocent will not receive it in good faith as being a solemn statement of fact. Two of the latest that ever were cobbled up by literary shoemakers went the rounds two or three months ago, and excited the wonder and led captive the faith of many unprejudiced people. One was a sickly invention about a remote valley in Arizona where all the lost hair-pins and such odds and ends as had disappeared from the toilet tables of the world for a generation, had somehow been mysteriously gathered together; and this poor little production wound up with a "prophecy" by an Apache squaw to the effect that "By'm'by heap muchee shake—big town muchee shake all down;" a "prophecy" which pointed inexorably at San Francisco and was awfully suggestive of its coming fate. The other shallow invention was one about some mud-turtle of a Mississippi-diving-bell artist finding an ancient copper canoe, roofed and hermetically sealed, and believed to contain the remains of De Soto. Now, it could not have marred, but only symmetrically finished, so feeble an imposture as that, to have added that De Soto's name was deciphered upon a tombstone which was found tagging after the sunken canoe by a string. Plenty of people even believed that story of a South American doctor who had discovered a method of chopping off people's heads and putting them on again without discommoding the party of the second part, and who finally got a couple of heads mixed up and transposed, yet did the fitting of them on so neatly that even the experimentees themselves thought everything was right, until each found that his restored head was recalling, believing in, and searching after moles, scars, and other marks which had

never existed upon his body, and at the same time refusing to remember or recognize similar marks which had always existed upon the said body. A "Begus Proclamation" is a legitimate inspiration of genius, but any infant can contrive such things as those I have been speaking of. They really require no more brains than it does to be a "practical joker." Perhaps it is not risking too much to say that even the innocuous small reptile they call the "village wag" is able to build such inventions. . . . Before I end this paragraph and this subject, I wish to remark that maybe the gentleman who said my "Beef Contract" article was a libel upon the Government was right—though I had certainly always thought differently about it. I wrote that article in Washington, in November, 1867, during Andrew Johnson's reign. It was suggested by Senator Stewart's account of a tedious, tiresome, and exasperating search which he had made through the Land Office and the Treasury Department, among no end of lofty and supercilious clerks, to find out something which he ought to have been able to find out at ten minutes' notice. I mislaid the MS. at the time, and never found it again until last April. It was not a libel on the Government in 1867. Mr. Stewart still lives to testify to that.

FROM Boston a correspondent writes as follows: "Please make a memorandum of this drop of comfort which I once heard a child-hating bachelor offer to his nieces at their FATHER'S funeral: 'Remember, children, this happens only once in your lifetime,

and don't cry—it can't possibly occur again!'"

FROM Alabama "A Friend" responds to our call for touching obituaries, with the following "from an old number of the 'Tuscaloosa Observer.'" The disease of this sufferer (as per third stanza) will probably never attack the author of his obituary—and for good and sufficient reasons:

Farewell, thou earthy friend of mine,
The messenger was sent, why do we repine,
Why should we grieve and weep,
In Jesus he fell asleep.

Around his bed his friends did stand,
Nursing with a willing hand;
Anxiety great with medical skill,
The fever raged he still was ill.

His recovery we prayed but in vain,
The disease located on his brain,
Death succeeded human skill.
Pulse ceased to beat, death chilled every limb.

Death did not distorture his pale face,
How short on earth was his Christian race
With tears flowing from the youth and furrowed face,
He was consigned to his last resting, resting place.

The lofty oaks spreading branches
Shades the grave of his dear sister Addie and sweet
little Frances,
Three children now in Heaven rest,
Should parents grieve? Jesus called and blest.

A NUMBER of answers to the enigma published in the July GALAXY have been received and filed for future reference. I think one or two have guessed it, but am not certain. I got up the enigma without any difficulty, but the effort to find out the true answer to it has proved to be beyond my strength, thus far.

NEBULÆ.

— WHY does not some publisher collect the early writings of George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) from the "Westminster Review"? They could be easily found. Several persons in England know them well, and they are among the finest specimens of the thoughtful and philosophical essay to be read in modern literature. One or two are specially remarkable for their wonderful command of light, swift, and burning sarcasm. We have heard that the gifted authoress has a certain objection to the hunting up and republishing of these essays; and of course, if her objection is deep-seated and irremovable, it ought to be respected even here, where no legal bond of any kind holds the hands of publishers. But we can hardly believe that such a feeling would not yield to reason and argument. Certainly the world loses something and "George Eliot" gains nothing by the fact that these masterly essays are thus allowed to be consigned to the tomb. Good essays are even rarer now than good novels, and we would for ourselves gladly exchange "Felix Holt" for a volume of those early contributions to the "Westminster Review."

— ONE who was present at the sale of the relics of Charles Dickens writes to us somewhat sadly, and perhaps a little cynically, about the event. For weeks all the papers had been lamenting for Dickens; the public had been described as bewildered with grief over his grave; a renowned preacher, in Westminster Abbey itself, had delivered his funeral oration and applied to him the famous words employed in regard to another great humorist, that his death "eclipsed the gayety of nations"; Westminster Abbey, closed against Byron and not opened to Thackeray, was made to claim and to enshrine him. Well, his relics, his special household treasures, his most prized portraits and mementoes, came to be sold by public auction in the centre of fashionable London. There was the famous portrait by Maclise, as like the Dickens of that day as his reflection in a mirror (so Thackeray proclaimed it when it was new, thirty years ago); there was the stuffed raven, the immortal prototype of "Grip";

there were the celebrated "Pickwick ladles"; in fact, every trifle in the collection spoke eloquently of Dickens. Who went to buy? The great English statesmen, poets, novelists, painters, savants, actors, lawyers? Gladstone, Disraeli, Tennyson, Browning, Landseer, Millais, Huxley, Tyn-dall, Roundell Palmer, Coleridge? No, not one. No man of real mark whatever in any department, except Mr. John Forster, who was Dickens's executor. Not one other man who could even with any pretence at accuracy be described as standing even in the second class. The regular staff of "All the Year Round" and two or three such writers as Edmund Yates and George A. Sala—intimate personal friends of Dickens moreover—these were the representatives of the nation's literature and the nation's grief. A few days after Dickens's death an Englishman, deeply grieved at the event, made a sort of pilgrimage to Gadshill—to the home of the great novelist. He went into the famous Sir John Falstaff inn near at hand, and, in the effusiveness of his honest emotions, he could not avoid taking the country waiter into his confidence. "A great loss this of Mr. Dickens," said the pilgrim. "A great loss to us, sir," replied the waiter, shaking his head; "he had all his ale sent in from this house!" This, we are assured, is a story literally true. One is reminded by force of contrast of the French waiter in the gardens of the Palais Royal, who when a customer on a certain memorable afternoon remarked to him that it was a fine day, sadly replied, "Ah, yes, Monsieur, it is a fine day, but—but Mirabeau is dead!"

— THERE is a story told of a hard-headed, hard-hearted Scottish judge of some generations back, who, being a devoted chess-player, had for years been receiving defeats from a more skilful player, an old friend. The old friend fell into evil ways, committed forgery, was brought before this very judge for trial, and found guilty. The judge pronounced sentence of death upon his old friend with grim composure, and then, as the doomed man was being removed, called him back to the dock and pleasantly observed, "Eh, Harry, lad, I

think I have checkmated ye now at last !” Perhaps Louis Napoleon feels a little in the mood of the Scottish judge just now. He has checkmated his old friend and rival, Prim — paid him off for Prim’s famous “check” at the time of the Mexican game of chess. Napoleon at that time had sought, by the broadest flattery, the most endearing complaisance, to win over Prim to his little king-making game ; and Prim was not to be won ; and now comes the whirligig of time bringing about revenges, and Napoleon spoils Prim’s little game in turn. What a pleasant thing for nations to be thus made the pieces and pawns of reckless and rival intriguers ! This game is not by any means over yet, for Louis Napoleon has challenged a stronger player than Prim, and the match will have to be fought out some time to the bitter end. And the peoples have to stand all this ! “Lord, what fools these mortals be !”

— AMONG the various changes, great and small, which have taken place in our colleges during the last thirty years, one of the most obvious, formal, and superficial alterations has been the general putting-back of their commencements. Formerly several of the largest colleges “commenced” in mid-August, and some of them even as late as the autumn. The tendency now is to concentrate these anniversaries between the last week in June and the last week in July, that is to say, nine years out of ten, in the very hottest period of the year. Hence much suffering to visitors, especially in the smaller collegiate towns where extra accommodation is slender. This very summer a “Tribune” reporter was nearly cut off in the bloom of his youth by being put into a room with a self-acting window, which let itself down as soon as he had gone to sleep, and well nigh asphyxiated him. Two other unfortunates, whose bed, like Will Waddle’s in the old song, was “immediately over the oven,” gasping for breath, dragged their bedding close to their only “fenestral orifice,” in order to catch any possible night-wandering breeze ; then, opening their door in desperate defiance of decency and deprecators, they laid themselves down in a draught—or the hope of one. Unless we are much mistaken, the last commencement will be over before these pages are printed. We cannot altogether commend the change. These ceremonies are no longer *commencements* but *endings*, coming just at the end of

the collegiate year, when every one is fagged out and used up. Still, the occasion seems to act as a powerful stimulus. Even the thrice-overworked professor welcomes every acquaintance, though one might suppose that any volunteer addition to the necessary labors of the week would prove an insufferable bore. But it is a feather in his cap to lionize any “distinguished stranger,” if not a great celebrity to be dubbed doctor of something, at least a lesser notoriety, who, in default of the European *ad eundem*, may be made an honorary *alumnus*. Then there are the “oldest graduates,” and the class meetings, where men amuse themselves by trying to recognize one another after twenty or thirty years’ separation. Unfortunately, those who mostly compose the class meetings are the village Hampdens or village muffs of the vicinity ; the graduates who have a really interesting history to relate rarely turn up on such occasions. But the great share of the movement and fun falls (as is natural and proper) to the students. The “exercises” of the day and the previous days form but a small part of the week’s glories. During the last quarter of a century their average age has advanced just enough to bring them into nearly the spooniest epoch of life, and they are immensely proud of their female acquaintance who have come to greet their triumphs ; or, in default of triumphs, to greet them and have a “good time” of it. In agreeable contrast to this sentimentality, is the jollity which welcomes any stray “fellows” of the secret society. Sometimes the student catches a very old fellow, the parent of some brother *Kappa-Digamma* or *Aleph-Daleth* elsewhere. Then, with what exultation does he trot off his guest to the society hall and introduce him to any circumambient members : “Mr. Jones, Johnny Jones’s father—Johnny of our *Alpha*, you know !” And the visitor is received with open arms and (sometimes, despite prohibitory laws) bottles, and becomes very popular with the young men, especially if he has any good stories of old college scrapes to tell ; which, however, is not very likely, the students of Mr. Jones’s day having developed largely in the prig direction. But above all, commencement is dear to the undergraduate because it furnishes him with an extra occasion for indulging in his favorite pursuit of song. Had Justin McCarthy made the tour of our colleges in early summer, he would have added another to his differences of Englishmen and Americans,

The American student is almost as prone to song as the German *bursch*. He "bursts into melody" as naturally as a Disraelitish heroine. It is his custom always in the afternoon, oft in the stilly night, at almost all times and in almost all places. The English student who undertook to sing in the open air would inevitably be set down for mad or drunk, and the proctor would fly on the wings of his bull-dogs from the uttermost parts of the town, to arrest him as an extremely outrageous character.

— THE bills of fashionable dressmakers are a constant source of wonder and trouble. Not many months ago a surprising exhibition of this kind took place in Boston, and went the rounds of the papers. Paris has long been famous for such bills and the lawsuits consequent on them. A French fashionable of somewhat scaly antecedents, despite her family and title, recently disputed the little account of her *couturière*, which attained the modest proportions of \$40,000 in gold of our money. Two of the items were *seventy francs* for the material of a dress and *six hundred francs* for making it. We can beat that, however, in New York. A friend of ours lately purchased in Canada some cheap stuff (*linsey* was the name of it, to the best of our recollection), a dress pattern costing about three dollars in gold. This she imprudently gave to a "swell" artist in this city "to be made up prettily," which it was, and sent home with a bill of *seventy-five dollars*. What an illustration of the Ovidian *materiam superabat opus*! Translate freely, "the making cost twenty times as much as the stuff." The manufacture of man's garments is seldom attended with such eccentricities; yet there is a legend of some renowned schneider, either the German-English Stultz or the Parisian Chevreuil, that he charged his customers the same price when they furnished the material, declaring that he took pay only for his cut and style.

— IF American ladies sometimes rival the follies of their transatlantic contemporaries in the matter of expensive toilettes, the tendency among American men seems to be quite the other way. The average citizen of the last generation made himself conspicuous to the intelligent foreigner by wearing an evening suit at 9 A. M.; the average citizen of the present is more inclined to wear a morning dress—or undress—in the even-

ing, and to be content on all occasions with any sort of clothing that will satisfy the first requirement of civilization, decency. High prices, the increased distance (and *dirty* distance) that men are forced to travel to and from their business, their increased absorption in business—these are some of the causes of the reaction; and when once started, our national proneness to extremes was certain to exaggerate it. To take a single instance: Twenty-five years ago the members of a graduating class at a college commencement were one and all attired in solemn black, like so many incipient preachers, and every man and boy of them sweltering under a "stove-pipe." *Now* they are all in cut-away and wide-awake (old ones at that), and even the speakers are not particular about dress coats. Nay, the few institutions that profess to preserve the old-world collegiate costumes are yielding to modern habits, and the gown of Columbia is associated with very unacademic head gears. Moreover the few swells who continue to study the proprieties of dress are not always sagacious or artistic in their methods. Thus, white has become unfashionable as a summer wear, though we suspect that a few more summers like that which we have just passed through would be apt to bring it into vogue again. Now, setting aside its comfort to the wearer and the grateful sentiment of coolness which it conveys to others, there is nothing so generally becoming to man or woman as "white and all white." To suppose, as some do, that it does not agree with brunettes, is a great mistake.

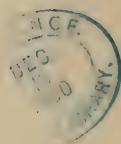
— THAT ready and refined suavity which adds grace to a favor and takes the sting from refusal, and can evade without snubbing an improper request, is more common in some older countries than in our own; yet we sometimes find a felicitous example of it here. In a certain town that we wot of, flourishes a lady whose charitable friends assert that she is a bit of a Bohemian, and will sometimes appropriate in a jaunty off-hand way other things besides invitations. She has good physical points, and is vain of her small and shapely hands. One of the guests at an evening party had met with an accident which somewhat deranged her get-up and spoiled her gloves. Several of the company, including Mrs. Sponge, were putting her to rights in the dressing-room, and the lady of the house produced a fresh box of Alexandres to make good the chief dam-

age. "Gloves!" exclaims Mrs. Sponge; "give me a pair too!" "My dear," replies the hostess, quietly withdrawing the box, "they are *much* too large for you."

—MEDICAL statisticians have recently determined, to the great comfort of the canine race, that dogs are not particularly subject to madness in hot weather. *En revanche*, it is suspected that men are. In the good old days of the peculiar institution, the summer months at the South bore the largest crop of duels and street-fights; and the increasing rowdiness of Congress towards the close of a long session has frequently been remarked. The melancholy, premature, self-inflicted death of the first prose writer (novelists apart) of his generation, has recently given the subject a painful interest. The whole question of insanity, even when the lawyers do not get hold of it and make it a helpless muddle, presents the gravest difficulties, beginning with its causes. That a man should lose his reason from any violent mental emotion or physical shock, is natural and intelligible enough, both to materialists and non-materialists. But that men who have led quiet, comfortable, virtuous, and intellectual lives should go "clean daft" in middle age, is a puzzling problem. Or take the case of the idiot, who, without apparent disease or accident, seems to have had his intellectual faculties arrested in early infancy, while his physical powers are fully developed. Not the least aggravating circumstance in connection with such instances is that they greatly encourage the hobbies of extremists. If the quiet literary man who loses his wits was a "moderate drinker" or a smoker, if the parents or grandparents of the healthy idiot were first cousins, immediately your reformer of a certain class cries out for legislative action to suppress wine, tobacco, and first cousins. All the negative instances on the other side count with him for nothing, though it is evident that only a very careful and extensive examination of statistics, showing a large preponderance against the suspected practice, can begin to justify sweeping interferences with personal liberty. These last two words remind us of another constantly recurring difficulty: what

mental aberration—no, let us put it in the plainest English—when is a man crazy enough to shut up? For instance, would the symptoms which made so many persons suspect M. Paradol's condition have warranted his being placed under restraint? We all know that love, lust, strong drink, gambling, commercial contingencies, numerous causes produce temporary insanity—*very* temporary if you please, but just as serious in its results. The man affected may kill himself or others; more he could hardly do if permanently mad. What legislative or social action can be preventive of all these causes? Some of them we may reach; we may perhaps put down the dram-shop and the "tiger;" but others are obviously beyond the law's control. Or shall we say that the man having voluntarily put himself into the preparatory state, is morally responsible for his own derangement and its results? This is generally admitted in the case of drunkenness, though even here some moralists try to shift the guilt from the liquor-drinker to the liquor-seller. Might it not be wise to extend the rule? This would at any rate have the restraining influence which is due to the implanting of a new motive. Yet even this means would be powerless against the form of temporary madness which leads to self-destruction.

—ANOTHER step in the "Woman Movement." Women have taken to public boat-racing—the most exciting, trying, and in some respects dangerous, of the athletic sports in which men compete. We wonder if these oarswomen are saluted with the same volleys of indecent chaff which greet the *équestriennes*—as Jenkins writes when he thinks, poor man! that he is writing French—who ride for prizes at the country trots called agricultural fairs. Truly we have somewhat too much of this. The civilized barbarism of the *ballet* has grown inveterate, and we can hardly hope, however much we might wish, to reform it away; but, for Heaven's sake, let us not devise or admit any new means of lowering and vulgarizing woman. It is to be regretted that some of our most respectable papers have chosen to take a jocose view of an incident which is no laughing matter.





COUNT BISMARCK

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THE GALAXY.

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LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

LADY JUDITH'S PUPILS.

THE Lady Judith Scarlett would probably have made an excellent tamer, or at least conqueror, of wild animals. She had always that indomitable conviction of her own rectitude of purpose and justice of vision which is the soul of all conquest. She had, of course, great personal courage. Most women have. Nothing can be more baseless than the conventional notion that women excel in patience and fail in courage. As a rule, only men are patient; as a rule, women are fearless. They seldom pause at a crisis to count cost or consequences; and therefore have no fear. Add, in this case, to the uttermost courage of woman, woman's strongest will and faith in self, and it will be seen that Lady Judith Scarlett was not likely to flinch or even to hesitate.

Moreover, if she wanted any other advantage over her daughter, it was given her by Alexia's own demand. The one thing on earth about which Lady Judith was most certain—and she was certain about nearly everything—was that in regard to her vanished husband hers was the story of a victim and a martyr. The very existence of the pale girl who stood before her was, under such circumstances, a new wrong to her. It seemed to Lady Judith that Alexia's whole life ought to be one of penitence and meek apology, for the injury she had done to her mother in being born of such a father.

Lady Judith had some tact, too, which women of iron will do not always have. There are people who threaten to kill themselves, and do not mean it, and for whom open contempt and ridicule will be found the best treatment. Lady Judith, however, was by no means certain that a word or even a look of incredulous scorn, a phrase or glance tending to show that she considered her daughter's threat a piece of mock-heroic display, might not prove the very thing to send the weapon into the child's passionate heart. So she spoke as one who is dealing with a grave reality.

Calmly and sadly, full of faith in her own martyrdom, Lady Judith spoke.

"Alexia, you have no need to use such threats, offensive and alarming to me,

still more lamentably offensive to heaven, in order to extort from me some painful truths. You ought to know that I could only have kept these things from you because I wished to spare you much useless pain. Now you have grown to be a woman, and you have a right to ask and to know all that you will. Give me that knife."

It was a pretty little Eastern dagger, to which Alexia had taken a fancy at one of the stalls in the Exposition, and which she would buy whether her mother wished it or not.

She laughed her bitter little laugh.

"No, indeed, I mean to keep this, mamma. It makes me mistress of the situation. Tell me about my father."

"Had you not better at least go into bed, Alexia? You will take cold,"

Again a little laugh. Alexia believed herself to be winning the game.

"Take cold! That is like the story of the wretch on his way to execution; the rain began, and some one offered him a cloak lest he should get wet—as if it mattered then! No, dear mother, I don't care about a possible cold just now; I may use this pretty plaything yet. Tell me of my father. I don't care for life, I am sick of life, unless *he* is living. If he is dead, I will go to him. Tell me the truth in one word. Is he dead? Yes or no?"

"No."

"He is living?"

"He is. At least I believe him to be living."

"This is no deceit—no pious, motherly fraud to stay my hand and save my life?"

Lady Judith smiled a cold smile that was almost like a sneer.

"Child, I would not tell a falsehood to save the lives of all my race. I believe your father to be still living."

"Then, thank God! I will live and find him out."

She flung the little dagger contemptuously from her, and it rattled on the floor. Lady Judith did not take it up, or even glance towards where it lay; that would have looked like weakness.

"Alexia, your father was a bad man."

"I don't believe it!" the girl fiercely interposed.

"I wish you had not forced me to convince you of it. Before you were born he deserted me and you. He disgraced and abandoned us; he turned away from his God. My miserable story was the scandal of the day. The pity and sympathy of the good, the coarse curiosity of the vulgar, the ridicule of the wicked, were poured on me, and on you while you were yet a baby. Ask no more about your father. You had better not have heard this much; do not try to know any more. Pray for him, that he may be converted and brought back to good; and pray for yourself, Alexia, that you may have a better spirit."

"Where is my father? I must know that."

"That you cannot know; that no one knows."

"You are trying to deceive me, mamma. If you know that he is living, you must know—at least you must guess—where he is."

"All that I know of his present existence," said Lady Judith, rising from the chair where she had seated herself—while her daughter now stood upright, with one hand resting on the arm of a little sofa—"all that I know, Alexia, you know. I have told you so much, not because of any petulant and wicked threat of yours (here, however, Lady Judith stooped and picked up the dagger), but because I did not believe myself justified in withholding from you at your present age the

knowledge you asked for. Now listen to me. I *may* come to know something of his present existence; I only say that I *may*. But should I do so, I will not allow *you*, while yet you are under my care and guardianship, to write to him or hear from him. When you are eighteen years old, I shall consider you responsible for your own acts; and if you then know anything of him and will go to him, you are free from me for ever. I hold no parley with wickedness. 'Come out from amongst them, and be separated from them,' is a law to me. Providence has seen fit to afflict me as a mother and as a wife. I hope I can bow my head to affliction, and bear it; but I cannot hold terms with sin. Now we have talked enough of this, and you know my resolution. Go to bed, Alexia, and good-night."

She turned away and left the room, closing the door behind her; but she remained a moment on the outer threshold, and noiselessly listened. She heard her daughter sobbing bitterly within. Lady Judith's face brightened.

"She is safe now," the mother thought to herself; "and the worst is over. It is right that she should sob and suffer for her wickedness. May her heart be touched and softened!"

So firmly steeling her own heart against pity, Lady Judith Scarlett left her daughter.

Yes; Alexia Scarlett had flung herself on the bed the moment her mother's eye was removed, and burst into passionate tears. Was her little world of fancy and hope and wild longing really, then, shattered all around her? Had she no father—or a father who was worse than none? Of late her sick and morbid soul had only fed itself on dreams about a noble, true, and loving father, driven into exile, or perhaps even to death, by the very influences which so often seemed destined to crush the life from her own young heart; a father still living for her, here or in the skies, and longing for her, and ever ready, when fate should allow, to stretch forth his loving arms and shelter his daughter on his breast. And was this story she had heard the truth? Was this lost father only a selfish criminal, a degraded outcast? In spite of herself, the cold cutting firmness and apparent sincerity of Lady Judith's words had wrought upon her, and the light of her hopes seemed for the moment to have been rudely blown out for ever.

Suddenly the girl heard a quiet footfall stealing away from her door; and springing towards the threshold with the silent alertness of some swift animal, she could distinctly hear the rustle of her departing mother's dress.

"She has been listening; listening to hear whether I was crying," said the girl to herself, with a fierce quick light of mingled anger and triumph flashing up in her dark eyes. "She has been watching me, she has been deceiving me. I know it now; I know it by that one sign alone. It was not true all that she said about my father. It was false; and I believe in him and not in her. My father—he is still my father; and he lives and does not know he has a daughter who loves him and longs for him, and who will find him yet and hold him to her heart."

Ah, Lady Judith, why play false, even that one moment, to the grand and conquering power of sincerity? That one little scrap of harmless insincerity, of innocent double-dealing, that short moment of listening at your daughter's door, has simply spoiled all. She is a sceptic and a rebel now more than ever.

But Lady Judith believed in her own triumph and was content, although the affair had not been without alarm for her. Her daughter was a trouble to her, just as it would be a trouble to have to watch over a panther or a maniac, or some other creature on which the eye of supreme power must always rest, and

which a single glance of hesitation or timidity may set free to do any nameless work of wild destruction.

She returned to her own rooms—a dressing-room and bedroom—looking into the great courtyard of the hotel, with its roof of glass, its palm-trees and its lamps. As she glanced into the courtyard, she saw Angelo Volney enter it, and she watched him, in the blended light of sky and lamps, as he crossed the broad space that even still echoed with footsteps and murmured with voices. She watched his graceful form and handsome head as he sprang up the great staircase; she even leaned out of her window to see him yet another moment, and then Lady Judith drew back and sighed.

She rang her bell, bade her maid have the lamps lighted and the windows closed; “and tell Mr. Volney I wish to speak to him here.”

Lady Judith settled herself gracefully and picturesquely in an arm-chair; adjusted the bracelets on her wrists, the pearls on her neck, the silken skirts around her feet. Her chair stood near a small table; she took from the table a little volume, opened it, and began to read. It was “*De Imitatione Christi*” in French.

A knock at the door, and she called “Come in;” and Angelo Volney entered. Lady Judith’s face looked glad. The one only creature in life who seemed heart and soul devoted to her, and for whose devotion she had a deep regard, was this young man, Angelo Volney. He was a handsome youth, with a face of bright intelligence, and ways that were at once sweet, grave, and caressing, such as some women like to whom high animal spirits seem to savor of vulgarity, and habitual mirth-making to denote frivolity and want of soul.

“I want to talk to you, Angelo,” said Lady Judith, pointing to a chair near hers.

He sat there, and leaned towards her with a manner full of confidence and affection, as if he were her son.

“I have something serious to say to you. You have been walking with Charles Escombe!”

“Yes, Lady Judith; I walked a little way with him towards his hotel.”

“Did he tell you what he and I had been speaking of to-day?”

“He did; he told me that you wish me to go with him on his tour through the States.”

“Of course you are willing to go?”

Lady Judith’s eyes, dark and majestic, rested with something of curious inquiry on him as she spoke.

“Dear Lady Judith, it is just the one thing in the world I have been most anxious for.”

She dropped her eyes.

“Yes, Angelo, I wish you to see the United States. I wish you to continue to study, as you have done, in the life of realities, and not in schools; in the living present, and not the dead past. So I wish you to see America. Did Charles Escombe speak to you of nothing else?”

“No, nothing in particular.”

“Nothing about Alexia?”

“Nothing at all.”

“Well, he is a sensible, discreet young man, and probably thought he had no right to speak of it; but he might have talked of it to you. No matter; it is better, indeed, that it should come from me. Angelo, Charles Escombe has

been talking to me about his wish to have Alexia for his wife one day, when she is a little older than now."

Angelo looked up and smiled.

"Is that the news—the secret? Why, Lady Judith, I could have told you *that* was coming any day for the past three months. I am sure I am delighted if you are."

She looked at him once more keenly and curiously, and then said:

"I am not delighted, Angelo; such things don't delight me. But I see no reason to object, and little use in objecting so far as I am concerned. What do you think Alexia will say?"

"Oh, I don't know; I think she likes Charles well enough, although she rails at him now and then. Where could she find a finer creature?"

"True. I don't care myself about what people call love. I suppose she has no such feeling towards anybody?"

"Alexia? Oh no! At least, I suppose not; I never thought of such a thing. I can hardly imagine her having such a feeling; she is very young and whimsical. I should think she likes Charles Escombe as well as she could like any one."

"Except you, Angelo."

"Yes, Lady Judith, except me, of course. We have been so much together, and she is so familiar with me, that we are, in fact, brother and sister; and naturally she is more attached to me than to any one else, as I am to her. But that would have nothing to do with Charles, or with any one she might consent to marry. That, of course, would be quite another feeling; and I don't see why it should not grow up for him as well as for any one else."

Lady Judith looked at him fixedly, and slightly raised her eyebrows. After a moment's silence, she went on:

"Well, we need not say any more about this just now; there is something else I wish to speak to you about. Angelo, do you know how much I have done for you?"

She spoke in a low, grave tone, and she leaned her chin upon one hand, the arm of which rested on her knee, and the deep, steady light of her eyes was full on his face. He looked up surprised, and something of a color suffused the faint olive tints of his cheek.

"Surely, Lady Judith, I do know it. I know that you have been to me what few mothers have been even to a favorite son."

"You do not know all or half. Do you know that you were a beggar-child, sleeping on my doorstep—the orphan, at that moment, of a mother who lay dead in a workhouse hospital? Do you know that you are no relative or connection of mine, however humble or remote? that I never saw your father, and know nothing of him, but that he died a wretched, worthless idler and vagabond? and that I knew your mother only as a suffering poor creature to whom I gave alms?"

Angelo started to his feet with a cry of surprise, and then flung himself into his chair again, and covered his face with his hands. Lady Judith looked down upon his emotion with a gaze that had something of kindness, almost of tenderness in it, and then she laid her hand upon his heaving shoulder.

"All that is true, Angelo. Your mother was an Italian guitar-player, who died in the hospital; you crawled to my doorstep, and my servants found you there in the rain. And since then you have been as my son. Did you know all this?"

"No, no. O my God! Some painful, horrible memories I have of a miser-

able home, and of hunger, and of my mother being carried away somewhere, and of my wandering into the streets. I knew that my first years were passed in wretched poverty; but I always believed that I belonged to your family—that I was your nephew, perhaps, the son of some brother or sister who had been unfortunate, and that you took me into your house because of my birth when I was left an orphan. I always thought this; I took it for granted. Oh, Lady Judith, how blindly ignorant I must have been!"

He sprang from his chair, and walked up and down the room.

"Sit down, Angelo; sit near me."

He obeyed her, but he kept his eyes averted.

"Listen to me, Angelo. The night you came to my doorstep, a great calamity, a profound disgrace, had fallen upon me and mine. My life was made desolate and blasted. The hour that brought you brought this revelation. When I first saw you, after I had known all, there was something in your face which pleaded powerfully with me; and it seemed to me more and more as if Heaven had sent you to my threshold, in order that by doing some good for a human being, I might atone for the sin of one who—who once was linked with me. I felt as if Heaven, which had sent me a cross to bear, had also sent me a crown to win. I resolved to save you from the life and the vices of the streets, and I did so. But I never thought then of making you, as you have made yourself, a son, and more than a son, to me; that came later, and step by step. My daughter is hardly as a daughter to me; the blood that runs in her veins has poison in it, Angelo—poison and sin. Do you know why I tell you all this?"

A proud flush came into the face of the young man, and he looked firmly into her eyes as he answered:

"No, Lady Judith, I do not know; but I feel sure your motive is kind and just. Whatever it be, I have learned at last what a worthless and dependent idler I have been; and I will, with Heaven's help, be so no longer. I may have begun life as a beggar, but I will not so continue it. You have done for me already more than ever Christian lady did for an unknown outcast. You have reared me, taught me, saved me! I must make the rest of my way in life myself. You shall not have cause to be ashamed of me, or to think your good deeds thrown away."

Angelo's voice began to tremble, and there were tears glittering in his eyes. He was half an Italian, let us remember, and brave men among Southern races are not ashamed to shed tears.

"In other words," said Lady Judith, with a return to the cold smile which her lips often wore, but which had vanished in the earnestness and heat of her recent utterances, "you would show your gratitude and your spirit by leaving me when your presence had become most needful and valuable. I might ask, with the dying Emperor, 'Is this fidelity?' But, indeed, it would be very like man's gratitude always. Such thanks have I usually had."

Angelo threw himself on his knees, and seized the hand of his benefactress, and kissed it again and again. Lady Judith colored—almost started—but did not draw away her hand.

"You know," Angelo exclaimed, "that you command my life—that your word is my will—that I would die for you!"

"I don't ask you to die for me," calmly replied Lady Judith, with something of a softer light now in her eyes; "I only ask you to live for me. Is not that easier to do?"

"Not always. Just now I feel so crushed by this disclosure—by the weight

of your goodness—by the hopeless, impotent impulses of my gratitude—that, indeed, Lady Judith, I wish I had a chance of doing something for you which would cost me my life.”

“Now, however, Angelo, I especially want you to live. You can serve me. I may say that you alone can do so. Stay—don’t break into any protestations, but listen to me; I have something more to tell you.”

He rose and resumed his seat beside her. She drew a deep breath, set her teeth firmly, as if with the fixedness of some painful resolution, and spoke in a low tone at first, with her eyes upon the floor, until she grew into heat and bitterness as she went on:

“There is a man still living—a bad and wicked man—who did me the cruellest wrong. He is still living, as I believe; perhaps prosperous and successful. He is my husband, Angelo—the husband who deserted and disgraced me—the father of that unhappy girl, whom sometimes I almost detest because she is his child. There is much in her that reminds me of him, although he was not wayward and fitful in manner as she is; and I dread more than anything on earth his meeting her one day, and claiming her, and gaining influence over her, as he could do over most people, and leading her into his own profane and irreligious and godless principles. My greatest purpose in life is to save her soul, and to keep her and him asunder. You can help me in this; and now you know why I told you of your birth and your poverty, and of all I had done for you.”

He looked at her inquiringly.

“Don’t you still understand?”

He shook his head.

“To bind you to me, Angelo—to pledge you to my purpose.”

“Lady Judith, I am pledged to any purpose of yours, for I know that it is just and right. Even if I did not know this, I fear it would hardly make much difference: I am bound to you in heart and soul.”

“I want you to help me in keeping my daughter from this man. You have more influence over her than any one else has. She does not care for young Escombe; she never will care for him. Angelo, I want *you* to marry my daughter.”

Volney colored and started.

“Why do you start? Is this a difficult thing I ask you to do?” Lady Judith asked sternly.

“Oh, no, no; but it surprises me. Alexia and I have always been like brother and sister, and I am sure it has never occurred to her to think of me otherwise. And then, Lady Judith, I cannot now forget that your daughter will be a woman of rank and wealth, and that I am a pauper dependant; that I was a nameless outcast, that I was a beggar who sat at your threshold and cried for bread. Does she know that? Do you think if she did it would not alter her feelings towards me? Lady Judith, I have the warmest affection for Alexia, and I know there is far more in her that is good and noble than you—than some people, I mean—may think; but I do not believe she has a soul great enough for *that*.”

“But if she comes to love you, Angelo? Do you think that with her impetuous soul she would care for any such consideration then?”

“Perhaps not; but even then, would it be right or manly in me to trade upon her generosity and her affection?”

“Angelo, this is idle talk! Either you speak the truth when you say that you have pledged yourself to my purpose, or you have talked the mere babble of unmeaning politeness. I tell you I have set my heart on this, and I will have it

so, unless *you* refuse ! If it depended wholly on my will, no daughter of mine should ever marry even you, Angelo, whom I believe to be an exception among men. But as I know that she will marry, I wish her to marry you. You can already influence her as no one else can, and I can trust you to stand between her and *him*. Do you refuse me ?”

He smiled faintly.

“Lady Judith, you crown a course of unheard-of beneficence by making me an offer of almost incredible generosity—and you ask me if I refuse ! What could I hope for better than this ? If I hesitate, it is because I am ashamed to take advantage of such splendid goodness. But, after all, it is not I who have to refuse or to accept. What of *her*—of Alexia ?”

“There is time enough for that. This thing, of course, is not to be approached at once. She is too young. But I think she already looks towards you with something that will be love ; and I therefore wish you to know that her mother desires you to foster and strengthen and accept that sentiment. I wish you to feel that your interest in her is likely to be enduring. I have told Charles Escombe that he is to make no advances to her for the present—nor need you. But I know that she will refuse him, and I think she will accept *you*. That is all for the moment. Don’t we understand each other now, Angelo ?”

“I think so, Lady Judith.”

He spoke in a low meditative tone.

“Well, then, let me tell you of *this man*. I have heard a vague rumor that he is somewhere in the United States. He has, of course, disguised his name ; but he has great gifts and great strength of mind, and he is likely to have made a success—for he was consumed with worldly ambition—and to have become conspicuous and influential. I should like to know, if it were possible, whether he is living in America, and whether he is prosperous and successful, and what manner of repute he bears. Find out this, Angelo, if you can ; but avoid the man yourself ; for he is my worst enemy. Guard against the influence of his plausible manners, the gravity and purity he used to assume ; and remember always what he has been to me. I have no clue to his discovery or his whereabouts—none whatever—and yours may be the idlest wild-goose chase ; but I will give you such dates and descriptions as may help you. Find out something of him, if you can ; but avoid him. We have talked too long, Angelo ; it will soon be dawn. When in London we can talk of this again. Now, good-night !”

She rose with her usual decisiveness of manner and gesture. Angelo Volney again touched his lips to her white cold hand, on the fingers of which glittered jewels bright and cold as her eyes or her intellect ; and he left her without a word.

“I know,” she said between her teeth, “that he is a successful and an honored man somewhere. And if I find him out, I will strip him of his false reputation, and pull him down ! I owe it to myself, to society, to religion, to see that he shall not masquerade in the robes of honesty and virtue, and feed his profane ambition, and deceive and betray others as he deceived and betrayed me.”

Then she rang the bell for her maid ; and she again opened the “Imitation of Christ,” and sighed fervently more than once, and shook her head, as she bent over the pure pages.

Angelo went to his room with throbbing pulses and a swimming head. If one could be born full-grown, full-brained into the world, to him all new and

strange, inexplicable, thrilling, bewildering, he might have felt somewhat as Angelo Volney, son of the Italian guitar-player, felt when he quitted the presence of his benefactress. The past and the future were alike confusion and chaos to him; a jangle of wild discordant bells; a rushing of mad winds; a deafening roar of waters in the ears. He sat up a long time; lay long awake on his bed; and when he did sleep at last, he dreamed first that he was a ragged boy wandering through cold black streets; then, that he was pursuing fiercely, at the angry bidding of Lady Judith, a flying enemy, who hid his face until they two were remote from all gazers, and then turned round and smiled upon him sweetly and sadly with the deep planet-like eyes of the girl he had seen in the garden that day. This face, those eyes, followed him from that hour through all his phantom-haunted dreams; and ever the face seemed to be a part somehow of his coming mission and his coming history; and ever it seemed to be blended with, to alternate with, the dim and shadowy features, hardly seen through a veil of mist, which belonged to the being he was sent to pursue. His sleep—if such fever-dreamings may be called sleep—was unrefreshing; and Angelo was glad when he opened his eyes at last upon the bright sunlight, even although the very first moment of wakefulness brought with it the painful consciousness that there was opening on him a new life under wholly unexpected conditions; that the old familiar past had fallen utterly away from him; that he was a dependent, a waif, and an alien in a sphere to which he had no right, but from which the very nature of his dependency did not allow him manfully to withdraw. Yesterday he was in honorable and loving service; to-day he was a purchased slave. This was the first thought which morning brought to him.

Angelo Volney is the hero of this story. There was nothing very heroic about him, either in the meaning of the military gazette or of the modern novelist. He had never fought in duel or battle, although, perhaps, "he was likely, had he been put on, to have proved" as brave as most others. He was not of tremendous strength; not given to vast feats of drinking; not pitiless in the maltreating of less sinewy men; not addicted to the corruption of women. Indeed, some of your swashbuckler heroes of the modern novel would have probably thought that there was a good deal of the milksop about this young fellow. Perhaps, not being a hero, he was a little of a hero-worshipper, or heroine-worshipper at least. His earliest idolatry was for his poor mother. When a worthless and idle father died of heart-disease and rum, and left the poor Italian woman in misery, little Angelo used to beg for her, and tinkle the guitar for her, and go to the pawnshop, and thence to the bakery, for her. He would rise at daylight—in the bitter winter months often before daylight—and go out in the streets twangling a guitar as big as himself, poor little miserable mite! And if he brought home a few halfpennies, he was proud and glad. And if she had a few cold potatoes saved up for him, he would take them quietly into his peculiar corner of the garret, and sit there and eat the potatoes contentedly out of his little red fists—red with the wind and the work. Life begins so soon with creatures like this, that Angelo felt rather advanced in the world when he was six years old, and his mother grew so sick that she had to be taken to the hospital, and he, weary of her absence and his loneliness, although the people from whom the miserable garret was rented were not unkindly, wandered out into the streets, and fell asleep at last on Lady Judith Scarlett's doorstep.

After that Angelo seemed to have been changed into another sort of creature. It has been already told how Lady Judith took pity on him. She had, indeed, always some pity for the poor; and her stern religion—the monasticism

of Roman Catholic Middle Ages under a new name—bade her to accept the suffering inflicted on herself as a command to arise and do some good deed. It was her pride to show that no calamity falling on herself could make her forget a duty to others; and the very day that she found herself deserted she went to visit poor Mrs. Volney at the hospital.

"Heaven has been kind, very kind to your mother, my poor boy," said Lady Judith to Angelo that evening.

"Oh, ma'm, is she better?"

"Better? Yes; much better. Better than *I* am. She is dead."

The little man gave a great scream, and fell on his face.

All that passed like a dream. Angelo began to awake to a new life; a life to him as bewilderingly luxurious as that into which Christopher Sly or the "sleeper awakened" of the "Arabian Nights" was summoned. He always had enough to eat and drink; he had a beautiful white bed to sleep in; he never had to go into the streets when it rained; when the cold weather came, there were always coals enough in the house to make every room quite warm; and when the fire burned down, no one groaned or shivered or seemed uneasy, but at once more coals were brought, and the flames were made to leap up cheerily again. For a short time Angelo was allowed to go about the house like a little dog, running from room to room. Then Lady Judith took him in hand for a certain time each day, and taught him something; and then the boy transferred his idolatry to her: he simply worshipped her; thought her an angel of beauty, genius, and goodness, sent to save and make laws for creatures like him. Gradually there arose upon the horizon of his life an odd, eccentric, fitful little human comet in the shape of a pretty, sickly, elfin girl, whom the nurses pitied and girded at, whom Lady Judith, her mother, shunned as much as possible, but of whom Angelo grew unaccountably fond, and whom he soon could manage when nobody else could. Thus the boy became a sort of necessity to Lady Judith; and perhaps his open idolatry of her mollified and touched her—she had never before been anybody's idol—and at length it came to be recognized that she had adopted the lad, and was bringing him up as her son.

Of course her relatives grumbled and sneered a good deal, but no one remonstrated. Lady Judith was not the sort of person on whom any one would have tried a remonstrance. She never allowed Angelo to go to school or college, or to associate with other boys; she had tutors to instruct him after plans and principles of her own, which included little Latin and less Greek, but plenty of French, German, history, political economy, and chemistry. She never went into society, but she had frequent philanthropic and charitable meetings in her own house, and Angelo always acted as her secretary and amanuensis. Charles Escombe was one of the very few human creatures who had the general right of entrance to her house on the footing of a friend.

Lady Judith burned always with an implacable sense of wrong. She never for one moment, even when at her prayers, forgot that she had been wronged by her husband. She fed her soul on the memory of her injuries. When she did good deeds, she did them with a certain proud sense of greatness in thus trying to save a world wherein she had suffered. If she relieved the destitution of a man, she said to her own soul that she was thus heaping coals of fire upon the head of the sex which had made her to suffer. Nay, when she performed some beneficent action, she seemed to look up into the face of Heaven itself, and say, "Behold what I am doing in your service, although you have allowed me to be wronged and humbled!" Her grievance was her idol, and she offered up all

her thoughts, words, and actions upon its shrine. Of course Angelo Volney saw nothing of this. He never suspected for a moment that there was anything stern, or hard, or implacable, or egotistic in her nature. She was to him his Madonna, his guiding and governing angel, his star of the sea. He never analyzed or criticised her at all; only bowed to her and worshipped her.

Thus he grew up, living in London and in the midst of a certain luxury, but almost as entirely apart from the ways of what is called society as if he had been still following the footsteps of his poor guitar-playing mother. A certain grave sweetness was his most prominent and obvious characteristic. He had much of the gentle, gracious, natural courtesy of the land from which his mother sprang; and perhaps the shadow of his childhood, with its poverty, hunger, and orphanage, had fallen on his youth and his early manhood, and darkened what might have been its sunny brightness.

Up to this time he had lived wholly for others; not deliberately, or from any purpose or principle, but because it was part of his gentle, patient, unselfish nature to do so. He was the very opposite of Lady Judith in this: her best deeds were but a glorified egotism; the ego hardly existed at all in any consciousness of his. Perhaps the first question of self-examination that ever hinted itself to him was when his patroness told him that she desired him to become hereafter her daughter's husband. Even then the question rose less out of any personal doubt than out of the utter novelty of the suggestion. He had been so long accustomed in his quiet, devoted way to accept Alexia as a sister, that the idea of his marrying her seemed almost as strange as if he had been bidden to marry Lady Judith herself. But as yet no question of whether he loved Alexia or did not love her, whether the affection he felt towards her was the thing called love or not, or what love really was, had shaped or realized itself in his mind. He was some twenty-four years old, wonderfully efficient and acute in many ways, the right hand and often the guide of his benefactress, but as yet the real being within him had hardly been awakened. That handsome, olive-tinted, shapely youth, with the sweet, grave smile and the thoughtful air, is as yet only a soulless boy. Motion and strength, muscle and brain, are alive; but the soul, the reality of being and manhood, is yet to come into its inheritance. The first summons to it to arise and take possession was given when Lady Judith Scarlett told Angelo Volney the story of his childhood, and pledged him anew to her service.

CHAPTER VI.

"OUR ISOLIND."

"QUEEN of the western waves!" A city girt by three rivers and gazing on the ocean; a sea Cybele; a city lying on the edge of a bay not less beautiful than that of Naples, and gladdened by a sky of more than Italian purity and azure brightness; a city whose suburbs already stretch along banks and at the feet of mountains which well may rival those of the Rhine; a city from the roar and bustle of whose busiest wharves and thoroughfares, outroaring the loudest din of London bridge or the docks of Liverpool, you cross a stream and escape in a few moments into green woods fit for the revels of Titania; a city of stupendous contrasts—the most hideous streets, the most beautiful streets—masses of squalid huts, avenues of palaces—something worse than the Ghetto or Bluegate-fields here, something fairer than the Bois de Boulogne or Kew Gardens

there—in summer the fierce heat, the blazing, blinding sunlight, the tremendous thunder storms, the drenching torrential rains of the tropics—in winter the snows and the furs and the sleighs of St. Petersburg; a city in which everywhere, physically and morally, in buildings and in breasts, the prosaic and the poetic, the uttermost energy of the practical, the dreamiest visions of the ideal, are always contending—where men who have faith in nothing save railways and money do daily business with other men who see visions passing those of Swedenborg, and people the common air with forms dearer and brighter than those of any Rosicrucian dream; a city where nothing is held to be settled or certain—where John Law, or Fourier, or Johanna Southcote, or the Witch of Endor might be expected to appear any day and have a following—and where yet the highest teaching of European science is welcomed and studied as it is not in Europe's old schools themselves; a city of paradoxes; a city of magnificent possibilities contemptuously disregarded, and of seeming impossibilities conquered and reduced to the servitude of the practical and the real; a city which first repels and ends by fascinating:—such is, in short, the city of New York.

At this moment, however, the reader who follows the story can see New York but faintly. It lies there on the low lands across the waters of the bay: you can see two or three spires rising into the evening sky, and beneath them a darkling mass like a fog bank on the water, which darkling mass is one of the river-fronts of the city with its shipping. Islands are scattered everywhere over the water—some almost as large as an Ionian isle on which battles have been fought and of which poets have sung; some only large enough to hold a few buildings and two or three trees. Steamers of all sorts and sizes are coming in and going out: the long, lithe, narrow ocean steamer familiar to every port; the vast white floating castles or palaces which carry New Yorkers to Boston or to Albany, and the sight of one of which on the Thames or the Mersey would create almost as much surprise as if a Roman war-galley or Noah's Ark itself were to appear there; little yellow fierce-snorting, vicious-looking tugs; the tiny tidy boat of the Associated Press running to meet one of the great screws from Liverpool or Southampton; the ferry-boats, whose name is legion, panting across to the islands and the railway stations; the flag-ship of a famous and popular admiral who has just come into port; perhaps a Monitor, irreverently compared, for its odd structure, to a couple of Dutch cheeses on a raft; here and there a genuine raft laden with timber, telling of the Hudson and reminding of the Rhine. Over all is a pure lustrous blue sky, glowing towards the west into a sunset so gorgeous that Turner himself could hardly have pictured it or even fancied it, and deepening on the opposite horizon into magnificent and wondrous effects of reflected purple and gold. Truly the whole is a beautiful sight. Let the Rhine (not of Emmerich, but of the Drachenfels or St. Goar) flow directly into a vaster bay of Dublin; scatter the flags of all nations and the commerce of every port broadcast over the waves; let the atmosphere of Salamis shine upon the scene; and you will have constructed in your imagination something like the picture which the New Yorker may gaze upon any fine evening.

Not every feature of this, however, can be discerned by the group of persons now seated on the "stoop" or portico of a handsome villa that stands on a lawn looking down upon one section of the bay of New York. It is a beautiful evening of October, a little too early perhaps for that most exquisite, dreamy, poetic of all seasons—the incomparable Indian summer of the Eastern States; that Indian summer of which Hawthorne sadly remarks, that it has "a mist in its balm-

iest sunshine, and decay and death in its gaudiest delight;" the last and most captivating gleam of the dying year's beauty, the lighting up before death, before the grave of snow in which all verdure and purple are soon to be buried. The house in front of which the living group is seated is an elegant unpretentious building of stone, with creepers and flowers and shrubs everywhere around its verandahs and its "stoop," and in the grounds to the rear are masses of trees—the huge willow, to which that of England looks so small; the sumach, the tulip-tree, the hickory, and—seeming oddly out of place here to the stranger's eye—the poplar, which speaks of the Arno and the P^o. It is too late in the year for the myriad fire-flies of summer to flash and glitter on the grass and among the trees; but the shrill, peculiar, double-action throb of the katydid's manifesto is beginning to make itself heard from the groves and bushes.

The group consisted of an elderly gentleman, an elderly lady, and a young lady. The first was huge, heavy, fair, and benignant-looking; the second tall, withered, and yellow; the third bright, shapely, and beautiful. They were, in fact, the persons whom Alexia Scarlett saw at the Paris Exposition. The gentleman was Judge Atheling, the elderly lady was his wife. The Judge and his wife were seated on cane chairs; the young lady was standing a little behind, and was looking out across the scene with eyes that spoke most eloquently of content and admiration.

"Glad to see the old place again, Issy?" said the Judge, looking up at the girl.

"Please don't call her Issy, Atheling," remonstrated his wife.

"Why not, love?"

"Well, because it isn't fit for her, anyhow."

"Is not genteel, I suppose?" said the Judge with a kindly laugh.

"No, Atheling; but it don't sound nice, I think; it reminds one of a little girl in pantalettes."

"And not of our stately Isolind? Very well, love; I'll try to call her by her full name."

"Dear," said Isolind herself, coming behind his chair, and putting one of her hands on his shoulder, "I don't mind what you call me, if you like it. Indeed, I think 'Issy' pleases me, because it makes me fancy myself still a little girl under your care. But let mamma have it as she will; she knows best what is good for all of us."

"Anyhow, you are glad to be here again, Isolind?" said the Judge.

"Glad! Yes, indeed. I wonder what place on earth is like this. I feel a positive delight every moment in thinking that we are here at home again."

"And you don't want to go abroad any more?"

"Oh yes; I want to see every place—every place that I have not seen."

"Even England?" asked the Judge, with a twinkle in his blue eye.

"Well, yes; even England. But not just yet."

"When your patriotic fever cools down—when you can forgive her."

"Now please don't laugh at me. I cannot forgive her just yet; and I don't understand how *you* can."

"Nor I, Isolind," interjected the Judge's wife. "But that's Atheling's way always."

"Too forgiving, eh? Well, I suppose that's the way with men. Women are not much given to such weakness, eh, Isolind?"

"Indeed, I think women are generally far too forgiving; and so you have often said yourself."

"When you or the old lady wheedled it out of me, dear. Ah, well, I suppose

it is quite true; only I think perhaps women forgive in the wrong place, and are unforgiving at the wrong time."

"Everybody—I mean every man—laughs at women," said Isolind, with darkening brow. "We are not even thought worth the dignity of an argument."

"*Chérie*," said the Judge, "what chance should I have of holding my own in an argument with you? My dull, prosaic ways would prove as ineffective as if I were to undertake to debate in rhyme with your '*Atlantis*.'"

Isolind colored a little, and then smiled and asked, "Why *my* '*Atlantis*'?"

"Because the poems are just the thing to delight you; they have the same sublime dreams about woman's place in life, and the same magnificent anger against poor old Mother England."

"Stepmother England, dear," said Isolind.

"Well, stepmother, if you will. But, my dear girl, we all belong to England, don't we? Were not my grandfathers and grandmothers the Athelings of Devonshire? Didn't the old lady and I see their tombs and their monumental brasses, and all the rest of it, in England in 1851? And I can tell you *she* nearly shed tears."

"That is just why I feel angry, because our common parent cast us off, and was false to us. We do not care for injuries from the hands of strangers; it is the wrong done by dearly-loved hands that touches us."

The Judge looked up with a satirical gleam in his pleasant blue eyes.

"Why, Isolind, I fear you are plagiarizing, or you have been studying '*Atlantis*' rather too closely. *She* says all that kind of thing."

"Does she? Does she say it well?"

"Yes, she does. Perhaps I am not much of a judge of poetry; but I do think there is some good stuff, some of the genuine ring, about her verses. Don't you think so, mother?" he asked, rolling his great frame round on his chair, to get a look at "mother," and to put his question to her with expression.

"Why, certainly, Atheling; of course I do. But then——" and the old lady looked at Isolind, and applied a dainty kerchief to her face, and peeped out from behind it, and laughed.

"But what, my love? and what are you laughing at?" asked the Judge in wonder.

"Pray don't tell him. Keep him in ignorance; don't let him know yet; it would punish him justly for his obtuseness," Isolind interposed, all blushing now.

"Here's mysteries!" exclaimed the Judge in genuine surprise and affected anger. "Have we, then, plotters here in this peaceful nook?—spies, *mouchards*, Copperheads? What is all this confusion and ostentatious secrecy about? My wife, I command you! Break the seal of silence!"

"Why, you great goose——"

"Come, that begins well; that is conjugal devotion!"

"You great goose," continued the thin and tall old lady, rising to her feet, and patting her husband compassionately on the head, "didn't you say you had read '*Atlantis*' poems?"

"Why, certainly I did."

"And admired them?"

"Admired them—yes. I could not help admiring them; they are so fresh and genuine, and beautiful too, for that matter. I did not always agree with their notions; but I hope I didn't like them any the less for that."

"And you didn't think them like any one you knew? The thoughts didn't remind you of any one?"

"Well, I don't know about that. Yes, they did, though; that is to say, I

reckoned they were just the sort of thing that would suit our Isolind. I seemed to hear her talk sometimes as I read them. That is why I bought the volume and brought it home. Poetry in general don't take hold of me somehow."

"Then you did like the little book, dearest?" said Isolind, seating herself at his feet, and throwing her arm over his knee; "you did like it, and thought it worth writing and printing?"

"Of course I did, child. But it does not much matter what I thought, does it? Others, whose judgment, as Hamlet says, cried on the top of mine, have gone wild over it; indeed, it is the talk of New York—so far as New York can ever be said to talk over anything literary."

Nothing could adequately describe the pantomimic expressiveness of the delight which Mrs. Atheling exhibited while her husband thus spoke out his opinion. She smiled, she pursed up her lips, she drew her lips far apart, she threw her head back on her shoulders, she craned her head forward, she kept up a sort of running accompaniment or beating of time to her partner's words with the fingers of one hand on the palm of another; and she directed the whole performance at the blushing Isolind.

Mrs. Atheling was a woman who could sometimes, on due provocation, make use of a pretty sharp tongue, even to her husband; and she had been known to call him "a great booby" when he declined to do something which she thought necessary for his personal health and comfort. But she fully believed her husband to be the wisest and best man on earth; and she would have abandoned or adopted any opinion, any relationship, any friendship, at his bidding. She had already changed one form of worship to please him; she would almost have become a Mormon to please him, if he had taken it into his head to accept Mormonism as the true faith. He was original, eccentric, even crotchety in his very benevolence, as he was generally in his views of religion and social duty. She had no views or identity of her own, but passed for being original and eccentric, just because she did as her husband bade her. The good Judge was always starting something new: he had a fresh sort of creed, religious or political, about every other week. Only he always remained faithful and orthodox as regarded his beneficent spirit and his broad love of humanity.

While Judge Atheling thus laid down the law, and his wife expressed her approval and delight, Isolind sat with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Then she said, looking up at him:

"Dear, we are only too proud of your approval. It was a little scheme, a piece of harmless fraud, of mamma and me. We published the poems without your knowledge; we gave them to the publisher before we sailed for Europe, in order that they might appear in print during our absence, and we might be spared the agony of any cruel criticism."

"But who in creation are *we*?"

"Why, we two, of course—mamma and I."

"You don't mean to say mamma writes poems!"

"No, dear, not exactly that. She gave her advice, and was a party to the conspiracy."

"And *you* made the poems?"

"At least, dear. I put my true and honest thoughts into the best rhymes and verses I could make."

"Then our Issy is a poetess!"

The Judge actually rose from his chair, in order to allow free scope to his wonder.

"Our Issy is 'Atlantis'! our Issy is a poetess!"

Now the Judge's rising created some little disturbance. His great Newfoundland dog had been coiled up close to his master's feet; a large yellow cat was seated and purring on the Judge's left shoulder; a gray parrot had walked out of his cage on the "stoop," the wire door being left open for his convenience, and had taken up a position in the Judge's lap, where he was amusing himself by stretching up to bite the Judge's finger. The Judge loved all manner of animals, and was instinctively, and on the very shortest notice, accepted as the friend and confidant of all of them. No four-footed creature, no feathered creature, but took kindly to this good and loving man, and trusted in him. Had it been a different hour or season, flights of birds would probably have been observed descending and settling round this portly figure, waiting for crumbs of bread, and chirping notes of friendly welcome. Sometimes the Judge was to be seen meditatively walking up and down on his greensward with his cat on his shoulder, his parrot on his wrist, the Newfoundland dog plodding gravely at one side, and a saucy little gray pony trotting at the other side, and endeavoring to thrust his nose into his master's unoccupied hand. The Judge might be said to speak the language of animals. He could have tamed spiders if he wished it; and his friends used sometimes to insist that he was the hero of the old story about the man who had taught an oyster to follow him about the house like a dog.

Just now, as he stood up amazed, the Newfoundland dog, feeling himself routed from his pleasant place, rose and shook himself lazily, and cast a look of remonstrance, and almost of reproach, at his restless master. The cat rocked to and fro for an instant on the moving shoulder, but easily contrived to hold her place, steadying herself by fixing one claw among the Judge's thick and yellow hair; and being thus reassured as to her security of tenure, resumed her interrupted purr, as if to announce that all was right with her, and that her bearer might go on if he thought fit. The parrot made an immense flapping of wings and clattering of feet, but succeeded in attaining somehow the Judge's wrist; and having accomplished so much, proclaimed in tones of shrill exultation that "Polly wants a cracker!" after the fashion of parrots educated in New York. And while the Judge thus stood, with his happy family, human and otherwise, so grouped around and upon him, a "colored" boy, dressed, not in livery (to which the Judge objected on principle), but just as the Judge's son would have been if he had had one, came out of the house and handed him the cards of some visitors. The grounds, it should be said, sloped in front down to the water's edge, and were inaccessible on that side except by boat. On the other side the road passed through the property; and visitors coming that way entered the house by a door opposite to that at which the Judge now stood.

Atheling looked at the cards.

"It's Vansiedler, mother," he said. "Glad he has come. I have not seen him since our return. And there are two strangers with him apparently. Let us see. 'Mr. Angelo Volney. Wonder who he is; anything to the Ruins of Empires?' 'The Honorable Charles Escombe, London, England.' Now then, Isolind, here's a dreadful ordeal for you, poor dear patriot and poetess! This is one of the bloated aristocrats of England, my dear. 'Honorable' there doesn't mean that the honorable personage was once a member of a country school-board. It means that the person is a son of a lord. Shall we admit him, Isolind, or bar the doors and fire on him, or take him prisoner and hold him as a hostage?"

"You may laugh at me, dear," said Isolind calmly; "but I am prepared to dislike him all the same."

"I must go and dress," said Mrs. Atheling in alarm. "Isolind, you will not receive him that way?"

"O yes, of course she will," interposed the Judge; "and you too, mother, stay here; you are all right enough."

But "mother," who had a little weakness for dress, and perhaps for looking younger than Nature, or even art, would encourage, disappeared precipitately. The Judge went off with his cat on his shoulder and his parrot on his wrist to welcome his visitors. Isolind remained just where she was. She leaned against the porch, and was apparently absorbed altogether in contemplating the purpling sky of evening, and the waters which trembled and changed under its glow.

Isolind Atheling has been already described. She was in every sense of the word a beautiful and noble creature to look upon; a face full of thought and force as well as beauty; a figure rich with the evidences of a feminine strength and health not perhaps very common among the fragile, exquisite flowers of American womanhood. As she stood now, bareheaded and very simply dressed, with a certain expression upon her face which faintly spoke of pride, or sullenness, or defiance, and thus cast a kind of poetic shadow over features whose habitual look was bright and free, no one could have seen her without interest and admiration. Perhaps a poet looking upon her might have said that her face was that of a Corinna, and ought to have shone beneath a myrtle crown; but a painter or sculptor would probably have seen in the figure a form to bear a corslet, and be symbolized on canvas or in marble as some beautiful Amazon, some Penthesilea, some Camilla, or, grander and truer far, some Maid of Orleans.

Such thoughts, perhaps, passed through the mind of Angelo Volney, child of a mother from the land of art, as he advanced with the other men, and saw the girl who stood at the porch. She looked up as he came; and in an instant she recognized him, as he had done her, and for an inconceivably short space of time their eyes met. Then the Judge came forward and presented "our Isolind"—it was thus he spoke of her—to the Honorable Charles Escombe and Mr. Angelo Volney, both of London.

A certain quick inexplicable sense of relief went through our Isolind's breast. The dark-complexioned young man whom she remembered so well having seen in Paris was not the English aristocrat. That was something.

Judge Atheling's friend, Mr. Vansiedler, was one of the Knickerbocker tribe. What is a Knickerbocker? One of the grand old legendary families who live in what may be called the Faubourg St. Germain of New York; one of those who had grandfathers and ancestors, and are proud of them; who date back to Peter Stuyvesant and his peers and paladins; who are republicans with a picturesque old-world dash of legitimacy over them; who shrink back from Shoddy as a Larochejaquelein might from a Mirès; who would rather be poor, if needs were, than be mixed up with any of the vulgarity of modern wealth; and who would be offended if they were mistaken for residents of Fifth Avenue. Leave the luxurious vassals of Fifth Avenue, Murray Hill, and Madison Avenue, you inquiring European stranger of intelligent and pensive mind; wander towards the East River, until you emerge from shops and noise and traffic and modern activity into the solemn, stately monotony and majestic silence of Second Avenue. There dwell the Knickerbockers in dignified isolation, fading grandly away, *cito perituri*, but touching and sublime in their fall. Modern degeneracy has not reached them. Go there, contemplative stranger, in the twilight, and not in the garish day, and say whether even New York has not its ruins and its romance; whether even modern commerce may not have its old

noblesse, democracy its traditions of gentility, republicanism its legitimacy and its stately futile protests against a too clamorous and vulgar progress. The Coliseum has been done to rags; the Alhambra is "played;" the Faubourg St. Germain is worn out. Will no poet of melancholy spirit feed his sad soul with meditations among the Knickerbocker mansions of Second Avenue, New York?

Mr. Vansiedler had a town house in Second Avenue; but he had a country seat near the home of the Athelings.

"Our friends from London, Judge," he said, "have been kind enough to consent to spend an idle day or two with me before plunging into sight-seeing and travelling all over our country. Mr. Escombe you know already very well by name; and I knew you would all be glad to make each other's acquaintance."

Atheling had, in fact, no previous knowledge of Escombe's name. A name must have a great sound indeed to send its echo across the Atlantic.

"I am delighted to meet both gentlemen," said Atheling; "and I pledge myself to wait several weeks at least before I ask them how they like our country."

Everybody laughed; and Escombe acknowledged that he had had the question put to him many times already. Then Mrs. Atheling came up, now very much dressed indeed, displaying robes of youthful fashion, and looking very old and withered, but full of genuine simplicity, sweetness, and cordiality of manner. After regular presentations and formal words, Angelo Volney talked with the elderly lady; and Charles Escombe, bursting with desire for information from anybody and from everybody's point of view, dashed into a conversation with Isolind: asked her what she thought of the Woman's Rights movement; what was the proportion of women to men in the Eastern States; whether she had ever studied the public-school system of Massachusetts; and whether there were any new poets coming up in America.

Isolind found the British aristocrat a very agreeable person, despite his thirst for facts. She thought his manners friendly and pleasant, although he seemed to her utterly wanting in depth and in soul. He had hardly color enough to be set down as a butterfly; so she classed him rather as a quick, industrious ant, or perhaps a grasshopper. But he was interesting in his way, very animated, and thoroughly good natured, besides having great intelligence and a vast amount of knowledge. And Isolind felt disposed to respect him as well as to like him.

These two parted on the friendliest terms, frankly expressing to each other their hope to meet often; and Escombe protesting that he would not leave the country until he had converted Miss Atheling from her hostility to England. Angelo did not during the interview exchange one word with Isolind. He bowed to her at coming, he bent to her at going; and that was all. This was their introduction.

The English travellers were to dine that evening with Mr. Vansiedler, and sleep at his house. The Athelings, who led quite a simple country sort of life, had dined hours before, and were, indeed, about to have their evening meal very soon. But the Judge promised that they would all go round and spend an hour or two with their neighbor that night.

"How do you like them, Isolind?" asked the Judge.

"Mr. Escombe very much indeed. He must be quite an exception to his order."

"Why, my girl?"

"Because he appears to know something, and yet not to be self-conceited."

The Judge laughed.

"I don't believe they are all such dreadful creatures, these British lords,

Isolind. Take care that when you go to England some time you don't fall in love with one of them. How did you like the other young man, the handsome one?"

"Not at all. At least he did not seem a sort of person to like. He seemed cold and proud. He ought to have been the aristocrat. Or perhaps he is one of the class of Englishmen who think it beneath them to speak to a woman, she being the inferior animal."

"O poetess! O sibyl!" and the Judge put his arm round the girl's waist. "She divines England as Talleyrand said our Alexander Hamilton divined Europe. She never saw the dear little island, and hardly ever spoke to an Englishman; and yet she can describe and define this class of Englishmen and that class, as if she were a Dickens or Thackeray in petticoats!"

"Besides, Isolind," said Mrs. Atheling, "the dark young man talked to *me* a great deal, and very nicely. He seemed a modest, agreeable person."

"And to crown all, Isolind," the Judge added, "I don't believe he is English. But let him be what he will, I want to hear something more now about your mysterious poems. My love, I am proud of you; and I wish to read the volume over again, and more carefully, that I may be all the more proud."

Isolind's handsome and expressive face flushed with pleasure. Any praise from him was joy to her.

What were the poems of which so much has been said already? But, first, what of the poetess?

"Our Isolind" must have had a singularly clear, simple, and noble nature not to have been spoiled by the life she had led under the roof of the Athelings. In that sweet and happy home she had long been the absolute mistress. She was always known to the world as "Miss Atheling"; and she was always heard to address the Athelings as if they were her parents. Yet those who were intimate with the Judge and his wife were well aware that they had had but one child, who died an infant. Many years ago the Athelings returned from one of their long journeys, bringing home a pretty little girl, two or three years old, whom they called Isolind; and this was she. The adoption of children is too common in the United States for such a fact as this to set any one wondering or inquiring; and Isolind was soon accepted as a component part of the household.

At first the good Athelings were merely fond of the little child, as of a child. But she gradually came to impress them with a feeling of something more than mere affection. Her grace, her beauty, her sweet ways, were not her only or her chief attractions; as she grew into womanhood she proved to have intellect, talents even, of a rare order. She could learn anything and do anything. She was a musician, a botanist, an eager reader of all manner of literature that was worth the reading; and she practically contradicted the old-fashioned theories about literary women by displaying a perfect genius for the management of a household. She could darn stockings, if need were, or cook "scrambled eggs" or "succotash," much better than the hired lady from "the gem of the ocean"; and she had occasionally to prove her skill when such lady took it into her head to leave the family in the hour of uttermost culinary need. Isolind knew the details of the household much more intimately than Mrs. Atheling did, and was ever and anon referred to by Mr. Atheling when he wanted information about the value and condition of some of his sources of income. At the same time there was not the slightest appearance of command or determination in her. Whatever she did, or regulated, or ordered, seemed to be done—was actually done—only that she might save her benefactors the trouble of doing or ordering it. Then the Athelings were plain people: in the English sense, homely. Despite the Judge's descent from some grand old Devonshire family, his ancestors had begun in poverty their American

career, and worked up gradually into successful commerce and profitable land-buying; and Atheling was conscious that he and his wife wanted the graces which commend people to society. He was proud, therefore, of the gifted, graceful girl, who grew up to be the ornament of his household, who attracted so much attention and admiration wherever they went, and yet whose sweet, unspoiled ways never changed to those around her. Isolind was the eye, the brain, and the beauty of the Atheling home; and the master and mistress of the household cared little what they did, if it only pleased her and won her approval. Lately they had been travelling widely over Europe, and into Egypt and the Holy Land; and they deliberately avoided England to gratify Isolind's one whim: a keen spirit of hostility to poor Britain, born of Britain's puzzle and blundering during the American Civil War.

Yes, Isolind had perhaps one other whim, and it may as well be brought out at once. With her it was a principle, a creed; probably most people would call it a crotchet; it was a faith in some high and special destiny for woman ("Destiny" perhaps ought to be spelt in this case with a capital letter); some grand redeeming, elevating business in the scheme of human society, not limited to the mere producing of children on the one hand, or the registering of votes on the other. Pray don't turn away from her as unwomanly, ye on one side of the question; she had no ambition for the wearing of pantaloons, and would not have supported a woman as a candidate for Congress. Prithee do not scorn her as feeble, and lacking in proper regard for her sex, ye on the other side; for she disapproved of all legal limitations to woman's pursuits in life, and she did sometimes chafe against the tyrant man. Poor tyrant man! There was little indeed that Isolind claimed for her sex which the tyrant would not gladly have yielded to her; and there never was a man so prejudiced and stupid as to have denied to her, with all her aspirations and her demands, the charm of a true and perfect womanhood.

Isolind, then, had Views; and was a believer in woman's Destiny. Her belief, such as it was, became a passion with her. She would have died for it. Could she define it?

Perhaps not very clearly. Perhaps she could not easily have reduced it to a satisfactory formula. Truly, if no one ever were to die for a belief which he or she could not logically define, the bead-roll of martyrdom would not be long. But we may say that Isolind did not care much about woman's rights; believing that, after all, what woman really needs is the means of knowing and accomplishing her duties. She saw, or thought she saw, terrible danger for woman and her best influence between George Sand on the one side, and Susan B. Anthony on the other; between the freedom which threatens to be impure, and the freedom which tries to be masculine. Vaguely, perhaps, but very firmly, Isolind maintained, as the indispensable conditions of woman's destiny, Knowledge and Purity. To reconcile Knowledge and Innocence—to show that man's science can be combined with childhood's simple, stainless purity—such was the work of woman, according to Isolind's creed. To be the priestess of such a faith would have been her highest ambition.

Perhaps there were moments when she even dreamed of such a possibility. Perhaps in the nights when her poems welled up vaguely within her, or in the bright early mornings when they shaped themselves into sprays and streams and jets of song, she may have had some dazzling hopes. But she had too little of the egotistic in her to indulge in the intellectual sensuousness of any such dreamings; and she only did her household duties and went her quiet way, and made life happy, so far as she could, for others, and enjoyed it herself. She had

a nature rich in capacity for enjoyment ; no thought of beauty, no gleam of light, no strain of music, no breath of fragrance was lost on her. When her volume of poems (by "Atlantis ") appeared, they showed themselves the outpourings of an affluent and fruitful nature ; of an earnest, almost passionate soul filled with noble hopes and pure ambition ; they were, above all qualities else, sincere ; they struck the rock of many hearts, and "bade the living fountain gush and sparkle." They were the outcome of a young, fresh, generous, fearless nature—the nature of a woman without egotism and without affectation. Thus, and not otherwise, they were a success ; and, at any rate, they created a sensation.

The night of the evening just described, a pleasant group was gathered in the drawing-room of Mr. Vansiedler's house. Vansiedler was a man of taste and travel, and he had means enough to gratify his tastes sufficiently, although he was far indeed from being a wealthy man in the New York sense. His house had a good library, and every new book worth reading was sure to be found upon his table. He had a few genuine paintings, some bronzes, and one or two beautiful statues by American artists. In his pleasant rooms there were open fireplaces, not too common in New York ; and this October evening logs, not coals, were glowing on the hearth.

Mr. Vansiedler, his wife (like himself, a genuine Knickerbocker), and their pale and pretty daughter, the Athelings and Isolind, Charles Escombe and Angelo Volney, and two or three other people, were present. They had been discussing, among other things, the poems by Atlantis, the authorship being still a secret ; and Charles Escombe had been showing, to the great amusement of Judge Atheling, that the volume was clearly written by a man, not a woman ; because woman never really had any of the sort of ambitions and aspirations attributed to her by the poet.

"I don't deny that it's cleverly done ; in fact, it's deucedly clever ; but then, you know, women of that kind don't write in that sort of way. They go in for woman's rights, and that kind of thing, or they go in for nothing."

Angelo was sitting alone, looking at engravings and photographs and such-like. He had dropped out of the conversation somehow, and it seemed to Isolind that he looked melancholy. She had not yet spoken a word to him, and he had not approached her. But in America that which French diplomatic phraseology calls "the privilege of the initiative" seems to be vested in woman, unmarried as well as married.

"He is thinking of home, perhaps," Isolind said to herself. And she left her place, and went across and took a seat by his side.

"I hope you are not lonely," she said, entering at once into conversation. "I fear you are sorry to be away from home."

Angelo looked up with a bright smile, and the ice was broken.

"Not lonely in that sense," he said. "Indeed, I feel very much at home in this pleasant house, where there is such a welcome. But I have never been far away from my own home before—I mean from the place where I live," he corrected himself somewhat hastily, remembering, poor youth, how he had lately come to know that it was no rightful home of his ; "and perhaps I do sometimes feel a little strange, although everything I see is full of vivid interest for me."

"I never was away from home—I mean, we always carry our home with us, we three ; we never break up our little camp. So, I may say that I have never been away from home. In our tents in Syria, it was still home. After all, home means people, not places."

"With some, yes ; but with others home means places, not people."

"Not with you, I am sure," said Isolind, looking quite earnestly at him.

"No, indeed; I care little for the place, and all for the people."

"I knew that must be so."

"Indeed! Tell me how you knew it."

"Oh, I can't tell. One divines things sometimes—by the expression of the face, or in some such way."

"And one is wrong sometimes?"

"Yes, indeed. I think I had an impression about you first which was wrong."

Angelo nearly blushed. It is so delightful to a young man to learn that a beautiful woman thought him worth so much consideration as would go to form an impression.

"What was your first idea of me then?" he asked.

"I thought you were a typical Englishman, cold and egotistic, and——"

"To begin with, I am hardly half an Englishman. But go on."

"Well, I thought you were one of the class of men—are they not very common in England?—who look down on women with disdain as inferior creatures, and will hardly condescend to speak to them."

Angelo laughed and felt delighted. But in his breast there was a certain wonder. "This beautiful being," he thought to himself, "with the noble head and the eyes through which there looks such a glorious soul, can she really suppose that any man could think her an inferior creature?" The thing was to him almost inconceivable. To an ingenuous, pure-hearted young man, with poetical susceptibilities, a handsome girl is still simply an angel; and he can hardly understand that there are people to whom she is only flesh, bones, talk, and clothes.

He said, "I don't think such men are common in England. I don't know any such. For myself, I have been brought up almost exclusively among women; and I can hardly realize your meaning when you speak of looking on them with disdain. There is a woman in England who is a very divinity to me."

"Ah, I think I know who she is," said Isolind softly. "The beautiful pale girl I saw with you in Paris?"

Angelo smiled.

"No, indeed. I love Alexia very dearly, but she is not a divinity. I spoke of her mother, who has been my mother too."

The conversation was growing more and more interesting to these two. Angelo, naturally rather a shy and silent young man, was charmed with the frank and fearless ease of Isolind's manner, which had to him—only accustomed to English reserve—the piquant charm of novelty. But just then Mr. Vansiedler struck in, and broke the *tête-à-tête* by addressing Angelo directly.

"I have been telling our friends here, Mr. Volney, that I suppose you want to see all the remarkable personages you can during your run through our country, and that therefore I had invited quite a remarkable sort of person to meet you at dinner to-day. He wrote to say that he could not come to dinner, but that he will be sure to present himself at a later hour; and he will spend the night here. He's a representative man in his way—a representative of one peculiarity of this age and this country; although, by the way, I don't believe he's an American by birth. Judge Atheling knows him well—Chesterfield Jocelyn, Judge!"

"Why, you don't mean to say Chesterfield Jocelyn's here!" exclaimed Atheling.

"Yes, he has just come to town; and I have some little affairs on hand in which he is condescending enough to profess an interest; and I thought our friends ought to see him."

"Why, certainly," Atheling said. "He is an institution—not one perhaps to be very proud of; but, all things considered, he is a wonderful creature in his way. Do you know, Vansiedler, this is an opportunity for me too. I never saw him."

"You, Judge, never saw Chesterfield Jocelyn? Is it possible?"

"Never set eyes on him."

"Well, that is wonderful! Never saw Chesterfield Jocelyn!"

"Who is Chesterfield Jocelyn?" asked Angelo.

"I have read something about him," interposed Escombe, who could not admit the idea that there was anybody or anything he had not read something about. "Great railway speculation man, mixed up somehow with Mexican miners, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, as he is mixed up with everything. At present his chief enterprise is a scheme for the importation of Chinese into the Southern States from the West; but he is also concerned in a plan for the purchase of Cuba from Spain; and he is raising a loan here for Lopez in Paraguay. He made a heap of money years ago in San Francisco and Mexico; and he had a leading part in a plot for the secession of California in 1861. That fell through; and then he worked hard for the South. There are sensible people who say he ought to have been hanged or shot; and he has been in everything almost

"Rich, of course?" Atheling asked.

"Well, I don't know about that. No end of money must go through his hands somehow; and he ought to be rich. He is always bursting up, and then making a fresh start. He is a wonderfully able fellow—a man of inexhaustible resources. He is here to-day; heaven knows where he may be to-morrow or the day after. Quite a person to see, Mr. Escombe."

"Is his name Chesterfield?" asked Escombe. "It sounds oddly—Chesterfield Jocelyn."

"Oh, no; his name is Edwin Dare Jocelyn, or something of the kind. People give him the nickname of Chesterfield because he is so tremendously polite—the florid, old-fashioned politeness, Mr. Escombe, which is not very common out among us rough, new people." Mr. Vansiedler himself was a courteous and polished gentleman.

"It gets late," Atheling remarked. "I am doomed to be disappointed, Vansiedler. Your Chesterfield Jocelyn is not coming."

"I hope he will not come," Isolind quietly said.

"Why not, Miss Atheling?" asked the host with a smile.

Isolind was allowed the privilege of saying anything.

"Because I think it a sin of our society that such a man, a traitor you say, and a reckless devotee of gain, should be welcomed among us. To my mind, Jocelyn is a traitor as deep-dyed as Benedict Arnold."

"With a heavy dash of our Railway King Hudson," suggested Escombe.

Further discussion was cut short by an immense crashing of wheels and trampling of horses outside, and much bustle and hurrying about of grooms and helps; and then a colored attendant entered the drawing-room and announced, "The Honorable Edwin Dare Jocelyn."

The flush was still on Isolind's cheek, the sparkle was in her eyes, when the new-comer entered the room. He was a man of some fifty years of age, perhaps, rather above the middle size, and so stout that his figure might almost be said to approach corpulency. He was nearly bald—the forehead and temples were quite bare; but he wore a full dark beard and moustache, covering up the whole of his face from the aquiline nose downwards. Magnificent diamond studs

flashed from his vast expanse of white shirt-front. On one white finger was a ring with an emerald, on another a ring with a ruby. He held in one hand a double eye-glass mounted in gold and suspended round his neck by a thick gold chain, while a gold chain of different make was attached to his watch. He made a bow of quite surprising depth and graceful flexibility, considering the portly bulk of his figure.

"Delighted to have the honor of meeting you once again, Mrs. Vansiedler, and especially charmed to see that you enjoy such radiant health. Vansiedler, my very dear friend, it is indeed a pleasure to stand upon your genial hearth. Honored, I am sure, to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Atheling." (In Vansiedler's house the old-fashioned and very convenient ceremony of introduction was carefully retained.) "The distinguished name of Judge Atheling is well known even in the wild West. I rejoice to have the privilege of being presented to the Honorable Charles Escombe. I had the honor of being acquainted with Mr. Escombe's noble father—it surely was his noble father?—some years ago in Paris and in Madrid, when my noble friend—if his son will now permit me so to call him—was attached to the embassy of my other noble friend, the Earl of Clarendon."

Thus did Mr. Jocelyn get through his introduction with a compliment to every one in turn. Hitherto Isolind had kept in the background; but the host, partly out of good-humored sportiveness, insisted on bringing the new guest toward her. Isolind, it must be owned, looked somewhat sullen, and acknowledged Mr. Jocelyn's low bow with the coldest recognition.

He was beginning some speech of compliment, when he suddenly paused and gazed into the girl's face with a look of actual wonder. His words, whatever they were, seemed to die upon his lips. He glanced quickly round, as if he were about to ask some sudden question, then recovered himself, and repeated his bow, and that introduction was over.

In a moment or two he drew his host quietly aside and said,

"Your pardon, Vansiedler, I did not quite catch the name of that young lady yonder, to whom you did me the honor to present me."

"That young lady? Oh, Miss Atheling."

"Daughter of our friend the Judge?"

Mr. Vansiedler assented.

"Indeed! Of course I might have known it. Such a wonderful likeness to her father—I mean, of course, to her mother."

Vansiedler quietly smiled, much amused by this latter compliment.

Mr. Jocelyn seemed oddly discomposed.

"I dislike that man," said Isolind in a low tone to Mr. Atheling. "His presence fills me with a strange sense of fear and pain. The room seems to me to have grown cold, as if a harsh wind breathed through it, since *he* came in. Why does he fix his eyes on me?"

The Judge smiled.

"Admiration, no doubt, Issy; but I don't like him any more than you do, so far; and it seems to me somehow as if I had seen him before. Yet that can't be. I'll go and have a talk with him."

Isolind only repeated in her low tone, "I don't like him. I wish he had not come."

All this was lost upon the company generally; and Mr. Jocelyn now was in full and fluent talk again. But nothing that had happened was lost upon Angelo Volney. He had noted, with his quiet gaze, Jocelyn's start of surprise and the kind of shudder that had passed over Isolind.

IN AND ABOUT PEKING.

THE iron frost of a North China winter had but just yielded to the genial breath of spring, as the first steamer of the season landed me at the foreign settlement near Tientsing. Under orders to proceed with all despatch to Peking, I gladly bade adieu to ship-board, delighted after two months voyaging to find myself once more on *terra firma*, with no immediate prospect of being again cooped up within the narrow limits of a steamer's berth. Housed beneath the hospitable roof of the consulate, my few preparations for the overland journey to the capital were soon completed, and arrangements were made for the start on the day but one following my arrival.

Warned to rise early, I was not astonished when, at 4 A. M., certain uncouth sounds in my ear and a bright light flashing in my face bore evidence that a native "boy" was endeavoring to rouse me from the comfortable slumber induced by the unfamiliar luxury of a roomy bed. A few minutes sufficed to see me up and dressed, and after swallowing a hasty breakfast I received my passport and was ready to proceed. The distance from Tientsing to Peking is about eighty miles, and the traveller has a choice of three modes of conveyance—by cart, on horseback, or (except for thirteen miles which must be walked or ridden) by boat. Being at that time an indifferent rider, and hearing that "difficulties" sometimes occurred between newly-arrived foreigners, ignorant of the language, and the native boatmen, I chose the cart, and thus purchased an experience which, if subsequently useful, turned out to be unquestionably painful at the time. The machine to which my person and effects were thus injudiciously committed, was a sort of narrow box upon wheels, fitted with shafts, and having an arched trellis-work roof covered with canvas. It thus resembled a large perambulating dog kennel. Perfectly innocent of springs, it was constructed with a solidity that, to a suspicious mind, would have prophesied badly for the roads over which it was to travel. Under the advice of friends I had purchased a considerable quantity of bedding at a local store, and this was carefully bestowed on the hard planks of the bottom in order to lessen as far as possible the jolting, while a small trunk at the back end formed a pillow or seat, as might be convenient. Standing in the consular "compound," or yard, the turn-out looked tolerably comfortable, if not very attractive, and I ensconced myself within, happily ignorant of the suffering in store for me.

A yell from the driver at the two half-starved mules which formed our "team" put us in motion, and we lumbered out into the street. Never shall I forget that first experience of a cart ride. In a few minutes we came to a native street paved, or rather once paved, with granite, and every missing slab gave the cart a lurch which well-nigh dislocated each individual bone in my body. I had heard that camel riding was trying to a novice, and so I subsequently found it; but it was a mere joke compared to this. My head was banged against the sides, and my arms were nearly disjoined in the effort to hold on. As for the driver, who was perched in front, he took it all as a matter of course, and I afterwards found that the Chinese sit as loosely as they can, and thereby avoid much discomfort. Presently we got outside the gate and there was a slight change for the better, though it lasted but a short time. During the comparative lull, however, I could not help being amused at the manner in which one of our mules

performed his share of the work. A couple of rope traces attached to one of the projecting axle-trees formed his sole connection with the cart, such frivolities as reins being totally dispensed with. The erratic beast, thus left to himself, evinced an independence of disposition which, while in no way disturbing the equanimity of our Jehu, scarcely tended to our forward progress. In the more narrow portions of the road his efforts were, on the whole, in a forward direction; but no sooner did space permit than he persistently dragged off at right angles; occasionally turning right round and uttering a defiant bray which would assuredly have led to a forcible demonstration from anybody less placid than the average Chinaman. Instead of using the whip our driver remonstrated with the beast in language alternately persuasive and abusive, vehement ejaculations at length inducing him to turn round and pull properly for a minute or two, only to repeat his irritating performance on the first favorable opportunity. As he behaved in this manner for the greater part of the journey, the shaft mule must have had considerable "lee-way" to work against.

It is not worth while to record at length the discomforts of that dreadful day. After sixteen hours travel we arrived at the village of Ho-si-woo, where we rested for the night. I simply place on record the fact that at least once every two minutes I had been thrown from side to side, or from top to bottom of the cart, until my sole mental employment degenerated into wondering whether head, ribs, elbows, or knees would receive the next contusion. The bedding proved next to useless as a protection.

Four o'clock next morning saw us again on the road, as it was necessary to reach Peking before sunset, no strangers being admitted within the gates after that hour. This day's journey was but a repetition of the former torture, intensified by our passing over another granite-paved road. Inexperienced travelers to Peking should, I think, eschew carts. It will easily be believed that ladies thus transported have been found dissolved in tears at the painful shocks they have received. The best metaphor to express the sensation undergone that I have ever heard emanated from an Irish friend. "Ye feel," say she, "just as if ye were being tossed in a blanket, and the bottom of it was all deal boards."

The sun was getting low as our driver, pointing over a mass of foliage on our right, ejaculated "Pei-ching!" The self-opinionated mule pricked up his ears and gave a steady pull forwards; and I myself, tired as I was, forgot my fatigue as I caught a first glimpse of the world-famous capital of the "Central Kingdom." Presently a turn of the road revealed the massive wall stretching away on either hand, and Peking was before me. Right in front of us lay the Chi-huo gate, through the narrow portals of which poured a continuous stream of carts, horsemen, and pedestrians. On either side of the road leading up to it (for we had turned into the main avenue) were low, one-storied, native houses, chiefly shops, from which fluttered, resplendent in gilding and gaudy colors, the usual Chinese signs. As we reached the gate a dirtily-dressed native soldier seized the leading mule, and we came to a halt.

Understanding that my passport was wanted, I produced that precious document, and the dirty individual carried it into the guard-house. After an interval of five minutes he reappeared with it duly stamped and viséd, and we were permitted to pass on. I noticed that, although the guardians of the gate forebore to search my luggage on learning that I was a foreigner, an unlucky party of natives just behind us had to submit to a most reckless dispersion of their goods and chattels in the process of examination, one only of respectable appearance being exempted, thanks to a "metallic pass," which took place quite publicly be-

tween him and the officer. Fresh yells, however, at our mules, and fresh bumps to my body soon recalled my wandering attention to personal matters. A sudden "bang," in which the cart descended more than a foot with both wheels simultaneously, signalized another stoppage, and a fresh production of the passport. After another delay, a little longer than the first, we were clear of the passport barriers. Rapidly passing through the "Chinese" or southern division of the city (the mule gave up all ideas of independence as soon as he reached the gates), we entered the Chien-mên or central south gate of the Tartar quarter; and a few minutes more saw us safely within the enclosure known as the Liangkung-foo, then and now occupied by the British Legation.

That I was glad to reach the destination which terminated a journey of over ten thousand miles, and that the fatigue of the last two days made rest a necessity, despite a very natural curiosity regarding the strange scenes among which I found myself, are points upon which the reader will need no assurance. Before describing some of the more remarkable sights of the Capital, I will therefore take this opportunity of giving a very brief sketch of its history, and some few details of its general plan and characteristics.

Situated in the centre of the vast sandy plain which forms the southern portion of the Chih-li province, Peking lies 110 miles west-north-west of the mouth of the Pei-ho (North river), and in about the same latitude as Philadelphia. Its Chinese name is Pei-ching, or Ching-chêng (the "northern capital," or *the* capital). Its stormy history serves to show that the "unchangeable" nature of the Chinese government and institutions, so loudly insisted on by "stay-at-home travellers," is not in accordance with facts. Six different times has Peking changed masters amidst revolution and bloodshed, and many romantic stories are connected with its history. When last taken, a little more than two hundred years ago, by the ancestors of the reigning Manchoo dynasty, the last of the Ming emperors, like another Sardanapalus, collected all his wives, children, and property in the palace, and, having fired the building, hanged himself to avoid falling into the enemy's hands, when the smouldering ruins showed that the destruction was complete.

The respect felt by a Chinaman for the capital of his empire is the most profound. It is the political and literary centre of his native land. To speak the dialect which is the mother tongue of every Peking coolie, is considered to be no mean accomplishment, while inhabitants of the city are looked upon as a sort of superior beings. This feeling is of course fostered by the constant references to the judicial decisions of the Emperor and the "boards," as also by the fact that all promotion emanates from the same source. Fifth avenue is not more aristocratic in the eyes of a California miner than Peking in the estimation of Chinese provincials.

As regards topographical configuration, Peking may be roughly described as consisting in a large walled square, lying northwards of a smaller oblong. The walls of the Tartar city, as the square portion is called, average 61 feet in height and 45 in width; those of the Chinese city, or oblong, being only 30 feet high and 15 broad. The united circumference of the two walls, which are pierced by sixteen gates, is twenty miles and a fraction, and the included area twenty-five miles; but much of this is waste ground. The south wall of the Tartar city forms the division between the two sections, and is pierced with three gates. This city contains two sub-enclosures, one within the other, known respectively as the "yellow" or "imperial," and "inner" or "forbidden" cities, the latter containing the Palace and other residences of the Imperial family. Admission to this

quarter is strictly prohibited to foreigners, but they are at liberty to traverse any other portion of the Capital. Foreign curiosity has naturally been excited to learn something of that mysterious enclosure, within which the "Son of Heaven" holds his court, and whence the decrees which govern nearly four hundred millions of people daily emanate. But few particulars, however, can be gained respecting the royal apartments, though the arrangement of the buildings is tolerably well known. I was informed by a mandarin occasionally detailed for duty within the palace, that the Emperor's rooms were decorated with much taste, the floors being covered with vermilion varnish disposed in square patterns, and much of the furniture constructed of a hard black wood, indigenous to China, which takes a high polish. Carpets of yellow velvet embroidered with gold are laid down in several of the rooms, and it is said that the furniture personally used by the Emperor is framed in solid silver or gold. This, though possible, is, I fancy, an exaggeration, no tendency to luxury in this direction being observable in the houses of the upper-grade mandarins. The particulars given of the official reception-room are more reliable, as most of the grandees of the empire have at one time or another, made their obeisance to the Emperor within its walls. It is carpeted with rough velvet worked with yellow dragons, but contains no furniture except the throne. Chairs would of course be useless where none, however high in rank, are permitted to appear except in a kneeling posture. Of the throne itself the most extravagant accounts are circulated, the most sober stating that it is placed on a dais forty feet in height, and ascended by staircases, the whole being supported by an enormous gilt copper dragon with five claws. Although any account of a spot so sacred in Chinese eyes is likely to be tinged with exaggeration, there is no reason to doubt that the foregoing details are substantially correct.

The *coup d'œil* from the city walls is not particularly impressive, as, viewed from such a standpoint, it more resembles a huge park than anything else. Few conspicuous buildings break the monotony of the scene, the artificial mountain at the back of the palace, the "drum loft" or alarm tower, a few pagodas, and the various gate houses of the "inner city" alone towering above the low one-storied buildings embosomed in foliage, which constitute the Capital. No lofty spires, no delicate minarets rise heavenward, suggestive of "the art that was religion" in Christian or Mohammedan countries; and the heavy-looking pagodas seem rather to embody the idea of Tower-of-Babel-like defiance than of religious aspiration. Turning southward and gazing over the "Chinese" city, two temples of moderate elevation form almost the only exceptions to a universal flatness. The "poetry of architecture" indeed is nearly always wanting in China, where large masses of buildings are seen together. Still, although the eye is unsatisfied in this respect, Peking contains a good many buildings worth looking at in detail.

Let us make an excursion into the "Yellow City." Crossing the dry bed of a canal which fronts the Russian, Prussian, and British legations, we strike an angle of the wall, and following it along a street appropriately nicknamed "Dusty lane," shortly arrive at the Tung-hua-mén, or eastern gate. Once within its precincts, a marked change for the better is observable in the roadway, which is broad and well kept. Immediately fronting us is a narrow thoroughfare dividing the palace from the Si-yuan, or Imperial park, with gates at either end, and forming a means of communication between the east and west sides of the Yellow City. Access to this is, though permitted to the lowest coolie, absolutely forbidden to foreigners. The British consular students having been warned by their

Minister that any infringement of this prohibition would result in the offending party being immediately deported to Hongkong, a waggish member of their party gave it the soubriquet of "Colonial avenue." As we don't intend to be "deported," we bear away to the right. Presently we turn sharp round the northern face of the park, and on our left, partially hidden by the high wall, rises the Mei-shan, an artificial mountain composed internally of coal, and externally of earth dug from the ditches and pools in and about the city. Crowned with numerous pavilions, its sides and summit planted with picturesque trees and flowering shrubs, this curious hill, about 150 feet in elevation, is justly considered one of the wonders of Peking. The legend recording its origin states that a former emperor, apprehensive of the suffering which might ensue should the city be besieged in winter, and its communication with the mines cut off, determined to store a vast pile of coal within the palace gardens as a safeguard against such a contingency. Dissatisfied with the ugly appearance of the heap of "black diamonds" he had thus collected, he bethought himself of the expedient of turning it to account as an ornamental adjunct to his grounds, with a most successful result. Some natives however maintain that no coal whatever exists in the mound, the legend taking its rise in a foolish boast made by a former general during one of the many rebellions of which China has been the theatre.

Still following the wall of the forbidden city, and leaving on our right the Peh-tang, or headquarters of the French Roman Catholic Mission—the scene of the recent massacre—we reach the Yung Hu Chiao, a marble bridge of thirteen piers crossing the lake of the Imperial park, the view from which was described in glowing language by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. Upon a bright, sunshiny day the panorama is undoubtedly one of surpassing beauty, and almost realizes the youthful conception of fairy-land. The practical Anglo-Saxon, viewing it for the first time, rubs his eyes involuntarily, and asks whether he is really gazing on an artificial landscape designed by "the debased Chinaman," or whether some mysterious enchantment has not bewitched his sense of sight. The word-paintings of poets, the ideals of artists, are here embodied in material form. A pellucid lake about a mile long and a fifth of that distance in width, lies embosomed in foliage, among and above which rise in fantastic but graceful forms pagodas, palaces, and temples, their many-hued roofs glistening in the sunlight, and delicately contrasting with the masses of cool green around. Little islets support quaint but picturesque summer-houses, while the sacred lotus unfolds its beautiful pink petals in lavish profusion amid the floating leaves, as its contribution to the general effect. Such is the lake of the Si-yuan at Peking.

As we complete the circuit of the yellow city on our return homeward, we pass the ever-busy Chien-mên, already mentioned. As the chief gate in the southern part of the Tartar city, the traffic is heaviest at this point, and, even to those familiar with Broadway or the London Strand, is by no means contemptible. Carts innumerable, of the pattern before described, crowd the archway, their projecting axle-trees grievously endangering the legs of passing men and animals. Strings of camels put in a constant appearance, the foremost of each file led by some sheepskin-clothed Mongolian, and the remainder attached to their leader in a manner more primitive than humane—for to the tail of each camel is attached a cord, the other end of which passes through the nose-cartilage of his follower. The well-known antipathy of the horse to this ugly but patient beast, receives constant illustration in Peking, foreign horses absolutely refusing to pass it till familiarity has removed their fear. Even Chinese ponies

sometimes exhibit this dislike, while the cause of the commotion is quite as anxious to avoid them. A whole string of camels will sometimes become disorganized from this cause, even tearing the cords from their nostrils as they plunge about in all the agony of abject terror. They are, however, dangerous animals when thoroughly roused, a bite or kick being often fatal to its recipient. Generally, however, they content themselves with spitting at the object of their anger, and this is no light annoyance, for the article touched by the saliva becomes quite unusable, for reasons it is not necessary to detail at length. As an illustration of the extent to which camel portage is availed of in Chih-li, I may mention that on one occasion I counted eight hundred which passed me in a single forenoon's ride.

But clear the way! Here come the outriders of a mandarin, yelling at the top of their voices to the crowd, and dealing blows fast and furious at all who refuse to obey their imperative "Make way!" Sedan-bearers push their way through the crowd, hawkers scream their wares, respectable pedestrians edge their way along as they best can, and shoals of vermin-covered beggars in filthy rags that are an outrage on decency—for the bridge outside the Chien-mên is the chief beggars' quarter of Peking—importune all alike, and even kneel in front of advancing carts and horses. They know full well that a handsome sum will be readily paid as "hush money" by any one unfortunate enough to ride or drive over them, and so inflict a wound; for native law enacts that if any one be killed by a cart, no matter whose the fault may be, the carter shall be beheaded, the horse destroyed, and the cart burned. Proportionate penalties are inflicted for injuries thus caused, and the beggars naturally take advantage of a law which has of course rendered furious driving an unknown offence in Peking. When foreigners first took up their residence in the city they were much distressed at the numerous accidents which befell them in riding over beggars and similar characters. True, a dollar generally sufficed to heal the wounds thus caused; but so many dollars had to be paid that the tax became serious. Mentioning the matter incidentally before one of the "teachers," he gave them a piece of sensible advice. "Don't give anything to the next man you ride over," said he, "and you'll have very few more accidents." Sure enough, the next man knocked down, apparently helpless and blind, recovered both his sight and the use of his limbs when informed, in the choicest Chinese the speaker could muster, that his little game was "played out." From that day forward very few accidents ever occurred in the beggars' quarter. The native carters however are less successful in resisting this curious mode of swindling. Talking of swindlers reminds me that "Beware of pickpockets" is a very necessary caution in a crowded Chinese street. Their thieves show considerable ingenuity in fleecing the unwary. A very common mode of stealing a man's boots is as follows: A couple of thieves will watch the crowd until they "spot" some country visitor who, dressed in his best, has come to see the wonders of the Capital. One of them then steals alongside him, and dexterously twitching off his cap throws it on to one of the low roofs of the adjoining houses. No. 2 rushes forward and expresses the liveliest indignation at the practical joke played on the victim, who stands vacantly gazing at his cap, which, some six feet out his reach, will evidently be lost to him unless he can find some means of getting it down. His new friend asks why he does not climb up one of the slender pillars supporting the roof, and volunteers to give him a "back up," which the greenhorn accepts. Stooping down, the thief's confederate tells him to get on his back, but immediately remarks that he isn't going to have his clothes dirtied, and that the climber must

take off his boots before mounting. This he probably does. Tableau: the greenhorn at the top of the pillar ineffectually reaching for his cap; the thief and his confederate making off with the boots amid the laughter of the passers-by and the execrations of the doubly-sold victim.

And now for a visit to the once celebrated observatory. A short ride brings us to the eastern wall, and following it for about a quarter of a mile we come to the door of the enclosure. Leaving our horses in charge of some of the "street Arabs" with which Peking abounds, we may enter without fear of finding the animals gone on our return. The little imps are full of mischief, but they have considerable respect for foreign horses, whose strength and speed make them afraid to take the much-coveted pleasure of a ride. Besides, they dread that the *yang kwitzi*, or "foreign devils," as they politely term us (behind our backs), will find them out if they play any tricks, it being firmly believed that we possess some magic power of detecting thieves. The janitor at the gate asks in an off-hand sort of way if we are Frenchmen. No; we are English. The janitor's face brightens visibly, our Gallic friends having the reputation of never carrying small change when they go sight-seeing. "May we walk in?" Oh certainly; he will show us round.

We enter a small court-yard overgrown with rank grass and ranker weeds. In the center are two bronze castings, like the pavement, weed-hidden, and surrounded by railings. As we approach near enough to see them we are struck with astonishment. Two planispheres, chased with an art which recalls the work of the Florentine Cellini, stand in this deserted spot. They would enrich any observatory, or at least any art collection, in the world! We remark upon their beauty, and our cicerone says abstractedly, "Yes; they are well made." "Who made them?" He can't say. In fact, he is too busy speculating as to whether we shall give him a *tiao* or two, or put him off with a few copper cash, just as a prudent Chinaman would do, to heed our questions. We suggest that they were cast by foreign artists. "*Wo puh chih-tao*"—I don't know,—is all he can say.

But we know. These neglected relics tell us an eloquent tale. They remind us how, gifted with accomplishments of a rare order, impelled by a zeal which knew no obstacle, and a faith which never wavered, the early missionaries of the Roman Church planted the banner of the cross beneath the very shadow of the "Dragon throne." How they toiled to convert is recorded in the annals of their faith; how they so won upon the enlightened Emperor who then swayed the destinies of "the black-haired race" as to be appointed to fill offices of trust and to be employed as artists and men of science about his court, may be read in the musty chronicles of the dynasty. But their glory has departed, and tradition has not even preserved their names amongst the masses. My belief is not their belief; but no man, be he Protestant or Catholic, can read the histories of these men and follow their footsteps in the self-imposed exile they underwent without feeling sincere admiration for such zeal and such sublime faith as they evinced.

Our stolid guide, however, knows and cares for none of these things. He leads us to the tower which is built into the city wall, rising about twelve feet above its level. The two stories composing it are bare of anything to indicate their former use. But the level summit, overrun with grass and weeds, and sturdier plants which have even forced apart the massive stones, still bears the wrecks of astrolabes, and transit instruments, and sextants of fine workmanship and magnificent proportions. The glasses, regulating screws, and all articles sufficiently portable to steal, have long since disappeared. A hoary-headed,

frowsy old vagabond who does not even know the names of the long-disused instruments, inhabits the topmost story, and acts as "guardian" of this "Imperial observatory"—fit custodian of the all-pervading decay around him.

Standing on the raised platform where two centuries ago the lonely visitors kept their nightly vigils, and watched the planets as they revolved in their ceaseless cycles, a large building to the westward attracts our attention. It is the *Kao chang* or hall in which are held the periodical examinations. None but those already of a grade answering to Master of Arts can here compete for the degree conferred, which bear the titles of *Chin tsü* (advanced scholars) and *Han lin* (forest pencils); and the best talent of the Empire is therefore assembled within its walls. A queer place this, looking like a conglomeration of ropewalks, and containing nearly ten thousand cells in which as many aspirants compete for some three hundred vacancies. The candidate takes with him pens, paper, ink, and necessary food, a strict search being made of his person to make sure that he carries no concealed "cribs," and a cell being allotted to him, its door is closed upon him for good until the examination is over. He is literally sealed up, for strips of paper are pasted over the door-sill, so that they must be broken in any effort to open it. On such occasions a few are always found dead from excitement and intellectual over-exertion when the janitors remove the prohibitions to communication with the outer world, a conclusive proof that mental effort, however misdirected, is carried to a high point among the Chinese. As might be anticipated, numerous dodges are resorted to by unprincipled natives, both in the provincial and capital examinations, to evade regulations enforced with such inflexible severity. "Diamond editions" of the classics so small that they can easily be carried in the sleeve are frequently smuggled, and the more backward cover their arms, etc., with memoranda to refresh their untrustworthy memories. Upon the whole, however, but little evasion is successfully practised by competitors for the higher degrees.

The greatest glory of Peking lies in its temples, which abound in all directions, those without the city walls being even more magnificent than those within. We will take a look at the *Tien Tan*, or "Temple of Heaven," situated in the Chinese city, and a favorite resort of foreigners who appreciate a canter beneath the cool shade of giant trees. But on our way down let us turn off for a short distance westward, so as to pass through the *Tsai shih Kou-rh*. Nothing worth looking at here, you say? A simple space at the junction of two busy streets crowded with natives, its centre occupied by a pork-butcher's shop. But stop a moment. Move a little more to the right and tell me what you see. "A number of wooden cages hanging to a pole. But—dear me, how horrible! every cage contains a man's head." Yes; this is the execution ground of Peking, its literal *Aceldama* or "field of blood"; and to that pole are attached the wretched victims condemned to suffer the awful penalty of the *Ling chih*, or chopping up alive. They commence by inflicting a transverse cut across the forehead. The executioner puts his hand in the wound and tears off the skin of the face—You don't like such horrors? Neither do I; so I'll spare you the details of a torture so horrible that the very description sickens strong men. But seven human beings have been thus treated (to say nothing of decapitations innumerable, as witness the cages) since I arrived in this city a year ago, and I have frequently been invited by hospitably minded officials to go with them and see what I have described. One victim was—God help her—a woman who had murdered her husband. How do your North American Indians compare with the Chinese?

Hideous in their decay, with the death agony stamped upon the distorted

features, the putrifying heads grin stolid defiance to their surroundings. The sandy nature of the soil induces constant dust storms in the neighborhood, and the fresher heads—there are twenty suspended from the pole—are so covered with it that they look like brownstone carvings cut by some satanic sculptor. The sight once seen is not easily forgotten, and we may thank God that modern civilization has in our native land spared us so barbarous an exhibition. Still it is but a hundred years since the heads of traitors were still to be seen on the spikes of London Temple Bar.

What becomes of the bodies? Well, a few are claimed by friends, and the majority are carried off to a vast enclosure outside the city walls devoted to the reception—not burial—of felon corpses; but a large number are devoured by the mangy, peripatetic swine who take upon themselves the duties of scavengers until slaughtered by their owners for the purpose of conversion into pork. It will occasion, therefore, no surprise when I state that the appearance of pork chops on our mess-table (as once happened in defiance of the strictest orders to the contrary) subjected our native head cook to an experience which fully convinced him that the experiment was dangerous to his bodily safety.

But here we are at the gate of the Tien Tan. We have ridden through smell-pervaded streets of the vilest description, and, after crossing an open space lying inside the south gate, knock at the portal. A dirty-looking Chinaman opens it, and his heart, softened by the application of a Peking "shin plaster" of trifling amount, yearns toward us; so we enter freely. We are in a fine park two miles in circumference, in which wide avenues of noble trees alternate with charming meadow land, and we may almost fancy ourselves once more back in the far-distant West. The very air is different from that we have just left, it being comparatively unpolluted with the neighboring emanations. A short canter and we reach the temple buildings, the chief of which is a circular edifice roofed with glistening blue tiles, gorgeously decorated within, but, like everything else of a perishable nature in China, fast going to decay. Just beyond lies the altar which is celebrated throughout the empire. It consists of three hexagonal terraces, each about five feet high, built of white marble, and respectively 120, 90, and 60 feet in diameter. Balustrades of carved marble enclose each platform, and the whole are ascended by steps in the four opposite sides. Upon the upper terrace the Emperor once a year offers the sacrifice of a burnt bullock to the One God, to whom alone he is deemed to owe allegiance, he being the equal or superior of all others in the Buddhistic pantheon. Strange to meet this trace of a pure theism in the capital of idol-ridden China!

Numerous other buildings devoted to housing the Emperor and his retinue during the ceremonies, are grouped around the altar space, but they are bare of furniture, and present no features of special interest. Returning as we came (previously evincing our nationality by a small gift to the altar-keeper), we pass out of the gate and crossing the space before alluded to, enter the "Temple of Agriculture," which lies to the west of the Tien Tan. The buildings are but poor, though the little half-acre of ground on their right is of much interest. For this piece of common-looking soil is once a year ploughed up by the "Son of Heaven" himself, who, thus setting a right royal example, makes agriculture the most honored employment of his myriad people. Peking having been subjected to many changes and vicissitudes, it is by no means certain that this identical piece of ground has been the invariable scene of the ceremony. But it is easier to believe than to question, so we express no doubt when the keepers tell us that it has been thus tilled for nearly two thousand years. Privately our im-

agination refuses to realize the ferocious Genghis Khan, for instance, thus occupied. But what is Genghis Khan to the effete Pekingese of to-day?

It would be quite impossible to even name all the temples which might be visited in Peking, as native maps show several hundreds. As a specimen of those within the Tartar quarter we will take the Tung ho Kung, or Lama Temple, which is noteworthy not merely from its size, but from its containing the largest image of Buddha in the world. The measurements of this idol (which is over 60 feet in height) exactly agree with those of the image of gold which Nebuchadnezzar, as recorded in Holy Writ, set up in the plain of Dura. It is not, however, composed of so precious a substance, being constructed of simple clay, beautifully bronzed. A close examination can be made of it by ascending the stairs which lead to a gallery level with its head. Represented in a sitting posture, the image rests upon a throne covered with the sacred lotus. Behind it is a figure of Kuan-yin, the goddess of mothers, who carries a child in her arms, and bears a remarkable and often-observed likeness to the conventional figures of the Virgin and Son. For the rest, the temple is crammed with the usual Buddhistic idols, and occupies an important position as the headquarters of Lamaism in Peking. Most people know that the Grand Lama of Tibet renders nominal homage to the Chinese Emperor, receiving in return his (equally nominal) protection and certain valuable presents forwarded every three years; few, however, are aware of the enormous power wielded by the potentate of Lhassa, or of the very conciliatory policy adopted toward him in consequence by the Chinese. The foundation of this temple originated from such motives. There exists a custom in China that when a prince ascends the throne he makes over the building he has formerly inhabited to some religious sect. The Emperor Yung Chêng, who succeeded to imperial power in 1725, had, while a minor, occupied the buildings on this site, and he had the choice of conferring it upon Buddhists, Taoists, or Lamas. The latter had increased so rapidly that the power of their Tibetan head was beginning to excite much alarm and enmity among the Chinese of the Capital, and a rupture of friendly relations was deemed imminent; so it occurred to Yung Chêng that it would be politic to make over his palace to the Lamas as a sign of friendly feeling toward them and their chief. The result justified his action and peace has ever since prevailed between China and Tibet.

As a specimen of architecture alone this temple is probably superior to any other within the city. The delicate ornamentation for which Chinese buildings are celebrated, is here seen in its fullest perfection, and, wonderful to relate, in a state of fair preservation. Nets extend from the eaves to the walls to prevent birds from building their nests in the woodwork and so spoiling the colors. The curious costumes of the thousand and odd priests who inhabit the building, are picturesque in the extreme. If we visit it at the hour of evening prayer we shall see long processions of men clothed in long yellow robes with red girdles, yellow boots, and red or yellow caps of curious shape, between a mitre and a helmet, who pass around the great idol chanting in unison their invocations to Buddha, bowing at intervals, and at times separating into two bodies, who take up the song, like the *cantores* and *decani* of an English cathedral. As we stand within the dim, half-lighted shrine, the huge idol, type of eternal repose, looming in gigantic proportions above, the chant "O mi ta fo" rises from five hundred voices in barbaric yet not unmusical cadence, until we almost expect to see a visible movement of the figure in response to the pagan choir. The darkness deepens and the wierd nature of the scene increases; despite our common sense

we feel impressed and awestruck when, at a given signal, the worshippers suddenly and silently disperse and we are alone. For the first time in our life we conceive how an idolator may in very truth worship the senseless stock and stone.

Opposite to the Yung-ho Kung is the temple of Confucius, which not unnaturally attracts the attention of all visitors to Peking. It is said to contain an authentic portrait of the great sage, but I cannot speak as an eye-witness to the fact. One thing is very noteworthy of this building—that it is the only one I have ever seen in China kept in perfect repair. Within the great hall, which is of fine proportions, are suspended the “tablets” of each emperor who has reigned since Confucius lived and taught. The roofing is of yellow tiles similar to those used in imperial buildings. The real name of the temple is the Wên-miao or “Temple of Literature.”

Not far from these is the Pei-tzu, or Northern Temple, inhabited by one of those singular beings known as “living Buddhas.” It is difficult for foreigners to obtain access to this supposed divinity; but a little judicious bribery did its usual good service, and I am able to say that I have chatted with an individual who has seldom if ever been “interviewed” by any other “foreign devil.” The living Buddhas are reputed to be immortal, and the delusion is carefully kept up by the priests who, it is alleged, smother or strangle the unfortunate being the moment sickness prevents him from appearing in his usual cross-legged position on a dais, to receive the worship of the wondering crowd. His place is supplied by a youth previously selected and carefully trained, who in turn becomes the victim of assassination when similarly incapacitated. The “Buddha” I saw was a young man of mild address, whose intellect had been evidently affected by the unnatural isolation to which he was condemned, and the constant repetition of invocations to Buddha himself, in which he passed the weary hours. He had but little to say, remarking that it was warm weather, but expressing no curiosity about his unaccustomed visitor. Asking if he did not get tired of sitting cross-legged, he replied, “Sometimes.” Of his name he was, or assumed to be, quite ignorant. I cannot say that I added much to my stock of information by the interview, but as “immortals” are not to be met with every day, could not resist the temptation of making a call. I dare say the poor fellow, who was a mere tool of the priesthood, has before this paid dearly for his position, and has become immortal in a sadder and more literal sense.

Visitors to the southern portion of the Tartar city between the months of November and March, will probably notice in the streets certain curious-looking individuals, whose long pale-blue or white robes and singular broadbrimmed hats, made of bamboo filaments, with high crowns under which the hair is gathered in a topknot, at once proclaim them to be of a different race to the Chinese around them. These are natives of Corea, an embassy numbering in all one hundred persons being annually sent from that kingdom to Peking. The dress of the officials and richer merchants is peculiarly neat and elegant. Paler in complexion and more intelligent looking than the Pekingese, the Coreans are reputed to be overhearing in their manners and ferocious in their hatred of foreigners. That there is some ground for the assertion is undoubted, as but four years since they burnt an American schooner which visited their capital, with its entire crew; and the servants of the embassy to Peking made a practise of stoning all foreigners who came near them during the first year of our residence. Subsequent personal experience, however, leads me to speak of them more favorably, as I invariably received much courtesy on visiting and conversing with

their people. In returning our visits they became somewhat tiresome, prolonging their stay till we were obliged to suggest that they should leave. They evinced a childish curiosity at our furniture, clothes, etc., and proposed to buy almost everything they saw. During their stay in 1864 they ordered, through foreign residents, an electric machine, two medico-galvanic machines, an harmonicon (a sort of portable melodeon), and several other articles of foreign manufacture, paying for the whole in advance. The purchase of the harmonicon struck me as curious, for the Coreans are supposed to have no ear for foreign music, their octave consisting, it is said, in six whole tones, very nearly answering to the sharps and flats of our piano keyboard, without any semi-tones. A year afterwards, when visiting Tientsing, I was informed by a resident who imported musical instruments, that the Coreans were his chief customers for melodeons and harmonicons, the last visit of their Chinese agent having cleared out his whole stock.

Still more commonly met with during the same period of the year, but far less intelligent, are the Mongolians, who hold an annual winter market in an open space within the city, reserved for their use, near the foreign legations. Two peculiarities render them objectionable as intimate acquaintances though by far the most good-natured of the various tribes met with in Peking. They are washed only once in a lifetime (when they are born), a repetition of that ceremonial not taking place until after death, when the body is washed for interment; and they wear sheepskins tanned, or prepared, with rancid butter. That there is no accounting for taste in dress has long been admitted by philosophers; but few nations indulge in so loud-smelling a costume as the Mongolians. In feature they resemble the Kalmuck Tartars; but their women are, if possible, uglier—in fact the most hideous Hottentot female ever beheld is, comparatively speaking, beautiful. A piece of dirty-brown leather stamped with a human countenance in low relief gives the nearest artificial approach to their likeness, short of an actual plaster cast. Add to this that the women dress like the men in filthy sheepskins, rabbit-skin hats, and boots of untanned leather, and their charming appearance may be guessed at. And yet they are still women! Though by no means

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please

at any time, they are hospitable and talkative; and if not exactly ministering "angels" to the tired traveller who takes shelter beneath their roof, are the nearest approach to anything angelic which the great Mongolian plateau affords. Most foreigners pick up a few phrases of civility in their language, and a cheerful "Mun-do" ("All hail"—how are you?) to them in passing, invariably receives a hearty "Mundo, Mundo-ah" in response, followed by "Chi-ha chi-na?" (Where are you going?)—a phrase pertinent enough when addressed to the strangers they meet in their wanderings over the great northern desert whence come these good-natured but unsavory folk, if a little out of place in the crowded streets of Peking. The camels which form their principal property, and from whose milk they form an atrocious libel on what we call cheese, compare favorably with their masters and mistresses in the matter of looks, but are far less placable in disposition.

The Mongolians are the "Johnny Raws" or "Greenhorns" of Peking and the cities of North China, and the cunning Chinese generally pluck them pretty completely. Sometimes, however, the biter gets bitten, and some good stories are told illustrative of this fact. One, though told before by a French traveller, is so good that it will bear telling again, being I believe new to the mass of

American readers: A certain Mongolian upon paying his annual visit to a frontier town was cheated by a Chinese, who in receiving payment from him for goods purchased, used a false scale in weighing the silver, and so compelled him to pay several *taels*, or ounces, more than was just. (I need scarcely observe that silver in the lump is the only currency in North China except copper "cash," valued at one-fifth of a cent each.) Remonstrance proved vain, the Chinamen being supported by a crowd who gathered round during the progress of the dispute and took part against the Mongolian. So the latter took his departure; but, being sharper than the majority of his countrymen, vowed he would yet be equal with his cheating friend. Owing to the more than Dutch placidity of the race, the Chinese entertain no fear of their resorting to violence, should they discover that they have been cheated. They are sure to return the following year to the same shops, there to undergo the identical process of being shorn they have before experienced. The knave in question therefore felt no surprise, when early next winter his former victim again presented himself, his gawky geniality in no way diminished and his anxiety to "trade" quite as strong as before. When the time came for payment the Mongolian handed over a silver "shoe" of sycee (silver bullion), which weighed exactly fifty ounces; and, as he had anticipated, it was valued by the Chinaman at forty-seven, although stamped with its proper weight. He mildly protested, assured the cheat that he must be mistaken, and finally begged for a receipt stating its exact weight in order, as he said, to recover the difference from the man from whom he received it. This the Chinaman, glad to get rid of his supposed "pigeon" so easily, willingly gave, and the Mongolian walked off seeming quite satisfied.

Quite naturally the Chinaman began to handle the "shoe" when its late owner had left, and presently thought it would be an agreeable occupation to cut it up and put by the amount out of which he had cheated him. But this process revealed the alarming fact that the mass was spurious, being base metal cleverly covered with silver, but weighing exactly the fifty ounces it represented. To appeal to the authorities and get the Mongolian arrested was the work of a very short time, and before the day was out accuser and accused were before the magistrate, to whom the Chinaman stated that the prisoner had paid him the false shoe produced. Although the penalty of passing spurious bullion is decapitation, the Mongolian took matters very easily, and when called upon for his defence simply desired the magistrate to ask if the prosecutor had not received another shoe from him in payment of his account.

No, the Chinaman was positive that the shoe produced was the only piece of bullion handed him by the prisoner.

"How much does it weigh?" said the Mongolian.

"Fifty *taels*," replied the Chinaman unwarily; for it was so marked and really weighed that amount, and he had forgotten all about the receipt.

"Well," replied the other triumphantly, "here is the prosecutor's receipt for a shoe weighing *forty-seven taels*. It is therefore obvious that I could not have paid him the one produced."

The Chinaman was fairly caught. The magistrate was a shrewd man, who saw at once how the cheat had been outwitted. He decided in favor of the Mongolian, and the complainant got a flogging, which effectually prevented his enjoying his usual seat at the counter any more for that week at least.

But I must bring this paper to a conclusion, or some of its pages will run the risk of excision by editorial scissors, necessarily ruthless in their literary surgery. Perhaps we may meet again; till then, reader, farewell.

N. B. DENNYS.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

IT can be no satisfaction to any true American citizen to entertain the belief that any President of the United States has ever been guilty of treason, or an inclination toward treason, either in act or thought. On the contrary, it must be a subject of congratulation to every such citizen to know, if it really be the fact, that we have never yet had a President of whom it may not be said, "He was honestly devoted to what he conscientiously believed to be the best interests of his country; in a word, he was a patriot."

In the heat of party excitement, accusations more or less grave have been made against each and all of our Presidents, not excepting the Father of his Country; but probably no one of them has ever been pursued with charges more serious or with a rancor more unrelenting than James Buchanan, not only during his presidency and the subsequent years of his retirement, but since his death.

I do not propose to enter upon a discussion of the questions generally which divided the Democratic and Republican parties at and after his election, but to touch briefly upon two points only: 1. The unjust censure cast upon Mr. Buchanan in the allegation that he was opposed to coercing the seceding States; and, 2. The charge that he favored the South to an extent in its nature treasonable.

Regarding the first allegation, it would be presumption in me to attempt to offer any observations of my own, after Judge Black's able exposition of this subject in the June number of *THE GALAXY*; but I think it will be interesting to the general reader to hear what Mr. Buchanan himself says on this much controverted doctrine, and as I have his book before me, entitled "*Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion*," published in 1866, I will make a copious extract from it.

To illustrate his views, he quotes from his annual message of December 3, 1860, to Congress, going at length into facts and arguments to show that the right of a State to secede from the Union does not exist under the Constitution. He says:

"In order to justify secession as a constitutional remedy, it must be on the principle that the Federal Government is a mere voluntary association of States, to be dissolved at pleasure by any one of the contracting parties. If this be so, the Confederacy is a rope of sand, to be penetrated and dissolved by the first adverse wave of public opinion in any of the States. In this manner our thirty-three States may resolve themselves into as many petty, jarring, and hostile republics, each one retiring from the Union without responsibility whenever any sudden excitement might impel them to such a course. By this process a Union might be entirely broken into fragments in a few weeks, which cost our forefathers many years of toil, privation, and blood to establish. Such a principle is wholly inconsistent with the history as well as the character of the Federal Constitution."

After enforcing this patriotic view of the subject, demonstrating the illegality and folly, as well as the wickedness of secession, he proceeds:

"Then follows the opinion expressed in the message, that the Constitution has conferred no power on the Federal Government to coerce a *State* to remain in the Union. [*The italicizing is his.*] The following is the language: 'The

question fairly stated is, Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to make war against a State.

"After much serious reflection [this and the following paragraph he quoted from his message] I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the Federal Government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not necessary and proper for carrying into execution any one of these powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution.

"It appears from the proceedings of that body that on the 31st May, 1787, the clause "*authorizing an exertion of the force of the whole against a delinquent State*" came up for consideration. Mr. Madison opposed it in a brief but powerful speech, from which I shall extract but a single sentence. He observed: "The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound." Upon his motion the clause was unanimously postponed, and was never, I believe, again presented. Soon afterward, on the 8th June, 1787, when incidentally adverting to the subject, he said: "Any government for the United States, formed on the supposed practicability of using force against the unconstitutional proceedings of the States, would prove as visionary and fallacious as the government of Congress," evidently meaning the then existing Congress of the old Confederation."

"The Republican party have severely but unjustly criticised this portion of the message, simply because they have not chosen to take the distinction between the power to make war against a State in its sovereign character, and the undoubted power to enforce the laws of Congress directly against individual citizens thereof within its limits. It was chiefly to establish this very distinction that the Federal Constitution was framed. The Government of the old Confederation could act only by requisitions on the different States, and these, as we have seen, obeyed or disobeyed according to their own discretion. In case of disobedience, there was no resort but to actual force against them, which would at once have destroyed the Confederacy. To remove the necessity for such a dangerous alternative, the present Constitution, passing over the governments of the States, conferred upon the Government of the United States the power to execute its own laws directly against their people. Thus all danger of collision between the Federal and State authorities was removed, and the indissoluble nature of the Federal Union established. The Republican party have, notwithstanding, construed the message to mean a denial by the President of the power to enforce the laws against the citizens of a State after secession, and even after actual rebellion. The whole tenor, not only of this message, but of the special message of January 8, 1861, contradicts and disproves this construction. Indeed, in the first clause of the message immediately preceding that relied upon, and whilst South Carolina was rapidly rushing to secession, he expressed his determination to execute the revenue laws whenever these should be resisted, and to defend the public property against all assaults. And in the special message, after South Carolina and other States had seceded, he reiterated this declaration, maintaining both his right and his duty to employ military force for this purpose. Having proved secession to be a mere nullity, he considered the

States which had seceded to be still within the Union, and their people equally bound as they had been before to obey the laws.

"The Disunionists, unlike the Republicans, placed the correct construction upon both messages, and therefore denounced them in severe terms.

"The President was gratified to observe that Senator Johnson of Tennessee, a few days after the date of the first message, placed this subject in its true light, and thereby exposed himself to similar denunciations. In his speech of December 18, 1860 ("Congressional Globe," p. 119), he says: 'I do not believe the Federal Government has the power to coerce a State, for by the eleventh amendment of the Constitution of the United States it is expressly provided that you cannot even put one of the States of this Confederacy before one of the courts of the country as a party. As a State, the Federal Government has no power to coerce it; but it is a member of the compact to which it agreed in common with the other States, and this Government has the right to pass laws, and to enforce those laws upon individuals within the limits of each State. While the one proposition is clear, the other is equally so. This Government can, by the Constitution of the country, and by the laws enacted in conformity with the Constitution, operate upon individuals, and has the right and the power not to coerce a State, but to enforce and execute the law upon individuals within the limits of a State.'

"Sound doctrine, and in conformity with that of the framers of the Constitution! Any other might, according to Mr. Madison, have been construed by the States in rebellion as a dissolution of their connection with the other States, and recognized them as independent belligerents on equal terms with the United States. Happily, our civil war was undertaken and prosecuted in self-defence, not to coerce a State, but to enforce the execution of the laws within the States against individuals, and to suppress an unjust rebellion raised by a conspiracy among them against the Government of the United States."

Such was Mr. Buchanan's belief in regard to the power of the General Government to coerce a *State*. His official acts were made to conform to this conviction; and out of this came the charge of weakness and treachery, which I will also meet, not so much by any remarks of my own as by the testimony readily at hand of other witnesses entitled to the fullest credit. The facts, however, speak for themselves. Judge Black, in the article referred to, has presented Mr. Buchanan's position in this regard clearly and truthfully; and I venture the opinion that there are few, if any, fair-minded persons of any political party whatever, who, when they bring to mind the actual state of things existing during the closing months of Mr. Buchanan's administration, will not admit that great injustice has been done him by the thoughtless accusations against him of timidity, weakness, and treachery. That he was cautious there is no doubt; and it is equally certain now that in his caution there was great wisdom. Had he been rash, instead of cautious and forbearing as he was, in all probability active hostilities would have been inaugurated in January or February, 1861. Maryland as well as Virginia would have been forced to declare for secession, the rebels would have seized and held Washington, as I firmly believe it was their intention to do, and, as was also their purpose I am just as firmly convinced, Mr. Lincoln's inauguration would have been prevented. The city was swarming with secessionists both in and out of office, and there was a feeling of insecurity fearful to contemplate, which found relief only when, through the patriotic foresight of the Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, supported by the President and the rest of the Cabinet, a well-appointed corps of United States troops was brought here from the West to preserve the public peace.

The policy of the Government, however, was purely defensive ; and this policy and the effect of it cannot be better illustrated than by the answer made by Mr. Holt in a publication, in September, 1865, to the false charge that the cannon of Fort Sumter had "been muzzled by treaty stipulations."

He says :

"That the batteries around Sumter were not fired upon while in course of construction, was because the President shrank from the dread responsibility of inaugurating civil war, and deemed forbearance his duty ; not because he was restrained by any agreement or understanding whatever. Looking at the glorious results of the war, and remembering how wondrously Providence has dealt with us in its progress, and how sublimely the firing *upon*, instead of *from*, Fort Sumter, served to arouse, instruct, and unite the nation, and to inflame its martial and patriotic spirit, we stand awe-struck and mute ; and that man would be bold indeed, who, in the presence of all that has occurred, should now venture to maintain that the policy of forbearance was not at the moment the true policy."

Nor, as is well known, did this policy of forbearance cease with Mr. Buchanan's administration. It was continued for some time after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and to a degree much beyond anything of the kind under his predecessor. They even went so far (according to Judge Black's statement, which I have not seen contradicted) as to vote six to one in Cabinet in favor of surrendering Fort Sumter ! Strange, indeed, if such were the fact ! But, be this as it may, we have the undoubted testimony of the Hon. Gideon Welles, the able and courteous Secretary of the Navy during the administrations of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, that extreme leniency was practised toward the people in the Southern States up to the firing upon Fort Sumter ; and this may be taken as evincing on the part of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet the strongest approbation of Mr. Buchanan's line of policy, much more restrained to be sure, in the same direction. Allow me to reproduce here some of Mr. Welles's observations, as given in *THE GALAXY* of July last, on this point. He remarks :

"At the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and for several weeks thereafter, he and others indulged the hope of a peaceful solution of the pending questions, and a desire, amounting almost to a belief, that Virginia and the other border States might, by forbearance and a calm and conciliatory policy, continue faithful to the Union. Two-thirds of the Convention then in session at Richmond were elected as opponents of secession, and the people of that State were in about that proportion opposed to it. But the Union element in the Convention and out of it was passive and acquiescent, while the secessionists were positive, aggressive, and violent ; and, as is almost always the case in revolutionary times, the aggressive force continually increased in strength and exactions at the expense of those who were peacefully inclined. It was charged that the new Administration was inimical to the South, was hostile to Southern institutions, and would use its power to deprive the people and States of their rights by coercive measures. In order to counteract these unfounded prejudices and to do away with these misrepresentations, which were embarrassing to the Administration just lunched upon a turbulent sea, and to conciliate the people of Virginia and the Convention then in session, the President desired that there should be no step taken which would give offence ; and to prevent any cause of irritation, he desired that not even the ordinary local political changes which are usual on a change of administration should be made. In regard to the Navy-yard at Norfolk, he was particularly solicitous that there should be no action taken which would indicate a want of confidence in the authorities and people, or which

would be likely to beget distrust. No ships were to be withdrawn, no fortifications erected. . . .

"Not until the last of March did the President fully and finally decide to attempt to relieve Fort Sumter. . . .

"The attempt to relieve Major Anderson, though a military question, was a political necessity. *It became a duty of the Government after all conciliatory efforts were exhausted.*"

In allusion to his order of April 18th, 1861, to Commodore Paulding "to proceed forthwith to Norfolk and take command of all the naval forces there afloat," and "with the means placed at his command to do all in his power to protect and place beyond danger the vessels and property belonging to the United States," he says :

"This order was to repel, not to assail; *the Administration continued to be forbearing*, and to the last was not aggressive. Extreme men were dissatisfied and censorious because the Administration did not attack, though not prepared. On to Sumter was the word, as at a later period the cry, equally inconsiderate, was, 'On to Richmond.'"

Without specifying the many slanders promulgated against Mr. Buchanan in respect to his conduct and sentiments touching the war after its commencement and during its progress, I think the time has arrived to lay before the public extracts of letters from him in my possession, which ought to remove the false impressions that many persons have no doubt honestly entertained on the subject, from too confident a reliance upon reckless partisan statements. I shall omit, mostly, those parts of a personal or private nature, confining myself mainly to his observations upon public affairs. His first letter, which I will offer, is dated—

"WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, July 13, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: My late severe illness has hitherto prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of May last. . . .

"The future of our country presents a dark cloud through which my vision cannot penetrate. The assault upon Fort Sumter was the commencement of war by the Confederate States, and no alternative was left but to prosecute it with vigor on our part. Up to and until all social and political relations ceased between the secession leaders and myself, I had often warned them that the North would rise to a man against them if such an assault were made. No alternative seems now to be left but to prosecute hostilities, unless the seceding States shall return to their allegiance, or until it shall be demonstrated that this object, which is nearest my heart, cannot be accomplished. From present appearances it seems certain that they would accept no terms of compromise short of an absolute recognition of their independence, which is impossible. I am glad that General Scott does not underrate the strength of his enemy, which would be a great fault in a commander. With all my heart and soul I wish him success. I think that some very unfit military appointments have been made, from which we may suffer in some degree in the beginning; but ere long merit will rise to its appropriate station. It was just so at the commencement of the war of 1812. I was rejoiced at the appointment of General Dix, and believe he will do both himself and the country honor.

"Very respectfully, your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

"WHEATLAND, September 18, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I think I can perceive in the public mind a more fixed, resolute, and determined purpose than ever to prosecute the war to a successful termination with all the men and means in our power. Enlistments are now proceeding much more rapidly than a few weeks ago, and I am truly glad of it. The time has passed for offering compromises and terms of peace to the seceded States. We well know that, under existing circumstances, they would accept of nothing less than a recognition of their independence, which it is impossible that we should grant. There is a time for all things under the sun; but surely this is not the moment for paralyzing the arm of the National Administration by a suicidal conflict among ourselves, but for bold, energetic, and united action. The Democratic party has ever been devoted to the Constitution and the Union, and I rejoice that among the many thousands who have rushed to their defence in this the hour of peril, a large majority belong to that time-honored party.

"I sat down to write you a few lines; but find that my letter has swelled into large proportions.

"From your friend,

"Very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

"WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, November, 12, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . By the by, it is difficult to imagine how it was possible to mystify so plain a subject under the laws of war, as an exchange of prisoners with the rebels, so as to make it mean a recognition in any form, however remote, of their confederacy. It admits nothing but that your enemy, whether pirate, rebel, Algerine, or regular government, has got your soldiers in his possession. The exchange admits nothing beyond. The laws of humanity are not confined to any other limit. The more barbarous and cruel the enemy, the greater is the necessity for an exchange; because the greater is the danger that they will shed the blood of your soldiers. I do not apply this remark to the Confederate States, and only use it by way of illustration. I believe they have not treated their prisoners cruelly.

"They do not seem to understand at Washington another plain principle of the Law of Nations; and that is, that while the capture and confiscation of private property at sea is still permissible, this is not the case on land. Such are all the authorities. The Treaty of Ghent recognized slaves as private property, and therefore they were to be restored; and we paid for all our army consumed in Mexico. The rebels have violated this law in the most reckless manner. . .

"From your friend,

"Very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

"WHEATLAND, January 28, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . I do most earnestly hope that our army may be able to do something effective before the 1st April. If not, there is great danger not merely of British but of European interference. There will then be such a clamor for cotton among the millions of operatives dependent upon it for bread, both in England and on the Continent, that I fear for the blockade.

"From my heart I wish Stanton success, not only for his own sake but that of the country. . . . I believe him to be a truly honest man, who will never

sanction corruption, though he may not be quite able to grapple with treason as the lion grapples with his prey.

"I remain, very respectfully, your friend,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

"WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, February 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . I trust that our late victories may be the prelude to those more decided, and that, ere the spring opens, we may be in such a condition as to afford no pretext to England and France to interfere in our domestic affairs.

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

I regret that from this time till near the close of the war our correspondence was suspended; but I heard from him frequently through common friends, and know that he remained faithful and true to the end. In the month of August, 1866, being in the city of Portland, Maine, I took occasion to have published in the "Eastern Argus" a highly patriotic letter, which he addressed on the 28th of September, 1861, to Samuel A. Worth, Esq., in answer to an invitation from him "as chairman of the appropriate committee to attend and address a Union meeting of the citizens of Chester and Lancaster counties, to be held at Hayesville on the first of October." He excused himself on account of feeble health, but said: "Were it possible for me to address your meeting, waiving all other topics, I should confine myself to a solemn and earnest appeal to my countrymen, and especially those without families, to volunteer for the war, and join the many thousands of brave and patriotic volunteers who are already in the field." He concluded by saying that, "until that happy day shall arrive (of the return of the seceding States), it will be our duty to support the President with all the men and means at the command of the country, in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war." Under date of August 29, 1866, referring to this "Hayesville letter," as he termed it, he said in a letter to me: "I thank you for having caused it to be published. It is in perfect consistency with all I have written or said."

If he was not as prominently active during the war as might have been, the secret of it may perhaps be discovered in his reply to the following letter, the production of which in this familiar communication, since, contrary to my usual custom, I happened to retain a copy, will, I trust, be excused:

"WASHINGTON, April 22, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR: It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, and although I believe the last which passed between us was from me, I venture again to address you, for within the past week my thoughts have been frequently directed toward you and the scenes of the last few weeks of your administration. The frightful tragedy just enacted in our midst appears only as the natural sequence of the acts of the rebel conspirators in commencing first to denounce you because you resisted their efforts to take possession of or break up the Government, and next in openly assailing the Government by fire and sword after the reins had passed from your hands. I have felt a strong desire to hear from you, not only in months past, but especially in this period when the whole heart of the nation is bowed and stricken with grief. In all the letters I have from you wherein you speak of the Rebellion, it is a pleasure and a

consolation to know that your declarations, and hopes, and prayers are all for your country and its brave defenders; and it is reasonable to suppose that few if any of our fellow-citizens can be more deeply moved than you yourself must be at the awful assassination of President Lincoln. Why, then, may we not be favored by a word from you—possibly, in all this darkness, a word of encouragement and of hope? Whether for the public eye or not, be assured it will always afford me sincere pleasure to receive a letter from you.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"His Excellency JAMES BUCHANAN, Wheatland, Pa."

"WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, April 27, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR: Rest assured that I was much gratified to receive your favor of the 22d. If I was indebted a letter to you, I am sorry for it; because I entertain no other feeling toward you but that of kindness and friendship.

"In common with you, I feel the assassination of President Lincoln to be a terrible misfortune to our country. May God, in his mercy, ward from us the evils which it portends, and bring good out of this fearful calamity! My intercourse with our deceased President, both on his visit to me after his arrival in Washington and on the day of his first inauguration, convinced me that he was a man of a kind and benevolent heart, and of plain, sincere, and frank manners. I have never since changed my opinion of his character. Indeed, I felt for him much personal regard.

"Throughout the years of the war I never faltered in my conviction that it would eventually terminate in the crushing of the Rebellion, and was ever opposed to the recognition of the Confederate Government by any act which even looked in that direction. Believing, always, secession to be a palpable violation of the Constitution, I considered the acts of secession to be absolutely void, and that the States were therefore still members, though rebellious members, of the Union.

"Having prayed night and morning for the restoration of the Union, the Constitution, and our civil liberties, and fondly believing that President Lincoln was the destined instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to accomplish these inestimable blessings, the awful news of his diabolical assassination at such a moment, overwhelmed me with sorrow.

"These are my heartfelt sentiments which you invite, but they are not for the public eye. When, on the first opportunity after the first battle of Bull Run, I expressed strong opinions to a public meeting in support of the war, I was assailed as violently for this . . . as if I had uttered treason. If I were now to write for the public, which I could do with heartfelt emotion, on the subject of the assassination, I should be treated in a similar manner. . . .

"My health is good, considering that I was seventy-four years of age on Sunday last. I lead a tranquil and retired life; and should be very glad to welcome you once more to Wheatland.

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. HORATIO KING."

In conclusion, let me say that I present this communication in no partisan spirit, but purely in the interest of truth and justice, without reference to party politics. Moreover, I have no hesitation in declaring that I consider it a duty plainly devolving upon me to bear this testimony, while yet I may, to the honesty, fidelity, and patriotism of Mr. Buchanan. Seldom if ever absent from his

post, whether as Senator, Secretary of State, Minister Plenipotentiary, or President of the United States, he was attentive to every duty incumbent upon him. While President, if a citizen, no matter how humble, appealed from any head of a department to him for redress, he always listened with patience, and, calling for a full statement of the facts of the case, investigated it thoroughly and gave his decision in the spirit of an upright judge. No one was turned away. He acted as the President of the whole people, and as feeling that he was ultimately to be held responsible for every official act done under his administration. If matters happened to go wrong, no one regretted it more than he. His ardent desire was for everything to go right. Happy would it be for the people of this country could they be assured of always securing, in the higher posts of honor and authority, men as able, conscientious, and patriotic as was James Buchanan, late President of the United States.

HORATIO KING.

ANTE MORTEM.

I HAVE grown weary fighting the hard fight,
 Striving to wear my curse like some strong chain.
 The pistol gleams beside me while I write—
 Quick painless end of pain !

To-morrow, when thou hearest how I died,
 All beautifully, I doubt not, thou wilt make
 The glory of thy soft face, dreamy-eyed,
 Pitiful for my sake.

Compassionate from lips so seeming-pure
 Sad words will fall, some new love hearkening these
 Thou with my death shalt weave more subtly sure
 New sweet hypocrisies.

But sorrow, pity, even a faint remorse—
 How canst thou know them, being a life of stone ?
 God ! that a thing so shameless, worthless, coarse,
 Such heavenly grace should own !

Gold flexuous hair and fathomless mild eyes
 And deep imperial bosom and bright arms—
 Yes, I am dying, as a coward dies,
 Just for these earthly charms.

Dying because to die is nobler fate
 Than to live on and be what I have been ;
 Ay, dying that my flesh-freed soul may hate
 That which to love is sin !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OVERLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

AN hour before the attack Texas Smith had ridden off to stalk a deer ; but the animal being in good racing condition in consequence of the thin fare of this sterile region, the hunting bout had miscarried, and our desperado was returning unladen toward the train when he heard the distant charging yell of the Apaches.

Scattered over the plateau which he was traversing, there were a few thickets of mesquite, with here and there a fantastic butte of sandstone. By dodging from one of these covers to another, he arrived undiscovered at a point whence he could see the caravan and the curveting *mêlée* which surrounded it. He was nearly half a mile from his comrades and over a quarter of a mile from his nearest enemies.

What should he do ? If he made a rush, he would probably be overpowered and either killed instantly or carried off for torture. If he waited until night for a chance to sneak into camp, the wandering redskins would be pretty apt to surprise him in the darkness, and there would be small chance indeed of escaping with his hair. It was a nasty situation ; but Texas, accustomed to perils, was as brave as he was wicked ; and he looked his darkling fate in the face with admirable coolness and intelligence. His decision was to wait a favorable moment, and when it came, charge for life.

When he perceived that the mass of the Indians had gathered on the trail between the wagons and the cañon, he concluded that his chance had arrived ; and with teeth grimly set, rifle balanced across his saddle-bow, revolver slung to his wrist, he started in silence and at full speed on his almost hopeless rush. If you will cease to consider the man as a modern bushwhacker, and invest him temporarily with the character, ennobled by time, of a borderer of the Scottish marches, you will be able to feel some sympathy for him in his audacious enterprise.

He was mounted on an American horse, a half-blood gray, large-boned and powerful, who could probably have traversed the half mile in a minute had there been no impediment, and who was able to floor with a single shock two or three of the little animals of the Apaches. He was a fine spectacle as he thundered alone across the plain, upright and easy in his seat, balancing his heavy rifle as if it were a rattan, his dark and cruel face settled for fight and his fierce black eyes blazing.

Only a minute's ride, but that minute life or death. As he had expected, the Apaches discovered him almost as soon as he left the cover of his butte, and all the outlying members of the horde swarmed toward him with a yell, brandishing their spears and getting ready their bows as they rode. It would clearly be impossible for him to cut his way through thirty warriors unless he received assistance from the train. Would it come ? His evil conscience told him, without the least reason, that Thurstane would not help. But from Coronado, whose life he had saved and whose evil work he had undertaken to do—from this man, "greaser" as he was, he did expect a sally. If it did not come, and if he should escape by some rare chance, he, Texas Smith, would murder the Mexican the first time he found him alone, so help him God !

While he thought and cursed he flew. But his goal was still five hundred yards away, and the nearest redskins were within two hundred yards, when he saw a rescuing charge shoot out from the wagons. Coronado led it. In this foxy nature the wolf was not wanting, and under strong impulse he could be somewhat of a Pizarro. He had no starts of humanity nor of real chivalry, but he had family pride and personal vanity, and he was capable of the fighting fury. When Thurstane had given the word to advance, Coronado had put himself forward gallantly.

"Stay here," he said to the officer; "guard the train with your infantry. I am a caballero, and I will do a caballero's work," he added, rising proudly in his stirrups. "Come on, you villains!" was his order to the six Mexicans. *

All abreast, spread out like a skirmish line, the seven horsemen clattered over the plain, making for the point where Texas Smith was about to plunge among the whirling and caracoling Apaches.

Now came the crisis of the day. The moment the sixty or seventy Apaches near the mouth of the cañon saw Coronado set out on his charge, they raised a yell of joy over the error of the emigrants in dividing their forces, and plunged straight at the wagons. In half a minute two wild, irregular, and yet desperate combats were raging.

Texas Smith had begun his battle while Coronado was still a quarter of a mile away. Aiming his rifle at an Apache who was riding directly upon him, instead of dodging and wheeling in the usual fashion of these cautious fighters, he sent the audacious fellow out of his saddle with a bullet-hole through the lungs. But this was no salvation; the dreaded long-range firearm was now empty; the savages circled nearer and began to use their arrows. Texas let his rifle hang from the pommel and presented his revolver. But the bowshots were more than its match. It could not be trusted to do execution at forty yards, and at that distance the Indian shafts are deadly. Already several had hissed close by him, one had gashed the forehead of his horse, and another had pierced his clothing.

All that Texas wanted, however, was time. If he could pass a half minute without a disabling wound, he would have help. He retreated a little, or rather he edged away toward the right, wheeling and curveting after the manner of the Apaches, in order to present an unsteady mark for their archery. To keep them at a distance he fired one barrel of his revolver, though without effect. Meantime he dodged incessantly, now throwing himself forward and backward in the saddle, now hanging over the side of his horse and clinging to his neck. It was hard and perilous work, but he was gaining seconds, and every second was priceless. Notwithstanding his extreme peril, he calculated his chances with perfect coolness and with a sagacity which was admirable.

But this intelligent savage had to do with savages as clever as himself. The Apaches saw Coronado coming up on their rear, and they knew that they must make short work of the hunter, or must let him escape. While a score or so faced about to meet the Mexicans, a dozen charged with screeches and brandished lances upon the Texan. Now came a hand-to-hand struggle which looked as if it must end in the death of Smith and perhaps of several of his assailants. But cavalry fights are notoriously bloodless in comparison to their apparent fury; the violent and perpetual movement of the combatants deranges aim and renders most of the blows futile; shots are fired at a yard distance without hitting, and strokes are delivered which only wound the air.

One spear stuck in Smith's saddle; another pierced his jacket-sleeve and

tore its way out; only one of the sharp, quickly-delivered points drew blood. He felt a slight pain in his side, and he found afterward that a lance-head had raked one of his ribs, tearing up the skin and scraping the bone for four or five inches. Meantime he shot a warrior through the head, sent another off with a hole in the shoulder, and fired one barrel without effect. He had but a single charge left (saving this for himself in the last extremity), when he burst through the prancing throng of screeching, thrusting ragamuffins, and reached the side of Coronado.

Here another hurly-burly of rearing and plunging combat awaited him. Coronado, charging as an old Castilian *hidalgo* might have charged upon the Moors, had plunged directly into the midst of the Apaches who awaited him, giving them little time to use their arrows, and at first receiving no damage. The six rifles of his Mexicans sent two Apaches out of their saddles, and then came a capering, plunging joust of lances, both parties using the same weapon. Coronado alone had sabre and revolver; and he handled them both with beautiful coolness and dexterity; he rode, too, as well as the best of all these other centaurs. His superb horse whirled and reared under the guidance of a touch of the knees, while the rider plied firearm with one hand and sharply ground blade with the other. Thurstane, an infantryman, and only a fair equestrian, would not have been half so effective in this combat of caballeros.

Coronado's first bullet knocked a villainous-looking tatterdemalion clean into the happy hunting grounds. Then came a lance thrust; he parried it with his sabre and plunged within range of the point; there was a sharp, snake-like hiss of the light, curved blade; down went Apache number two. At this rate, providing there were no interruptions, he could finish the whole twenty. He went at his job with a handy adroitness which was almost scientific, it was so much like surgery, like dissection. His mind was bent, with a sort of preternatural calmness and cleverness, upon the business of parrying lance thrusts, aiming his revolver, and delivering sabre cuts. It was a species of fighting intellection, at once prudent and destructive. It was not the headlong, reckless, pugnacious rage of the old Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian berserker. It was the practical, ready, rational furor of the Latin race.

Presently he saw that two of his *rancheros* had been lanced, and that there were but four left. A thrill of alarm, a commencement of panic, a desire to save himself at all hazards, crisped his heart and half paralyzed his energy. Remembering with perfect distinctness that four of his barrels were empty, he would perhaps have tried to retreat at the risk of being speared in the back, had he not at this critical moment been joined by Texas Smith.

That instinctive, ferocious, and tireless fighter, while seeming to be merely circling and curvetting among his assailants, contrived to recharge two barrels of his revolver, and was once more ready for business. Down went one Apache; then the horse of another fell to reeling and crouching in a sickly way; then a charge of half a dozen broke to right and left in irresolute prancings. At sight of this friendly work Coronado drew a fresh breath of courage, and executed his greatest feat yet of horsemanship and swordsmanship. Spurring after and then past one of the wheeling braves, he swept his sabre across the fellow's bare throat with a drawing stroke, and half detached the scowling, furious, frightened head from the body.

There was a wide space of open ground before him immediately. The Apaches know nothing of sabre work; not one of those present had ever before seen such a blow or such an effect; they were not only panic-stricken, but hor-

ror-stricken. For one moment, right between the staring antagonists, a bloody corpse sat upright on a rearing horse, with its head fallen on one shoulder and hanging by a gory muscle. The next moment it wilted, rolled downward with outstretched arms, and collapsed upon the gravel, an inert mass.

Texas Smith uttered a loud scream of tigerish delight. He had never, in all his pugnacious and sanguinary life, looked upon anything so fascinating. It seemed to him as if *his* heaven—the savage Walhalla of his Saxon or Danish berserker race—were opened before him. In his ecstasy he waved his dirty, long fingers toward Coronado, and shouted, “Bully for you, old hoss!”

But he had self-possession enough, now that his hand was free for an instant from close battle, to reload his rifle and revolver. The four rancheros who still retained their saddles mechanically and hurriedly followed his example. The contest here was over; the Apaches knew that bullets would soon be humming about their ears, and they dreaded them; there was a retreat, and this retreat was a run of an eighth of a mile.

“Hurrah for the waggins!” shouted Texas, and dashed away toward the train. Coronado stared; his heart sank within him; the train was surrounded by a mob of prancing savages; there was more fighting to be done when he had already done his best. But not knowing where else to go, he followed his leader toward this new battle, loading his revolver as he rode, and wishing that he were in Santa Fé, or anywhere in peace.

We must go back a little. As already stated, the main body of the Apaches had perceived the error of the emigrants in separating, and had promptly availed themselves of it to charge upon the train. To attack it there were seventy ferocious and skilful warriors; to defend it there were twelve timorous muleteers and drivers, four soldiers, and Ralph.

“Fall back!” shouted the Lieutenant to his regulars when he saw the equestrian avalanche coming. “Each man take a wagon and hold it.”

The order was obeyed in a hurry. The Apaches, heartened by what they supposed to be a panic, swarmed along at increased speed, and gave out their most diabolical screeches, hoping no doubt to scare men into helplessness, and beasts into a stampede. But the train was an immovable fortress, and the fortress was well garrisoned. Although the mules winced and plunged a good deal, the drivers succeeded in holding them to their places, and the double column of carriages, three in each rank, preserved its formation. In every vehicle there was a muleteer, with hands free for fighting, bearing something or other in the shape of a firelock, and inspired with what courage there is in desperation. The four flankers, necessarily the most exposed to assault, had each a United States regular, with musket, bayonet, and forty rounds of buck and ball. In front of the phalanx, directly before the wagon which contained the two ladies, sat as brave an officer as there was in the American army.

The Apaches had also committed their tactical blunder. They should all have followed Coronado, made sure of destroying him and his Mexicans, and then attacked the train. But either there was no sagacious military spirit among them, or the love of plunder was too much for judgment and authority, and so down they came on the wagons.

As the swarthy swarm approached, it spread out until it covered the front of the train and overlapped its flanks, ready to sweep completely around it and fasten upon any point which should seem feebly or timorously defended. The first man endangered was the lonely officer who sat his horse in front of the line of kicking and plunging mules. Fortunately for him, he now had a weapon of

longer range than his revolver; he had remembered that in one of the wagons was stored a peculiar rifle belonging to Coronado; he had just had time to drag it out and strap its cartridge-box around his waist.

He levelled at the centre of the clattering, yelling column. It fluctuated; the warriors who were there did not like to be aimed at; they began to zigzag, caracole, and diverge to right or left; several halted and commenced using their bows. At one of these archers, whose arrow already trembled on the string, Thurstane let fly, sending him out of the saddle. Then he felt a quick, sharp pain in his left arm, and perceived that a shaft had passed clean through it.

There is this good thing about the arrow, that it has not weight enough to break bones, nor tearing power enough to necessarily paralyze muscle. Thurstane could still manage a revolver with his wounded arm, while his right was good for almost any amount of slashing work. Letting the rifle drop and swing from the pommel, he met the charge of two grinning and scowling lancers. One thrust he parried with his sabre; from the other he saved his neck by stooping; but it drove through his coat collar, and nearly unseated him. For a moment our bleeding and hampered young gladiator seemed to be in a bad way. But he was strong; he braced himself in his stirrups, and he made use of both his hands. The Indian whose spear was still free caught a bullet through the shoulder, dropped his weapon, and circled away yelling. Then Thurstane plunged at the other, reared his tall horse over him, broke the lance-shaft with a violent twist, and swung his long cavalry sabre. It was in vain that the Apache crouched, spurred, and skedaddled; he got away alive, but it was with a long bloody gash down his naked back; the last seen of him he was going at full speed, holding by his pony's mane. The Lieutenant remained master of the whole front of the caravan.

Meantime there was a busy popping along the flankers and through the hinder openings in the second line of wagons. The Indians skurried, wheeled, pranced, and yelled, let fly their arrows from a distance, dashed up here and there with their lances, and as quickly retreated before the threatening muzzles. The muleteers, encouraged by the presence of the soldiers, behaved with respectable firmness and blazed away rapidly, though not effectively. The regulars reserved their fire for close quarters, and then delivered it to bloody purpose.

Around Sweeney, who garrisoned the left-hand wagon of the rearmost line, the fight was particularly noisy. The Apaches saw that he was little, and perhaps they saw that he was afraid of his gun. They went for him; they were after him with their sharpest sticks; they counted on Sweeney. The speck of a man sat on the front seat of the wagon, outside of the driver, and fully exposed to the tribulation. He was in a state of the highest Paddy excitement. He grinned and bounced like a caravan of monkeys. But he was not much scared; he was mainly in a furious rage. Pointing his musket first at one and then at another, he returned yell for yell, and was in fact abusive.

"Oh, fire yer bow-arreys!" he screamed. "Ye can't hit the side av a waggin. Ah, ye bloody, murtherin' nagers! go 'way wid yer long poles. I'd fight a hundred av the loikes av ye wid ownly a shillelah."

One audacious thrust of a lance he parried very dexterously with his bayonet, at the same time screeching defiantly and scornfully in the face of his hideous assailant. But this fellow's impudent approach was too much to be endured, and Sweeney proceeded at once to teach him to keep at a more civil distance.

"Oh, ye pokin' blaggard!" he shouted, and actually let drive with his musket. The ball missed, but by pure blundering one of the buck-shot took effect.

and the brave retreated out of the *mêlée* with a sensation as if his head had been split. Some time later he was discovered sitting up doggedly on a rock, while a comrade was trying to dig the buckshot out of his thick skull with an arrow-point.

"I'll tache 'em to moind their bizniss," grinned Sweeney triumphantly, as he reloaded. "The nasty, hootin' nagers! They've no rights near a white man, anyhow."

On the whole, the attack lingered. The Apaches had done some damage. One driver had been lanced mortally. One muleteer had been shot through the heart with an arrow. Another arrow had scraped Shubert's ankle. Another, directed by the whimsical genius of accident, had gone clean through the drooping cartilage of Phineas Glover's long nose, as if to prepare him for the sporting of jewelled decorations. Two mules were dead, and several wounded. The sides of the wagons bristled with shafts, and their canvas tops were pierced with fine holes. But, on the other hand, the Apaches had lost a dozen horses, three or four warriors killed, and seven or eight wounded.

Such was the condition of affairs around the train when Coronado, Texas Smith, and the four surviving herdsmen came storming back to it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Apaches were discouraged by the immovability of the train, and by the steady and deadly resistance of its defenders. From first to last some twenty-five or twenty-seven of their warriors had been hit, of whom probably one third were killed or mortally wounded.

At the approach of Coronado those who were around the wagons swept away in a panic, and never paused in their flight until they were a good half mile distant. They carried off, however, every man, whether dead or injured, except one alone. A few rods from the train lay a mere boy, certainly not over fifteen years old, his forehead gashed by a bullet, and life apparently extinct. There was nothing strange in the fact of so young a lad taking part in battle, for the military age among the Indians is from twelve to thirty-six, and one third of their fighters are children.

"What did they leave that fellow for?" said Coronado in surprise, riding up to the senseless figure.

"I'll fix him," volunteered Texas Smith, dismounting and drawing his hunting knife. "Reckon he hain't been squarely finished."

"Stop!" ordered Coronado. "He is not an Apache. He is some pueblo Indian. See how much he is hurt."

"Skull ain't broke," replied Texas, fingering the wound as roughly as if it had been in the flesh of a beast. "Reckon he'll flop round. May do mischief, if we don't fix him."

Anxious to stick his knife into the defenceless young throat, he nevertheless controlled his sentiments and looked up for instructions. Since the splendid decapitation which Coronado had performed, Texas respected him as he had never heretofore hoped to respect a "greaser."

"Perhaps we can get information out of him," said Coronado. "Suppose you lay him in a wagon."

Meanwhile preparations had been made for an advance. The four dead or badly wounded draft mules were disentangled from the harness, and their places supplied with the four army mules, whose packs were thrown into the wagons.

These animals, by the way, had escaped injury, partly because they had been tethered between the two lines of vehicles, and partly because they had been well covered by their loads, which were plentifully stuck with arrows.

"We are ready to march," said Thurstane to Coronado. "I am sorry we can't try to recover your men back there."

"No use," commented Texas Smith. "The Patchies have been at 'em. They're chuck full of spear holes by this time."

Coronado shouted to the drivers to start. Commencing on the right, the wagons filed off two by two toward the mouth of the cañon, while the Indians, gathered in a group half a mile away, looked on without a yell or a movement. The instant that the vehicle which contained the ladies had cleared itself of the others, Thurstane and Coronado rode alongside of it.

"So! you are safe!" said the former. "By Heavens, if they *had* hurt you!"

"And you?" asked Clara, very quickly and eagerly, while scanning him from head to foot.

Coronado saw that look, anxious for Thurstane alone; and, master of dissimulation though he was, his face showed both pain and anger.

"Ah—oh—oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Stanley, as she made her appearance in the front of the vehicle. "Well! this is rather more than I can bear. This is just as much as a woman can put up with. Dear me! what is the matter with your arm, Lieutenant?"

"Just a pin prick," said Thurstane.

Clara began to get out of the wagon, with the purpose of going to him, her eyes staring and her face pale.

"Don't!" he protested, motioning her back. "It is nothing."

And, although the lacerated arm hurt him and was not easy to manage, he raised it over his head to show that the damage was trifling.

"Do get in here and let us take care of you," begged Clara.

"Certainly!" echoed Aunt Maria, who was a compassionate woman at heart, and who only lacked somewhat in quickness of sympathy, perhaps by reason of her strong-minded notions.

"I will when I need it," said Ralph, flattered and gratified. "The arm will do without dressing till we reach camp. There are other wounded. Everybody has fought. Mr. Coronado here has done deeds worthy of his ancestors."

"Ah, Mr. Coronado!" smiled Aunt Maria, delighted that her favorite had distinguished himself.

"Captain Glover, what's the matter with your nose?" was the lady's next outcry.

"Wal, it's been bored," replied Glover, tenderly fingering his sore proboscis. "It's been, so to speak, eyelet-holed. I'm glad I hadn't but one. The more noses a feller carries in battle, the wuss for him. I hope the darned rip 'll heal up. I've no 'casion to hev a line rove through it 'n' be towed, that I know of."

"How did it feel when it went through?" asked Aunt Maria, full of curiosity and awe.

"Felt 's though I'd got the dreadfulest influenzee thet ever snorted. Twitched 'n' tickled like all possessed."

"Was it an arrow?" inquired the still unsatisfied lady.

"Reckon 'twas. Never see it. But it kinder wished, 'n' I felt the feathers. Darn 'em! When I felt the feathers, tell ye I was 'bout half scairt. Hed 'n idee 'f th' angel 'f death, 'n' so on."

Of course Aunt Maria and Clara wanted to do much nursing immediately ; but there were no conveniences and there was no time ; and so benevolence was postponed.

"So you are hurt?" said Thurstane to Texas Smith, noticing his torn and bloody shirt.

"It's jest a scrape," grunted the bushwhacker. "Mought 'a' been worse."

"It was bad generalship trying to save you. We nearly paid high for it."

"That's so. Cost four greasers, as 'twas. Well, I'm worth four greasers."

"You're a devil of a fighter," continued the Lieutenant, surveying the ferocious face and sullen air of the cutthroat with a soldier's admiration for whatever expresses pugnacity.

"Bet yer pile on it," returned Texas, calmly conscious of his character. "So be you."

The savage black eyes and the imperious blue ones stared into each other without the least flinching and with something like friendliness.

Coronado rode up to the pair and asked, "Is that boy alive yet?"

"It's about time for him to flop round," replied Texas indifferently. "Reckon you'll find him in the off hind wagon. I shoved him in thar."

Coronado cantered to the off hind wagon, peeped through the rear opening of its canvas cover, discovered the youth lying on a pile of luggage, addressed him in Spanish, and learned his story. He belonged to a hacienda in Bernalillo, a hundred miles or more west of Santa Fé. The Apaches had surprised the hacienda and plundered it, carrying him off because, having formerly been a captive among them, he could speak their language, manage the bow, etc.

For all this Coronado cared nothing ; he wanted to know why the band had left Bernalillo ; also why it had attacked his train. The boy explained that the raiders had been driven off the southern route by a party of United States cavalry, and that, having lost a number of their braves in the fight, they had sworn vengeance on Americans.

"Did you hear them say whose train this was?" demanded Coronado.

"No, Señor."

"Do you think they knew?"

"Señor, I think not."

"Whose band was this?"

"Manga Colorada's."

"Where is Delgadito?"

"Delgadito went the other side of the mountain. They were both going to fight the Moquis."

"So we shall find Delgadito in the Moqui valley?"

"I think so, Señor."

After a moment of reflection Coronado added, "You will stay with us and take care of mules. I will do well by you."

"Thanks, Señor. Many thanks."

Coronado rejoined Thurstane and told his news. The officer looked grave ; there might be another combat in store for the train ; it might be an affair with both bands of the Apaches.

"Well," he said, "we must keep our eyes open. Every one of us must do his very utmost. On the whole, I can't believe they can beat us."

"Nombre de Dios!" thought Coronado. "How will this accursed job end? I wish I were out of it."

They were now traversing the cañon from which they had been so long de-

barred. It was a peaceful solitude ; no life but their own stirred within its sandstone ramparts ; and its windings soon carried them out of sight of their late assailants. For four hours they slowly threaded it, and when night came on they were still in it, miles away from their expected camping ground. No water and no grass ; the animals were drooping with hunger, and all suffered with thirst ; the worst was that the hurts of the wounded could not be properly dressed. But progress through this labyrinth of stones in the darkness was impossible, and the weary, anxious, fevered travellers bivouacked as well as might be.

Starting at dawn, they finished the cañon in about an hour, traversed an uneven plateau which stretched beyond its final sinuous branch gullies, and found themselves on the brow of a lofty terrace, overlooking a sublime panorama. There was an immense valley, not smooth and verdurous, but a gigantic nest of savage buttes and crags and hills, only to be called a valley because it was enclosed by what seemed a continuous line of eminences. On the north and east rose long ranges and elevated table-lands ; on the west, the savage rolls and precipices of the Sierra del Carrizo ; and on the south, a more distant bordering of hazy mountains, closing to the southwest, a hundred miles away, in the noble snowy peaks of Monte San Francisco.

With his field-glass, Thurstane examined one after another of the mesas and buttes which diversified this enormous depression. At last his attention settled on an isolated bluff or mound, with a flattened surface three or four miles in length, the whole mass of which seemed to be solid and barren rock. On this truncated pyramid he distinguished, or thought he distinguished, one or more of the pueblos of the Moquis. He could not be quite sure, because the distance was fifteen miles, and the walls of these villages are of the same stone with the buttes upon which they stand.

"There is our goal, if I am not mistaken," he said to Coronado. "When we get there we can rest."

The train pushed onward, slowly descending the terrace, or rather the succession of terraces. After reaching a more level region, and while winding between stony hills of a depressing sterility, it came suddenly, at the bottom of a ravine, upon fresh green turf and thickets of willows, the environment of a small spring of clear water. There was a halt ; all hands fell to digging a trench across the gully ; when it had filled, the animals were allowed to drink ; in an hour more they had closely cropped all the grass. This was using up time perilously, but it had to be done, for the beasts were tottering.

Moving again ; five miles more traversed ; another spring and patch of turf discovered ; a rough ravine through a low sandstone ridge threaded ; at last they were on one of the levels of the valley. Three of the Moqui towns were now about eight miles distant, and with his glass Thurstane could distinguish the horizontal lines of building. The trail made straight for the pueblos, but it was almost impassable to wagons, and progress was very slow. It was all the slower because of the weakness of the mules, which throughout all this hair-brained journey had been severely worked, and of late had been poorly fed.

Presently the travellers turned the point of a naked ridge which projected laterally into the valley. There they came suddenly upon a wide-spread sweep of turf which contrasted so brilliantly with the bygone infertilities that it seemed to them a paradise, and stretched clear on to the bluff of the pueblos.

There, too, with equal suddenness, they came upon peril. Just beyond the nose of the sandstone promontory there was a bivouac of half-naked, dark-skinned horsemen, recognizable at a glance as Apaches. It was undoubtedly the band of Delgadito.

The camp was half a mile distant. The Indians, evidently surprised at the appearance of the train, were immediately in commotion. There was a rapid mounting, and in five minutes they were all on horseback, curveting in circles, and brandishing their lances, but without advancing.

"Manga Colorada hasn't reached here yet," observed Thurstane.

"That's so," assented Texas Smith. "They hain't heerd from the cuss, or they'd a bushwhacked us somewhar. Seein' he dasn't follow our trail, he had to make a big turn to git here. But he'll be droppin' along, an' then we'll hev a fight. I reckon we'll hev one anyway. Them cusses ain't friendly. If they was, they'd a piled in helter-skelter to hev a talk an' ask fur whiskey."

"We must keep them at a distance," said Thurstane.

"You bet! The first Injun that comes nigh us, I'll shute him. They mustn't be 'lowed to git among us. First you know you'd hear a yell, an' find yourself speared in the back. An' them that's speared right off is the lucky ones."

"Not one of us must fall into their hands," muttered the officer, thinking of Clara.

"Cap, that's so," returned Texas grimly. "When I fight Injuns, I never empty my revolver. I keep one barl for myself. You'd better do the same. Furthermore, thar oughter be somebody detailed to shute the women folks when it comes to the last pinch. I say this as a friend."

As a friend! It was the utmost stretch of Texas Smith's humanity and sympathy. Obviously the fellow had a soft side to him.

The fact is that he had taken a fancy to Thurstane since he had learned his fighting qualities, and would rather have done him a favor than murder him. At all events his hatred to "Injuns" was such that he wanted the lieutenant to kill a great many of them before his own turn came.

"So you think we'll have a tough job of it?" inferred Ralph.

"Cap, we ain't so many as we was. An' if Manga Colorada comes up, thar'll be a pile of red-skins. It may be they'll outlast us; an' so I say as a friend, save one shot; save it for yourself, Cap."

But the Apaches did not advance. They watched the train steadily; they held a long consultation which evidently referred to it; at last they seemed to decide that it was in too good order to fall an easy prey; there was some wild capering along its flanks, at a safe distance; and then, little by little, the gang resettled in its bivouac. It was like a swarm of hornets, which should sally out to reconnoitre an enemy, buzz about threateningly for a while, and sail back to their nest.

The plain, usually dotted with flocks of sheep, was now a solitude. The Moquis had evidently withdrawn their woolly wealth either to the summit of the bluff, or to the partially sheltered pasturage around its base. The only objects which varied the verdant level were scattered white rocks, probably gypsum or oxide of manganese, which glistened surprisingly in the sunlight, reminding one of pearls sown on a mantel of green velvet. But already the travelers could see the peach orchards of the Moquis, and the sides of the lofty butte laid out in gardens supported by terrace-walls of dressed stone, the whole mass surmounted by the solid ramparts of the pueblos.

At this moment, while the train was still a little over two miles from the foot of the bluff, and the Apache camp more than three miles to the rear, Texas Smith shouted, "The cusses hev got the news."

It was true; the foremost riders, or perhaps only the messengers, of Manga Colorada had reached Delgadito; and a hundred warriors were swarming after the train to avenge their fallen comrades.

Now ensued a race for life, the last pull of the mules being lashed out of them, and the Indians riding at the topmost speed of their wiry ponies.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the race for life and death commenced between the emigrants and the Apaches, it seemed as if the former would certainly be able to go two miles before the latter could cover six.

But the mules were weak, and the soil of the plain was a thin loam into which the wheels sank easily, so that the heavy wagons could not be hurried beyond a trot, and before long were reduced to a walk. Thus, while the caravan was still half a mile from its city of refuge, the foremost hornets of Delgadito's swarm were already circling around it.

The chief could not charge at once, however, for the warriors whom he had in hand numbered barely a score, and their horses, blown with a run of over five miles, were unfit for sharp fighting work. For a few minutes nothing happened, except that the caravan continued its silent, sullen retreat, while the pursuers cantered yelling around it at a safe distance. Not a shot was fired by the emigrants; not a brave dashed up to let fly his arrows. At last there were fifty Apaches; then there was a hurried council; then a furious rush. Evidently the savages were ashamed to let their enemies escape for lack of one audacious assault.

This charge was led by a child. A boy not more than fourteen years of age, screaming like a little demon and discharging his arrows at full speed with wicked dexterity, rode at the head of this savage *hourra* of the Cossacks of the American desert. As the fierce child came on, Coronado saw him and recognized him with a mixture of wonder, dread, and hate. Here was the son of the false-hearted savage who had accepted his money, agreed to do his work, and then turned against him. Should he kill him? It would open an account of blood between himself and the father. Never mind; vengeance is sweet; moreover, the youngster was dangerous.

Coronado raised his revolver, steadied it across his left arm, took a calm aim, and fired. The handsome, headlong, terrible boy swayed forward, rolled slowly over the pommel of his saddle, and fell to the ground motionless. In the next moment there was a general rattle of firearms from the train, and the mass of the charging column broke up into squads which went off in aimless caracolings. Barring a short struggle by half a dozen braves to recover the young chief's body, the contest was over; and in two minutes more the Apaches were half a mile distant, looking on in sullen silence while the train crawled toward the protecting bluff.

"Hurrah!" shouted Thurstane. "That was quick work. Delgadito doesn't take his punishment well."

"Reckon they see we had friends," observed Captain Glover. "Jest look at them critters pile down the mounting. Darned if they don't skip like nanny-goats."

Down the huge steep slope, springing along rocky, sinuous paths, or over the walls of the terraces, came a hundred or a hundred and fifty men, running with a speed which, considering the nature of the footing, was marvellous. Before many in the train were aware of their approach, they were already among the wagons, rushing up to the travellers with outstretched hands, the most cordial,

cheerful, kindly-eyed people that Thurstane had seen in New Mexico. Good features, too; that is, they were handsomer than the usual Indian type; some even had physiognomies which reminded one of Italians. Their hair was fine and glossy for men of their race; and, stranger still, it bore an appearance of careful combing. Nearly all wore loose cotton trousers or drawers reaching to the knee, with a kind of blouse of woollen or cotton, and over the shoulders a gay woollen blanket tied around the waist. In view of their tidy raiment and their general air of cleanliness, it seemed a mistake to class them as Indians. These were the Moquis, a remnant of one of the semi-civilizations of America, perhaps a colony left behind by the Aztecs in their migrations, or possibly by the temple-builders of Yucatan.

Impossible to converse with them. Not a person in the caravan spoke the Moqui tongue, and not a Moqui spoke or understood a word of Spanish or English. But it was evident from their faces and gestures that they were enthusiastically friendly, and that they had rushed down from their fastness to aid the emigrants against the Apaches. There was even a little sally into the plain, the Moquis running a quarter of a mile with amazing agility, spreading out into a loose skirmishing line of battle, brandishing their bows and defying the enemy to battle. But this ended in nothing; the Apaches sullenly cantered away; the others soon checked their pursuit.

Now came the question of encampment. To get the wagons up the bluff, eight hundred feet or so in height, along a path which had been cut in the rock or built up with stone, was obviously impossible. Would there be safety where they were, just at the base of the noble slope? The Moquis assured them by signs that the plundering horse-Indians never came so near the pueblos. Camp then; the wagons were parked as usual in a hollow square; the half-starved animals were unharnessed and allowed to fly at the abundant grass; the cramped and wearied travellers threw themselves on the ground with delight.

"What a charming people these Monkeys are!" said Aunt Maria, surveying the neat and smiling villagers with approval.

"Moquis," Coronado corrected her, with a bow.

"Oh, Mo-kies," repeated Aunt Maria, this time catching the sound exactly. "Well, I propose to see as much of them as possible. Why shouldn't the women and the wounded sleep in the city?"

"It is an excellent idea," assented Coronado, although he thought with distaste that this would bring Clara and Thurstane together, while he would be at a distance.

"I suppose we shall get an idea from it of the ancient city of Mexico, as described by Prescott," continued the enthusiastic lady.

"You will discover a few deviations in the ground plan," returned Coronado, for once ironical.

Aunt Maria's suggestion with regard to the women and the wounded was adopted. The Moquis seemed to urge it; so at least they were understood. Within a couple of hours after the halt a procession of the feebler folk commenced climbing the bluff, accompanied by a crowd of the hospitable Indians. The winding and difficult path swarmed for a quarter of a mile with people in the gayest of blankets, some ascending with the strangers and some coming down to greet them.

"I should think we were going up to the Temple of the Sun to be sacrificed," said Clara, who had also read Prescott.

"To be worshipped," ventured Thurstane, giving her a look which made her blush, the boldest look that he had yet ventured.

The terraces, as we have stated, were faced with partially dressed stone. They were in many places quite broad, and were cultivated everywhere with admirable care, presenting long green lines of corn fields or of peach orchards. Half-way up the ascent was a platform of more than ordinary spaciousness which contained a large reservoir, built of chipped stone strongly cemented, and brimming with limpid water. From this cistern large earthen pipes led off in various directions to irrigate the terraces below.

"It seems to me that we are discovering America," exclaimed Aunt Maria, her face scarlet with exercise and enthusiasm.

Presently she asked, in full faith that she was approaching a metropolis, "What is the name of the city?"

"This must be Tegua," replied Thurstane. "Tegua is the most eastern of the Moqui pueblos. There are three on this bluff. Mooshanch and two others are on a butte to the west. Oraybe is farther north."

"What a powerful confederacy!" said Aunt Maria. "The United States of the Moquis!"

After a breathless ascent of at least eight hundred feet, they reached the undulated, barren, rocky surface of a plateau. Here the whole population of Tegua had collected; and for the first time the visitors saw Moqui women and children. Aunt Maria was particularly pleased with the specimens of her own sex; she went into ecstasies over their gentle physiognomies and their well-combed, carefully braided, glossy hair; she admired their long gowns of black woollen, each with a yellow stripe around the waist and a border of the same at the bottom.

"Such a sensible costume!" she said. "So much more rational and convenient than our fashionable fripperies!"

Another fact of great interest was that the Moquis were lighter complexioned than Indians in general. And when she discovered a woman with fair skin, blue eyes, and yellow hair—one of those albinos who are found among the inhabitants of the pueblos—she went into an excitement which was nothing less than ethnological.

"These are white people," she cried, losing sight of all the brown faces. "They are some European race which colonized America long before that modern upstart, Columbus. They are undoubtedly the descendants of the Northern men who built the old mill at Newport and sculptured the Dighton Rock."

"There is a belief," said Thurstane, "that some of these pueblo people, particularly those of Zumi, are Welsh. A Welsh prince named Madoc, flying before the Saxons, is said to have reached America. There are persons who hold that the descendants of his followers built the mounds in the Mississippi Valley, and that some of them became the white Mandans of the upper Missouri, and that others founded this old Mexican civilization. Of course it is all guess-work. There's nothing about it in the Regulations."

"I consider it highly probable," asserted Aunt Maria, forgetting her Scandinavian hypothesis. "I don't see how you can doubt that that flaxen-haired girl is a descendant of Medoc, Prince of Wales."

"Madoc," corrected Thurstane.

"Well, Madoc then," replied Aunt Maria rather pettishly, for she was dreadfully tired, and moreover she didn't like Thurstane.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the rampart which surrounded the pueblo. Its foundation was a solid blind wall, fifteen feet or so in height, and built of hewn stone laid in clay cement. Above was a second wall, rising from the

first as one terrace rises from another, and surmounted by a third, which was also in terrace fashion. The ground tier of this stair-like structure contained the storerooms of the Moquis, while the upper tiers were composed of their two-story houses, the entire mass of masonry being upward of thirty feet high, and forming a continuous line of fortification. This rampart of dwellings was in the shape of a rectangle, and enclosed a large square or plaza containing a noble reservoir. Compact and populous, at once a castle and a city, the place could defy all the horse Indians of North America.

"Bless me! this is sublime but dreadful," said Aunt Maria when she learned that she must ascend to the landing of the lower wall by a ladder. "No gate? Isn't there a window somewhere that I could crawl through? Well, well! Dear me! But it's delightful to see how safe these excellent people have made themselves."

So with many tremblings, and with the aid of a lariat fastened around her waist and vigorously pulled from above by two Moquis, Aunt Maria clutched and scraped her way to the top of the foundation terrace.

"I shall never go down in the world," she remarked with a shuddering glance backward. "I shall pass the rest of my days here."

From the first platform the travellers were led to the second and third by stone stairways. They were now upon the inside of the rectangle, and could see two stories of doors facing the plaza and the reservoir in its centre, the whole scene cheerful with the gay garments and smiling faces of the Moquis.

"Beautiful!" said Aunt Maria. "That court is absolutely swept and dusted. One might give a ball there. I should like to hear Lucretia Mott speak in it."

Her reflections were interrupted by the courteous gestures of a middle-aged, dignified Moqui, who was apparently inviting the party to enter one of the dwellings.

Pepita and the other two Indian women, with the wounded muleteers, were taken to another house. Aunt Maria, Clara, Thurstane, and Phineas Glover entered the residence of the chief, and found themselves in a room six or seven feet high, fifteen feet in length and ten in breadth. The floor was solid, polished clay; the walls were built of the large, sunbaked bricks called adobes; the ceilings were of beams, covered by short sticks, with adobes over all. Skins, bows and arrows, quivers, antlers, blankets, articles of clothing, and various simple ornaments hung on pegs driven into the walls or lay packed upon shelves.

"They are a musical race, I see," observed Aunt Maria, pointing to a pair of painted drumsticks tipped with gay feathers, and a reed wind-instrument with a bell-shaped mouth like a clarinet. "Of course they are. The Welsh were always famous for their bards and their harpers. Does anybody in our party speak Welsh? What a pity we are such ignoramuses! We might have an interesting conversation with these people. I should so like to hear their traditions about the voyage across the Atlantic and the old mill at Newport."

Her remarks were interrupted by a short speech from the chief, whom she at first understood as relating the adventures of his ancestors, but who finally made it clear that he was asking them to take seats. After they were arranged on a row of skins spread along the wall, a shy, meek, and pretty Moqui woman passed around a vase of water for drinking and a tray which contained something not unlike a bundle of blue wrapping paper.

"Is this to wipe our hands on?" inquired Aunt Maria, bringing her spectacles to bear on the contents of the tray.

"It smells like corn bread," said Clara.

So it was. The corn of the Moquis is blue, and grinding does not destroy the color. The meal is stirred into a thin gruel and cooked by pouring over smooth, flat, heated stones, the light shining tissues being rapidly taken off and folded, and subsequently made up in bundles.

The party made a fair meal off the blue wrapping paper. Then the meek-eyed woman reappeared, removed the dishes, returned once more, and looked fixedly at Thurstane's bloody sleeve.

"Certainly!" said Aunt Maria. "Let her dress your arm. I have no doubt that unpretending woman knows more about surgery than all the men doctors in New York city. Let her dress it."

Thurstane partially threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeve. Clara gave one glance at the huge white arm with the small crimson hole in it, and turned away with a thrill which was new to her. The Moqui woman washed the wound, applied a dressing which looked like chewed leaves, and put on a light bandage.

"Does it feel any better?" asked Aunt Maria eagerly.

"It feels cooler," said Thurstane.

Aunt Maria looked as if she thought him very ungrateful for not saying that he was entirely well.

"An' my nose," suggested Glover, turning up his lacerated proboscis.

"Yes, certainly; your poor nose," assented Aunt Maria. "Let the lady cure it."

The female surgeon fastened a poultice upon the tattered cartilage by passing a bandage around the skipper's sandy and bristly head.

"Works like a charm 'n' smells like peach leaves," snuffed the patient.

"It's where it's handy to sniff at—that's a comfort."

After much dumb show, arrangements were made for the night. One of the inner rooms was assigned to Mrs. Stanley and Clara, and another to Thurstane and Glover. Bedding, provisions, and some small articles as presents for the Moquis were sent up from the train by Coronado.

But would the wagons, the animals, and the human members of the party below be safe during the night? Young as he was, and wounded as he was, Thurstane was so badgered by his army habit of incessant responsibility that he could not lie down to rest until he had visited the camp and examined personally into probabilities of attack and means of defence. As he descended the stony path which scored the side of the butte, his anxiety was greatly increased by the appearance of a party of armed Moquis rushing like deer down the steep slope, as if to repel an attack.

DOES IT PAY TO VISIT YO SEMITE?

Lunatics had not yet reached such depth of imbecility as to ride of their own free will in California stages.—Bret Harte in "*The Luck of Roaring Camp*," etc., p. 121.

I CAN imagine with what a shout of derision my audacious question will be received by those valiant travellers who have never been to the celebrated Valley; but as I have just returned from my trip *de rigueur* to Yo Semite, and am now, thank fortune, comfortably quartered in a civilized hotel, I think it not unwise to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of what awaits the Yo Semite pilgrim; for of the dozens of persons who have written about Yo Semite, I have never known one who gave anything like an accurate description of the perils and tortures attendant upon the journey thither.

I have said the trip was *de rigueur*. No sooner do you announce to your friends in New York that you are going to California than they immediately cry out, "Ah, then you will see the Yo Semite!" It reminds one of the old story of the Irish peasant: "Is it going to the United States ye are? Then would ye mind taking a parcel to me brother in Rio Janeiro?"

I have known Californians who went to New York, and returned home without seeing the Adirondacks; but wo betide the wandering Easterner if he seek the Pacific without bringing a trip to Yo Semite back with him! All along the railroad westward he is badgered with inquiries as to the probable data of his journey to Yo Semite; and when, after the long ride across the continent, he is received at last within the hospitable walls of one of San Francisco's grand hotels, the first thing he receives is the card of the agent for Yo Semite, who encloses a small map showing the three different modes of reaching the same. The newspapers in chronicling your arrival speak of your intention of visiting Yo Semite, and the first question asked by the persons to whom you have brought letters of introduction is—as the reader will naturally suppose—"When do you leave for Yo Semite?" It may cause you some surprise, perhaps, when you discover that they who live here have themselves never been to Yo Semite; but you naturally imagine that this is because they do not feel that great love for the beautiful which distinguishes your noble self; perhaps they have not the time, nor the money; in fact, you frame a thousand excuses for them, and it never once enters your head that it is because they don't care to go. Of the scores of people I met in San Francisco only two or three had been to Yo Semite. But then there must have been insuperable obstacles in the way of their going, or they certainly would all have rushed in a body. Thrice happier I! Thrice luckier I! Nothing stood in my way. Would something had!

I must confess it was rather appalling to discover that of the three roads leading to the Valley, even the shortest required two days of staging and one whole day on horseback—before reaching the Earthly Paradise. The Mariposa road is admitted to have fifty miles of horseback trail; the Coulterville twenty-five; that via Hardin's and Chinese Camp only eighteen. I chose the last.

I chose the last, being the shortest, because at Salt Lake City I had met Mrs. B., of Cambridge, Massachusetts. O Mrs. B. of Cambridge, Massachusetts! having told me so much, why did you not tell me more? "I cried bitter tears," said she with a shudder; "but then I am not at all used to horseback exercise; are you?" "I ride as well as the generality of American women," re-

plied I, with an air. "Then perhaps you'll not suffer so terribly as I did. To me it was dreadful." "But does it pay you for the trouble—the Yo Semite?" "Yes," said she, falteringly, "I—I—*think*—it does!"

Now Mrs. B. of Cambridge, Massachusetts, if you had frankly told me what I am now sure you felt—and that is that you "thought" it "didn't"—you would have sincerely obliged the writer of this article, who, if the whole truth—or even part of it—had been told her, would have vigorously braved public opinion, the proud man's contumely, the finger of scorn, the astonishment of her mother, the disgust of her artist cousin, and stayed severely away from the Yo Semite Valley. You are an honorable lady, Mrs. B.; but the mistaken enthusiasm which led you to exaggerate the good and lessen the ill of this Yo Semite journey is the same with you as with many other persons who have gone there and written or talked about the spot.

I was informed by one of the few ladies who had been to the Valley, whom I met in San Francisco, that it was next to an impossibility to accomplish the journey without arraying myself in a Bloomer costume. Pardon me that I recoiled at this. I feel that my charms are not so numerous that I can afford to lessen them by the adoption of this most ungraceful and unbecoming of dresses; but when she assured me that it was almost a necessary precaution against being thrown from the horse to ride astride, I saw at once that my time had come, and a Bloomer costume I must wear. The dressmaker to whom I applied had made others, and needed no instructions when I told her I was going to the Yo Semite. She carved me out a costume; but pardon me once more if I shrink from the task of describing it. It was simply hideous. "The larger the hat the better," said my friend; and I remembered a "flat" which I bought last year for Long Branch, but never used much because of the high winds getting under it and carrying it away. I drew it out of my trunk, and she pronounced it just the thing. It stuck out in front and poked out behind, and was tied down over the ears with a ribbon. Cotton gloves, which fitted as cotton gloves alone can fit, completed the outfit.

I found that travellers cannot take baggage to Yo Semite. The stages are full of passengers, and have small accommodation for superfluous freight; and when you leave the stage and take to horses, the transportation of baggage is next to impossible. Everything is carried into the Valley on pack-mules, and travellers are frankly told by the agent that a small hand-bag is all that can be taken. "What, no linen—no clean dress? Nothing in the world for two weeks in summer, but a comb and a tooth-brush?" Even so.

At my last breakfast at the Grand Hotel in San Francisco, prior to leaving by rail for Stockton and thence to Yo Semite, there entered the dining room and sat down opposite our party a very distinguished-looking Englishman, who, hearing us talking about Yo Semite, begged our pardons and wanted to know if we were going there. Superfluous question! Doesn't everybody go there? "A terrible trip," said this English gentleman, when I answered in the affirmative, "especially for ladies; and you may take my word for it, it's a trip that *don't pay*."

Now wasn't it absurd and offensive in that Englishman to talk in this disparaging manner about one of our country's grandest sights? Might as well say that Bunker Hill Monument didn't pay, or that Niagara was only fit to run a saw-mill. Like as not one of those mean Englishmen who go home and write books about this "barstod country," after Squire Jones has done them the honor to ask them to dinner with him. Should we allow this prejudiced creature to influence our judgment, upset our well-laid plan, and cast a slur upon the na-

tional honor, represented in this instance by the Yo Semite Valley? No. Patriotism forbade it. Besides, our tickets were bought and paid for, and the agent wouldn't have taken them back at any price.

We arrived at Stockton in the evening, and strolled out for a walk. Stockton, you will observe, is the starting point for the Yo Semite. If you don't know that before you get there, you will soon discover it. The leading hotel is the Yo Semite House. Be very sure I stopped there. I was stricken with the Yo Semite fever. I was enthusiastic over the prospect of what was before me. I wanted to commune with Nature.

A short walk in the town revealed the fact that there was an Insane Asylum there. Can this have any connection with its being the returning point for Yo Semite tourists? There were also a large number of runners for the different stage lines. These persons asked questions with an easy familiarity which was delightful; and recommended different routes with noise and persistency enough to disgust a New York hack-driver.

The stages all leaving at 6 o'clock, we were pounded awake at 4 and summoned to breakfast. What the flies left of the meal was very dirty and disgusting. Sick at the very outset, myself and the other idiots went outside. The air there was sweet and refreshing. While we waited, the rival stage drew up. It was already full of Chinese, Irish, Italians, and Mexicans, who were going—not to Yo Semite (*pas si bêtes*)—but to different stations in the mountains—to mines, to fruit ranches, to vineyards, wineshops, and other queer places up in the wonderful Sierras. They all seemed jolly; the Chinese with their pig-tails wrapped around their heads and their queer shoes dangling on their feet, tucked themselves away in incredibly small places; the Italians swearing *Per Bacco* and the Mexicans *Caramba*, their driver's whip-lash snaps like a pistol-shot; and so good-by to them.

Our own stage comes rattling up a minute later. It is soon full of tourists—not a business person among us. Oh, what fun we are going to have! Here is a young couple from Chicago; a pretty girl is the young wife, with dreamy eyes and raven hair eked out with a monstrous chignon that begins at her very brow and ends somewhere between her shoulder-blades. She will have trouble with that before she gets to Yo Semite; even the least experienced of us can see that; but nothing can be serious with us. We are all youngish persons, gay, healthful, and bound for the Yo Semite Valley.

Pretty soon the sun's rays begin to fall heavily. There is not a breath of air stirring. The road is level as yet, but the dust is dreadful. I had heard of the dust of California roads, but this surpasses belief. It would be an impossibility for any road in an Eastern State to be so dusty, try as it might, for its soil is nowhere parched with a six months' drought. California ladies have told me that they have seen their husbands come home after stage rides so begrimed with dust that neither the wives of their bosoms nor the mothers who bore them could recognize the wanderers. I tried to talk to my companion in the stage; I was choked by the dust. Conversation was impossible. A fence six feet from the stage window was invisible behind the dust cloud. I put my head gasping out of the window to see the driver. He was gone; so were the horses. The crack of the whip was still heard, and some locomotive power was impelling us forward; but through the dust who should say what it was? The features of my companions grew indistinguishable through the layers upon layers which gathered upon their once ruddy faces; the jet-black waterfall of the Chicago bride miraculously turned white after the fashion of the prisoner of Chillon; and

more than that—it began to wobble. But if the wobbling had been confined to waterfalls alone, never, oh never, should this plaint have been penned. The wobbling very soon became general, universal, annoying, painful, intolerable, maddening! We had left the few miles of level road which beguile the traveller on leaving Stockton, and were now ascending the foot-hills. And our troubles were but begun. At Chinese Camp some of our passengers got out to go by another route. We also got out, for here we changed stages. We left the decent coach which took us up at Stockton, and were now ensconced in a hard, lumbering, springless, unpainted fiend (I am satisfied this wagon was a thing of feeling, and chuckled in every one of its rusty bolts and creaked in all its ugly joints at the pain it caused us), and were thumped along at the pace of lunatics over the stony ascent. Past deserted mining towns with their dried-up sluices and ruined huts; past Chinese and Chinese and yet again Chinese, and after that Chinese out of all whooping; Chinese gambling, and Chinese mining and irrigating and planting, and finally—oh, would it be believed in the Celestial Kingdom?—past Chinese on horseback.

And we picked up a jolly little Italian with his wife and babies. He was chatty and merry, and smelt of onions and wore gold rings in his ears. He had been in California ten years, he told us, and had been back to Italy twice. We dropped him at his ranch, a dirty place, but running wild with luscious grapes. His babies were lifted down by an Italian youth of olive skin and midnight eyes, who was clad in picturesque tatters, and greeted the new-comers with a musical holla! A neighbor of the same nationality devotes his time and acres to raising onions—and such onions! As large as a muskmelon, and with an odor proportionate to their size. May they never make the trip eastward, by sea or overland.

We try our best to enjoy life. Along the road we stop at ranches and buy delicious fruit at moderate prices. The scenery is wild and grand; the air is pure and sweet; the fruit we buy is so ripe and juicy that it fairly melts in the mouth. Isn't this a delightful picture? This is what all tourists write about. Now the truth is, that the possession of these things—even no further than this on our journey—is scarcely noticed. After this Yo Semite trip is all over, and you try to find some excuse for yourself for having been such a ninny as to run sheep-like where the other sheep bells tinkled, then you remember that those ranches where the fruit was sold were luxuriant, the fruit was delicious, the view of the mountains grand. At present you are coated with dust, your eyes are smarting, your tongue is clogged, your hair is caked, your limbs are sore, your flesh is inflamed, you want to go home. And this is only the first day, over the best part of the road, and in the stage. What will it be when it comes to the "trail" and the "pack" and the "horseback" part of it?

At 10 o'clock on the night of the first day (having been jolted since 6 o'clock in the morning) we pulled up supperless at Garrote. Here, for the first time in the journey so far, we get food which is eatable, even palatable. The cook is a Chinaman, the landlady French, and the landlord a Boston man. "We must leave at 4 o'clock," the driver says, as we creep wearily and painfully to bed. "Oh, very well, just as you say; I'll get up at midnight if you desire it; *only*—I thought this was a pleasure trip."

These satires were uttered by the wag of our party, who fondly hoped—as did we all—that now we had got to a haven, we could at least have a full night's sleep there. What an insane belief this was we found out very thoroughly before the trip was over. The comfort of passengers is just the last thing consid-

ered on the Yo Semite journey. I never was a galley slave, and have no very clear idea of what their special grievance is ; but if they—or any other man—are or is treated worse than stage-drivers, landlords, horses, and coaches treat pleasure-seeking people *en route* to Yo Semite, all I can say is, Alas, poor Galley !

At 4 o'clock we were up and off. The only thing that was really and unmistakably delicious in all this trip was the morning air. O sweet pine breezes, how I wish I could have taken some of you home in my pocket, as school-children do lollipops from a party. O odorous atmosphere, how good you did smell ! It is gratifying to me to remember that I sniffed up as much of you as I possibly could, and opened my mouth as wide as it would go, and swallowed you whole.

We left Garrote a mile or so behind, and until we reached Big Gap the road was endurable enough. This was lucky, because we were so sore and stiff from the previous day's ride that a repetition so early the next morning would have probably killed us. The young bride's waterfall, too, had acted yesterday in a very undignified manner from the merciless jolting it received. It wobbled and wiggled and shot off hair-pins, and finally settled, a sticky mass, somewhere in the region of her left ear. She giggled as it wiggled, and clapped her hand to her head and vowed that it was too bad ! and that she was going to shave her head like the Chinese, you see if she didn't ! But this was her honeymoon, you understand, when it is hard not to be looking one's prettiest. So out she came on the second morning still bearing the waterfall triumphant, though it flapped like a pendant flag through lack of the needful pins. Presently the road began to grow worse, then worse ; then—"Oh, driver, stop ! let me get out and walk ! Oh, do go slowly !"—a chorus from inside. The brute, unmindful, tears madly on—jolting over rocks, goading his horses down the hollows only to run up the opposite side at an insane gallop, sending the battered inmates to the roof, where their heads are banged and beaten ; around jutting and dangerous precipices, where one inch too near the edge will pitch the stage, crashing through pines, to destruction. One passenger—an interesting lumberman from Maine, whose fifteen years' exploits in California, as he related them to us, would make a curious and fascinating chapter—remembers when a stage did tip over from reckless driving. Not very long ago. Stage broken all to smash, and a lady killed. This is cheerful. Will it be likely to do so some more ? Not impossible. Bang ! bang ! over rocks and stones. Up we go to the roof, and then down we are crushed on the hard-as-iron seats. The bride from Chicago pays no more attention to her waterfall. Let it flap, let it fly, let it tumble off ; she is reckless, poor soul, with suffering. Even yesterday her hysterical laughter as she was flung about the stage broke now and then into a shriek ; but to-day it is the shriek without the laugh. She is in agony. Great black rings show themselves under her eyes, drops of cold sweat break out on her forehead, her hands nervously clutch the win low straps ; she supplicates with tears to be allowed to get out—to be left upon the road. She is sea-sick as well as sore, and in truth we are all in a pitiable plight, and nobody but ourselves, and other travelled monkeys who have endured this style of tail-cutting, to blame for it. And only to think that the worst is yet to come. O Mrs. B., of Cambridge, Mass., no wonder you cried bitter tears ! O distinguished Englishman at the Grand Hotel, in sooth it does not pay !

But this is premature. How do we know it does not pay ? We have not seen the Valley yet. The Valley will repay us for all, the stage-driver says, as

he stops to water his horses. This is the first sign of human feeling we have discovered in this brutal driver who took us from Chinese Camp to Hardin's. If this should meet the eye of the stage-driver with the long German name who drove us to Hardin's from Chinese Camp, he is requested to accept my compliments and those of the rest of the party in his coach, and the assurance that the universal verdict of all assembled was that he is the vilest brute that ever drove a horse.

During the respite afforded by the watering of the horses some good souls, who still entertain the fallacious idea that we shall be repaid for all when we get into the Valley, try to amuse the rest by relating threadbare stories similar to those in vogue at sea in like distressing circumstances. The standard joke at sea is the sailor's mock remedy for sea-sickness—the bit of pork tied to a string. The standard joke in the stage-coach is the anecdote about Mr. Greeley and Hank Monk the driver. Everybody has heard it; no matter, everybody must hear it again. Probably you, reader, have read it; be assured that trifling circumstance shall not deter me from relating it to you here.

To be brief, I will say that once upon a time Mr. Greeley set out for a trip over the mountains, having for driver a celebrated character, by name Hank Monk. Perfectly aware of the dreadful condition of the road over which they were travelling, this driver, with a consideration which his *conférieurs* would do well to employ, drove along for some miles at a slow and deliberate pace. Knowing that he had a lecture engagement to meet, Mr. Greeley called out to the driver that he should be glad to get on a little faster, as he had to be at a certain town at a certain hour. "Oh, very well," cried Hank Monk, firing off the pistol-shot in his whip-cord: "just keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, and I'll get you there in time." Off they flew at a thundering gait, rattling over the stones, bumping into ruts, while the unhappy Mr. Greeley was shaken about in the coach like an undignified inanimate object; his venerable spectacles broken, his revered hat thrown off his head, his white locks left waving in the dusty wind. In vain he cried for mercy; the die was cast; Hank Monk was inexorable. "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley," was his derisive shout; "I'll get you there in time." Whether alive or dead, he said not; and nearer dead than alive, he got him there in time.

This is the story in its simple form. It has variations, like a fantasia for pianoforte. One of the most incredible is that Mr. Greeley afterwards presented Hank Monk with a watch, with the famous but futile injunction inscribed upon it. Another and the most amusing is the recital of the change in deferential address which took place between driver and passenger by reason of this incident; for when the distinguished editor entered the stage he was "Mr. Greeley," with all honor from the driver, and the driver in turn was plain "Hank"; but when he got out the editor was plain "Horace" in a patronizing tone, and the driver was "Mr. Monk!"

But our horses have been watered long before this, and our tortures have again begun. Bing! bang! "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley!" shouts the facetious-minded. And that of all things is just now the most impossible.

Hail, log cabin! Relief has come at last. Here is where we drop the stage, and take the horses. We have dinner here. This is Hodgden's. The three principal stations on this route form an unpleasant alliterative trio—Hardin's, Hodgden's, and Hutchings's. Fancy a Briton tackling all these at once. Perhaps that was the reason the *distingue* Englishman—but no! he went the other way, with its "Mariposa," its "Hornitas," and other liquid Spanish stations. *Pardon, Monsieur l'Anglais.*

The dinner is execrable at Hodgden's. It is composed of salt beef, cold beans, watery potatoes, and boiling tea, as weak as hot. We pay the same price for it, however, as we do for the delicious dinner at the Grand Hotel in "Frisco;" and indeed log-cabin accommodations in the mountains are more expensive (to tourists) than the finest quarters in yon city shut in behind its Golden Gate. And how we all wish we were there! "Vot's the hodd's?" questions our wag. "But we are not 'appy," is the doleful reply.

Dinner over, we mount our steeds—sorry brutes, who look at us with eyes of sullen reproach. I must confess they are badly treated. Not the slightest politeness is shown even the most aged of them.

At first the change from the stage to the horse is pleasant. At least you can now regulate your own miseries, and need no longer be a poor thing beaten and banged by a merciless stage-driver without remorse. This is your theory. It is groundless. Ferguson now takes the place of the stage-driver and becomes the Avenger. The reader will scarcely ask me who Ferguson the Avenger is. He is the guide. All guides are Fergusons since the Innocents went Abroad, and The Only Twain returned to chronicle their Pilgrimage. Boniface is a landlord, Jehu is a hack-driver, Ferguson is a guide. So be it.

Ferguson is a Mexican born in California, and as graceful and as handsome as a picture. No mistake about this. He'd be a fortune for a painter, with his tawny, smooth skin tingling with red on the cheeks, his scarlet lips, his white teeth, his profusion of blackest hair. His other name is Manuel, and he has never been away from these mountains. He has never seen a steamboat, nor a railroad, nor a city. He wants to do so very much. So do we all just at that minute.

Particularly the bride from Chicago. She moans, she weeps, she bends her poor battered head down upon the horse's neck for relief. Her waterfall is gone—whither we know not. On investigation we find Ferguson has it. It dropped off in the trail, and he thought her head was coming off, but picking it up found she was only painlessly scalped. Without joking, this poor creature's condition is very alarming. We are afraid she will have to be left behind. Her husband is sick. Everybody is sick and sore. Poor idiots, wandering on horseback over these mountain fastnesses, we all get what we deserve for coming!

Ferguson does not want to alarm us, but says if we don't hurry up we won't get to Hamilton's (another H!) at Tamarack Flat to-night. That will be bad, as there is not a single habitation between us and that place. To increase our discomforts, night falls early and a heavy mountain rain sets in. We are drenched and weary—oh, so weary! We let the reins fall over the horse's neck. He follows the trail of his own free-will, and has such an affectionate regard for the blazes, that he scrubs us up against the trees to our infinite discomfort. Another pleasing diversion takes place. Ferguson is driving a pack-mule heavily laden; and with the obstinacy of its race, every ten minutes or so it runs off and has to be followed on the keen gallop by Ferguson, hallooing and shouting, and using the rope about his horse's neck for a whip, driving it back into the path. All our horses being accustomed to drive mules, they all turn out and gallop after the offender, causing their weary riders to perform involuntary circus feats which bring tears to their eyes.

At Tamarack Flat the experienced Hamilton is ready—he is ready every time every saddle train arrives, for he knows the state the arrivers will be in—and he lifts the poor tourist-women off their horses. Our limbs are paralyzed. Some of us are barely alive; the bride from Chicago has swooned. The good wife

Hamilton does all she can for us. She offers wine—she rubs us with whiskey; and at last all of us—men, women, and children, married and unmarried, friends and total strangers—lie down in the one only room which composes their cabin, and pass the night in blissful disregard of civilization and modesty at once. *Ad propos*—lest the reader might forget it, I wish to again remind him here that this is a pleasure trip.

We are up betimes in the morning, and quaff again the delicious mountain air. Time to be off! The rumor is that we shall get to Hutchings's (in the Valley) at noon. Another episode. A rival Ferguson, runner for the other route and the other Valley hotel, makes us more unhappy than we have hitherto been by aspersions on the fair fame of Hutchings, the host of the hotel to which we are bound. Hutchings, according to Ferguson No. 2, is a villain who starves his guests, and puts them into beds already habited by another genus. The road over which we are to pass is more dangerous, rockier, more mountainous, more unendurable than any we have seen. These are reassuring tidings to people in our demoralized condition. Ferguson No. 1 denies the aspersions of No. 2, and together they have it hot and heavy. Meantime, to horse! There are only ten miles more of this torture left. At least so we are told by one party; another says there are fifteen. In San Francisco we were told that the whole distance on horseback (of which we have come already considerably more than ten miles) was but eighteen. Doctors and mountaineers disagree. At length an astute person settles it. "It may be eighteen miles measuring as the bird flies, but *as you don't go that way*, you'll find it's about double." No; not being birds, we don't go that way; that is, we are not birds unless geese are birds.

And now begins the weary trudge again. Oh, positively we shall never live through it. We are obliged to be lifted from our horses every two or three miles, and placed under the shade of trees to rest. The sun creeps higher and higher. It pours its burning rays upon our aching heads, for we are again mounted. The pack-mule runs away; we all run with unpleasant regularity after it, our horses trotting like trip-hammers, and beating the very breath out of our bodies. And so on and on and on we go. Eight miles! It is eighty! At length we reach the precipice which is to conduct us into the Valley.

(I have requested the printer to leave a blank space here. I think it will be more eloquent than words.)

Also here, to represent the dreary period of suffering which elapsed after we began the steep descent of the precipice, and until we reached the goal of our hopes—Hutchings's Hotel.

We do get there at last—all things have an end. But the night has fallen again; we should have reached Hutchings's at noon, but were not able. At any rate, here we are. Our sufferings are at an end now. And to-morrow shall burst upon our enchanted eyes the glorious sight whose beauty is to atone for all. Meantime we are too paralyzed to stir; Hutchings lifts us off our horses—inert masses of what were once tolerably strong-minded and particularly strong-bodied women. Hutchings pours wine down our throats. He tells us we are doing well, as most ladies faint. Mrs. Hutchings rubs us with whiskey; this

feels good except in places where the skin is gone; then it makes us moan. We have not strength enough left to squirm.*

The dawn breaks in the morning of the next day, and, shining red as fire through the pine knots of the log-cabin where Hutchings dwells, strikes our leaden eyelids and bids us arise. Reluctantly we do so. This is the end of our wanderings. Here is the great prize to obtain a view of which we have come so many weary miles. Now we are to be repaid for all. We make a hurried toilet, and as quickly as our stiffened limbs will permit, we drag out to see the view which shall awe us, shall make us lose our identity, shall cause us to feel as though we were in the spirit land.†

And what do we see? Tall rocks, a few tall trees, a high and narrow waterfall, a pretty little river! No more. A lovely natural scene, I grant you; but oh! where in this broad and beautiful land of ours are not lovely natural scenes the rule? Words cannot tell the feeling of cold despair which came over me and all our party as we looked about us. Was it for this we had so suffered! O Englishman, Englishman, how painfully correct was your report! In truth and very truth, it does not pay.

We never rallied from that first impression.

"But that stone wall is nearly a mile high."

It may be so, but it does not look it; and if it did, the stars are higher, and, thank God, the stars shine at home!

"That waterfall is eleven times higher than Niagara."

Indeed! it looks like a fireman's hose playing over the top of Stewart's store.

And then we learn to our dismay, that to see anything more than this in the Valley we have got to mount those unhappy brutes again, and, with Ferguson tagging at our heels at an exorbitant price daily, make trips as dangerous and as perilous, as rocky and as unpleasant in every way as that which with so much difficulty we have just now accomplished! In the house there is neither amusement nor comfort. We are dirty, sick, sore, and miserable, and at night, as we creep heartsick to bed, we can think of nothing but—the Yo Semite Fall, the Bridal Veil, El Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks? *No!* Of the weary distance which lies between us and civilization.

But we try to make the best of it, once there. "Let's say it *does* pay," says the jolly Tapley of our party. "Yes, let's sit on the banks of this lovely river." We do so. A companionable but not welcome watersnake does so also, and we leave him in possession. Try again. There is an Indian camp beside Hutchings's. It looks romantic from this point. Let us get nearer. A vile stench greets us. These filthy wretches found a dead horse yesterday, and are now eating some of its carcass. There is one of the poor brute's legs with mud-be-grimed hoof still hanging to it. Its entrails and other parts are strung out in the sun to dry for future eating; the black blood drips to the ground as a dog gnaws them greedily, until driven off by an Indian woman who is unwilling to share such a luxury. It will not do to approach these people too closely; they

* It must not be supposed that the women alone suffered. The men were almost as bad. Mr. Greeley visited Yo Semite eleven years ago, when he was at the zenith of his physical strength; but read in what a condition he was, as told by Hutchings himself in his palavering "Guide":

"The mule he rode was considered the hardest trotting brute in America; and Mr. G. (not the mule) being somewhat corpulent, there was but little unabraded cuticle left him. Arriving at the hotel after midnight, he was *booted from his saddle*, and at his own request put supperless to bed. A little after noon the same day, having speaking engagements to fill, he started back without even seeing the lake, or the great sights on the main river."

† These phrases are quoted from divers authorities; any one who has read about the Yo Semite will recognize these old acquaintances.

are covered with vermin. Their copper skins are black as soot in spots; this is caked dirt, pure and simple. They are clad in the discarded tatters of civilization; and how tattered the discarded garment of the Sierra Nevada mountaineer is, no one can know who has not seen. The consequence is that the sight of these people so near a pleasure resort is an offence to decency. Indian men loiter under the trees playing cards for silver coin. They glare at us as we approach. It is easy to see that these people (although Ferguson assured us they were "tame") would have no humanitarian scruples about waging a war of extermination against the whites if they had but the power.

While the men play cards and loaf under the shade of trees, the women sit in the broiling sun and grind acorns, beating them between heavy stones into the finest powder. These acorns ground to meal furnish the only food these poor creatures can rely on during winter; and to gather them and dispute their possession with the hogs is the work of the Indian women. That is, it is one part of their work, for that all work is done by Indian women is an old story. *Manhood oblige!*

By another day some of us are well enough to mount again and begin our search after Beauty. We find an occasional rattlesnake, unlimited fatigue, and the tombstone of a man who was kicked to death by his horse. The trips are very wearying, the scenery very grand, very beautiful, but we are in no condition to enjoy it. We never get in such condition, and the universal verdict with us is that if every one of the waterfalls in Yo Semite were magnified, every one of its granite domes were an Olympus, if its rivers were the Rhine, and its valley the fairy gardens of Versailles, the sight of it would not repay one for the suffering involved in getting to it. And the plain truth is that nine out of ten who visit Yo Semite think this, but they will not say what they think. Some people, it is true, never have an opinion of their own, but parrot-like repeat the refrain which has been set them to sing. You remember in the pages of Most Glorious Twain the ugly little girl they saw in the Holy Land, and frank Mark's astonishment at everybody's bawling out in chorus, "What Madonna-like beauty!" He knew there was an explanation. He afterward found the keynote. It was struck in Old Grimes's (Dead) Book on the Holy Land. So with the Yo Semite. "I felt awed!—the spirit land—losing your own identity."

O travelled monkey! Dare to tell the truth, why do you not? Because you are afraid some other travelled monkey will say you "can't appreciate" the scenery which it makes your head ache to look at, and your bones ache to get at. Because you are a coward, or because you know you have made an idiot of yourself, and flung away your money by handfuls, and endured the tortures of purgatory; and you are ashamed to confess yourself so easily taken in and done for—man of the world that you are. But I am only a woman, and I confess all.

At the end of three days, homesick, and above all physically sick, we conclude to go home. Hutchings is deeply chagrined at this. As he helps us mount he says with an injured air, "Oh, that's the way! people come here and then they go right away again. *They never stay long enough!*" And this truth, told by the person whose interest it is to say the reverse, is the very best testimony that people in general who go there are unhappy, and dissatisfied, and disappointed. If it were not so, *they would stay*. But nobody stays longer than he feels he must, in deference to the certain opinions that have influenced him to come here. Artists stay; but they work hard to hasten their day of deliverance. One I met there made one complete sketch in colors for every day he stayed. I hope he will get a good price for his work when he gets back to Boston.

I can truly say that I never in my life saw a more miserable set of people than the poor candle-moth tourists who were gathered this summer in the Yo Semite Valley. The bride from Chicago was stretched in her rough bed alarmingly ill, and no physician nearer than civilization, which seemed so far that we surely must all die before we got back to it. Her husband, who had gone to see Mirror Lake, fell off his horse in a swoon, and lay there for six hours till help came. He was got home with difficulty. The only people who really seemed to enjoy themselves were the clergymen, who gather there in force every summer. These blessed men lead such sedentary lives, such hard treadmill lives for the most part, that they do revel in the open air, the grand views, the freedom of the Yo Semite trip. Then, too, they love nature more than we of the work-day world, I think; and therefore all the more eloquent was the confession of a Methodist minister who was one in our returning party in the stage, and who told me that he had made the long trip across the Desert of Sahara, riding six hundred miles on camel-back. He was enthusiastic about the loveliness of the Valley; "but," said he, as we crawled in to breakfast at Knight's Ferry, having been thundered up and started off at two in the morning to oblige the stage-driver, who wanted to get ahead of a rival, "*I forgot all about Yo Semite while I was in that stage!*"

He was apparently a noble and lovely man, and he greatly mitigated the sorrows of our journey by his pleasant words and gentle ways.

There was one lady in the returning stage who scorned the insinuation that the game at Yo Semite was not worth the cost of the candle in bruised limbs, abraded skins, and perhaps more serious ailments. She was from New York, and was a tall and scrawny demoiselle of uncertain age, who varied the monotony of the trip by spouting Shakespeare out of one window and singing "I'm Bound to be a Butcher" out of the other. She was the travelled monkey of her admiring friends in the East. She was going to have her photograph taken in her Bloomer costume and her eye-glasses, and send it home to be worshipped. She scoffed at scoffers. Why, such heretic sentiments as these would detract from the value of her glowing report! How could she gloat over her meek stay-at-home friends, saying, "I have been awed—thou hast not been awed; I have lost my identity—you have not lost your identity," if reports derogatory to the value of such experience were to be put into circulation in this ruthless manner?

To California women who think nothing of jumping astride an unbroken horse and riding him bareback, the trip to Yo Semite presents few hardships. I refer to women who live in the mountain towns, for California city women are, like most city women, dainty and delicate. Very few of these visit Yo Semite, believe me. For desk-tied students, for pale, cough-racked clergymen, for artists who want to paint pretty pictures which will be sure to find sale, the trip to Yo Semite will be a joy forever; but for women—or even for ordinary men—to run a race for pleasure by mounting a hard-trotting mule and trotting over cloud-topped mountains to this Valley, is to declare themselves, as Bret Harte expresses it, very low down indeed in the depths of imbecility.

The bride from Chicago, I have since been informed, was removed from the Valley with much difficulty, and was obliged to be placed immediately in the hands of a surgeon, who is able to relieve her ailments with the appliances of science; but she will never be *cured* so long as she breathes the breath of this life. Her case is the same as that of many others. Some are not permanently injured, but I have heard of no one who got off quite scot-free. "You'll feel it for a month" cried a San Francisco gentleman to a party of Yo Semite tourists who

stood on the deck of the steamer bound for Stockton. But they were people from St. Louis, and felt the awful warning conveyed in these ponderous words from Hutchings's "Guide":

"*Few* would go to California and have the *courage* on their return to say they had not been to Yo Semite."

Unwilling to be placed under the ban along with reprehensible *Few*, they persist in making the trip, and go through the customary suffering in consequence.

The journey across the Plains is one that every traveller should take. The scenery, as viewed from the observation car, is grand, and costs nothing in the way of bruises, sprains, or torn flesh. The prairie dogs, the antelope, the different tribes of Indians who swoop upon every train, and invariably beg for "two bits" (neither more nor less); the first view of Chinese in tremendous number, the Mormon territory, the soldiers' camps, the sage deserts, the towns built of canvas—all these are the freshest of novelties. Then at the end there is San Francisco—most curious and interesting of towns—with its cold summer breezes which compelled me to buy and to *wear* a seal-skin, fur-lined jacket in July! Also there is Sacramento, capital of the State, and the superior of San Francisco in beauty of its private residences. There are numerous other towns with names of mellifluous beauty—Vallejo, San José, Oakland, Los Angeles. Go to all these; spend your money freely in California, for they need it, times being hard, and it is better, more fraternal, to give your money to California than to Europe; go to any of the mountain towns where the railroad stops (the railroad, from end to end, is in splendid condition); but *don't* go to the Geysers, *don't* go to Lake Tahoe, *don't* go to Yo Semite—in short, never ride of your own free-will in a California stage.

OLIVE LOGAN.

PLAYING BEGGARS.

"**L**ET us pretend we are two beggars." "No,
For beggars are *im*—something, something bad!

You know they are, because Papa says so,

And Papa when he calls them that looks mad:

You should have seen him, how he frown'd, one day,

When Mamma gave his wedding-coat away."

"Well, now he can't get married any more,

Because he has no wedding-coat to wear.

But that poor ragged soldier at the door

Was starved to death in prison once somewhere,

And shot dead somewhere else, and it was right

To give him coats—because he had to fight.

"Now let's be beggars." "They re *im*—posters. Yes,

That's what they are, *im*—posters: and that means

Rich people, for they all *are* rich, I guess,

Richer than we are, rich as Jews, or queens,

And *they're* just playing beggars when they cry——"

"Then let us play like they do, you and I."

"Well, we'll be rich and wear old naughty clothes."

"But they're *not* rich. If they were rich they'd buy
All the fine horses at the fairs and shows
To give to General Grant. I'll *tell* you why :
Once when the rebels wanted to kill all
The men in this *world*—*he* let Richmond fall !

"*That* broke them up ! I like the rebels, though,
Because they have the curliest kind of hair.
One time, so many years and years ago,
I saw one over in Kentucky there.
It show'd me such a shabby sword and said
It wanted to cut off—Somebody's head !

"But—*do* play beggar. You be one ; and, mind,
Shut up one eye, and get all over dust,
And say this :

"Lady, be so very kind
As to give me some water. Well, I must
Rest on your step, I think, ma'am, for a while—
I've walked full twenty if I've walked one mile.

"Lady, this is your little girl, I know :
She is a beautiful child—and just like you ;
You look too young to be her mother, though.
This handsome boy is like his father, too ;
The gentleman was he who passed this way
And look'd so cross ?—so pleasant I *should* say.

"But trouble, Lady, trouble puts me wrong.
Lady, I'm sure you'll spare a dress or two—
You look so stylish. (Oh, if I was strong.)
And shoes ? Yours are too small. I need them *new*.
The money—thank you. Now, you have some tea,
And flour and sugar, you'll not miss for me ?

"Ah, I forgot to tell you that my house
Was burn'd last night. My baby has no bread,
And I'm as poor, ma'am, as a cellar mouse.
My husband died once ; my grandmother's dead ;
She was a good soul (but she's gone, that's true—
You have some coffee, madam ?)—so are you."

"Oh, it's too long. I can't say half of *that*.
I'll not be an im—poster, anyhow.
(But I *should* like to give one my torn hat,
So I could get a prettier one, just now.)
They're worse than Christians, ghosts, or—anything !
I'll play that I'm a great man or a king."

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

PRIVATE PICTURE COLLECTIONS IN CINCINNATI.

WHILE all schools of art are honorably represented in the collections of pictures in Cincinnati, there are more examples from the studios of the German painters than from those of any other nation. This fact is peculiar to the "Queen City of the West," as she is justly called, for in most of the galleries in New York and the East there is a preponderance of French and Belgian pictures.

It would be a curious, and might be an instructive inquiry, to ascertain why there should be this diversity of taste between New York and Cincinnati, for example. In all outward things they bear that resemblance general to cities in the Northern States. Both places have about the same relative number of natives and foreigners, with this difference, that, while the entire inhabited globe has contributed to people the metropolis, the strangers in Cincinnati are principally German. Yet it is not due to this fact that most of the picture buyers have passed by Paris and Belgium, and crossed the Rhine in search of their art treasures, for nearly all these gentlemen are Americans.

One reason for the presence of German art in Cincinnati may be found in the fact that when the Düsseldorf collection was sold many of its choice pictures found lodgment here, where, like the seed we read of in the parable, they fell upon good ground and multiplied greatly. Then Whittredge and other artists went from Cincinnati to study in Düsseldorf, and from time to time selected good pictures and sent them home. And so those mutual friendly relations that grew up between artist and art lover were extended, until in the German ateliers the name of Cincinnati was a household word; and after a while the people of that city became aware that they possessed more of the best pictures of the famous German painters than any city in Europe.

Why the taste of the Eastern public has so emphatically declared its preference for the modern art of France, and especially that which is mostly imitative, is a question I will not discuss here, beyond the suggestion that it is due perhaps to the intimate relations of the seacoast with the French capital, and that there appears to be a mutual sympathy of tastes, which is evident in the dramatic art as well as in that of the painter. Offenbach and Sardou, Toulmouche and the author of "L'Almée," are equally popular in Paris and New York.

My object in this article is to describe some of these pictures in Cincinnati, and I doubt not that my readers will be as pleasantly surprised as I was to find that these large collections of the highest and rarest works of art have been gathered in the West. And perhaps it will not be out of place to add that nowhere will the art-loving visitor meet with more discreet appreciation, refined culture, and dignified hospitality than in Cincinnati.

The collection of pictures which possesses in the most marked way the character I have noted, is that of Mr. Joseph Longworth. This gentleman is the son of the celebrated Nicholas Longworth, who was an earnest, generous friend to art and artists, and who was, as well, in all manly, gentle things and public enterprises, one of the distinguished men of the land. The visitor journeying to the residence of the present Mr. Longworth, if he be a stranger in Cincinnati, will meet with an unexpected pleasure; for he will pass out from the smoke of the city upon a range of hills which extend in all directions, where

Nature seems to have achieved her utmost desire in presenting a country of extraordinary beauty. Away from the high bluffs that border the noble Ohio, the land is diversified with valleys whose rocky beds are filled with running streams, overhung by large white-armed sycamores and bending willows, and gentle hills crowned with magnificent forests such as may not be found away from this region of primeval oak, beech, elm, buckeye, walnut, linden, hickory, and other lofty trees. The wealthy citizens have taken advantage of these generous offerings, and upon every elevation, or within the deep shadows of the high, overarching trees, stand elegant residences; while velvety lawns, lovely flowers, and rare and curious growths of ornamental trees, bushes, and running vines, tell the story of assured wealth and refined cultivation.

A most charming transition is it from this beautiful exhibition of nature without, to the lofty expression which we find upon the walls of Mr. Longworth's gallery. Two of the greatest names in German art, Lessing and Andreas Achenbach, are the reigning deities here. Lessing appears in both landscape and figure subjects; and while in this country he is hardly known in the former department of art, it would not be easy to decide in which he is the greater. Our attention is at once attracted by one of those splendid conceptions in landscape painting which recall Ruysdael and Poussin, with a completeness of execution which these masters never attained. The picture before us covers a large canvas, and is called "The Coming Storm." High up on the right of the picture there is a forest of large trees, amid whose depths a sunken and dismal road enters and disappears. Concealed behind a huge oak, which stands like a sentinel in advance of its fellows, is the form of a man, whom we judge to be a poacher, covering the retreat of two companions, one wounded, and who are seeking the protection of a thicket on the left of the scene. The foreground is made up of grasses, rocks, an old cross, and a high bank where the weeds and bushes and gnarled roots overhang. The picture is carefully detailed everywhere, and the tree-painting is such as we see only among those Germans who work so faithfully with the pencil. This is a subordinate consideration, however—a means to an end. That which impresses us most powerfully is the masterly arrangement of the picture in broad masses of light and shade, the harmonious, superb composition, the sentiment of romance which reveals the superior relation in which its author stands to nature.

Another large landscape is called "The Hymn of the Middle Ages." The composition is simpler even than "The Coming Storm." A sky of warm gray clouds arches to a far distant horizon, whose line is broken by a level plain on one side and brown arid hills on the other. These sweep up into the foreground, where a road, with figures of a guard and prisoner, winds up to an elevation. On the top of this hill, and in bold relief against the quiet sky, there is an old castle, whose gables, donjon walls, and gateways are yellow in the setting sunlight which floods in from behind the spectator. What poetry and imagination fill the scene! It is indeed a hymn out of the Middle Ages, in the minor key, and such a one as Scott, our poet of romance, would have been proud to sing.

Another landscape by Lessing gives us, with a sweetness and delicacy such as we never saw before, the poetry of morning. This is a "Morning in the Hartz Mountains," where the mists are rising from the valleys, and the sun, just above the hill-tops, dispels the gray masses of clouds hanging over valley and mountain. There are other beautiful pictures by Lessing in this gallery, and during our visits among the various collections in Cincinnati we shall meet with many more; and they always impress us with the same noble qualities of dignity,

earnestness, fine poetic feeling, and high imagination. Lessing may lack the subtleties and wealth of color which charm us in Rousseau, Duprès, and Fromentin, and others of the French school; but his pictures are something more than "bits of color." Like Beethoven's symphonies, they thrill us with a sense of the hidden mysteries of nature; they reveal to us glimpses of the solemn, the sublime, the eternal.

We turn from these landscapes to the celebrated figure pictures, "Huss before the Council" and "The Martyrdom of Huss." They are some three by five feet in size, and are replicates of the large pictures of the same titles, the latter of which will be remembered in the old Düsseldorf collection. The picture of "The Martyrdom of Huss" now before us is the original study, and bears evidence of rapid execution. Here we see the thoroughly-trained artist, who began at the alphabet of his profession and has been carefully educated all the way up to the highest point; who is conscious of his genius, and who is master of the means of expressing his thought. It seems as if he had been filled with high inspiration, and with a full palette and at a single painting had begun and finished his work.

Very different is the companion picture, "Huss before the Council." Painted for the use of the engraver, it evinces all the painstaking elaboration of detail which signalizes Meissonier or Gérôme; but in its wonderful characterization, in its moral power, it has something higher and better than those other works of art whose merit lies in elaboration of details or mere tricks of execution. It is one of the great world-pictures, this "Huss before the Council," and I will try to describe it to the reader.

Huss, standing with his right hand pressed upon his heart, his left grasping an open book, his earnest, care-worn, gentle, determined, manly face bent forward, is the one figure which instantly seizes the attention of the beholder. Around this brave man, standing and seated in one and another attitude, expressive of their character and the emotions or passions which agitate them, are grouped his accusers, and, at the same time, his judges. Judges and accusers they were in fact; but it would seem from the calm dignity and fearless demeanor of the speaker, that his audience and not he are on trial. He is addressing three men, whose broad-brimmed red hats and scarlet cloaks proclaim them to be cardinals. One of them is ancient and gray-bearded, a Moses of the law; another has a pensive, poetic face, and, with a delicate woman's hand, is playing with the tassel of his robe. In the centre of the picture, and to the right of Huss, sits one who may be supposed to represent the Bishop of Prague. He is obese in form, with a smooth, sensual face, which is turned for the moment to listen to the whispered words of a cowed monk, who is leaning over a table covered with parchments and books. To the right and left of the figure we have mentioned may be seen many other monks, bishops, and officers of the church, all intently absorbed by feelings of hate, surprise, indignation, horror, or indifference, but never of sympathy or conviction.

The most expressive of them is the form of one dressed in a purple robe of exquisite tint, and who is seated in a large chair in the foreground. This man is, no doubt, an envoy from Rome, and is not accustomed to the sound of such vile heresy, for he seems as if about to leap from his chair and hurl the most direful anathemas at the audacious Huss. It is to be hoped that this gentleman subsequently attended the burning, and was made happy. Just now he betrays more of excitement than any other of the actors in this thrilling scene; all of them, to be sure, are wonderfully individual in the expression of varied thought,

but even he, with the rest, is subordinate to, and leads you back to the eloquent figure of the prisoner and martyr.

In the marvellous imitation of drapery, the delicate flesh texture, the superb drawing of the figure, the masterly composition—in these and in all those things which belong merely to the technique of the painter's art, this picture of "Huss before the Council" may be compared with the great works of Delaroché and Gallait. But in the complete rendering of action in repose it has no equal; in this rare merit it is Shakespearian.

This is the story of "Huss before the Council," and just now more than ever is it an instructor; for it commands the artist to turn from the shocking nudities, the senseless imitations of inanimate things, which are too often the profanation of art to-day, and seek inspiration in the great deeds of noble men; and to all humanity it teaches the greater lesson of freedom of thought, freedom from priestly dictation even unto death. In all ways these pictures are eloquent exemplars, and there seems to be a peculiar fitness in the fact that they should have found a home in America.

We now have to consider the pictures of Andreas Achenbach. There are twelve of them in all, and one and all they express a power, brilliancy, and versatility incomprehensible in one man. He sees those exquisite and beautiful effects in nature which appear and vanish in a moment; but he remembers and paints them. Achenbach, as a painter, has the dramatic power which makes Meyerbeer great as a composer; and he has in addition more than the memory of Mendelssohn, because it is a far higher power to remember an atmospheric effect with its infinite tints and color, and the infinite form, than sounds, however involved and delicate may be their combination.

I wish I had space to describe these twelve pictures; for they are as distinct, remarkable, and individual, as true to nature, as would be twelve stories told by as many great authors, with the addition of whatever superiority the painter has over the writer. Each of these pictures is a distinct phase of nature. Whether it be a burst of sunshine upon some picturesque village with a storm rolling away in the distance, the smoke and steam of the forges in Westmoreland, shrimp fishers struggling in the surf upon the beach, the waves tearing and dashing over light-house and pier, or fog and rain on the sea or in the mountain—whether it be these, or a score more of the pictures of this wonderful artist to be found in this neighborhood, all bear the impress of his genius.

But it is in his sea pictures, and those exhibiting the turbulence of the sea, that Achenbach becomes the greatest of masters. In the pictures called "Storm off Ostend," "The Shrimp Fishers," "Waterfall in the Mountain," which are before us, we see the waves roaring, flying, and dashing over the light-house and pier, as if they would tear them to splinters, or, amidst the falling rain, the surf tumbling in foam and sparkle on the sandy beach, or the mountain torrent leaping and laughing down the rocky hillside; but in all of them we see painted with extraordinary truthfulness the form, motion, action, color of water. It is water itself.

Of the German school we find here another rare work of art in a picture which was painted in Germany by Hans Gude, a professor in the Carlsruhe Art School. But the artist and the picture were born in the land of Odin and of Thor. "On the Mountain Tops" the picture is called; and verily we seem to stand far above the inhabitable world, in the regions of death, on the confines of perpetual snow. Heavy masses of threatening clouds fill the sky and sweep along the jagged rocks, which like giants from Jotenheim rise up around you,

seeking combat; and you stand in thrilled expectation, as if at any moment the thunder god with his dreaded *miolnir* might appear, ready for battle.

A very rare work of art is from Antwerp, and from the studio of De Keyser, whose name never appears in the picture stores, and rarely in this country in private collections. We see here the figure of a "Returned Crusader," who among the ruins of his home rests against the shattered tomb of his ancestors. Seldom has the power been given to brain and hand to depict human passion and human agony as seen in the face of this travel-stained, homeless knight of the cross. The fingers of his hands are clenched in helpless pain, but this is the only physical expression of his woe, for the introspective eyes are looking back into that thickly peopled past of brave deeds and woman's love, which in violence and death is gone forever. The drawing of this picture is faultless. In treatment and color it stands midway between the French and German schools.

Another pleasant figure piece, by Tiedeman, represents an old peasant woman reading her Bible; while a choice example of extraordinary finish in landscape painting is by the famous B. C. Koek Koek.

The American artists, last and not least, are seen in this collection in two landscapes by Brevoort, an exquisitely painted forest scene, the well-known picture "Over the River," by George Inness, and several landscapes by Whittredge.

There are other interesting pictures and drawings in the Longworth collection; but I have fulfilled my purpose, however imperfectly, in calling attention to those distinctive features which invest it with peculiar interest.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY PROBASCO.

I now have the pleasant task of introducing my readers within the walls of a noble building situated upon the hills of Clifton, another of the park-like environs of Cincinnati. If these pointed gables and towers, these massive walls, arched windows, and ample *porch-cochère* were in France, it would be called a château; but whether in France or America, its outside is palatial, and its interior is garnished with costly pictures, beautiful statuary, precious stones, rare minerals, rich bronzes, antique armor, and many rare manuscripts and valuable books—all in all a collection of exquisite works of art such as may not be found outside the celebrated museums of the Old World.

Grateful as would be the task to describe all of these curious things, our business at present lies with the gallery of pictures, the collection of which made its owner's name celebrated among the ateliers of Europe. The object of Mr. Probasco seems to have been to gather examples from all the celebrated modern painters of all the nations of Europe, and he has succeeded; for we find here pictures painted in the snow-light of Russia and from under an Italian sun, while England, Spain, France, and Germany have each sent contributions from the studios of its greatest painters.

It is seldom we find so many of the works of great artists assembled together to challenge comparison. Here we see the "Idle Boy" of Couture, with its cool gray tones, its masterly drawing, its firm touch, its pure method, and unpretentious truth to nature, opposed to the sensuous color, the dramatic power, the impatient manner of the famed Delacroix. This artist's picture depicts a scene from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and is not remarkable in itself, but because it recalls the splendid qualities in its author's greater works. It tells the story of two self-sacrificing Christian lovers, who are about to be burned at the stake, when the Amazonian warrior Clorinda on horseback dashes in upon the scene, and saves the victims.

A larger and more brilliant picture than either of them is by Piloti of Munich, one of the few artists foreign to France who were permitted to take away one of the grand medals at the Paris Exhibition. This fact should not act to his prejudice, for the picture before us commemorates an incident in the life of King Louis, when an armed warrior enters his banquet hall and announces the loss of a battle. The picture is painted in a gay, confident, elegant manner, and with the highest skill, both in the grouping and in the exquisite finish of the many figures which fill the canvas. These are the King, Queen, children, ladies and gentlemen, dogs, courtiers, and attendants. It is a picture of elegant costumes and rich drapery, and is a dazzling example of the work of an artist who, I think, has but recently made his *début* on this side of the ocean.

In absolute contrast to the three masters I have mentioned is a picture by Fromentin, an artist who is just now on the topmost wave of Parisian popularity. I do not say that this fact is any evidence of extraordinary merit, for many questionable people and things are to-day very popular in Paris. The picture before us, which is said to be an excellent example of the work of the author, does not possess qualities of preëminent merit. It represents a party of pleasure-seekers passing along one of the streets of a city in the East, Cairo possibly. The figures are graceful in action and picturesquely costumed. The color is very pretty, and there is a luminous quality which is true to nature and attractive. This picture is a charming piece of dilettanteism. It is wanting in soberness and earnestness, in firmness of touch and vigorous drawing, in depth of tone such as we find in the Jules Breton near by.

Here is an artist who speaks to us in no doubtful way. Of the many eloquent artists France has sent us, Jules Breton is one of the most honest and unaffected. He has the *savoir faire* of his art at his fingers' ends, and he has a heart which beats tenderly and thoughtfully for the human nature he sees about him. All of his pictures describe some story, pathetic or poetic, out of real life, usually that of the peasant; and this goodly-sized picture which Mr. Probasco has secured shows us a group of peasant women laboring in the fields. The sun has gone down behind the rising ground which borders the field, but in the words of the old song:

Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

And here we find them in the deep gathering twilight grubbing in the earth. One tall figure has risen, and stands in bold relief against the darkening crimson sky. This picture, we are told, is a duplicate of the original, which won for its author additional reputation at the great Exposition.

By all odds the best Schreyer we have ever seen is in the possession of Mr Probasco. He has two examples from the easel of this popular artist. One of them takes us to the East, where an Arab encampment has been formed in the shadow of an old wall in ruins, whose top is just tinged with the light of sunset. The animals are admirably painted, as he better than any other knows how to paint them, while the effect of evening light is charmingly given. The other picture is large, and shows the interior of a forest at night in a fierce snow and wind storm. A party of travellers muffled in hoods and cloaks are seeking with their horses the shelter of a hut, whose wide-open door reveals the light of a big genial fire within. The contrast between the warmth, comfort, and shelter of this cabin, and the freezing blast and dreary darkness without, is graphically depicted.

One of the choicest pictures in the collection of Mr. Probasco is by De Keyser, whose "Returned Crusader" we found in the Longworth gallery. The work now under observation, and which has very recently passed from the artist's studio into the possession of its present owner, transports us to the château of Fontainebleau, and into the presence of Francis I. and his court. The artist introduces us to all the distinguished characters, artists who were noble, and nobles who were not artists, who were in the train of the King. The subject is treated with a richness of color and depth of tone worthy of Rembrandt, or of Gallait, in whose light De Keyser has grown to greatness.

Another of Gallait's pupils appears here in a picture representing the wives and children of Counts Egmont and Horn, who, with bared heads and feet, and tapers in their hands, are making a pilgrimage to the shrines of the city. The early morning light casts a ghastly pallor upon their pain-stricken faces as they wander over the rough pavement, heedless of the gaze of the curious or sympathizing bystanders, their vacant sight straining with the vision, fanciful or real, of the dreadful block which in an hour will bereave them of husband and father. The Baron G. Wappers is the author of this admirably executed work.

Millet, called the peasant painter of France, is seen here in a picture of two peasants carrying upon a hurdle a sick calf, while its mute mother follows in anxious solicitude. This is in all ways a good picture honestly painted, whose simple pathos simply told explains the popularity of its author.

Besides those I have mentioned, a score of figure pictures of great merit remain to interest the visitor to Mr. Probasco's collection. There is Gérôme's "Horseman and Herd Crossing the Desert;" a very large, and one of the best of Bellange's historical pictures, "Napoleon's Return from Elba;" a capital example of Riefsthal, a German artist too little known in America; a large picture by Nicols; grave subjects, by Toulmouche, Meyer von Bremen, Meyerheim, Sohn, Schiaroni, Campenoster, Goupil, Diaz, Augier, Baron, A. Stevens, and others.

One of the most important pictures which has yielded to the magic magnet that has brought so many costly treasures together here, is "The Universal Mother," by Kaulbach; and I have reserved mention of this celebrated work of art because its author stands apart, a giant among the masters. There will be found very many of the wisest who object to, or have no sympathy with, Kaulbach's manner or his choice of subjects; but this great German never touches pencil—and he has covered acres of canvas—without exhibiting the power of the master at every stroke. You may not love Kaulbach, but you must admire him. "The Universal Mother" represents a handsome woman the size of life, out in the woods, surrounded by children, whose caresses she receives rather than reciprocates. The drawing of the woman and children is faultless, and you marvel at the skill which creates these graceful lines, these delicate contours, these exquisite tints of color. But woman and children are far removed from you. They are human woman and children perhaps, but types of classic elegance, and unlike, for example, those precious cherubs which grow under the tender hand of Murillo. You cannot take these Kaulbach children to your arms and heart; they do not appeal to your emotions; you cannot love them. And herein lies the want in Kaulbach's art. Even in his illustrations of "Faust" he never portrays the individual man or woman, but the type, the generalized man and woman. Notwithstanding, "The Universal Mother" is a superb creation, and we are rejoiced to see in our country this example of the great German master.

In our notice of Mr. Probasco's pictures our attention has been hitherto devoted exclusively to the historical and figure subjects. We will now turn to the numerous landscapes which give inestimable value, variety, and brilliancy to this remarkable collection.

It has been thought a rare acquisition to possess a single example of the celebrated French landscapist, Rousseau. Mr. Probasco has been so fortunate as to secure three, which in either merit or size are not equalled in this country. But space will not permit a detailed description of them. They combine all of that elaborate drawing, wonderful justness of tone, depth, variety, harmony, and gradation of color which we find first in nature and then in Rousseau.

One of these pictures is an upright, representing an old roadway leading out of the forest. Two wood-choppers are at work by the roadside; but these you do not at first notice, for the eye wanders across a piece of water shimmering in the sunlight, and up a hillside, and out into the warm, palpitating air. In truth, I have reversed the order of this description, and should have mentioned this wonderful atmosphere in the beginning; for your first consciousness when you stand before the picture is of atmosphere, light, heat. You are in the presence of that impalpable something which you can feel, and matter called air. This picture is a complete example of justness of tone. The trees, grasses, the figures, the water and sky, have each their own tint and color, and all are harmonious and true in their relation to each other. The Rousseau in the Belmont collection, and a smaller one in the possession of Mr. Thomas Appleton, Boston, have something of the kind and quality of color of the picture we are now gazing at; but neither of those pictures, nor for that matter any picture we ever saw, is so pure and strong, so varied and harmonious, so brilliant and yet subdued, so poetic and musical as is this.

A larger picture, square in form, places us before a quiet stream of water, which in the foreground is bordered on one side by a picturesque cottage and on the other by an elaborately painted tree, and then it flows quietly, by imperceptible but absolute degrees, across the meadow, and is lost far out upon the horizon. Over this there is the sky with floating white clouds. In the foreground of this picture there is a deep shadow which seems unnaturally dark and not necessary to perfect the extraordinary illusion of perspective which is the astonishment of this picture. Here, too, as in its companion, we find depth of tone, solid color, light, and air.

The third picture is characteristic of Rousseau, but we will not describe it. So far as technique, handling, and quality of color go, Rousseau stands preëminent; but if Rousseau had possessed the romance and poetry of Lessing, or had Lessing the color of Rousseau, what transcendent works of art they would have produced!

Jules Duprès is in this noble company of painters in one of his later pictures, with all his characteristics of wealth and quantity of color. A large Troyon is a superb example of fresh, limpid color, with a distant storm-cloud and cattle in the foreground. A Rosa Bonheur, of cattle under the trees, is not equal in any way to Mr. Belmont's picture of "The Morning of the Hunt." Other animal and landscape pictures are by Auguste Bonheur, Braccassat, Verboeckhoven, with important landscapes by Gude, Oswald Achenbach, and other well-known names; but we must pass over these and the superior collection of sculpture which distinguishes this gathering of works of art, and turn our attention to several other notable galleries of pictures in Cincinnati.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. S. GROESBECK,
a gentleman who is better known to the public as a jurist and statesman than as

a lover of the fine arts, has that varied interest which comes from catholic taste and years of thoughtful selection. A very winning picture which at once attracts attention shows two figures, one of a horseman passing over a hilltop in the foreground into the deep shadows of early morning which lie in the valley beyond. There is nothing prosaic here; the romance of poetry inspires each touch of the painter; the dew and freshness of the dawn rests upon the grasses and pervades the quiet air. This is as sweet a song as ever was sung by Burns or Heine.

A perfect example of another kind of art is found in the portrait of a fat, comfortable, well-to-do sheep, from the hand of Verboeckhoven. This picture is so superior in its nice manipulation that it would be easy to distinguish it from the thousand-and-one which falsely bear the signature of this artist. Verboeckhoven's animals are always well groomed, aristocratic creatures, and in that way he is not excelled.

In the same breath with the Dutch painter of animals one would hardly wish to mention Gallait; but here and at home they live so near to each other as to suggest companionship. The Gallait is no larger than the breadth of your hand, but it is a splendid ruby set in gold. As an example of rich color it claims our admiration; for the subject, a lady with her child in her arms, does not recall the author of "The Council of Blood."

Three Andreas Achenbachs are notable. One of cabinet size has more of thunder and lightning, storm and wave, cloud and sunshine, than we ever saw on one canvas before. Another reveals a landscape where the sunlight shooting past the edge of a storm-cloud illuminates an old mill, with waste and pond in the middle distance of the picture. The third is a coast scene in Normandy, where the foreground of long-receding waves is in half shadow, and the middle distance of boats, some grounded on the beach with sails flapping, waiting for the tide, others just under way, all in action and flooded with a broad beam of sunshine. A very different picture is by Leu, a painter of reputation, who seems to have the technique of his art completely within his control, but who lacks those active sympathies with nature which help to make the true artist.

One of the later and most perfect of Meyer von Bremen's child-pictures has found welcome here. A little girl is standing beneath a bird-cage, and no doubt in conversation with its inmate, for her sweet face is upturned in the bright light. A number of household pictures greet us pleasantly. A boy playing preacher to a party of his companions, by Salentin; an old woman and child, by Soyer; a "Guardian Angel," by Merle, with other queer subjects. We find our own artists admirably represented in the collection of Mr. Groesbeck by the presence of landscapes by Shattuck, Wyant, and Whittredge.

MR. REUBEN SPRINGER'S COLLECTION.

The collection of Mr. Reuben Springer carries us back to the days of the old Düsseldorf collection, when our people knew very little about art, and when our artists numbered hardly a score. Here is Müller's celebrated "Madonna," the "Morning" by Lessing, Hubner's "Lover's Demand," two Schroeders, a masterpiece by Achenbach, a Koek Koek, Gude, Robbe, and that marvellous picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," by Steinbrück, with its curious effect of different kinds of light.

COLLECTIONS OF MESSRS. SCHOENBERGER, BURT, AND OTHERS.

We pass from Mr. Springer to the interesting collection of Mr. George Schoenberger, who possesses one of the duplicate sets of the four pictures of

Cole's "Voyage of Life." In most ways landscape art among our people has made great progress since the time of Cole, yet his influence is as perceptible here to-day as is that of Constable in England, or Schirmer in Germany, and his works, aside from their intrinsic merit, must always have historic value. Mr. Schoenberger has excellent examples of Achenbach and Gude, a capital Von Schendel, the largest and by all odds the best Robbe in the country, a Meyer von Bremen, Meyerheim, with other foreign masters, and a superior figure subject by our own painter Lambdin, and one of Gray's best genre pictures of a boy in a stable playing on a jewsharp.

I should be glad to enumerate the many pictures scattered about the city of Cincinnati, but can only note, for the benefit of those who may wish to go and see, that they will find in the collection of Mr. A. G. Burt valuable examples of Calame, Lessing, Achenbach, Gude, Moselhagen, Leu, and Schirmer.

Mr. Scarborough has two Lessings, a Leu, two Coles, and other works of art. At Mr. Lars Anderson's will be found "The Hunter's Lodge," a forest scene by Lessing, which is beyond description beautiful, and of itself would repay a visit to Cincinnati.

Mr. M. Baker has two remarkable pictures by Oswald, the brother of Andreas Achenbach, a sea picture of marvellous brilliancy by the latter, landscapes by Lambinet and others. I should not do justice to my subject were I not to mention Mr. Karrman's large and choice collection of pictures in oil, sepia, water-color, pencil, and etchings and engravings, made during many years of careful selection, and containing exquisite examples, chiefly from German art. We could linger longer in Cincinnati among these beautiful pictures, but have I not said enough to convince the worshipper in the Temple of the Beautiful that there is yet one more shrine to visit?

GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

THERE lived in France, in days not long now dead,
 A farmer's sons, twin brothers, like in face;
 And one was taken in the other's stead
 For a small theft, and sentenced in disgrace
 To serve for years, a hated galley slave;
 Yet said no word his prized good name to save.

Trusting remoter days would be more blessed,
 He set his will to wear the verdict out,
 And knew most men are prisoners at best,
 Who some strong habit ever drag about
 Like chain and ball; then meekly prayed that he
 Rather the prisoner he was should be.

But best resolves are of such feeble thread,
 They may be broken in Temptation's hands.
 After long toil the guiltless prisoner said:
 "Why should I thus, and feel life's precious sands
 The narrow of my glass, the present, run,
 For a poor crime that I have never done?"

Such questions are like cups and hold reply ;
For when the chance swung wide the prisoner fled,
And gained the country road, and hastened by
Brown furrowed fields and skipping brooklets fed
By shepherd clouds, and felt 'neath sapful trees
The soft hand of the mesmerizing breeze.

Then, all that long day having eaten naught,
He at a cottage stopped, and of the wife
A brimming bowl of fragrant milk besought.
She gave it him ; but as he quaffed the life,
Down her kind face he saw a single tear
Pursue its wet and sorrowful career.

Within the cot he now beheld a man
And maiden also weeping. "Speak," said he,
"And tell me of your grief; for if I can,
I will disroot the sad tear-fruited tree."
The cotter answered: "In default of rent
We shall to-morrow from this roof be sent."

Then said the galley slave: "Whoso returns
A prisoner escaped, may feel the spur
To a right action, and deserves and earns
Proffered reward. I am a prisoner!
Bind these my arms, and drive me back my way,
That your reward the price of home may pay."

Against his wish the cotter gave consent,
And at the prison gate received his fee,
Though some made it a thing for wonderment
That one so sickly and infirm as he,
When stronger would have dared not to attack,
Could capture this bold youth and bring him back.

Straightway the cotter to the mayor hied
And told him all the story, and that lord
Was much affected, dropping gold beside
The pursed sufficient silver of reward;
Then wrote his better in authority,
Asking to set the noble prisoner free.

'Tis said our galley slave was soon released,
And wedded her with love, the good and fair,
The cotter's daughter, when his store increased.
The brother twin, shamed one for him should bear
A dungeon's gloom, had turned to doing well,
And no more shadows on these households fell.

There is no nobler, better life on earth
Than that of conscious, meek self-sacrifice.
Such life our Saviour, in his lowly birth
And holy work, made his sublime disguise,
Teaching this truth, still rarely understood:
'Tis sweet to suffer for another's good.

HENRY ABBEY.

L'AMOUR OU LA MORT.

CHAPTER I.

“**D**ECIDEDLY, Clotilde, it was not a bad idea this of coming to Rouen. Charming old town; and what a hotel! Why, I wouldn't have believed that such a breakfast could be found out of Paris.”

These remarks, interrupted by sundry noises indicative of keen enjoyment of the meal in question, were made by M. Monvel, a burly, good-natured looking man, to his wife, who was seated opposite him at the table in a bright cheerful room of the excellent hotel — at Rouen. Mme. Monvel gave a languid assent to her husband, and apparently took up the thread of the dream which his voice had broken. She was a graceful woman, hardly more than a girl in years, whose beauty, though by no means inconsiderable, might have failed to attract attention, but for a melancholy expression in her dark eyes that told of a romantic disposition, and piqued curiosity.

M. Monvel finished his breakfast, and being now at liberty to observe his wife, saw that she had eaten little and was abstractedly playing with her fork. “Why, Clotilde,” he cried, “what's the matter? You haven't touched your breakfast; are you ill?”

Mme. Monvel protested that she was quite well, but not hungry.

“But you are certainly *distracte*, and now that I think of it you have been so ever since we left Boulogne. The air of Boulogne could not have agreed with you; you took as sudden a dislike for the place, as you did last summer for Bagnères.”

“For Heaven's sake,” exclaimed Mme. Monvel, “don't remind me of Bagnères!”

“True, I forgot, Clotilde,” replied M. Monvel soberly; “it is a painful thing to think of. Poor fellow! such a companion, such an enthusiast in botany! And to meet with such a death! I never could understand how a man of his good sense could kill himself; and without any reason too!”

“But, Monvel, he had a reason,” said Mme. Monvel eagerly. “I am assured that an unrequited passion——”

“Unrequited fiddlestick!” growled her unsentimental husband.

“You can't understand such a sacrifice,” said Mme. Monvel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; “you would never be capable of killing yourself for a woman.”

“Not I, indeed. Why,” continued the prosaic partner, “here's a dilemma for your romantic suicides. Either the lady would take my death to heart, in which case I should be quite too gallant to vex her, or on the other hand, my death would only gratify her vanity, and in that case I should be too sensible to procure her so dear a pleasure. But come, my dear, let's drop the subject. Come and take a breath of air;” and so saying M. Monvel stepped out upon the balcony.

As he passed out, the door opened softly and disclosed a handsome young man in travelling dress, who gave Mme. Monvel an imploring look, and held out to her a letter.

“Good Heavens!” she ejaculated; “leave me, I beg—another time—my husband——”

"Did you speak, Clotilde?" said M. Monvel, looking into the room just as the door closed on the intruder.

"I was asking you what you were looking at," replied Madame, whose confusion escaped her unsuspecting husband. "Were you watching that carriage that has just driven up?" she continued, going to the window.

"Yes, and it seemed to me I know the lady who has come in it. By Jove, it is! Clotilde, it's that pretty girl with whom you were so intimate at Tours; what's her name?"

"Not Hortense?" cried Clotilde. "Yes, it is she. Oh, Monvel, run down and tell her I am here."

M. Monvel hurried off obediently, and Madame sank upon the sofa exclaiming, "Was ever woman so persecuted? Heaven grant he may not be so imprudent as to return!"

Heaven apparently did not receive this prayer in time, for before an Amen could have been added thereto, the door burst open, and *he* of the petition threw himself at Mme. Monvel's feet.

"Take pity on me, Madame," he cried; "at least accept this letter, I entreat you!"

"Never!" said she indignantly. "Rise, sir! What reason have I ever given you to think——"

"Alas, none whatever! Your coldness has been constant, and would have chilled any heart but mine. I left no stone unturned to obtain an interview with you; but all in vain. You eluded me in every way. At last in despair I wrote this letter, but before I could give it to you, you had left Boulogne. I followed your carriage——"

"Yes, sir! I saw you," sternly interrupted Mme. Monvel, "and wondered at your boldness. I am utterly at a loss to understand your conduct and the hopes you seem to entertain."

"My conduct is indeed that of a madman. But do not look for reason," continued the intruder, growing wilder to Mme. Monvel's great alarm, "for I am nearly mad with despair. My only hope is to ask at your feet for pity. I have never dared to entertain others."

"A madman indeed," said Mme. Monvel, evidently touched by the despairing expression of her admirer, "for I do not even know your name!"

"Ah, if that were all!" sighed he. "I ought to be no stranger to you. My sister has often spoken to me of you, and thus laid the fuel which my first glimpse of you kindled into flame."

"O Monsieur! pray go; somebody is coming. I hear my husband," exclaimed Mme. Monvel, quite ready to burst into tears.

"At least take this letter," implored the persistent adorer.

At this juncture voices were plainly heard, and Mme. Monvel in an agony of fright pointed to a door at the end of the apartment, "Go, go," she cried; "that door opens on the back stairs!" adding, as he still lingered, "Another time!" She turned to receive her husband and friend, who entered just as the banished one disappeared, not by the door indicated, but by that opening on the balcony. Mme. Monvel gave one quick glance over her shoulder, and breathing more freely on seeing that her persecutor was gone, rushed into the arms of a tall, elegant woman dressed in deep mourning, in whose embrace she partially recovered from her agitation.

"Dear Hortense!" "Dear Clotilde!" and the two ladies caressed each other in a manner calculated to reduce a male observer to the verge of distraction.

tion. M. Monvel and a servant laden with bags were the only witnesses of this scene, unless the interloper lying *perdu* on the balcony may have ventured to take a peep, which for his peace of mind let us hope he did not do.

Hortense, finally disengaging herself from her friend, directed the servant to carry the luggage to her room, and relieved M. Monvel of a box, which she laid on the table, remarking that it contained pistols, and was put in her charge for her brother.

"Then you expect your brother here?" asked M. Monvel.

"Yes, he is to meet me here and accompany me to Havre. I shall introduce him to you, Clotilde, for you must know he is quite prepared to fall in love with you simply from my description. I hope you are not jealous, M. Monvel."

"To prove that I am not," replied the good-humored Monvel, "I will leave you and Clotilde to talk over old times, and of your brother if you choose. No compliments! I know husbands are sometimes *de trop*. Besides, I have some purchases to make for my wife;" and with a kiss to Clotilde and a bow to Hortense, he went off and was heard humming a lively tune on the stairs.

"Do you know, dear," said Hortense as the door closed, "I find your husband very charming? So frank, so cheerful, and so gallant!"

"Indeed, Hortense, he is the best and kindest of men. But let us talk of your affairs. To think that we have never met since we left the convent. How little you are changed, and yet, *mon Dieu!* how many things have happened since then! Both of us married, and you——"

"And I am a widow," said Hortense. "Yes, poor Varennes died more than a year ago."

"Ah, how you must have suffered!" sighed Mme. Monvel sympathetically.

"Varennes was very kind, like a father to me, Clotilde, and I was truly wretched when he died; but time has mercifully softened my grief, and to be frank, darling," continued the disconsolate widow, pointing to her mourning dress, "but for this (I hope you don't think it unbecoming to me) I should hardly believe I was not a girl again. Indeed, I feel like one."

"And no doubt have more than one aspirant to your hand, *n'est ce pas?*" said Clotilde maliciously.

"I can't deny it, dear, and I must have a confidante. How like the old days at Tours this is, to be telling you my secrets. Yes, I have one!" (here occurred a parenthetical kiss), "in whose favor all my family have declared, and whom I believe I like. He is very fond of me, I am sure, for whenever I am cold or distant he is quite beside himself. But I can't make up my mind to accept him. He has one very serious fault: he loves me entirely too violently; a perfect volcano, I do assure you."

"Is it possible," cried Clotilde, breathless at the bare idea of so ardent a lover—"is it possible that you consider that a fault!"

"In a lover, perhaps no; in a husband, yes, decidedly."

"Ah, if Monvel had such a fault, how easily could I overlook it!" exclaimed Clotilde, turning up her dark eyes.

"I should pity you if he had; these violent passions burn out very soon. M. Monvel now seems to me a very model for a husband, affectionate and obliging."

"I know he is all that. He denies me nothing, and would take me to a ball or a play every night of my life, if I should ask him. He loves me. I am confident, but with a love so tranquil—so—so commonplace. Why, Hortense, he passes whole days without talking to me of anything but his clients, his busi-

ness. And I, who had always dreamed of a husband who should adore me, compliment me, perhaps—make me verses——”

“Oh, you sentimental little goose!” laughed Hortense; “*you* indeed are little changed. I recognize the old *amie de pension* with her head full of romances. But seriously, *ma chatte*, is that all your trouble? You are paler than you used to be. I am sure you are *triste*, that you have some secret *ennui*.”

Mme. Monvel attempted to speak; but her voice failed her, and dropping her head on her friend's shoulder she burst into tears. “Hortense, I have,” she sobbed, “and you must be my confidante; for I am tired of keeping my secret alone, and Monvel must never know it.”

“Poor Mignonne,” said Hortense consolingly, “how glad I am that we have met; confide in me without fear.”

“Well, then,” said Mme. Monvel, drying her eyes and lowering her voice, “you must know that we have just come from Boulogne, where we have been several weeks. Shortly before we left, there came to our hotel a young man; he was very handsome, Hortense, and yet he looked *so* sad. I said to myself when I first saw him, ‘He is unhappy.’ But, *figure toi, ma bichette*, no sooner did he see me than he fell in love with me. I saw it from the first; his passion was too evident to be mistaken, and yet Monvel's suspicions were not even aroused. It is impossible to make him jealous; I sometimes wish he were more so. Not satisfied with falling in love, this rash fellow finally went so far as to make me a declaration. I repulsed him, and that very day, to Monvel's surprise, announced that I was tired of Boulogne, and begged him to leave at once. He, though perfectly charmed with the place, needed no teasing, and we left the next day for Rouen. But, judge of my alarm when I found that my admirer was following us (he passed us on the road and then fell behind us), and on reaching this hotel to see him ride up. He is here still, and this morning had the hardihood to urge me to accept a letter, which I of course refused. O Hortense! what am I to do?”

Hortense, who had been listening with a look of amusement, here broke into a merry laugh. “Why, how seriously you tell me all this,” said she. “It is positively the most amusing——”

“Amusing,” said Clotilde reproachfully. “To me it is frightful. I assure you that the moment a man looks at me admiringly, I am seized with a shudder of fear.”

“Fear, no doubt, of reducing him to despair. You dear innocent, you are quite too good for this world.”

“Innocent!” said Clotilde in a hollow voice; “innocent, when I have on my conscience the death of a man!”

“Death! Clotilde, what do you mean? *Mon Dieu!* explain yourself.”

“I dare not.”

“Why? Are we not alone?” asked Hortense, whose cheeks had lost all their color. Mme. Monvel assured herself that her own room adjoining was empty, that nobody was listening at the doors, and returned to her place. Alas! she forgot the balcony! and as the ladies were seated on a sofa turned from the window, neither saw the head that resumed its position there when Mme. Monvel took her seat.

“Yes, we are quite alone,” she replied, “and I must, I will free my mind. Last summer, dear Hortense, Monvel took me to the Pyrenees, to Bagnères, to spend the summer. Among the visitors there was a young gentleman whom nobody knew, but who went by the name of Edward. He was an enthusiastic nat-

uralist, and my husband for that reason formed his acquaintance and took a strong fancy to him. They took long excursions together, but when Monvel wished to present him to me, he excused himself on some plea of not going into society. But he had seen me, my dear, and had already fallen a victim to the passion which finally proved fatal to him. And Monvel was so blind that he did not see it; to this day he does not know that we ever met."

"Excellent husband!" exclaimed Hortense.

"But," objected Clotilde, "had he loved me with half the ardor that consumed this poor fellow, don't you believe he would have been less blind? I, at all events, saw his passion increasing day by day, without encouragement, believe me, Hortense. At last he met me, told me his love. I refused to listen to him. His eloquence might have touched the heart of a stone, but I was even harder and colder than a stone, and treated him with disdain. He made many fruitless efforts to obtain an interview. Finally I met him one day by accident; we were quite alone. He was pale and agitated. He threw himself at my feet and besought me to pity him. I was unmoved; but only in appearance, for my heart bled for him. My coldness drove him to despair. He rose, and uttering some incoherent words, left me precipitately. And my lips never opened to call him back. On the next day, Hortense, the 'Gazette de Bagnères' contained the dreadful news that this poor, brave, noble fellow had put an end to his life. He had left his servant a note telling him of his design. Careful search was made in the mountains, everywhere, but no trace of him could be found, except his hat, which was found at the foot of an awful precipice. He had killed himself, Hortense, for me."

"How terrible, my poor child! What devotion! And yet," continued Hortense, "it might have compromised you; it was a great imprudence certainly."

"Imprudence!" cried Clotilde; "a sublime act of devotion, of courage! Ah, Hortense, such devotion is love indeed, and makes any less self-sacrificing affection seem poor and cold. If I had only divined what was in his mind——"

"What would you have done, Clotilde?"

"Nothing contrary to my duty; but perhaps a word would have sufficed."

"A word!" said Hortense scornfully.

"But anything would have been better than such a death," groaned Mme. Monvel. "To think of his sacrifice, his family, his mother."

"Yes, and to think of your husband," rejoined Hortense.

"Monvel would never kill himself for his wife; husbands never do. He said as much this morning. But fancy my remorse; this tragedy has haunted me ever since, and I have had to bear the sorrow alone. I should never dare to be so harsh again. One death on my conscience is enough."

At this point the head at the balcony window appeared to redouble its attention, still unseen by the two ladies.

"And what has become of your unknown admirer of Boulogne?" asked Hortense.

"I shudder when I think of him, for he too seems very violent. I only hope that the reception I gave him this morning may have forced him to renounce his hopes. You must advise me, Hortense. But I am fatiguing you, my dear; we will talk of this again. I am sure you are tired and need to rest."

"I must change my dress, for I expect my brother; and perhaps somebody else may be here to-day," replied Hortense with a fine blush. "For I am on my way to Havre, and though I expressly announced that I did not wish anybody to meet me, it is possible that somebody may do so;" and after many embraces and words of consolation, Hortense ran off to her room.

While the ladies were taking this affecting leave of each other in view of the dreadful separation of an hour or more, Mr. Eavesdropper, judging the moment a favorable one for a retreat, stole quickly but noiselessly to the back stairs, and made good his escape.

Mme. Monvel was about to follow her friend's example and retire to her chamber (which communicated with the room in which this scene passed) to dress, for in spite of her dread of conquest she never failed to select from her armory her most effective weapons and uniforms, when in rushed the victim of her charms and stood before her with dishevelled hair, disordered garments, and an alarmingly wild manner.

"*Mon Dieu !* how frightful," faintly exclaimed Mme. Monvel. Then gaining courage she cried indignantly, "What do you wish, sir? Why have you returned? Explain yourself, I insist."

"Madame," he began, "an hour ago I had left this hateful city, where my sister was each moment expecting me, but——"

"Your sister?" said Mme. Monvel, starting with surprise. "Not Hortense?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then you are Ferdinand? Oh, let me go and bring her here," and Mme. Monvel attempted to pass him. But M. Ferdinand placed himself between her and the door. "It is useless," said he; "I have not returned for her, but for you; you, whom I wished to see for the last time. I have returned with the determination, if you remain cruel as you were yesterday, this morning, always—with the fixed determination to take one last look at your beautiful, cruel face, and then execute my design."

"But," cried Clotilde, trembling with alarm, "I don't understand you. Do you not know that my husband——"

"Your husband! Accursed word that erects an insuperable barrier between me and the only woman I have ever loved, can ever love; that condemns me to death. Yes, to death, Madame! What have I to do with life, when you, who are my life, desert me?"

"Oh! Monsieur," cried poor Mme. Monvel, on whose lovely face the liveliest distress was portrayed, "reflect, be calm! Good Heaven, what can I say to him? See, I implore you, in your sister's name——"

"Ah, yes," chimed in M. Ferdinand, "my sister; you alone can spare her this grief. Promise me your love, or take the guilt of my death." Whereupon, seeing the box of pistols which Hortense had left on the table, he opens it and takes out a pistol, exclaiming in a voice of reproach, "Your silence is my sentence."

Clotilde, nearly fainting with fright, rushed to him and seized his arm. "No, no! Stop, are you mad? Tell me what you wish of me, for the love of Heaven."

"What I wish? But a slight favor, and yet too great for your cold heart to grant. A few moments' conversation, an interview—nothing more."

"But my husband will return. I expect him now, every moment."

"Meet me, then, in this room at four. I will take care that your husband is engaged at that hour." Seeing that she hesitated, he made a motion with the pistol that at once brought Madame to terms.

"Give me the pistols and I promise," said she, her fear somewhat lessened by this moderate demand. Now Mme. Monvel was mortally afraid of a pistol, and shrank back as the box was handed her. "Put it there in that *escritoire*;

now lock it and give me the key." M. Ferdinand obeyed, and Mme. Monvel putting the key in her girdle sank upon the sofa exhausted. "Leave me now, I pray," she said faintly.

"Madame, at four!" said Ferdinand solemnly as he closed the door. Had Madame been able to see through the door at this moment, she would have been confirmed in her belief in M. Ferdinand's madness; for no sooner did this despairing lover find himself alone, than he executed a *pas seul* in the corridor, which appeared greatly to compose his disordered spirits. That terminated, he walked off to his room quite calmly and in a very cheerful frame of mind.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the course of this interview a traveller drove up to the hotel, who on learning that Mme. Varennes and M. Ferdinand had already arrived, expressing much chagrin, had asked to be shown to the room of the latter, where he was knocking as Ferdinand came up.

"Hallo! Sauvigny, can this be you?" he shouted, dragging the new-comer into his room. "Did you know Hortense was here?"

"Yes, and I counted on arriving here before her, to prove to her my impatience; she is so incredulous, and everything has gone wrong since I left Havre. How is she, more favorably inclined?" asked M. Sauvigny.

"I haven't seen her yet," replied Ferdinand. "Don't despair; you have only to shake the tree long enough, the apple is sure to drop."

"But why does she hold out so long? She knows that she is the only woman I have ever loved; I have told her so a hundred times."

"So have I, though I don't believe it myself. There, there, you know I am on your side, and I tell you she will accept you soon. If she delays I'll give you my receipt, an infallible one, as I have found very lately." And M. Ferdinand twirled his moustache with the air of a conqueror. "But before I take a step to help you, promise to do me a favor."

"A thousand, my dear fellow; my purse is at your service," said Sauvigny, pulling out a well-stuffed portemonnaie.

"Put up your purse; it's not that I want. I want you to—that is, I would like—in short, I want you to take a gentleman under your charge for an hour or so. I have an engagement at four o'clock with a lady—his wife, in fact."

"But I don't know him," objected Sauvigny; "besides, I don't precisely approve—"

"Approve? Pshaw, it's only a joke; don't look so frightened, man! And as to knowing him, I will manage that. I don't know him myself, to tell the truth, except by sight, but I will arrange that. You must take him to see the church and all the sights. Now don't object, or I vow not to say a word to Hortense for you."

"I will do all I can," hastily replied Sauvigny, alarmed by this threat. "Where is he? But you must make my excuses to Hortense for not waiting on her earlier."

"You look out for my interests, and I promise not to neglect yours. But come, let us go down stairs and look about us. You can't see Hortense yet. Take a cigar?"

The two young men, after lighting their cigars, leisurely sauntered down, meeting M. Monvel at the foot of the stairs with his arms full of bundles.

No sooner did the eyes of the usually impassive Monvel light on Sauvigny than he dropped his bundles, and stood motionless as if petrified, staring with astonishment and doubt expressed in every feature. Sauvigny appeared on his part not a whit less disconcerted, and equally incapable of utterance.

"*Mon Dieu! Monsieur Edward!*" exclaimed M. Monvel at last.

"Monsieur Monvel," said Sauvigny, struggling with his embarrassment, "my companion at Bagnères!" and he extended his hand with a faint attempt to appear at ease.

"Bagnères!" echoed M. Monvel mechanically, alternately rubbing his eyes and squeezing Sauvigny's hand; "and so you are not dead?"

"You see for yourself, Monsieur," said Sauvigny in great confusion. "M. Monvel is an old friend, whom I have not seen for a long time; I have much to tell him," he continued, turning to Ferdinand, who had been looking on in silent amazement.

M. Ferdinand, with whose plans this discovery harmonized remarkably well, was introduced to M. Monvel, expressed warm sympathy with the friends so unexpectedly met, and withdrew after bestowing an impressive wink on Sauvigny, which the latter was far from understanding, having no suspicion that this was the husband he was to take in charge.

"Now come in here," said M. Monvel, leading Sauvigny into the *salon*, "and tell me how you came to life."

"You will be discreet, Monsieur, if I tell you my story frankly," said Sauvigny, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"The soul of secrecy, I assure you, my dear Monsieur Edward."

"My name is Sauvigny—Edward is only my Christian name. Well, then, Monsieur, I came to Bagnères laboring under an acute nervous disease, which produced so keen a sensibility in me, rendered me so susceptible, that I fell in love with almost every woman I saw—with one above all."

"Yes, I remember, the pretty English girl."

"Yes—that is to say, no. I adored her, it is true, but she was not *the* one."

"Who was it then?"

"I never knew her name; I did not care to know it," said Sauvigny hastily;

"I only knew that I loved her, and that she was cold and cruel. She repelled me; she refused even to listen to my declarations of love. She treated me with such cruelty, that my ever-increasing passion became a delirium; and finally, in a paroxysm of my disease, for you must remember that such my malady really was, I determined to put an end to my life by throwing myself over one of those immense precipices in the mountains. This idea seemed sublime. Accordingly, I wrote my servant a note telling him of my design, bequeathing him my clothes, and begging that no search should be made for me. I set out very secretly, entirely unnoticed. It was early in the morning and very cold. How the wind did blow! *Dieu!* I can feel it now! I was soon chilled to the marrow, and the colder I grew, the colder grew my determination. But pride kept it alive. Finally, after a desolate walk, I came to the spot which I had in mind. I drew near the verge of the abyss; the shadows of night were lying dark and gloomy in its depths, and I started back involuntarily. Again I approached the edge, and again drew back. Ashamed of my weakness, I forced myself to return, and shutting my eyes was just on the point of throwing myself off, when suddenly I heard—what do you suppose, Monsieur?"

"An avalanche perhaps!"

"A hearty laugh! I turned around quickly, losing my hat as I did so, and

saw a few yards behind me Vernet, an old friend of mine, accompanied by two guides and two or three companions. They were out on a hunting excursion. I had met Vernet a few days before, but, as you will believe, was not agreeably surprised to see him now. I assured him I was out looking for geological specimens, and he insisted on my joining his party and would take no refusal. I consented, saying to myself that I could kill myself just as well later in the day. To tell you the truth, another idea was overshadowing that of suicide. I was awfully hungry, and the hunters were about to breakfast—I ate with the appetite of a wolf. I am ashamed to think how much I enjoyed that breakfast. I forgot for the moment my dominant idea, and when it occurred to me we were several miles distant from the precipice which I had determined should be the place of sacrifice. I reflected; I said to myself, ‘I have borne my despair three hours and lived; why can I not bear it twelve, a day, a week, a month, a year?’ My argument was unanswerable. I determined to live. But the great difficulty lay, not in returning to life, but to Bagnères. How could I bear the jokes, the lampoons that would infallibly be made? Impossible! I determined not to return, and took a seat in the diligence at the next town to which we came, and went to Havre. And there I am now, Monsieur, established in business with my father.”

M. Monvel, whose expansive face had been gradually growing broader during this confidence, here burst into a roar of laughter which lasted several minutes. “And the object of this passion,” said he as soon as he could speak, “where is she; have you come to lay siege to her again?”

“No! Monsieur; to another. I know not where *she* is.”

“And that flame that was to be eternal?”

“It still burns, even brighter—but on another altar!”

“Well, who is the goddess now?” asked M. Monvel maliciously.

“A widow—a charming, lovely widow. She is here in this house, and, you understand, Monsieur, must never hear a word of my adventure at Bagnères.”

At this moment Hortense entered the *salon* followed by her brother, who nodded so meaningly to Sauvigny as greatly to increase the confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden appearance of Hortense.

“I have just heard of your arrival, M. Sauvigny, and was hoping for a call from you,” said she, graciously extending her hand, which Sauvigny kissed rapturously.

“I was not aware, Madame, that you were visible yet,” stammered Sauvigny. “I had met with an old friend and——”

“You seem to have no lack of friends,” interrupted Hortense smiling; “here is one who has been pleading your cause.”

“Yes,” broke in Ferdinand; “I have kept my word, don’t you forget yours.”

“What! a bargain?” said Hortense.

“No, no!” cried Sauvigny with a frown at his indiscreet advocate; “he doesn’t know what he is talking about.”

Hortense, pitying his embarrassment, turned to M. Monvel. “So you know M. Sauvigny? Where is Clotilde? Is she too an acquaintance?”

“No,” replied M. Monvel; “my wife has seen M. Sauvigny, but has not the pleasure of his acquaintance. But she shall have; we will all dine together.”

“Mme. Monvel here! Good heavens, how dreadful!” thought Sauvigny, with an inward groan, as it flashed across his mind that she was the object of Ferdinand’s pursuit.

“Yes,” joined in Hortense, and I will present you, Monsieur, beforehand to Mme. Monvel, who is my dearest friend.”

Sauvigny bowed and expressed his pleasure, though a cold sweat broke out on him as he thought of the meeting.

"Let us go to her room now," said Hortense, taking his arm.

"Ah! I had forgotten," said Sauvigny stammering; "I have a pressing matter of business at four that must be attended to, and I was about to ask M. Monvel to aid me."

"Then you are here on business?" said Hortense maliciously, at the same time withdrawing her hand from his arm. "That is quite right," she added seeing Sauvigny's look of despair; "I too have some purchases to make, and as it is nearly four will leave you. Till dinner, gentlemen!" And with a graceful courtesy she withdrew.

M. Ferdinand, who had been on thorns for some minutes, reminded Sauvigny that it was almost four, and seeing him disposed to linger gave the poor fellow so alarming a frown, that he left precipitately, fairly dragging M. Monvel with him.

Little as Sauvigny liked his share of the bargain at first, it pleased him still less when he found who was the object of Ferdinand's affection. He was now in a most unenviable frame of mind. He saw before him a dreadful dilemma, either horn of which it seemed impossible to take. At the mere idea of meeting Mme. Monvel, he felt alternate shudders of cold and flushes of fever; while, on the other hand, to leave Hortense now seemed to him like losing her forever. At last, in despair, he determined to apprise Mme. Monvel of his presence, in order to avoid a scene when they should meet, and to trust to her mercy and discretion to keep his secret from Hortense and M. Monvel, who had no idea that his wife was the heroine of the tragedy of Bagnères.

It was accordingly arranged that M. Monvel should break the news to Madame, whose lively interest in Sauvigny's fate the unsuspecting husband attributed to her over-sensitive nature, and that Sauvigny should be introduced to her before dinner. M. Monvel promised to spare Sauvigny, and to suppress as many details of the romance as possible.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as M. Ferdinand saw the coast was clear, this wily intriguer hurried off to the rendezvous, and knocked softly at the door. There was no reply. He opened the door and stepped in cautiously: the rustle of a dress in the adjoining room betrayed the presence of his victim. A moment more, and she appeared pale and trembling.

"Ah! Madame, how can I thank you enough for this favor?" began M. Ferdinand. "I can scarcely believe that this is not a dream, that we are alone, that I can tell you freely that I adore you, that I cannot live without you——"

"Not so loud, Monsieur! Hortense, my husband——"

"Hortense is out; I have taken care to prevent your husband's return." (Clotilde started at this evidence of forethought.) "You promised to listen to me."

"But," remonstrated Mme. Monvel, "I promised only an interview, and you promised to be discreet."

"Discreet!" cried Ferdinand, rapidly working himself into a passion; "discreet! and I am to satisfy myself with the empty favor of an interview, without liberty to speak of my love, my sufferings—a favor that serves only to prolong for a few brief moments a life which your coldness robs of all its hope. To-morrow you are to depart——"

"To-day, to-day if I can."

"Then to-day is my last day!"

"No, no! to-morrow; we will stay till then. Gracious Heaven! what shall I do?" and Mme. Monvel burst into tears of vexation and alarm.

"Don't weep, Madame; pardon my violence; give me but a look of forgiveness," said Ferdinand, dropping on his knees and covering her hand with kisses.

"Enough, enough, sir!" exclaimed Mme. Monvel indignantly. "I will never forgive this. Leave me at once, I insist."

Ferdinand rose. "My fate is sealed," said he in a tragic voice; "remember my vow, *Ton amour ou la mort!*"

"Stay, Monsieur!" began poor Mme. Monvel; but her words were cut short by a knock at the door.

Clotilde," said M. Monvel's voice, "may I come in?"

"My husband!" gasped Clotilde.

"D—— that Sauvigny!" muttered Ferdinand.

"Go, go!—the door on the staircase!" whispered Mme. Monvel in great agitation.

"On one condition—another interview!"

"Yes, yes, only go!"

M. Ferdinand flew to the door indicated. It was locked and the key gone! Mme. Monvel despairingly pointed to her room, into which he hastily retreated and closed the door, as she admitted her husband. M. Monvel appeared much flurried himself, and so did not observe the agitation of his wife.

"I hope I don't disturb you, my dear, that you are so long letting me in?"

"Oh! no. I was only getting ready for dinner. I——"

"No matter," said M. Monvel, interrupting her lame apology; "I have some news to tell you, Clotilde; but promise me not to be alarmed."

"Why, what is it? Has anything dreadful happened?"

"No; on the contrary, it is good news. To tell you the truth, I am not alone; there is somebody with me whom you know; that is, you don't know him, but you have seen him, have taken a deep interest in him, but you never expected to see him again. He desires to be presented to you."

"Why, who can it be?" asked Clotilde, her curiosity getting the better of her fright. "Bring him in."

"You promise not to be alarmed, not to scream," said M. Monvel, opening the door and showing Sauvigny.

Mme. Monvel uttered a loud shriek and sank upon the sofa, where she remained speechless, staring at Monsieur Redivivus.

"Madame," stammered Sauvigny, blushing crimson, "Madame——"

"Monsieur Edward——alive?" exclaimed Mme. Monvel at last.

"Alive and as well as I am," said M. Monvel heartily; "and I never was happier to-present anybody to you than my friend Mr. Edward Sauvigny."

"And so, Monsieur, you are not dead," said Mme. Monvel, gradually recovering herself, and growing frigid as she regained her self-possession.

"Madame," said poor Sauvigny, "it was not my fault that I did not succeed in——"

"I must tell you the whole story," interrupted M. Monvel, shaking with laughter; "I nearly died of laughing at it."

"Monsieur Monvel!" said Sauvigny beseechingly.

"I forgot," continued M. Monvel; "that is not the object of our call. You must know, Clotilde, that there is a lady in Rouen with whom M. Sauvigny is deeply in love, to whom he has proposed."

"Proposed!" exclaimed Mme. Monvel.

"Madame, it is too true," murmured Sauvigny, dropping his eyes.

"No other person, in short," continued M. Monvel, "than your friend Hortense."

"*Ciel!*" cried Mme. Monvel. "Then this is the gentleman from Havre; the lover whose only fault is an excess of love."

"The very same," said M. Monvel.

"Poor Hortense! she shall know everything, the whole truth!"

"No, no," replied M. Monvel; "that is just what she must not know."

"Spare me, Madame," implored Sauvigny in a low tone.

"And am I calmly to see my friend deceived?"

"He isn't deceiving her," said M. Monvel eagerly; "he adores her."

"And—the other—the lady of Ba-Bagnères?" asked Mme. Monvel.

"He doesn't care a straw for her, he never did; he told me so just now."

"I never said so, Madame," exclaimed Sauvigny, thoroughly frightened.

"On the contrary, I confessed that I loved her."

"Yes, for a day," said M. Monvel; "a mere caprice, *pour passer le temps*."

"*Pour passer le temps!*" cried Mme. Monvel; "and yet he tried to kill himself."

"Yes, Madame, indeed I did," said Sauvigny, "and the only consideration which could prevent me was——"

"Was an excellent breakfast," burst in M. Monvel with a laugh; "and half an hour afterward he had quite forgotten his deadly project. He has told me the whole story," continued he in spite of Sauvigny's efforts to stop him, "and it is positively the funniest that I ever heard."

"Funny!" said Mme. Monvel scornfully, "it is disgraceful!"

"Come, come, my dear," said M. Monvel soothingly. "You must not judge Monsieur Sauvigny too harshly. A man might as well swear to be always in good health as to be always in love. It does not depend upon him entirely, but upon circumstances."

"But, his attempt at suicide," objected Mme. Monvel.

"Poor Clotilde!" laughed M. Monvel; "she still believes in that."

"I certainly have till now," said she, looking angrily at Sauvigny, who all this time had been undergoing tortures of mortification, and vainly trying to stop M. Monvel's explanations.

"My dear wife," said M. Monvel didactically, "suicides for love are committed only in novels and on the stage, where this little comedy of M. Sauvigny would have met with a grand success."

Mme. Monvel could not repress a cry of indignation as a light suddenly broke upon her mind. She gave an angry glance at the door of the adjoining room, and then after a pause turned to Sauvigny, and said with an attempt at kindness, "The presence of Monsieur Sauvigny has done me a service in return for which I will keep his secret."

"Ah, Madame, you are too good," said Sauvigny gratefully.

"I told you so," said M. Monvel, rubbing his hands, "she is goodness itself. Now let's find Hortense!"

"Where is she?" asked Mme. Monvel.

"We left her making some purchases; I can find her, my dear."

"I will write her a little note," said Mme. Monvel, sitting down by the table and writing a few words rapidly. "Don't be afraid, I have not betrayed you," said she to Sauvigny, as she gave the note to M. Monvel. "Give that to Hortense as soon as possible. I will wait here till you return."

"Come along, Sauvigny," said M. Monvel.

But Sauvigny had a letter to write before dinner, and would go to his room. He was, in truth, desperately anxious to see Ferdinand and put him on his guard. "I will at least keep watch of him," thought he.

M. Monvel hurried off, and M. Sauvigny also took his leave—a feigned leave, however, for as he passed out Mme. Monvel rose, and while her back was turned he slipped back and hid himself behind a tall screen that stood by the door.

"You can come out, Monsieur," said Mme. Monvel calmly; "they have all gone."

Ferdinand, who had, in spite of the closest attention, been unable to understand what was going on in the next room, and whose curiosity had been greatly excited by the exclamations of Mme. Monvel and the voice of Sauvigny, which he recognized, gladly availed himself of this permission.

"Be so kind as to shut the door, Monsieur, and to take a seat," said Mme. Monvel, sitting down and taking up a bit of sewing that lay on the table.

Ferdinand looked at her in astonishment and obeyed. "Ah, Madame," said he, "you can never know how long the moments have been, and what torments I have suffered. But now that I again see you I am rewarded."

"I should be truly sorry," said Mme. Monvel, quietly continuing her work, "if I found that after all I have done for you my efforts were vain; I should sympathize deeply with poor Hortense."

"Hortense!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "and was it for her alone that you consented to hear me?"

"For her sake doubtless. But common humanity would have forced me to do what I have done."

"What! and did no tenderer sentiment actuate you?" cried Ferdinand, starting up in fury. "It is not possible. That calmness, that cold, unfeeling look cannot be real?"

Mme. Monvel's expression remained unchanged, and she kept on with her work. It was evident that other tactics must be resorted to.

"I will bear it no longer," cried Ferdinand, rushing to the balcony; "I will end this hateful existence!"

This threat producing no effect, he turned back and threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "No! here, at your side, I will lay down the life you despise."

"I should be very sorry," coldly replied Mme. Monvel; "but if you are determined, I do not see how I can prevent you."

"Cruel woman! you laugh at me because I am unarmed. Ah! had I only a weapon!"

"If that is all that is needed," said Mme. Monvel, coolly taking a key from her belt, "take this and open that desk. Open it," she continued, seeing that he hesitated.

Ferdinand, at his wit's end, obeyed, and beheld his box of pistols.

"Since there appears to be no other remedy, Monsieur, I suppose you must adopt this," said Mme. Monvel dryly.

"This is too much," thundered Ferdinand. "No, I will not adopt it, heartless woman. I will not die; it would be too dear an amusement to give you."

Mme. Monvel here gave way to a fit of laughter that checked her utterance. "Go on, Monsieur, go on; that is the one thing needful to make me listen to you."

At this critical moment Hortense rushed breathless into the room, and, seeing her brother with a pistol in his hand and a face full of rage and shame, seized

his arm and wrenched the pistol from him. "What does this mean?" she cried. "Ferdinand, are you injured?"

"I will answer for that," said Mme. Monvel, laughing.

"But your note, Clotilde? I thought that Ferdinand had met with some dreadful accident."

"He was determined to die," said Mme. Monvel, "and I thought he would like to have his friends about him. It's a little lesson I am giving him," whispered she in her friend's ear.

"The joke has been well carried out," said Sauvigny, appearing from behind the screen to the surprise of all parties.

"What," exclaimed Ferdinand, this time in real fury, "is this a conspiracy?"

"No, no, my friend; I was only a witness. The lesson serves for me as well as you," added he in a whisper to Ferdinand.

"This is unbearable!" said Ferdinand as the three shouted with laughter. "You will force me to do in earnest what I——"

"My brother!" "Monsieur!" said Hortense and Clotilde simultaneously.

"Come, Ferdinand, my boy," said Sauvigny, putting the pistol into its case, "we are all too deeply concerned in this matter to mention it. Let us shake hands and forget it." And Ferdinand was surrounded by the three, who shook him kindly by the hand.

"What's all this?" asked the jolly voice of M. Monvel, who had entered unheard. "Are you rehearsing for a tragedy or a comedy? One would say both, to look at M. Ferdinand and Clotilde."

"What's all *this*?" exclaimed Mme. Monvel, running to her husband, whose hand was wrapped up in his handkerchief. "You have hurt yourself!"

"Only a scratch, my dear."

"It was the dog, Madame," said the servant, who had followed M. Monvel to announce dinner.

"The dog!" said Mme. Monvel, turning pale.

"Hold your tongue, stupid," said M. Monvel. "Well then, if you must know, as I was coming into the hotel I heard a noise of shouting and running, and I turned and saw a dog pursued by a crowd of men and boys. There was a little girl playing at the door, and the dog snapped at her. I jumped between her and the beast, and he bit me very slightly on the hand. That's all."

"A mad dog!" cried they all, and Mme. Monvel threw her arms about her husband.

"No more mad than Monsieur Sauvigny; he was drinking at the fountain when they killed him," said M. Monvel impatiently.

"Oh, how noble, how brave! To expose your life!" sobbed Mme. Monvel.

"Pshaw!" grumbled M. Monvel; "nothing brave about it, when there is need for it. It's another thing when there's no necessity," added he with a comical look at Sauvigny. "But come, let us go to dinner." And taking Clotilde's hand, he led the way.

"Ah! my dearest," whispered Clotilde, "I love you as I never did before."

"Hortense," said Sauvigny, "just look at that example!"

"Yes, Hortense," said Ferdinand, "don't keep this poor fellow any longer in suspense."

"I consent," said Hortense, taking her lover's arm, "if my brother will give me his word——"

"I promise," said Ferdinand. "*A bas la mort!*"

"And *vive l'amour!*" whispered Sauvigny.

Adapted from the Spanish of LARRA, by ANTONY ARMSTRONG.

"WILL MURDER OUT?"

IN THE GALAXY for March, 1869, I asked, "Will Murder Out?" and narrated some leading cases which, with the homicidal statistics of New York for thirteen years, seemed to compel a negative answer to the question.

Since that time, several murders have occurred in the metropolis and its vicinity which are yet enigmas, and in all human probability will remain so. Chief among them is the Nathan murder at No. 12 West Twenty-third street, which occurred between the hours of 12:30 and 3 o'clock A. M. of Friday, July 29, and which, from the character of its victim and its startling incidents, became a celebrated crime. Everywhere it was for many days the prevailing topic of conversation, and the columns of the leading journals of the country were almost monopolized with the statement and discussion of its facts. There was nothing in the popular interest to indicate any morbid taste for the horrible, but the universal excitement caused by the event was due to the fact that it appealed with irresistible force to the fears of every individual. It was a foul murder done in the presumed security of the home of the victim, and no man could be sure that he would not next be sacrificed to secure the safety of prowling brutality.

Having briefly given the leading facts of the murder, so that subsequent revelations can be understood, it is my main purpose to relate the thus far unsuccessful groping of the police for the assassin. The narrative will offer cumulative evidence that murder will not "out" at any man's bidding; but on the contrary, that when unwitnessed, if the murderer leaves no positive proof of his identity behind him, ingenuity and energy are frequently powerless to make it out.

Benjamin Nathan was a millionaire of New York, well known and highly esteemed for his personal qualities. Descended from an old Jewish Portuguese family, he was a native of New York, as his father had been before him. Born to opulence and correct principles, he had added to the one, and closely adhered to the other, through his life of fifty-six years. An Israelite in his faith, he was catholic in his sympathies, and gave of his abundance to the needy of all creeds. A man of culture and refined tastes, he moved in intelligent and accomplished society. The peaceful and natural death of such a man would have caused public expression of sorrow; but when his son, who went to his bedroom at 6 o'clock in the morning to call him to a devotional duty of the day, found him lying upon the floor bloody and mangled out of semblance to his kind, with nine gaping wounds upon his head, it is not surprising that there was a general cry of horror, and that the people with one voice demanded the capture and punishment of the murderer.

Superintendent Jourdan and Captain Kelso, who immediately took personal charge of the case, saw all its difficulties at a glance. In some respects the crime told its own story too distinctly for Jourdan, who years ago became known as the keenest detective on the continent, to believe himself mistaken as to the leading facts. It was plain to him that the event had lifted a criminal from ordinary larceny to a murder of rarely paralleled brutality. Intent only upon theft, the intruder rifled the clothes of the sleeping man, which lay on a chair remote from the bed, of a Perregaux watch, No. 5,657, three diamond shirt studs, what money the pocket-book contained, and the key of the small safe which stood in

the library beside the door opening into the bedroom. Going to the safe, he knelt down before it, opened it, and began his examination of its contents. Some noise he made awakened Mr. Nathan, who sprang from his bed, and the thief springing up at the same moment, the two men met in the doorway, the face of the thief being brought into bold relief by the gaslight to his left. Not knowing of Mr. Nathan's defective vision, he saw himself identified, and believing his retreat cut off, he struck savagely at Mr. Nathan with a short iron bar turned at the ends, which soon became famous as a ship carpenter's "dog." From this point there is a succession of enigmas until the assassin left the room, after rifling the safe of whatever portable valuables it contained. Carrying the "dog," he went stealthily down stairs, unfastened the front door, which had been carefully secured at 12:20 o'clock A. M., laid the "dog" down on the hall floor, and passed out into the street. From this point there are other enigmas, but not so baffling as those within the house.

The weapon and the unnecessary brutality were the chief difficulties. There were puzzling questions as to how the outlaw had entered the house, as to the manner in which the blows had been given, as to how the stricken man had fallen, as to how the blood smears had got upon the wall and door-casing, with others of less interest; but none of these were vital to the pursuit, and they were considered more as a relaxation from the weightier matters involved than for their intrinsic importance. The weapon was, as Jourdan remarked, the "great puzzler." Had any ordinary burglar's tool been used, or the instrument been one that any thief of high or low degree had ever been known to use, the case would have been clearer, and Jourdan would have known what sink of iniquity to stir in order to start the murderer; but this "dog," whose appearance indicated long use in its legitimate sphere, led only into the mechanical world, and widened the circle of inquiry from tens to tens of thousands. But paralyzed as the detectives were by the "dog," the effect of that mangled corpse in the same way was scarcely less. Rarely had murder been more cruelly done, and never since Bartholomew Burke was found with his body gashed by thirty-six wounds had the police been confronted with a sight so horrible. Jourdan, looking upon such a sight as this, asked what burglar or sneak-thief would have wasted time and courted destruction by work like this, but found no answer in his long experience or intimate knowledge of the habits and impulses of outlaws.

There were other baffling facts encountered at the outset of the investigation, secondary in importance it is true, but of such gravity that in ordinary cases they would be considered insuperable obstacles. Groping his way from the time and place of the murder, Jourdan speedily found that prior to the crime no one had been seen lurking about the house who could be connected in any way with the deed. Again, there were no marks of violence upon the house. There was nowhere the faintest trace of a "jimmy" upon a door or window, nor any sign discernible of a burglarious entrance. Nor had the murderer left any trace of his personality, except that perplexing "dog." Not a scrap of his clothing had been torn from him to tell the tale of his identity, nor had he left anywhere in the house the imprint of either his hand or foot. Attempting to glean something of value from the time intervening between the murder and the moment of its discovery, Jourdan found nothing but a doubt and another perplexity. The policeman upon the post persisted resolutely in declaring under oath, that when he passed the house at 4:30 A. M. he tried both front doors, and they were fastened; and when he passed again a little before 6 o'clock, he noticed that the hall door was closed. There was positive and stronger evidence, however, that

the door was not only unlocked but partly open at least an hour before the murder was discovered. The testimony on this point also introduced a man in laboring dress, carrying a dinner pail, who at 5 o'clock ascended the steps of the house, and, having picked up a paper from the topmost step, went on his way. That man and that paper at once became and yet are mysteries.

It will be seen that Superintendent Jourdan had only negations to go upon. As a first and obvious step, the house was thoroughly searched, first for signs of the murderer, and, these failing, for the missing property. From cellar to garret it was thoroughly examined, even to the furniture and carpets. But nothing was found. Next the water-tank was emptied, without result; and lastly the waste-pipes of the closets and wash-basins were flushed, and the street sewers carefully examined for a long distance in all directions, but no trace of the articles was found. Absolute proof having thus been obtained that the missing property of the murdered man had been carried from the house on the person of the murderer, Jourdan next caused the flooring of the stable to be taken up and the edges of the boards to be examined by experts to determine whether such an instrument as the "dog" had been used in putting it down. He received a negative reply.

Now, Washington and Frederick Nathan, sons of the deceased, Mrs. Kelly, the housekeeper, and William Kelly, her adult son, were sleeping in the house when the murder was committed, and their sleep was undisturbed throughout the night by any suspicious or unusual sound. All of the search of the house which has been referred to was accomplished without the knowledge of its inmates, who were separately subjected to a rigid examination. As the result of all this labor, Captain Kelso, standing at the side of the murdered man, said to Superintendent Jourdan, "An outsider?" and the Chief answered decisively, "No doubt of it." There was the gratifying fact, however, that the officials, within six hours from the discovery of the crime, were in possession of various facts subsequently developed on the inquest, which completely exonerated all the inmates from any suspicion of complicity in the deed. There was no reasonable ground for suspecting any of them; but as the police were confronted at once with the tragedy and a strange family, they were of course compelled to closely scrutinize the character and antecedents of all those who were in the house at the time.

There were blotches of blood upon the night-gown of Frederick Nathan, and his socks were soaked in blood; but it was plain that these stains resulted from contact with the corpse after his brother had discovered it. It was equally plain that the few faint imprints of bloody feet upon the stairs, which the newspapers made vastly more numerous and conspicuous than the reality, were made by him as he ran down to the street with his brother to give the alarm. There were many little circumstances connected with both the young men and the two Kellys, which to jealous minds might be, and did become, "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," but, put into the crucible of detective experience, evaporated into utter nothingness; and before the murder was a day old all of the inmates, in the minds of those familiar with the case, were as completely cleared of all suspicion as they soon afterwards became in the public mind, after passing through a terrible ordeal of suspected guilt.

Out, therefore, into the whole wide world, the officials were forced to project the appliances of detection, with the hope of discovering the assassin. Instantly all the police force of the city was set to work watching the pawn shops and jewelry stores for the appearance of the stolen property, and searching all ship

and boat yards for the identification of the "dog." This labor was also gradually extended into almost every department of mechanics, as the "dog" was in the end claimed as a tool of almost every trade. According to the confident assertions palmed upon the police, it may have been used by ship-carpenters, boat-builders, post-trimmers, ladder-makers, slaters, pump-makers, sawyers, scene-shifters in theatres, or by iron-moulders as a clamp for flasks; and lastly one person wanted all rag-pickers held for the crime because he was sure the so-called "dog" was the hook of one of that fraternity. It is plain, therefore, that an instrument that might have been used by any one of these craftsmen, must have led the detectives into an inexhaustible field for search.

That the missing property was not discovered was due solely to the prudence of the assassin. He could have offered none of the articles for sale without detection, so close was the surveillance in regard to them. A mistake was indeed made by the family in the first list furnished the police of what had been taken; but it was soon rectified and a correct statement given to the public, Jourdan saying, with rare common-sense for a policeman, that there could not be too many people looking out for these things. But although the watch has been strict and incessant up to the present writing, no trace of any of the articles has been found, and it is evident that the assassin has either thrown them away so that they shall never be found, or, if more covetous than sensible, has secreted them to await disposition when the excitement shall have died away. It seems almost morally certain, however, that they never reached the channels of habitual crime, as these were thoroughly searched for them, and moreover every known or suspected criminal in New York was required to account for himself during the night of the murder. The thieves were never so overhauled before, and never was there such a sudden and universal hegira of the professionals from the city; nor has there ever been of late years so little crime in New York as during the ten days succeeding the Twenty-third street atrocity.

The power of money was added to detective acumen as an additional means to drag the murderer from his hiding place, and the second proclamation issued by Mayor Hall offered large rewards, which were adroitly divided to make the most of every chance of finding a clue to the assassin; but although supplemented by the offer of \$10,000 reward by the New York Stock Exchange, of which Mr. Nathan had been a member for thirty years, they all remained unproductive. Yet it was not for lack of knowledge of the money to be given for information, for never were rewards brought so generally to public knowledge. They were posted in huge placards all over the city, and were sent in multitudes in small hand-bills all over the country. Never was a criminal more earnestly and intelligently sought for than in this case, and never was a search more barren of results.

The pursuit certainly did not fail for lack of popular assistance, as Superintendent Jourdan was in constant receipt, for many days after the murder, of letters from all sorts of people in all kinds of places, which contained every variety of hints, theories, and supposed information. Some few of these missives were plainly dictated by an earnest and disinterested desire that the murderer should be apprehended, and a sincere purpose to aid in the efforts to that end. But of such there were very few. The perusal of these hundreds of letters would do much to convert the most skeptical to a belief in the original depravity and innate stupidity of mankind. Such eagerness to accuse personal foes of a most heinous crime, such assumptions of superior capacity, and such extreme desire to extract a little individual profit out of blood so woefully shed, I never saw before and do not desire to see again. There was indeed a satisfaction in finding that

only three persons in all the nation proposed that the murderer should be hunted down by bloodhounds, and offered to furnish the animals for that purpose. It was some comfort to make the most of this comparatively encouraging fact, as I found few others even negatively good. There was one fellow, determined to do his utmost to destroy a business rival or personal foe, continually writing that a Pine street broker whom he named ought to be watched, and finally demanding his arrest and openly charging him with the murder. Another of comprehensive malice advanced his theory and vented his spleen thus :

DEAR SIR : All stock brokers are scoundrels. I have only met with one exception in all my experience. I am satisfied some miserable stock broker or operator has murdered Mr. Nathan. The idea of a sneak-thief or burglar is simply absurd. Mr. Nathan may have been honest ; if he was, he was surrounded on all sides with rascals, and he held some papers in his safe which some scoundrel wanted. To get at these papers he killed Mr. N. What those papers were I haven't the slightest idea. Now watch every member or any one connected directly or indirectly with the Stock Exchange.

ROBERTO.

There were scores of letters insisting upon the guilt of one of the sons or of Kelly, and indignantly demanding their arrest, and there was even an attempt to frighten Mrs. Kelly into believing that she was suspected, as she received the following note through the post-office :

They have found out that you *know more* than you tell. This makes you an accessory or party to the crime. To hide anything is criminal. Your only hope is to tell before you're arrested.

There were many clumsy and malicious attempts to aid in fastening suspicion upon the young Nathans ; one of the most clumsy and despicable of which was a letter addressed to Washington Nathan and dropped in the street so that it should reach Jourdan's eyes. It reads thus :

MR. W. NATHAN. DEER SUR : In reply to your Request, all I have got to say is that if you will not do it, why, I won't of course ; for I don't want to have my hand in the Bloody Work. Hoping for a reply, I remain yours,

C. BOWARD.

But the meanest of all these missives, because of its speculative purpose, read thus :

WASH : Jourdan has just received damning proofs. I am in employ. The city is not a safe place. I hope for a reward when all has blown over. In haste,

A FRIEND.

A quack doctor, holding the rules of spelling and the detectives in equal and utter contempt, sent this, with his name signed and his business card enclosed :

BOSTON, August 4, 1870.

To the Chief of Police New York.

SIR : I am of the opinion that the detectives know that Washington Nathan committed the murder upon his father and the merderer can pay twice the amount of the reward offered to screne himself. Why has the detectives not obtained a serch warrent and serched the whole and of Washington affects in the city and out of the city. If what has been stated is true a jury would convict W— Nathan. As I look at things the detectives have done not a thing to bring the merder to punishment.

Your &Ce.

Another, sharing in the general curiosity to discover how the assassin entered the house, sent the following :

SUNDAY EVENING, July 31, 1870.

DEAR SIR : Passing the house of Mr. Nathan this afternoon, my attention was especially drawn toward the front portico over the steps. It seemed easy to my eye for a person to climb to the window of the room over the front door. There is a narrow moulding or

shelf, may be two or three inches in width, on the front of No. 14, which ends about half the height of Mr. Nathan's portico. A person could, by using this shelf and holding to the columns of the portico, swing himself on top of the same. Once there, an entrance through the library window would seem an easy matter, especially if the window had been left unfastened. If you will have the goodness to examine the front of No. 14, you will, I think, notice a mark or marks of a boot or *scrape* on the brown-stone front of the building. I noticed such a mark this afternoon, but the officers in front of the building not allowing any one to halt, I thought I would address you a line calling your attention to this.

Yours truly,

J. B. H.

Superintendent John Jourdan.

The way by which the assassin entered the house is yet a matter of theory; but the police, for reasons that do not seem conclusive, have rejected the hypothesis presented in this letter, and the weight of opinion among them seems inclined in favor of the basement door, which is supposed to have been accidentally left unlocked.

There was another class of letters dealing in personalities, which it was evident were dictated either by an honest purpose to aid the authorities, or an intense desire to get an enemy into trouble. These were the letters from all parts of the country detailing the sudden appearance of suspicious persons in the localities of the writers. It is marvellous how many men of hang-dog faces and sneaking demeanor were to be found just after the murder. One was seen in a far-off town of Michigan, who it was subsequently found had never been in New York at all, nor done a dishonest act in his life. An old lady summering at Greenwich, Conn., wrote of the arrival at her hotel in a buggy of a man and woman who "behaved queerly." Although her honesty was apparent in every line, she had encountered nothing more serious than a taciturn gentleman and a lady in a fit of sulks. A barber in Jersey City wrote to say, that on the day Mr. Nathan was killed two suspicious-looking men came to his shop. One got shaved and had his hair cut, and the other, the hardest-looking one of the two, got his hair cut only. But this, and the fact that they said they were going to "Cincinnati," were the only suspicious circumstances mentioned. A gentleman of Princeton, N. J., wrote of a young man appearing at his door Sunday morning, who was respectably dressed, but "seemed shy, and said he was going to Philadelphia, but had no money. Some of the family remarked, 'His hands are stained,' and another said, 'With blackberries;' he then drew them down and muttered, 'Blackberries.'" This pilgrim with the stained hands was "so exceedingly reticent," and "his appearance so genteel, and his manner so false," that he must perforce be the Nathan murderer. A gentleman at Amenia, N. Y., told how he was reading the account of the murder on Saturday at the depot when a stranger asked, "What is the news from the city to-day?" to which he answered, "Nothing in particular;" but the stranger looking at him inquiringly, he said further, "There has been a shocking murder of a prominent citizen of New York." The stranger, however, manifested no surprise and asked no more questions. The reader concluded he had read the account, and proceeded to remark on the boldness and object of the crime, and mentioned the name of the murdered man, when the stranger, "without saying he was acquainted with the family, or making any other remark, said, 'Is it the old man Nathan?'" and in nearly the same breath asked if there was any war news." In many ways his behavior was singular, and he departed abruptly and without apparent cause on a southern train a few minutes later. Next day he got into jail in a neighboring town as the Nathan assassin, but proved to be only a harmless lunatic.

Strangest of all the stories of suspicious appearances, was that which came

officially from the detective department of the Philadelphia police, in a letter telling of "a man lurking in a thinly populated part of our city, under circumstances of a very suspicious character. He was first seen on Saturday asleep in a corner of a field, and was then lost sight of until Monday afternoon. Some two miles away from the first place mentioned, he was then seen to emerge from some bushes near the side of a road, and also close to a railroad bridge. He requested of a party passing by the loan of a newspaper. One of them had one and handed it to him, which he read, and at once proceeded to talk about the Nathan murder. While he was reading he showed signs of being greatly agitated, and in the midst of the account a train of cars appeared in sight, and without notice he jumped behind some bushes and concealed himself; after the train passed he reappeared, and when questioned about his strange conduct said that some of his friends from New York, which place he left on Friday, might be on the train, and he did not care they should see him in his sad condition." This man had stockings "with marks of blood upon them," and on his trousers were "spots, apparently blood." He also wore three studs, supposed to be diamonds, and a watch and chain, the chain partly concealed. The Philadelphia police were firmly convinced that this was the murderer, and out of these circumstances grew the report so widely published of the arrest of the assassin in that city. The story originated with two bricklayers, and they telling it to a detective, that officer rushed off and gave it to the newspapers as a first means of arresting the suspected. Naturally enough, nothing more was ever seen or heard of the man of the bushes and spots of blood.

One last case of this kind is given in the following:

READING, Aug. 3, 1870.

Dect. JORDAN, New York.

DER SIR: Last Saturday afternoon a young man arrived in this town.

He was small—a little below medium height—weight about 135 or 40 lbs—had on a gray suit with light cap. Had a large amount of money—Two large rolls of bills of one of large denomination—some being 50's. His conduct appeared strange to the writer. He evidently did not earn his money by work by the manner he exhibited and spent it treating every one—He arrived here about 4 or 5 O'clock in afternoon and left in a few hours saying he was going to Phila for a few days from there to New York stay a month and then to Europe—He stopped at a relatives—a german watchmaker in Penn St North side a little above 8th. the few hours he was here—he accompanny him to depot. He said he had worked nothing for five years and had just come from the plains, Why should he stay so short a time with his relatives here? Why such rough hands if only traveling?

There were scores of letters purporting to give information, and of these only those confined to the "dog" were found to be of value. The others either related to matters of which the authorities were more fully informed than the writers, or made distinct assertions which were subsequently, after a vast deal of labor, found to be unqualifiedly false. A single specimen of this class must suffice, and here it is:

To Superintendent J. JOURDAN.

SIR: The murderer and an accomplice of Nathan can be found in a street between Norfolk and Clinton, and between Houston and the Tenth Ward, not far from an old slaughter-house. Part of the missed articles can be found in the sub-cellar of what was once a packing-house. I would like to make the rewards, but dare not give my name for fear of revenge.

Such letters as this—of which there were several, but all the others relating to the stolen articles exclusively—added greatly to the labors of the case, as in every instance detectives were detailed to exhaust the matter; for Jourdan was

determined to neglect no chance, however remote, and would not turn a deaf ear to any plausible story, however disreputable its origin. Some of these letters, however, received no other attention than a contemptuous smile, as was the case with that of the individual who, believing the sensational story of the three bloody finger-marks on the Nathan wall, told where the man with the fourth finger missing who had made those marks could be found. As there were no finger-marks whatever in the Nathan house, the joke was a failure.

Jourdan, however, had most amateur assistance in the formation of theories of the murder. It is amazing how many born detectives there are in the country unappreciated. These geniuses rushed boldly forward on this occasion to prove their value to the police service—some of them, it must be added, claiming pay for ability they rated so highly. In all these scores of theories and suggestions there was little that was original and nothing that was valuable. The most of them presumed the guilt of one of the inmates, thus naturally assuming the most obvious and least tenable theory of the case; and floundering as all did in partial knowledge of the facts, their deductions were invariably erroneous. The bulk of the letters of this class suggested that the missing property would be found in the waste-pipes of the house, but none of them were received until after Jourdan had exhausted the possibility. Some, however, were more original, as that of one citizen suggested that the "murder was committed by a man whose object was to find among the papers in the victim's pocket-book or safe the record of the combination-lock of the Broad street safe, with a view to its robbery. . . . Having been discovered by Mr. Nathan, he killed him because he was known to him." Two persons desired that the eyes of the murdered man should be examined for the image of the murderer. It is proper to say that this was not done, for the reason that Jourdan had no faith in the expedient, as it had before failed in his experience. One person in Buffalo, who was not ashamed to sign his full name, wrote thus:

I will not review anything, but simply state that by some means I am aware that the murderer is still in New York on a sick bed. He has either red or brown hair, is of middle age, stout built, and no acquaintance of Mr. Nathan. He struck so terribly only out of fright, not from hatred. His having so much money, he will not dispose of the watches. He will work hard to shift the crime upon the shoulders of another. The only available means to throw him off his guard is a sham arrest and trial of some trustworthy individual, which can easily be accomplished as there is so much money offered. This sham is to be kept from the knowledge of the public. Let the person tried be condemned and the execution be indefinitely postponed. Then hush about all and keep a wary eye everywhere.

Another, with an eye to the dramatic, had faith in the exactly opposite course, and sent the following without date or signature:

I propose; that, when the Inquest draws to a close, and there remains no evidence sufficient to hold any one (although there may or may not be suspicions), That something like the following course be pursued—While an unimportant witness is on the stand, the Inquest to be adjourned, *in this way*: some one of position, as a detective, Captain of Police or other proper person, shall interrupt the inquest by whispering, in an earnest and mysterious way to the Coroner—The Coroner shall then adjourn the inquest. Meanwhile by the proper person and in a proper way, it must be intimated to the whole party assembled especially to the reporters of the press, That the Detectives have *struck a trail—certain, sure, infallible!* That they can lay their hands on the criminal at a moments notice. That they ask for a little time, merly to surround the case with the proper evidence, So that when they bring their man, conviction will come with him. And meanwhile, every movement of the guilty party is being closely watched so that he cannot escape. It must be broadly intimated that the *most cunning* criminal is shure to *forget something, that something has been discovered.* All this with startling coments will be published in the papers. The

guilty party will believe himself to be watched, and if there is anything the least bit human in him, it is likely he will expose himself by some strange action.

Out of all these letters Superintendent Jourdan gleaned nothing of use but the information before referred to as to the various trades in which the "dog" may have been used. There was yet another class of letters calling upon him to invoke the supernatural to solve the mystery of the murder, and giving him the benefit of dreams. These were not numerous, but, coming as they all did from the great cities, are suggestive of the superstition yet existing in the centres of civilization. "An Interested Reader of the Particulars" announced that "a lady in Brooklyn wishes you to consult a clairvoyant with regard to the horrible Nathan murder. She has known wonderful disclosures in that way." A gentleman doing business in Broadway solemnly wrote:

On the morning of Mr. Nathan's assassination, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, a "medium" of this city (a woman) had a vision of what she believes to be the whole scene. It seemed to her that there were three persons in the transaction, one an old gentleman, who was the victim, another a young man who committed the murder, and the third what she took to be a woman, whose back only appeared in view. The vision was so distinct and terrible that the medium aroused the inmates of the boarding-house by her cries, to whom after coming out of the trance she described what she seemed to have witnessed. Upon being shown, a short time after, a portrait of Mr. Nathan, she instantly recognized the face as that of the victim aforesaid. She believes that she could as quickly recognize the young man if brought into her presence, and claims that she can repeat words that passed between the assassin and Mr. Nathan immediately before and on the first assault. The parties to the murder, she declares, live in Mr. Nathan's house. She insists that the "dog" had been concealed a long time for the purpose to which it was put, and that the jewelry, etc., taken were buried on the premises, and are there to-day.

There was more to the same purport, but I pass to a dreamer who says:

I do not think it foolish to send you the dream I had the other night. I thought I was on the roof of Mr. Nathan's house, and I was attracted by a little piece of string hanging from one of the chimneys. I pulled it up and found the missing things, which consisted of a bloody shirt, in which was wrapped two watches, three studs, some money, papers and a weapon.

Another dreamer says:

NEW YORK August 1870 concerning Mr B. Nathan.

to the Sup Jordon Esq Sir

I was Dreeming 3 knights that everything that was robed of Mr Nathans safe is hiden in the yard water closeth of Mr. Nathans Primusers 23d st Bet Bri ks and Seelling I hope you will Be so Kind and have it Serched in the Water closeth in yard Bet Seelling & Bricks if my dreem be found thryho & then Ill Send you another communication
yours . G. hope to see it in

Tuesdays Paper

He was as good as his word, for nothing more was heard of him. Even at a point as remote as Chicago, people were dreaming about the murder. A Dane in that city saw the servant girl of Mr. Nathan as the one who committed the murder. He also saw a clothes-brush stained with blood.

Still another class of letters were those of a taunting character from thieves who instinctively delighted in the failure of the police to trace the murderer, and who could not resist the temptation of scrawling their pleasure in anonymous notes clothed in the peculiar patois of rascality. These missives were few in number and commonplace in character, and the single specimen appended is sufficient to indicate the character of all:

HELLO, CAP. JOURDAN—How about that old Sheeny Nathan. You think you got

Wash. on that biz you and your fly cops are a set of green suckers you cant get the dead wood on nobody you think you got some one dead to rights dont you your hell you are— put Boston Jones on he knows his biz in a horn does that dog look like a cheese cutter or what—or would you sooner go a fishin plenty of caseys Say look here old fel the cove what blowd the safe got away with the ham you bet

The reader can form some idea of the amount of labor forced upon Superintendent Jourdan and Captain Kelso when told that there was no hint in all these hundreds of letters which seemed in the least degree sensible that was not acted upon until it ended in failure. As the net result of the most extraordinary search ever made for a criminal, these officials, at the time these pages are written, are precisely at the point whence they started, both as to facts and theories, except in a partial identification of the "dog." They have not gained an atom of information of any value by the labor of weeks, and their diagnosis of the case remains unchanged. They believe now, as they have from the first, that the intruder in the Nathan mansion on that terrible night was a "duffer," by which name the police mean one who, following some honest pursuit during the day, occasionally sallies forth at night to commit a house robbery. There are hundreds of these men who are entirely unknown to and unsuspected by the authorities, and are the most dangerous, because the least under surveillance, of all the criminal classes. The business of the duffer in the Nathan house was theft only, and he went there without any definite plunder in view. He was discovered while at the safe, which he would not have had the wit to open had he not found the key in the pockets of his victim, and the murder came as an inevitable event. It was consummated in a manner and with a weapon natural to a duffer, and to no one else. Nobody but a duffer would have carried the weapon from the room to drop it inside the door. The brutal coward feared that he might meet some one in the gloomy spaces of that great stairway, and when about to pass into the open streets, which were safer, he cast it from him. Nobody but an unreasoning brute, inexperienced in the detective agencies of the law, would have carried away such articles as the watches and medal, or, having done so, could have kept them concealed so long: the caution and cunning of stupidity driven to cover are unequalled. Nobody but a duffer would have gone out the front door, thus recklessly and uselessly assuming the risk of stepping from his bloody work into the clutch of a patrolman, or having done so would have neglected to close it carefully behind him, so that the next gust of wind would not thrust it ajar and give the other chance against him of hastening by hours the moment when his crime must be discovered. Nobody but a duffer in stepping from that house could have been so completely lost in the aggregate of humanity that no trace of him could be found. Rejecting, as they were compelled to do, the hypothesis that the murder was done from within the house, the officials had no choice but to seek for the murderer among either the professional or amateur criminal classes. The first they have searched thoroughly, and the second to the best of their ability. Yet among the second, according to their theory, the assassin must be found, if found at all. The truth may be far from their theory, and if time or accident ever dispels the impenetrable cloud that envelopes that terrible scene, it may be found that experience is as useless in criminal matters as it is valuable in many other affairs of life. For the present, it is sufficient to say that John Jourdan does not expect by such an event to be put on a level with the newest patrolman under his command.

With this murder and this penetrating but utterly barren pursuit before us, how shall we answer the question, "Will murder out?"

EDWARD CRAPSEY.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

RONCARD, in one of his songs addressed to his mistress, tells her that in her declining years she will be able to boast that "When I was young a poet sang of me." In a less romantic spirit the writer of this article may boast in old age, should he attain to such blest condition, that "When I was young a king spoke to me." That was the only king or sovereign of any kind with whom I ever exchanged a word, and therefore I may perhaps be allowed to be proud of the occasion and reluctant to let it sleep in oblivion. The king was William, King of Prussia, and the occasion of my being spoken to by a sovereign was when I, with some other journalists, was formally presented to King William after his coronation, and listened to a word or two of commonplace, good-humored courtesy.

The coronation of King William took place, as many readers of THE GALAXY are probably aware, in the old historic town of Königsberg, on the extreme northeastern frontier of Prussia, a town standing on one of the inlets of the Baltic Sea, where once the Teutonic Knights, mentioned by Chaucer, were powerful. Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" had brought Königsberg prominently before the eyes and minds of English-speaking readers, just previously to the ceremony in which King William was the most conspicuous performer. It is the city where Immanuel Kant passed his long and fruitful life, and which he never quitted. It is a picturesque city in its way, although not to be compared with its neighbor Dantzic. It is a city of canals and streams, and many bridges, and quaint, narrow, crooked streets, wherein are frequent long-bearded and gabardined Jews, and where Hebrew inscriptions are seen over many shop-windows and on various door-plates. In its centre the city is domineered over by a Schloss, or castle-palace, and it was in the chapel of this palace that the ceremony of coronation took place, which provoked at the time so many sharp criticisms and so much of popular ridicule.

The first time I saw the King was when he rode in procession through the ancient city, some two or three days before the performance of the coronation. He seemed a fine, dignified, handsome, somewhat bluff old man—he was then sixty-four or sixty-five years of age—with gray hair and gray moustache, and an expression which, if it did not denote intellectual power, had much of cheerful strength and the charm of a certain kind of frank manhood about it. He rode well—riding is one of the accomplishments in which kings almost always excel—and his military costume became him. Certainly no one was just then disposed to be very enthusiastic about him, but every one was inclined to make the best of the sovereign and the situation; to forget the past and look hopefully into the future. The manner in which the coronation ceremony was conducted, and the speech which the King delivered soon after it, produced a terrible shock of disappointment; for in each the King manifested that he understood the crown to be a gift not from his people, but from heaven. To me the ceremonies in the chapel, splendid and picturesque as was the *mise en scène*, appeared absurd and even ridiculous. The King, bedizened in a regal costume which suggested Drury Lane or Niblo's Garden, lifting a crown from off the altar (was it, by the way, an altar?) and, without intervention of human aid other than his own hands, placing it upon his head, to signify that he had his crown from heaven, not from

man; then putting another crown upon the head of his wife, to show that *she* derived her dignities from him; and then turning round and brandishing a gigantic sword, as symbolical of his readiness to defend his State and people—all this seemed to me too suggestive of the *opéra comique* to suit the simple dignity of the handsome old soldier. Far better and nobler did he look in his military uniform and with his spiked helmet, as he sat on his horse in the streets, than when, arrayed in crimson velvet cloak and other such stage paraphernalia of conventional royalty, he stood in the castle chapel, the central figure in a ceremonial of mediæval splendor and worse than mediæval tediousness.

But the King's face, bearing, and manner, as I saw him in Königsberg, and immediately afterwards in Berlin, agreeably disappointed me. It was one of the best faces to be seen among all the throng at banquet and ball and pageant during those days of gorgeous and heavy ceremonial. At the coronation performances there were two other personages who may be said to have divided public curiosity and interest with the King. One was the illustrious Meyerbeer, who composed and conducted the coronation ode, which thus became almost his swan-song, his latest notes before death. The other was a man whose name has lately again divided attention with that of the King of Prussia—Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. MacMahon was sent to represent the Emperor of the French at the coronation, and he was then almost fresh from the glory of his Lombardy battles. There was great curiosity among the Königsberg public to get a glimpse of this military hero; and although even Prussians could hardly be supposed to take delight in a fame acquired at the expense of other Germans, I remember being much struck by the quiet, candid good-humor with which people acknowledged that he had beaten their countrymen. There was, indeed, a little vexation and anger felt when some of the representatives of Posen, the Prussian Poland, cheered somewhat too significantly for MacMahon as he drove in his carriage from the palace. The Prussians generally felt annoyed that the Poles should have thus publicly and ostentatiously demonstrated their sympathy with France and their admiration of the French general who had defeated a German army. But except for this little ebullition of feeling, natural enough on both sides, MacMahon was a popular figure at the King's coronation; and before the ceremonies were over, the King himself had become anything but popular. The foreigners liked him for the most part because his manners were plain, frank, hearty, and agreeable, and to the foreigners it was a matter of little consequence what he said or did in the accepting of his crown. But the Germans winced under his blunt repudiation of the principle of popular sovereignty, and in the minds of some alarmists painful and odious memories began to revive and to transform themselves into terrible omens for the future.

For this pleasant, genial, gray-haired man, whose smile had so much of honest frankness and even a certain simple sweetness about it, had a grim and blood-stained history behind him. Not Napoleon the Third himself bore a more ominous record when he ascended the throne. The blood of the Berliners was purple on those hands which now gave so kindly and cheery a welcome to all comers. The revolutionists of Baden held in bitter hate the stern prince who was so unscrupulous in his mode of crushing out popular agitation. From Cologne to Königsberg, from Hamburg to Trieste, all Germans had for years had reason only too strong to regard William Prince of Prussia as the most resolute and relentless enemy of popular liberty. When the Pope was inspiring the hearts of freemen and patriots everywhere in Europe with sudden and splendid hopes doomed to speedy disappointment, the Prince of Prussia was execrated

with the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, and the Romanoffs. The one only thing commonly said in his favor was that he was honest and would keep his word. The late Earl of Clarendon, one of the most incautious and blundering of diplomatists (whom after his death the English newspapers have been eulogizing as a very sage and prince of statesmen), embodied this opinion sharply in a few words which he spoke to a friend of mine in Königsberg. Clarendon represented Queen Victoria at the coronation ceremonies, and my friend happened in conversation with him to be expressing a highly disparaging opinion of the King of Prussia. "There is just this to be said of him," the British Envoy remarked aloud in the centre of a somewhat miscellaneous group of listeners—"he is an honest man and a man of his word; he is not a Corsican conspirator."

Yes, this was and is the character of the King of Prussia. In good and evil he kept his word. You might trust him to do as he had said. During the greater part of his life the things he promised to do and did were not such as free men could approve. He set out in life with a genuine detestation of liberal principles and of anything that suggested popular revolution. William of Prussia is certainly not a man of intellect or broad intelligence or flexibility of mind. He would be in private life a respectable, steady, rather dull sort of man, honest as the sun, just as likely to go wrong as right in his opinions, perhaps indeed a shade more likely to go wrong than right, and sure to be doggedly obstinate in any opinion which he conceived to be founded on a principle. Horror of revolution was naturally his earliest public sentiment. He was one of the princes who entered Paris in 1815 with the allied sovereigns when they came to stamp out Bonapartism; and he seemed to have gone on to late manhood with the conviction that the mission of honest kings was to prevent popular agitation from threatening the divine right of the throne. Naturally enough, a man of such a character, whose chief merits were steadfastness and honesty, was much disgusted by the vacillation, the weakness, the half-unconscious deceitfulness of his brother, the late Frederick William. Poor Frederick William! well-meaning, ill-doing dreamer, "wind-changing" as Warwick, a sort of René of Anjou placed in a responsible position and cast into a stormy age. What blighted hopes and bloody streets were justly laid to his charge—to the charge of him who asked nothing better than to be able to oblige everybody and make all his people happy! Frederick William loved poetry and poets in a feeble, *dilettante* sort of way. He liked, one might say, to be thought to like the Muses and the Graces. He used to insist upon Tieck the poet reading aloud his new compositions to the royal circle of evenings; and when the bard began to read the King would immediately fall asleep, and nod until he nodded himself into wakefulness again; and then he would start up and say, "Bravo, Tieck! Delightful, Tieck! Go on reading, Tieck!" and then to sleep again. He liked in this sort of fashion the poetic and sentimental aspects of revolution, and he dandled popular movements on his royal knee until they became too demonstrative and frightened him, and then he shook them off and shrieked for the aid of his strong-nerved brother. One day Frederick William would be all for popular government and representative monarchy, and what not; the next day he became alarmed and receded, and was eager to crush the hopes he had himself awakened. He was always breaking his word to his people and his country, and yet he was not personally an untruthful man like English Charles the First. In private life he would have been amiable, respectable, gently æsthetical and sentimental; placed in a position of responsibility amid the seething passions and conflicting political currents of 1848, he proved himself a very dastard and caitiff. Germany could hardly have

had upon the throne of Prussia a worse man for such a crisis. He was unlucky in every way ; for his vacillation drew on him the repute of hypocrisy, and his whimsical excitable manners procured for him the reproach of intemperance. A sincerely pious man in his way, he was almost universally set down as a hypocrite ; a sober man who only drank wine medicinally on the order of his physicians, he was favored throughout Europe with the nickname of " King Clicquot." His utter imbecility before and after the massacre of those whom he called his "beloved Berliners," made him more detestable to Berlin than was his blunt and stern brother, the present King, who gave with his own lips the orders which opened fire on the population. A more unkingly figure than that of poor, weak, well-intentioned, sentimental, lachrymose Frederick William, never in our days at least has been seen under a royal canopy.

It was but natural that such a character or no-character as this should disgust his brother and successor, the present King. Frederick William, as everybody knows, had no son to succeed him. The stout-hearted William would have liked his brother and sovereign to be one thing or the other ; a despot of course he would have preferred, but he desired consistency and steadfastness on whatever side. William, it must be owned, was for many years a downright stupid, despotic old feudalist. At one of his brother's councils he flung his sword upon the table and vowed that he would rather appeal to that weapon than consent to rule over a people who dared to claim the right of voting their own taxes. He appears to have had the sincere stupid faith that Heaven directly tells or teaches kings how to rule, and that a king fails in his religious duty who takes counsel of aught save his own convictions. Perhaps a good many people in lowlier life are like William of Prussia in this respect. He certainly was not the only person in our time who habitually accepted his own likings and dislikings as the appointed ordinances of Heaven. In my own circle of acquaintance I think I have known such individuals.

Thus William of Prussia strode through life sword in hand menacing and, where he could, suppressing popular movement. Yet he was saved from utter detestation by the admitted integrity of his character—a virtue so dear to Germans, that for its sake they will pardon harshness and sometimes even stupidity. People disliked or dreaded him, but they despised his brother. There was a certain simplicity, too, always seen in William's mode of living which pleased the country. There was no affectation about him ; he was almost as much of a plain, unpretending soldier as General Grant himself. Since he became King, anybody passing along the famous Unter den Linden might see the white-haired, simple old man writing or reading at the window of his palace. He was in this respect a sort of military Louis Philippe ; a Louis Philippe with a strong purpose and without any craft. Therefore, when the death of his brother in 1861 called him to the throne, he found a people anxious to give him credit for every good quality and good purpose, willing to forget the past and look hopefully into the coming time. They only smiled at his renewal of the coronation ceremonies at Königsberg, believing that the old soldier thought there was something of a religious principle somehow mixed up in them, and that it was the imaginary piety, not the substantial pomp, which commended to his mind so gorgeous and costly an anachronism. After the coronation ceremonies, however, came back the old unpopularity. The King, people said, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing since he was Prince of Prussia. Every act he did after his accession to the crown seemed only more and more to confirm this impression. It was, I think, about this time that the celebrated "Diary" of Varnhagen von Ense was

published by the niece of the deceased diplomatist; a diary full in itself of the most piquant interest, but made yet more piquant and interesting by the bitter and foolish persecution with which the King's officials endeavored to suppress the work and punish its publishers. I have not read or even seen the book for years, but the impression it made on me is almost as distinct just now as it was when I laid down the last of its many and vivacious volumes.

Varnhagen von Ense was a bitter creature, and the pen with which he wrote his diary seems to have been dipped in gall of special acridity. The diary goes over many years of Berlin court life, and the present King of Prussia is one of its central figures. The author does not seem to have had much respect for anybody; and King William was evidently an object of his particular detestation. All the doings of the days of 1848 are recorded or commented on, and the pages are interspersed with notices of the sharp ungenial things said by one royal personage of another. If the late Frederick William chose to say an ill-natured thing of Queen Victoria of England, down goes the remark in Varnhagen's pages, and it is chronicled for the perusal of all the world. We learn from the book that the present King of Prussia does not live on the most genial terms with his wife Augusta; that Augusta has rather a marked inclination towards Liberalism, and would find nothing more pleasant than a little coquetry with Revolution. Varnhagen intimates that the illustrious lady loved lions' and novelties of any kind, and that at the time he writes she would have been particularly glad to make the acquaintance of Louis Blanc; and he more than hints at a decided inclination on her part to *porter le pantalon*—an inclination which her husband was not at all likely to gratify, consciously at least. Of the progressive wife Varnhagen speaks with no whit more respect than of the reactionary husband; and indeed he seems to look with irreverent and cynical eyes on everything royal that comes under his observation. Throughout the whole of the diary, the figure of the present King comes out consistently and distinctly. William is always the blunt, dull, wrong-headed, I might almost say pig-headed soldier-fanatic, who will do and suffer and make others do and suffer anything, in a cause which he believes to be right. With all Varnhagen von Ense's bitterness and scorn, he gives us no worse idea of King William than just this. But judging from the expression of the King's face, from his manner, and from what I have heard of him in Berlin and elsewhere, I should say there was a good deal of individual kindness and *bon-homie* in him for which the critic did not give him credit. I think he is, on the whole, better than Varnhagen von Ense chose to paint him or see him.

From Alexander Humboldt, as well as from Varnhagen von Ense, we learn a good deal of the inner life of kings and queens and princes in Berlin. There is something almost painful in reflecting on the kind of life which Humboldt must have led among these people, whom he so cordially despised, and whom in his private chroniclings he so held up to scorn. The great philosopher assuredly had a huge treasure of hatred locked up in his heart. He detested and scorned these royal personages, who so blandly patronized him, or were sometimes so rough in their condescending familiarity. Nothing takes the gilt off the life of courts so much as a perusal of what Humboldt has written about it. One hardly cares to think of so great and on the whole so noble a man, living a life of what seems so like perpetual dissimulation; of his enduring these royal dullards and pert princesses, and doubtless seeming profoundly reverential, and then going home of nights to put down on paper his record of their vulgarity, and selfishness, and impertinence. Sometimes Humboldt was not able to contain himself within the limits of court politeness. The late King of Hanover (father of the

now dethroned King George) was a rough brutal trooper, who had made himself odious in England as the Duke of Cumberland, and was accused by popular rumors of the darkest crimes—unjustly accused certainly, in the case where he was charged with the murder of his valet. The Duke did not make a very bad sort of King, as kings then went; but he retained all his roughness and coarseness of manner. He once accosted Humboldt in the palace of the late King of Prussia, and in his pleasant graceful way asked why it was that the Prussian court was always full of philosophers and loose women—describing the latter class of visitors by a very direct and expressive word. "Perhaps," replied Humboldt blandly, "the King invites the philosophers to meet me, and the other persons to please your Majesty!" Humboldt seems to have had little liking for any of the illustrious personages he met under the roof of the King of Prussia. A brief record he made of a conversation with the late Prince Albert (for whom he expressed a great contempt) went far when it was published to render the husband of Queen Victoria more unpopular and even detested in Ireland than another George the Fourth would have been. The Irish people will probably never forget that, according to the statement of Humboldt, the Prince spoke contemptuously of Irish national aspirations, declared he had no sympathy with the Irish, and that they were as restless, idle, and unmanageable as the Poles—a pretty speech, the philosopher remarks, to be made by the husband of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Some attempt was made when this record of Humboldt's came to light to dispute the truth of it; but Humboldt was certainly not a liar—and anyhow the Irish people believed the story and it did no little mischief; and Humboldt in his grave might have had the consolation of knowing that he had injured one prince at least.

What we learn of the King of Prussia through Humboldt is to the same effect as the teaching of Varnhagen's cynical spirit; and I think, if these keen irreverent critics did not do him wrong, his Majesty must have softened and improved with the responsibilities of royalty. In many respects one might be inclined to compare him with the English George the Third. Both were indeed dull, decent, and fanatical. But there are some wide differences. George the Third was obstinate in the worst sense; his was the obstinacy of a stupid, self-enclosed man who believes himself wise and right in everything. Now, I fancy the King of Prussia is only obstinate in what he conceives, rightly or wrongly, to be questions of duty and of principle; and that there are many subjects, political and otherwise, of which he does not believe himself to be the most competent judge, and which therefore he is quite willing to leave to the consideration and decision of others. For instance, it was made evident that in the beginning of the transactions which were followed by (although they cannot be said to have caused) the present war, the King more than once expressed himself willing to do certain things, of which, however, Count von Bismarck subsequently disapproved; and the King quietly gave way. "You know better than I do; act as you think best," is, I believe, a quite common sentence on the lips of King William, when he is talking with this or that trusted minister. Then again it has been placed beyond all doubt that George the Third could be, when he thought fit, the most unabashed and unscrupulous of liars; and not even contented itself with charging King William with any act or word of falsehood or duplicity.

Steadily did the King grow more and more unpopular after his coronation. All the old work of prosecuting newspapers and snubbing, or if possible punishing, free-spoken politicians, came into play again. The King quarrelled fiercely

with his Parliament about the scheme of army reorganization. I think he was right as to the scheme, although terribly wrong-headed and high-handed in his way of forcing it down the throats of the people, and, aided by his House of Peers, he waged a sort of war upon the nation's representatives. Then first came to the front that extraordinary political figure, which before very long had cast into the shade every other in Europe, even including that of the Emperor Napoleon; that marvellous compound of audacity and craft, candor and cunning, the profound sagacity of a Richelieu, the levity of a Palmerston; imperturbably good-humored, illimitably unscrupulous; a patriot without lofty emotion of any kind, a statesman who could sometimes condescend to be a juggler; part bully, part buffoon, but always a man of supreme courage, inexhaustible resources of brain and tongue—always in short a man of genius. I need hardly add that I am speaking of the Count von Bismarck.

At the time of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, there was probably no public man in Europe so generally unpopular as the King of Prussia, except perhaps his Minister, the Count von Bismarck. In England it was something like an article of faith to believe that the King was a bloodthirsty old tyrant, his Prime Minister a combination of Strafford and Sejanus, and his subjects generally a set of beer-bemuddled and servile blockheads. The dislike felt toward the King was extended to the members of his family, and the popular conviction in England was that the Princess Victoria, wife of the King's son, had a dull coarse drunkard for a husband. It is perfectly wonderful how soon an absurdly erroneous idea, if there is anything about it which jumps with the popular humor, takes hold of the public mind of England. The English people regarded the Prussians with utter detestation and contempt. Not only that, but they regarded it as quite a possible and even likely thing that poor brave little Denmark, with a population hardly larger than that of the city of New York, could hold her own, alone, against the combined forces of Austria and Prussia. One might have thought that there never was a Frederick the Great or an Archduke Charles; that the only part ever played in history by Germans was that of impotent braggarts and stupid cowards. When there seemed some prospect of England's drawing the sword for Denmark, "Punch" published a cartoon which was very popular and successful. It represented an English sailor and soldier of the conventional dramatic style, looking with utter contempt at two awkward shambling boobies with long hair and huge meerschaums—one booby supposed to represent Prussia, the other Austria; and Jack Tar says to his friend the red-coat: "They can't expect us to *fight* fellows like those, but we'll kick them, of course, with pleasure." This so fairly represented the average public opinion of England that there was positively some surprise felt in London when it was found that the Prussians really could fight at all. Towards the Austrians there was nothing like the same ill-feeling; and when Bismarck's war against Austria (I cannot better describe it) broke out shortly after, the sympathy of England went almost unanimously with the enemy of Prussia. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred firmly believed that Austria would clutch Italy with one hand and Prussia with the other, and easily choke the life out of both. About the merits of the quarrel nobody in England outside the range of a very few politicians and journalists troubled himself at all. It was settled that Austria had somehow come to represent the cause of human freedom and progress; that the King of Prussia was a stupid and brutal old trooper, hurried to his ruin by the evil counsels of a drunken Mephistopheles; and that the Austrian forces would simply walk over the Prussians into Berlin. There was but one newspaper in London

(and it has since died) which ventured to suggest, first, that perhaps the Prussians had the right side of the quarrel, and next, that perhaps they would have the better in the fight.

With the success of Prussia at Sadowa ended King William's personal unpopularity in Europe. Those who were prepared to take anything like a rational view of the situation began to see that there must be some manner of great cause behind such risks, sacrifices, and success. Those who disliked Prussia more than ever, as many in France did, were disposed to put the King out of their consideration altogether, and to turn their detestation wholly on the King's Minister. In fact, Bismarck so entirely eclipsed or occulted the King, that the latter may be said to have disappeared from the horizon of European politics. His good qualities or bad qualities no longer counted for aught in the estimation of foreigners. Bismarck was everything, the King was nothing. Now I wish the readers of *THE GALAXY* not to take this view of the matter. In everything which has been done by Prussia since his accession to the throne, King William has counted for something. His stern uncompromising truthfulness, seen as clearly in the despatches he sent from recent battle-fields as in any other deeds of his life, has always counted for much. So too has his narrow-minded dread of anything which he believes to savor of the revolution. So has his thorough and devoted Germanism. I am convinced that it would have been far more easy of late to induce Bismarck to make compromises with seemingly powerful enemies at the expense of German soil, than it would have been to persuade Bismarck's master to consent to such proposals. The King's is far more of a typical German character (except for its lack of intellect) than that of Bismarck, in whom there is so much of French audacity as well as of French humor. On the other hand, I would ask my readers not to rush into wild admiration of the King of Prussia, or to suppose that liberty owes him personally any direct thanks. King William's subjects know too well that they have little to thank him for on that score. Strange as the comparison may seem at first, it is not less true that the enthusiasm now felt by Germans for the King is derived from just the same source as the early enthusiasm of Frenchmen for the first Napoleon. In each man his people see the champion who has repelled the aggression of the insolent foreigner, and has been strong enough to pursue the foreigner into his own home and there chastise him for his aggression. The blind stupidity of Austria and the crimes of Bonapartism have made King William a patriot King. When Thiers wittily and bitterly said that the Second Empire had made two great statesmen, Cavour and Bismarck, he might have said with still closer accuracy that it had made one great sovereign, William of Prussia. Never man attained such a position as that lately won by King William with less of original "outfit" to qualify him for the place. Five or six years ago the King of Prussia was as much disliked and distrusted by his own subjects as ever the Emperor of the French was by the followers of the Left. Look back to the famous days when "Bockum-Dolff's hat" seemed likely to become a symbol of civil revolution in Germany. Look back to the time when the King's own son and heir apparent, the warrior Crown Prince who since has flamed across so many a field of blood, felt called upon to make formal protest in a public speech against the illiberal, repressive, and despotic policy of his father! Think of these things, and say whether any change could be more surprising than that which has converted King William into the typical champion and patriot of Germany; and when you seek the explanation of the change, you will simply find that the worst enemies of Prussia

have been unwittingly the kindest friends and the best patrons of Prussia's honest and despotic old sovereign.

I think the King of Prussia's subjects were not wrong when they disliked and dreaded him, and I also think they are now not wrong when they trust and applaud him. It has been his great good fortune to reign during a period when the foreign policy of the State was of infinitely greater importance than its domestic management. It became the business of the King of Prussia to help his country to assert and to maintain a national existence. Nothing better was needed in the sovereign for this purpose than the qualities of a military dictator, and the King, in this case, was saved all trouble of thinking and planning. He had but to accept and agree to a certain line of policy—a certain set of national principles—and to put his foot down on these and see that they were carried through. For this object the really manly and sturdy nature of the King proved admirably adapted. He upheld manfully and firmly the standard of the nation. His defective qualities were rendered inactive, and had indeed no occasion or chance to display themselves, while all that was good of him came into full activity and bold relief. But I do not believe that the character of the King in any wise changed. He was a dull, honest, fanatical martinet when he turned his cannon against German liberals in 1848; he was a dull, honest, fanatical martinet when he unfurled the flag of Prussia against the Austrians in 1866 and against the French in 1870. The brave old man is only happy when doing what he thinks right; but he wants alike the intellect and the susceptibilities which enable people to distinguish right from wrong, despotism from justice, necessary firmness from stolid obstinacy. But for the wars and the great national issues which rose to claim instant decision, King William would have gone on dissolving Parliaments and punishing newspapers, levying taxes without the consent of representatives, and making the police-officer the master of Berlin. The vigor which was so popular when employed in resisting the French, would assuredly otherwise have found occupation in repressing the Prussians. I see nothing to admire in King William but his courage and his honesty. People who know him personally speak delightedly of his sweet and genial manners in private life; and I have observed that, like many another old *moustache*, he has the art of making himself highly popular with the ladies. There is a celebrated little *prima donna* as well known in London as in Berlin, who can only speak of the bluff monarch as *der süsse König*—"the sweet King." Indeed, there are not wanting people who hint that Queen Augusta is not always quite pleased at the manner in which the venerable soldier makes himself agreeable to dames and demoiselles. Certainly the ladies seem to be generally very enthusiastic about his Majesty when they come into acquaintanceship with him, and to the *prima donna* I have mentioned his kindness and courtesy have been only such as are well worthy of a gentleman and of a king. Still we all know that it does not take a great effort on the part of a sovereign to make people, especially women, think him very delightful. I do not, therefore, make much account of King William's courtesy and *bonhomie* in estimating his character. For all the service he has done to Germany let him have full thanks; but I cannot bring myself to any warmth of personal admiration for him. It is indeed hard to look at him without feeling for the moment some sentiment of genuine respect. The fine head and face, with its noble outlines and its frank pleasant smile, the stately, dignified form, which some seventy-five years have neither bowed nor enfeebled, make the King look like some splendid old paladin of the court of Charlemagne. He is, indeed, despite his years, the finest physical specimen of a sov-

oreign Europe just now can show. Compare him with the Emperor Napoleon, so many years his junior—compare his soldierly presence, his manly bearing, his clear frank eyes, his simple and sincere expression, with the prematurely wasted and crippled frame, the face blotched and haggard, the lack-lustre eyes which seem always striving to avoid direct encounter with any other glance, the shambling gait, the sinister look of the nephew of the great Bonaparte, and you will say that the Prussians have at least had from the beginning of their antagonism an immense advantage over their rivals in the figurehead which their State was enabled to exhibit. But I cannot make a hero out of stout King William, although he has bravery enough of the common, military kind, to suit any of the heroes of the “*Nibelungen Lied*.” He never would, if he could, render any service to liberty; he cannot understand the elements and first principles of popular freedom; to him the people is always, as a child, to be kept in leading strings and guided, and, if at all boisterous or naughty, smartly birched and put in a dark corner. There is nothing cruel about King William; that is to say, he would not willingly hurt any human creature, and is, indeed, rather kind-hearted and humane than otherwise. He is as utterly incapable of the mean spites and shabby cruelties of the great Frederick, whose statue stands so near his palace, as he is incapable of the savage brutalities and indecencies of Frederick’s father. He is, in fact, simply a dull old disciplinarian, saturated through and through with the traditions of the feudal party of Germany, his highest merit being the fact that he keeps his word—that he is “a still strong man” who “cannot lie;” his noblest fortune being the happy chance which called on him to lead his country’s battles, instead of leaving him free to contend against, and perhaps for the time to crush, his country’s aspirations after domestic freedom. Kind Heaven has allowed him to become the champion and the representative of German unity—that unity which is Germany’s immediate and supreme need, calling for the postponement of every other claim and desire; and this part he has played like a man, a soldier, and a king. But one can hardly be expected to forget all the past, to forget what Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense wrote, what Jacobi and Waldeck spoke, what King William did in 1848, and what he said in 1861; and unless we forget all this and a great deal more to the same effect, we can hardly help acknowledging that but for the fortunate conditions which allowed him to prove himself the best friend of German unity, he would probably have proved himself the worst enemy of German liberty.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

DRIFT-WOOD.

FROM SAARBRUCK TO SEDAN.

THE French Empire falls—a German empire swiftly rises as the other drops to ruin—it is like the shifting of a vast firework, or the magic of some mighty necromancer. What a campaign from Saarbrück to Sedan! What a series of surprises, crowned with a stupendous wonder! Could actors or onlookers ever have fathomed it? "It will be a long and trying war," said Napoleon in quitting Paris. "We may be beaten at first," said the Crown Prince, in leaving Berlin, "but shall conquer in the end." The lesson of the war is none the less clear from first to last. If there be marvel in it, mystery or miracle there is none. Even obstinate William ejaculates, "What a course events, with God's guidance, have taken;" but it is only that Heaven has once more fought on the side of the strongest battalions.

A fresh name now appears on the roll of great captains. Von Moltke, the third soldier Prussia has produced within a century, links the glories of 1759, through 1815, with 1870. Prussia has earned by her sword the leadership of the world. Frederick, Blücher, and Moltke of Prussia are a trio to rank with Washington, Scott, and Grant in America; with Montecuculi, Spinola, and the Prince of Parma in Italy; with Gustavus Adolphus, Torstenson, and Charles XII. in Sweden; with Prince Eugène, Wallenstein, and Archduke Charles of Austria; with Peter, Suwarrow, and Diebitsch of Russia; with Cromwell, Marlborough, and Wellington of England; with French Turanne, Condé, and Napoleon.

Von Moltke joins the genius of a Condé to that of a Carnot, the same brain organizing and executing victory. His figure is not, indeed, what popular fancy would have of a great commander—a Ney or Sheridan charging—but it is that of the student sitting at war's chessboard, with army corps for pawns, with a Strasbourg, Metz, Mayence for castles, with kings and queens to check and capture, and with two empires laid as stakes of the game. Luck was so far out of the problem that the phrase "fortune of war," as applied to the French campaign, is meaningless. There was seen everywhere that

fusion of science and strength whose product is success. Accident was a trifling element, but there was plenty of clockwork. Moltke pierced the enemy's line at Wissembourg, broke it in twain at Woerth and, leaving the right or lesser portion to drift a wreck on Paris, enveloped the major part, namely the centre and left, under Bazaine, and drove it in a series of bloody battles, ending with Gravelotte, under the guns of Metz. Metz is a good fortress, worthy of praise in an age of sham engineering; and as its artillery mowed swaths in the besieger's columns, and, with each attack tore some German *corps d'armée* to shreds, Moltke turned his eyes once more to the French right, which halting at Châlons, had been swelled by regular garrisons from Paris and other cities, and by the first crop of Garde Mobile, all of which, with the shattered relics of Woerth, were moulded by MacMahon and Trochu into something like an army, and put under the former officer's command. MacMahon wished to be suffered at once to cover Paris and threaten the army besieging Metz; but Moltke determining that his rival should take a choice between those two duties, detached a strong column from his left flank through the valley of the Aube, threatening to strike between Châlons and Paris. MacMahon forced to select between Paris and Metz, with a soldier's feeling marched forward to the relief of the first army, and moved northerly and then easterly from Châlons to Reims, Rethel and Mézières, around the railway arc that connects Châlons with Metz. The Prussian forces cut across the chord of the arc, and converging from all quarters, Metz, Commercy, Châlons, and the Rhine, brought MacMahon to a halt between Mézières and Montmédy, as he was journeying southward to Metz.

The Belgian frontier was fatal to France. The little town of Sedan lies on the Meuse, not far from the frontier, and, after battles lost at Beaumont and Carignan, it offered a tempting opportunity to MacMahon for a decisive stand, by reason of its natural defences and fortified works. Moltke accepted the gage of battle there, and, after a grievous slaughter, with an impassable barrier of Bava-

rians on the one flank and of Prussians on the other, with the river in front, the Belgian frontier in the rear, and a tightening cordon around him, artillery being planted on positions dominating Sedan and raking his lines, MacMahon—or rather Wimpffen, for the Marshal was severely wounded—surrendered the French army.

MacMahon is an exceedingly good soldier, whose fate it was to be opposed to a great one. In addition, the Duke of Magenta had at Sedan a force but half as formidable as that which opposed him. With such odds, defeat was inevitable; and when he saw it come, the French Marshal, still full of the fire he showed in the Crimea and in Italy, took his life in his hands, and, matchless in intrepidity if overmatched in everything else, offered that life—all he had left to give—to his country.

Such was Sedan, the Waterloo of the Second Empire and of the Third Napoleon; a battle in which the French struggled vainly against superior numbers, and in which the historic parallel was pushed even to a charge and slaughter of cuirassiers, worthy of the Guard of Cambronne.

Moltke conquered by rightly using superior numbers; such is the favorite method of successful generalship. Napoleon's secret was concentration against the best point of attack. Napoleon, like other great soldiers, often conquered armies larger than his own; but in modern days, other things being equal—as position, weapons, training, and enthusiasm—numbers properly handled decide the day. We do not see a Narva, in which Charles XII. with 9,000 Swedes routed 70,000 Russians, or a Dniester, in which Sobieski with 10,000 Poles forced 300,000 Turks to raise a siege. In these cases, undisciplined peasantry met picked and seasoned troops; but France was a nation equal to Germany in population, richer in resources, strong in finances, and possessed of an army whose illustrious achievements had made her the arbiter of Europe. If Prussia had the fresh exercise and prestige of Königgratz and Sadowa, France matched them with the glories of Sebastopol, Magenta, and Solferino, and with the exercise of such drill-yards as Mexico, Algeria, and Italy. Apparently, no two nations ever fought on terms so equal; if odds lay anywhere they were on France, by reason of her fame and new weapons, the Chassepot and mitrailleuse.

With such balance of resources, Moltke

so planned, prepared, and executed as to overwhelm France as he had subjugated Austria; and lowering the crest of France in six weeks was a greater feat than crushing Austria in six days. France was out-fought before battle was joined, surrender sealed before Forbach, before Saarbrück. Moltke had already forged in Berlin the shattering bolt he threw on the Rhine.

As so bold a campaign was quickly crowned with success, we may already pronounce, even without the official record of manœuvre to guide us, that it was conceived with genius, arranged with skill, and executed without tactical mistake. Nevertheless, with two equal combatants like Prussia and France, we must trace the former's success to some larger source, which source will be found in the Prussian military system—a matchless system, disclosed and developed yesterday, in full operation before the astonished eyes of other nations. It makes every German a soldier, and not only drills and disciplines during peace every arms-bearing citizen, at a given period in his life, but provides for the steady and uniform supply of class after class to the army in war, until every able-bodied man in Germany, if needful, treads the field of battle. The first fruit of this system is the mobilization in a week of a million trained men.

How far this system is Von Moltke's history must determine. It has been traced to Frederick II.; but in a forced process, because the difference between his system and Moltke's is world-wide—the difference between a great standing army and an entire armed nation. Since Rosbach there has been Jena, which shows that Frederick's system, however good, was not, in modern times, self-preserving. We have later guides to the origin of the Prussian system of to-day. Twenty years ago, the Prussian military establishment was in wretched condition. In 1848, France could have crushed Prussia as one crushes an egg-shell, and she is now at Prussia's feet. Politico-military genius has wrought the change between 1848 and 1870.

The explanation is that Prussia has been fortunate in having of late a cluster of genuine soldiers, and statesman, and soldier-statesman. Nature sometimes gives a group or *crop* of soldiers to a country, as she gives it a group of poets or philosophers—or, to speak more simply, the circumstances of a nation's career, at certain times, make many people soldiers or poets. Passing King

William, who is well as a figurehead, we have Von Moltke in the centre of a group of good soldiers—Frederick William, Frederick Charles, Steinmetz, Falkenstein, Mantuffel, Zostrow, Bittenfeld, Minister Von Roon, and half a dozen others, who have of late years shown great executive force, and, in some cases, strategic genius. Prussia chances to be as fertile in good soldiers as France was seventy years ago, and history may speak of Moltke and his generals as of Napoleon and his marshals. How far the great leader makes his officers great, and how far the lucky grouping of good officers harvests fame for the leader, is a speculation by itself; but as the one rarely goes without the other, we may suspect that the art of selecting men, skill in divining possibilities in a subordinate, and the inspiration greatness gives to all about it, are a fair counter-weight to the reflected glories which it in turn, catches from all quarters.

It usually happens in the sublime moments of a nation's history, that it is as great in the cabinet as in the field; and the difference between a Bismarck and a Benedetti is wider than between a Moltke and a Napoleon III. In the three wars which Prussia has waged within seven years, successively prostrating Denmark, Austria, and France, Bismarck's diplomacy has been as audacious as Moltke's strategy, and as brilliant. To Count Bismarck, the Prussian Richelieu, are due the treaties and alliances which have put at Moltke's disposal the force required for crushing each successive enemy. He persuaded Austria to join him, and so sealed the fate of Denmark; he persuaded Italy to join him, and so sealed the fate of Austria and South Germany; he persuaded South Germany to join him, and so sealed the fate of France. In each case, Bismarck's statecraft put a decisive ally at Moltke's disposal, and Moltke then conquered with dazzling rapidity. When peace was struck, Prussia, through Bismarck's skill, chose fruits of victory of a substantial sort that could be applied to fresh conquests. Schleswig and Holstein gave naval bases, and a seacoast needful to make Prussia a great maritime power. Saxony and South Germany were needful for the conquest of France, and great is the part they have played in that conquest. What concession now awaits France rests, at this writing, in Bismarck's brain; but we may be sure he will get, if he can, some new and solid mili-

tary benefit for the coming Empire of Germany.

SUMMERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IN the art of recreation we Americans are not adepts. We work better than we play. We "do" Long Branch, Saratoga, Cape May, the Mill at Newport, the Springs at Bedford and Lebanon, the Falls at Niagara, the Notch and Profile at the White Hills—nay, we even "do" Europe, shops, grots, galleries, and palaces—as if these were disagreeable duties, which we have made a memorandum of, and are bound to gradually check off as "attended to," or perish in the attempt. We start on a pleasure tour, with agrim, Grant-like resolution to accomplish it, "if it takes all summer." Our holidays are dreary fast-days or dreadful Fourths-of-July. Our vacations often turn out to be only "vexations." The Yankee looks with wonder, if not with envy, on the simple and satisfactory amusements of Americanized Germans. He observes that Johnny Crapaud's sugared water affords the chattering drinker more refreshment than he himself gets from great gulps of brandy at the bar; and Hans, with ten children to craze him, takes comfort in a beer-garden with its paper roses and colored lamps, such as an American millionaire gets nowhere, though with luxury and leisure at command.

Luxury and leisure, however, are things few Americans have learned to enjoy. The capacity for domestic, open-air recreation was surely left out of the "make-up" of our strenuous nature, or has been crowded unfairly by the craving for work. French and German shooting-fests, singing-fests, and open-air dances are unnatural to us. Our public "summer excursions" are usually swindles, and, thanks to their volunteer escorts of bullies and pickpockets, are sometimes also massacres. Indeed, until lately, there were few holiday excursions into the country except school picnics; and for genuine hard work, with a maximum of toil and trouble for everybody and a minimum of recreation and rest, commend me to the Sunday-school Picnic.

But it is in private pleasuring that we Americans do our hardest work, and this past summer gave scope to all our facilities for making ourselves uncomfortable. Two orders of weather-prophets have ruined their reputations within a twelvemonth, muskrats and meteorologists: the former,

because they built their winter dams last year higher than ever, saying as plainly as musquash ever said it, "Look out this winter for a regular stinger!"—and the regular stinger never came! and the latter because they saw last May a great crowd of spots on the sun, which promised us a comfortable summer. In that roasting stretch of June, July, and August, of all the good burghers who summered under difficulties, surely the most luckless were those who rode into town every morning, and rode out of town every night, sweating daily during four or six mortal hours in steam-cars or horse-cars, under the delusion that they were "passing the summer in the rural districts." To be tarred and feathered could add little more discomfort to this endless "riding on a rail."

Hardly less pitiable are those who pass a summer in rushing from watering-place to watering-place, laden with many children and more trunks, seeking rest and finding none. Hard travel may be pronounced a national pastime. I once knew a gentleman who, having a fortnight's leisure, started from Boston early one morning, travelled in the cars all day and all night without stopping, reached the Falls of Niagara next morning, "did" both them and several of the outlying Indian swindles in one hour, and then, in sixty minutes by the watch, started back in the train, travelled without stopping another day and night, and arrived again in Boston; and having thus performed a duty which had probably been on his conscience and his memorandum-book for years, he took a ten days' rest from its fatigues at Swampscott or Cohasset. He "did" Niagara like a man, and felt all the better for it. If Chicago can come to Cresson, Memphis to Lake Memphremagog, San Francisco to Saratoga, New Orleans to Nahant, Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, it is always something accomplished. The American is not satisfied unless he can spend most of his summering in a disagreeable sort of travel, and the more infants and trunks in the party, the more satisfactory the journey. "Change of air" is the cloak for this travelling mania in the first instance, and "change of scene" the excuse for continuing to rove from place to place. To quietly stay by hill-side or sea-side, where the ultra-fashionables may recruit color, the drudge of the city muscle, and the jaded pedagogue nerve, would be more sensible.

But summering, it is fair to say, has now become no slight job. Thirty years ago, when cities were rare and villages the rule, many farmers were glad to eke out the year's dole of ready money by what might come from city guests; but such farm-house summering is now mainly a tradition. Population has focussed wondrously into cities within forty years, villages have become towns, and the sons of those who used to receive city people are now city people themselves, and complain of not finding country accommodations.

To the cities, also, on many railroads comes for sale the surplus produce which the farmer was once glad to see consumed by his city guests. In dog-days, poor Tom Ledger does nothing but dream of rustic delights and babble of green fields; and whiffs of mountain air and sea-breeze mingle with grosser fancies of country fruits and food—the pat of fresh butter, the pan of rich cream, the home-made loaf with the delicate home-made honey to spread upon it, the basket of new-laid eggs, the heaped pail of mammoth berries, the vegetable luxuries boiling in the pot five minutes after being pulled from the garden. Alas, poor Tom! you found it all a snare. The freshest and best of the country delicacies passed you in the cityward train, as your own overloaded cars puffed out of the smoky town. Those visions of yours were delusions which the poets foster. That delicious bowl of cream was but a pan of skim-milk, that odorous pat of fresh butter a dab of rancid lard. Shoemakers' children always go the worst shod. The English town of Coventry is famous for its ribbons, in whose making, indeed, most of the people are engaged; but you cannot, for love or money, buy a yard of ribbon in the country stores. There are European towns which give their name to famous wines, silks, or what not; but neither townsmen nor visitors enjoy them, because the whole product is bespoken for foreign markets. And, in like manner, New Yorkers, Philadelphians, and Bostonians need not seek the pick of yesterday's country produce on Westchester, Chester, and Middlesex farms, but in Fulton, Spring Garden, and Quincy markets, on the butchers' hook or at the green-grocers' stall. Let poor Tom Ledger limit his summer fancies to lying at ease on the grassy couch of nature, canopied by the sky, or picking healthful fruits in the field, and not dream of what he

may find under the farm-house ceiling, with the dregs of the dairy, and bed and "board" in one.

Summer hotels have special traps of their own for the unwary citizen. They ask custom, and the customer arrives to find "standing-room only." Favorite dormitories seem to be the entries and billiard-rooms; and the smiling clerk replies to the traveller who asks a room, "Show the gentleman to cot 99." Sixty people lying side by side on narrow pallets in the largest hall of a hot hotel, looking like patients in a hospital, and their feelings nowise belying their looks—who but Americans would find this to be pleasurable summering? The hotel rules are ingeniously contrived to fleece the guest as closely as possible, there being an extraordinary system of charges, designed, like the combinations of a betting-book, to win heavily in any contingency. A sliding scale of charges for bed and board renders it wiser for you not to attempt to reckon fractions of a day; and, lest there should be any possible or remote loophole of escape, there are cunning general clauses which provide, for example, that all meals which might, could, would, or should be or have been prepared at the visitor's hour of arrival or departure, shall be reckoned as eaten by him.

The noble army of waiters is also in full force during the summer season. I presume they are in collusion with the landlords, and receive little or no wages, it being understood that they are expected to organize a system of studious neglect against all travellers who do not help pay them their wages in fees. Their offensive and defensive alliances for this purpose are so complete, and their *esprit de corps* so strong, that everybody must sooner or later succumb. Resistance may be attempted awhile by some whom a hard experience of life has rendered proof against the ebony finger of scorn or the curl of the Nubian lip; but when orders in council are out, a blockade established, non-intercourse proclaimed, and the enemy cut off from all friendly convoys of supplies,

his only alternative is to ignominiously capitulate or to starve. In fine, the pleasure-seeker is glad to surrender at discretion on all sides; to accept the hotel arithmetic of days and parts of days, and weeks and parts of weeks; to agree that John, as soon as he is paid a fee, should be allowed to instantly exchange places and duties with Thomas, who has likewise just received a fee from another quarter; to admit that it took a pair of candles to burn the sealing-wax for a letter, and a chaldron of coals to drive an evening's chill from the room.

Summering would be pleasant at American hotels despite these drawbacks, were the buildings used chiefly as dormitories, and generous arrangements made for open-air life—music, dancing, breakfasting, dining, promenading, visiting, sight-seeing in common. But the rival hotels, jealous of each other, seek to concentrate the whole life of the watering-place, each within its own four walls. Springs are carefully boxed up, roads are guarded by toll-gates, rocks are pasted with advertisements, intercourse between different hotels is regarded with suspicion, favorite seats are charged for, fences and "observatories" are put up to obstruct views of cascades or other objects of natural scenery, except for those who pay a fee for peeping at what nature made free to all. What a league and legion there is, for example, of Niagara hackmen, half-breeds, museum-keepers, curiosity-peddlers, and so on, all aiming to prevent travellers from doing the one desirable thing, namely, to enjoy the Falls! And these pestilent gentry at most watering-places seem to be encouraged by the hotel-keepers instead of suppressed.

Possibly the throng of American pleasure-seekers who habitually pass their summers or their years in Europe, but have just taken a homeward flight by reason of the war, might, by combining, influence the owners of our watering-places to adopt some of the customs of similar resorts in Europe; for they "order these things better" there.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

OF late American novels, "The New Timothy," by Wm. M. Baker (Harper & Brothers), is certainly deserving of notice. Mr. Baker's previous success as the author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession," was of a kind to justify the expectation that in any further work from his hands his readers might safely look for originality as to manner and method, and for photographic delineation of certain kinds of Southern life and character which have but rarely found their way into literature. There was no reason to expect more than this from him, nor has he in the present novel given any more; but this itself is so much that, apart entirely from the ends which the author consciously proposed to himself in writing it, the book claims attention as a fresh and pleasant picture of manners and people very well worth painting, and to whose actual presence before his eyes, and his own good sense in copying them without attempting to improve upon them, Mr. Baker is indebted for whatever is at all valuable in his work. As a story, "The New Timothy" is not good for much; and as a tract in favor of less dogmatic theology and more muscular Christianity in the theological seminaries, it is not to be called weighty. However, the author's special purpose in writing the book is hardly worth taking into consideration. His "orthodox belief," he tells us, is "honest and hearty;" and we should say there is not a doubt on that point, nor as to the fact that he would like to enlist his shrewd observation of life, and his picturesque way of describing it, on the side of that "weightier work" of preaching, to which he says he has, since writing this book, wholly devoted himself. But while his zeal in this direction, and his ulterior purpose, and the kind of culture—or, to speak more accurately, the want of culture in any broad sense—which he exhibits belong to him as a member of a class, they yet suggest half a dozen other men, some of them better than himself. His quick eye for character, and his ability to omit himself from his pictures of other people, and above all his good fortune in having fallen upon some very suggestive originals, and having seen

their availability, are all his own, and furnish him with a better than ordinary stock in trade as a novelist of contemporary manners. Fortunately for him too, since, like his own "Mrs. General Likens," he seems to feel a necessity of "uttering himself." Wherever he gets his ideas from, whether from Carlyle or from the theological seminary, there is no doubt that his eyes are his own, and that in telling what he sees he is not influenced by other writers of fiction. Where he has unmarried young women to paint, his cunning, it is true, deserts him, and he falls into a sort of coarse commonplaceness which is rather worse than conventionality, and in which he shows his own way of considering certain subjects, rather than the particular thing at which he is looking. But Mrs. Likens and the General, and the Meggar boys, and Zed and Toad, who, without occupying much space, are as well done as anything in the book, are all undoubtedly good representations of a kind of people whom most readers find amusing in books, where they can be shut in between the covers when they grow tiresome, as they are apt to do. For, good as his delineation is, it is only the surface of things that Mr. Baker shows us, and he only awakens the same sort of languid interest in his characters, considered as men and women, that one feels in looking at a set of photographs of people and places which he does not know. They are faithful likenesses—but what of it? They are all occupied with the consideration of very serious topics, Mr. Baker tells us; but given the same truth of surface portraiture, and they would be interesting let the subject of their speculations be what it would. Such as they are, however, drinking, swearing, smoking, writing poetry, or preaching, they are all fresh enough, and set before the reader cleverly enough, to make the book which contains them pleasant reading, and to give their author a place by himself among American writers of fiction, and a place by no means to be despised.

"My Daughter Elinor." A novel. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1869. "Miss Van Kortlandt." A novel. By the author

of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1870. A year seems a tolerably short time in which to put upon the market two novels of such length as these, but their author has probably shown himself not unwise in his generation in not remaining too long out of sight after achieving the success gained by his first novel. For it was a success based on too slight foundations and won by too inexpensive means to gain him anything but a fleeting popularity, and that only among the less critical class of novel-readers. True enough, novel-readers are, as a rule, sufficiently moderate in their demands, and are at all times ready to accept entertainment in lieu of instruction, and not over particular about the kind of amusement provided for them in books which they read for the professed purpose of being amused. And as "novels of society" "My Daughter" and its fellow do not compare badly with the ordinary English novels of the same class which form the principal staple of the fiction market, and they have the merit of being almost the first attempts to describe the kind of life led in New York and in Washington by Americans of the richer classes. The novel produced in the vicinity of Boston is apt, we fear, to be rather a bore to that class of readers to which the new author addresses himself. The "earnest" writer, who is so uneasy in his own mind as to the solidity of the foundations for his beliefs, that he insists on now and again restating and explaining and illustrating them in tales which hinge on problems in medico-psychology, or which bring into fresh condemnation the frightful tendencies of Calvinism, needs for a full appreciation a circle of readers as "earnest" as himself, and never succeeds in finding a great many of them. Generally, these New England novels, with their talk about art and culture, and their metaphysical and religious speculations, owe a great part of such notoriety as they attain to the critics, to whom, indeed, they afford a favorable opportunity for effective writing. The questions they suggest are apt enough to be provocative of further talk; and though in the case of Dr. Holmes, and Miss Palfrey, and Mrs. Stowe, and Mr. Higginson, and the rest of them, what they have to say rather reveals the general perplexity of their own minds than offers any valuable hints for the instruction of others, yet for that very reason their crit-

ics have all the fuller scope for mild abuse or milder commendation. They are always less widely read than talked about, and the third or fourth-rate novelist of "society," who is contented with trying to be amusing, will quite outstrip them in point of popularity, if he makes the least success in his modest attempt. This we say, not as implying either praise or blame to the writers of either class, but as a simple matter of fact. The great novels, of course, are neither metaphysical disquisitions nor surface pictures of society; but from the point of excellence marked by them, inferior works usually diverge in the direction of these two extremes, and gain or lose readers as they incline to one or the other of them. Now, from the temptation to propound a new solution to the "riddle of the painful earth," the author of the novels now under consideration seems to have been saved in part, indeed, by a natural disability or disinclination to meddle with anything which would require any independent investigation, or lead to troublesome questions; but in great part also, we imagine, by having accepted a ready-made theory of life at the hands of the Ritualists, or, as he would prefer to call them, the Anglo-Catholics. Not that these are in any technical sense religious novels, or that the author's private views are brought into any undue prominence; but, besides showing plainly enough what these are, he also declines to deal with the "seekers" and "inquirers" who occupy so much space in contemporary literature, and so eliminates at once a class of characters who are never to be called amusing, even when they are so well handled as to be interesting. He contents himself with trying to describe a few people, New Yorkers principally, who are not hardly pressed by any of the usual burdens of life, but who "eat, drink, and are merry" over their love-making and party-going and their usual business avocations, without too much anxious speculation over their probable fate on the morrow, and who bear a recognizable likeness to people whom one meets every day. This is not to say, however, that there is any character-painting in the books which deserves particular mention. It is the general naturalness of the scenes and the liveliness of the small talk that does duty as conversation which give them such verisimilitude as they possess; but the various individuals of the story produce no very definite im-

pression on the reader's mind, except in the instance of his "Tanny" characters, who are amusing in their way, but who, besides suggesting the manner of Dickens, also suggest that their author's unskilful handling has prevented his making an effective use of incidents and people that have fallen under his own observation, and that ought to have been serviceable. However, "Miss Van Kortland," bad as it is in this respect, is better than its predecessor, and depends less, although it still depends quite too much, on farcical exaggerations, the use of nicknames, and other such expedients, for raising a laugh. But, criticise them as we may, these are novels sure to find and interest a class of readers so large and so greedy for just this sort of fiction that authors and publishers will always be found to meet the demand and reap the profit.

MESSRS. SHELDON & COMPANY announce the following new books for the fall of 1870: 1st. An entirely new series of books for boys by Captain Mayne Reid. Vol. I., "The Castaways; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Borneo." To be ready September 15th. Vol. II., "The Tall Patagonians." To be ready October 15th. Each volume to be elegantly illustrated. 2d. A new story by the author of "In Trust"—"With Fate Against Him." By Miss Amanda Douglass. To be ready October 1st. 3d. Richard Grant White's new book, "Words and their Uses." To be ready October 1st. 4th. A new story by the author of "Cipher"—"The Shadow of Mo-loch Mountain." By Jane G. Austin. To be ready November 18th.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE *

SINCE our last review of recent French publications a decided and, we may say, sad change has come over the face of Parisian bibliography. There is less of light reading and of trash, less of questionable literature, less of Arsène Houssaye, with his "Dames"—*graves et petites*—of his "Courtisanes," and such cattle, and more of serious works whose titles are of solemn and even of grim import. First, we have M. Guizot's "France and Prussia Responsible before Europe" ("La France et La Prusse responsables devant l'Europe.") Then "Political Germany since the Peace

of Prague." By Victor Cherbuliez. ("L'Allemagne politique depuis la Paix de Prague," 1866-1870). The author of this work is a serious thinker and a writer of recognized merit. Long personal familiarity with Germany, its literature, and its people, gives his production a certain authority. M. Cherbuliez thinks German unity desirable as a bulwark against the probable encroachments of a Pan-Slavonic empire aspiring to universal dominion. Desirable also he considers it to satisfy the aspirations of forty millions of men.

M. EMILE DE LAVELEVÉ, in his "La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa," argues that German unity is inevitable, and—peaceably or forcibly—it must come.

FOR articles of serious study and research the magazine or review is now so generally the rehearsal, as it were, for the more serious representation in book form, that we treat a remarkable essay (signed Le Comte de Chamblis) which appears in the "Revue Contemporaine" as a published work, and notice it accordingly. The subject of the article is "The Military Institutions of France compared with those of Prussian Germany and Italy." The name of the author is somewhat new in French literature, but he appears to be a man of decided acquirements, and, if not at some time a soldier, certainly a military student of high merit. This discussion of French military institutions is characterized by great freedom of criticism and equal freedom from any Napoleonic prejudice. Of the three systems discussed he gives the preference to the Prussian, although he looks upon even that as at best a transition system, to be finally superseded by something better.

The author's views on the conscription are novel and sound. He pronounces the French conscription as seriously defective, inasmuch as it admits the custom of substitutes, thereby fostering and developing a moneyed aristocracy, which by freedom from military service increases the number of young men devoid of true patriotism and incapable in the hour of trial of defending their native land against an invader.

THE most numerous publishing announcements are of patriotic songs. We notice numberless editions of one in particular, long a stranger to public advertising. We mean the "Marseillaise." A hundred pub-

* Works not mentioned may be had of F. W. Clarendon, Foreign Bookbinder, No. 77 University Place.

lishers produce it in a hundred different forms—illustrated, ornamented, plain, colored, and with or without instrumental accompaniment. Among the chants also figure "Le Chant National," "Le Départ," "Veillons au Salut de l'Empire," "Partant pour la Syrie," etc.

GREAT also is the quantity of maps and charts wherewith to follow the operations of the war—"Cartes pour suivre les Opérations de la Guerre." With the preparation and selection of these *cartes* we notice that ardent patriotism has had more to do than enlightened prophecy; particularly as to the choice of territory for the "theatre of War." One publisher fixes upon Prussia, another upon Western Germany; a third selects several, and among them "Carte Générale de l'Allemagne," "Carte de la Confédération de l'Allemagne du Nord et Allemagne du Sud." A possible contingency appears to have struck him, and he adds, "Carte des Frontières nord-est de la France."

SOME slight desire is apparent to publish something concerning the Prussians, and we remark among the announcements, "Prussia and the Rhine," "Our Rhenish Frontiers," "The Prussians, their Army, their Policy." There is also a French translation of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia's treatise on "The Art of Fighting the French Army."

BUT of all the works announced in Paris and in all France, none appears to us so likely to have a successful run and enormous sales as the book written by a certain M. Louis Noir, who apparently did not at all look at the dark side of the prospect. The work is published by the house A. Degorce-Cadot. It is altogether possible that M. Cadot told its writer that he did not see any occasion for such a book. If he did say so, he has most probably changed his mind. Not to keep our readers in suspense, we give at once the title of the work in question. It is "L'Art de Battre les Prussiens"—in other words, the art, science, and mystery of thrashing the Prussians. Price one franc, fifty centimes—twenty-five cents American currency. *C'est pour rien!*

The publisher's circular announcing this at present greatly desirable knowledge has the following N. B.: "Nos correspondents sont priés de nous envoyer immédiatement

leur demande pour l'Art de Battre les Prussiens"—correspondents requested to send immediately their orders for the art of whipping the Prussians. If "correspondents" have neglected this request it is more than probable that late events must impress them with the necessity of immediate compliance.

WE also notice some publications, but their number is not large, looking to an appeal beyond the circle of military administration, on such subjects as "War and Charity," "Succor for the Wounded," "The Surgeon at the Ambulance," etc.

WHATEVER may be the result of the present war in Europe, we may, after its termination, look for a decided and notable change in the complexion and possibly the character of French literature. Certain subjects of importance will be treated with a force and a freedom we have not been accustomed for many years to see—when allowed to be treated at all.

DIDIER in Paris publishes "Le Général Vandamme et sa Correspondence, par A. du Casse." The unpopularity of a fighting general with an enemy he has successfully attacked and beaten is to a great extent available testimony of his merit. Vandamme figured in the wars of the Empire, and specially distinguished himself as a general of cavalry in the great combats fought on Austrian and Prussian fields. His name is intimately connected with the French reverse at Culm, and his memory is embalmed in the German mind by a well-known and popular piece of poetry by Rückert, of which the opening lines—if our memory serves us—run:

"Der General Vandamme,
Den Gott verdammte," etc.

Vandamme was one of those generals to be found in every army whose reputation and recompenses are far below their merit. Vandamme's correspondence shows him to have been much superior to the average French military mind of the Empire. Napoleon had seen but little of him, and scarcely knew him personally, or his army career might have been far different.

So marked and so great has been the general improvement in all branches of historical research resulting from fresh archaeological discoveries, from intelligent accumulation of literary material, and from the

increased number of distinguished laborers in this field, that at no period in the history of literature have historical works grown so rapidly old as within the past thirty years. Thus, the impulsion given in late years to studies in Jewish antiquity and in every branch of Hebrew literature, has thrust forward our English "History of the Jews" by Milman into a premature old age. The latest work on this subject, just published in France, is one of the best, viz.: "*Histoire abrégée des Juifs et de leurs Croyances*, Par Elie Aristide Astruc, ancien Aumônier des Lycées Impériaux de Paris. L. Hachette." The author of this work, M. Astruc, is the Grand Rabbi of Belgium, and therefore writes as one having authority. His work is not so much a relation of the chronological events of Jewish history, as the development of the religious idea of the Hebrews. His treatise is divided into three parts: First, origin of the ideas of Judaism; second, their acceptance by the Hebrews; third, their spread throughout the human race. Biblical history he does not dwell upon, inasmuch as it is far better developed by the Bible itself. Then follows an exposition of the leading epochs of subsequent Jewish history, from the period of the Babylonian captivity to the destruction of the second temple, a summary of the history of the era of the Talmud, of the Middle Ages, and of the present epoch. M. Astruc presents an explanation of the modifications undergone by Judaism in its contests and struggles with Christianity and with Islamism. These views, being essentially from the Jewish standpoint, differ, of course, very widely from those we have been accustomed to see put forth. Nevertheless, we remark that the author frequently appears to confound political action in the Middle Ages with the theological influence of the church then dominant, and he probably looks at Protestantism through Jewish spectacles when he says that "at the present day Protestantism, consistent with its principles, is gradually abandoning all the doctrines rejected by Socinianism: it adopts the unity and pure spirituality of God, and daily draws nearer to true Monotheism." Although true of certain Protestant sects, this statement is of more than doubtful applicability to all. The work closes with an eloquent tribute to Moses Mendelssohn as the creator of the modern civilization of the Jews of Europe. "It is by his impulsion," says M. Astruc,

"and that of his friends and co-workers, that the study of Jewish antiquities has in our day taken a fresh start, and that our modern Israelite generation strives to develop the leading idea of the traditions of Sinai, of which the point of departure was with the patriarchs the love of a one God, creator and father of men; whose moral is with Moses the love of our neighbor as ourselves; and whose hope is ever that of the prophets, namely, the diffusion of science and the reunion of all people in a sentiment of universal peace and fraternity."

We know of no recent work better than that of M. Astruc in which to examine Judaism from the Hebrew standpoint.

THERE are but few historical episodes capable of surpassing in dramatic interest a well-written account of the Revolutionary prisons of Paris in the years 1793 and 1794. The spectacle presented by the interior of these places of detention is unique in history. We know, generally, with what numbers and with what manner of people they were filled. We know that few left them except for the scaffold. Some remained only a few hours before receiving a summons to appear before a Revolutionary tribunal—a summons generally equivalent to the death sentence. Princesses, noble ladies, delicately nurtured girls, pious women, cloistered nuns, gray-haired priests, scarred veterans, generals, colonels, bankers, dandies, peasants, artisans—representatives, in short, of every social condition, were here thrown pell-mell on a footing of perfect equality, forming a forced community of hopes, sufferings, and destiny. This variety of social condition had at that period a signification which we can only with difficulty appreciate at the present day. There was everything in these prisons but *crime*, for the only Revolutionary offence was *incivism*. Outside their walls there was every liberty except liberty of speech, liberty of the press, and freedom to worship God. Scoundrels were in high places. Patriotism was in dungeons. Virtue in chains.

We all know how horrible during the last century was the condition of the prisons of every country in Europe. The Howards had not yet prevailed, although an occasional and isolated effort at amelioration was made. In 1776, in consequence of some remonstrances presented to the King and Queen of France, an examination of the prisons of Paris was ordered. What results, if any,

followed is not clearly known but some twenty years ago a MS. relating to this examination was discovered in the Imperial Library. It bore the title "Projet concernant l'Etablissement des nouvelles Prisons dans la Capitale, par un Magistrat" (1776), and is supposed to be a copy of the report presented to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Did their eyes rest upon the remarkable passage with which the document closes? It was prophetic, and ran thus:

"Quel homme peut, malgré la pureté de son âme, assurer qu'il n'habitera point un jour la demeure destinée pour les criminels, et que ses mains innocentes ne seront point chargées des chaînes préparées pour les scélérats?"

("Whatever be his moral purity, what man can be certain that he himself will not one day inhabit a dwelling destined for criminals, or that his innocent limbs will not be loaded with chains prepared only for malefactors?")

A possible false imprisonment bounded the prophetic horizon of the seer of 1776. Did he live to see what came to pass in 1793,

When France got drunk with blood to vomit crime? or was he, possibly, among the first of a hecatomb of innocent victims?

Of the horrors of that dreadful epoch all historians of the period inform us in general. Such books as "L'Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire" may tell us more in detail, and in a history of the Revolutionary prisons should be found a mass of incidents unsurpassed in poignant interest and dramatic excitement. The great Revolutionary names of '92—Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Chénier, Barnave—illustrated the dungeons of '93. Military leaders, Westermann and a crowd of others whose laurels were suddenly changed into cypress, all that was distinguished in science, art, and social elevation, were swept to the scaffold in hundreds. As the massacre increased a fiendish thirst for blood seized the demons of the guillotine, to whom might be applied the verse of Racine:

Et laver dans le sang vos bras ensanglantés.

Whole generations were swept off in a single *fournée*. In one day were dragged to the scaffold the venerable Malesherbes, tottering under the weight of his eighty-three years, with his sister, his son, his daughter and son-in-law, and the daughter and son-in-law of the first daughter. On another day were executed four Briennes, fourteen young girls of Verdun, and twenty peasant

women of Poitou. Thus thrown together from every plane of the social scale, and all standing in the presence of death, it may be well imagined that the tears, terror, stoicism, apathy, or religious resignation, manifested by the different victims, must have produced scenes unsurpassed in their sorrowful and dramatic interest.

With some such impressions and historical reminiscences as these, we opened with high anticipation a new work (Paris, 1870) somewhat pretentiously entitled "Les Prisons de Paris sous la Révolution d'après les Relations des Contemporains, avec des Notes et une Introduction, par C. A. Dauban," etc. We read through its nearly 500 octavo pages with a disappointment that went on increasing to the end. The book is one of the most flagrant instances of *raddling* ever brought to our notice. There is absolutely nothing in it which is not entirely familiar to every student of French Revolutionary history, and it is substantially made up of works or extracts from works such as "Nougaret, Histoire des Prisons," "Almanach des Prisons," "Conciergerie at Luxembourg" (Beaulieu), "Mémoires sur les Prisons," and "Tableau des Prisons de Paris." Of all these M. Dauban has made the freest possible use, besides incorporating the entire memoirs of Count Beugnot (22 pages), Tilly (15 pages), Morellet (34 pages), and Riouffe (65 pages).

If these selections were all useful and to the point, it would have been some palliation of the gross offence of such wholesale stuffing; but some are but repetitions of the others, and the "Memoirs of Tilly" have absolutely no salient feature but that of their indecency and the insolent pruriency of a lying rōué.

Riouffe is always interesting, and his work is well known under the title of "Mémoires d'un détenu pour servir à l'histoire de la Tyrannie de Robespierre." When first published, numerous editions of it went off rapidly. The book is really noticeable in a literary point of view, as an almost perfect specimen of the style of that epoch, and to this its success was mainly due. It was then freely compared to the grand pages of Tacitus.

Readers in French history desirous of procuring the productions of the various French authors who have written concerning the French Revolutionary prisons, will find them collected in this volume, to which M. Dauban has attached his name as the author.

MEMORANDA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE RECEPTION AT THE PRESIDENT'S.

AFTER I had drifted into the White House with the flood tide of humanity that had been washing steadily up the street for an hour, I obeyed the orders of the soldier at the door and the policeman within, and banked my hat and umbrella with a colored man, who gave me a piece of brass with a number on it and said that that thing would reproduce the property at any time of the night. I doubted it, but I was on unknown ground now, and must be content to take a good many chances.

Another person told me to drop in with the crowd and I would come to the President presently. I joined, and we drifted along till we passed a certain point, and then we thinned out to double and single file. It was a right gay scene, and a right stirring and lively one; for the whole place was brightly lighted, and all down the great hall, as far as one could see, was a restless and writhing multitude of people, the women powdered, painted, jewelled, and splendidly upholstered, and many of the men gilded with the insignia of great naval, military, and ambassadorial rank. It was bewildering.

Our long line kept drifting along, and by and by we came in sight of the President and Mrs. Grant. They were standing up shaking hands and trading civilities with our procession. I grew somewhat at home little by little, and then I began to feel satisfied and contented. I was getting to be perfectly alive with interest by the time it came my turn to talk with the President. I took him by the hand and looked him in the eye, and said:

"Well, I reckon I see you at last, General. I have said as much as a thousand times, out in Nevada, that if ever I went home to the States I would just have the private satisfaction of going and saying to you by word of mouth that *I* thought you was considerable of a soldier, anyway. Now, you know, out there we——"

I turned round and said to the fellow behind me:

"Now, look here, my good friend, how the nation do you suppose I can talk with any sort of satisfaction, with you crowding

me this way? I am surprised at your manners."

He was a modest-looking creature. He said:

"But you see the whole procession's stopped, and they're crowding up on me."

I said:

"Some people have got more cheek. Just suggest to the parties behind you to have some respect for the place they are in and not try to shove in on a private conversation. What the General and me are talking about ain't of the least interest to them."

Then I resumed with the President:

"Well, well, well. Now this is fine. This is what I call something *like*. Gay? Well, I should say so. And *so* this is what you call a Presidential reception. I'm free to say that it just lays over anything that ever *I* saw out in the sage-brush. I have been to Governor Nye's Injun receptions at Honey Lake and Carson City, many and many a time—he that's Senator Nye now—you know him, of course. I never saw a man in all my life that Jim Nye didn't know—and not only that, but he could tell him *where* he knew him, and all about him, family included, even if it was forty years ago. Most remarkable man, Jim Nye—remarkable. He can tell a lie with that purity of accent, and that grace of utterance, and that convincing emotion——"

I turned again, and said:

"My friend, your conduct surprises me. I have come three thousand miles to have a word with the President of the United States upon subjects with which you are not even remotely connected, and by the living gee-whillikins I can't proceed with any sort of satisfaction on account of your cursed crowding. Will you just please to go a little slow, now, and not attract so much attention by your strange conduct? If you had any eyes you could see how the bystanders are staring."

He said:

"But I tell you, sir, it's the people behind. They are just growling and surging and shoving, and I wish I was in Jericho, I do."

I said:

"I wish you was, myself. You might

learn some delicacy of feeling in that ancient seat of civilization, maybe. Drat if you don't need it."

And then I resumed with the President:

"Yes, sir, I've been at receptions before, plenty of them—old Nye's Injun receptions. But they warn't as starchy as this by considerable. No great long strings of high-fliers like these galoots here, you know, but old high-flavored Washoes and Pi-Utes, each one of them as powerful as a rag-factory on fire. Phew! Those were halcyon days. Yes, indeed, General, and madam, many and many's the time, out in the wilds of Nevada, I've been——"

"Perhaps you had better discontinue your remarks till another time, sir, as the crowd behind you are growing somewhat impatient," the President said.

"Do you hear that?" I said to the fellow behind me. "I suppose you will take *that* hint, anyhow. I tell you he is milder than *I* would be. If I was President, I would waltz you people out at the back door if you came crowding a gentleman this way, that *I* was holding a private conversation with."

And then I resumed with the President:

"I think that hint of yours will start them. I never saw people act so. It is really about all I can do to hold my ground with that mob shoving up behind. But don't you worry on my account, General—don't give yourself any uneasiness about me—I can stand it as long as they can. I've been through this kind of a mill before. Why, as I was just saying to you, many and many a time, out in the wilds of Nevada, I have been at Governor Nye's Injun receptions—and between you and me that old man was a good deal of a Governor, take him all round. I don't know what for Senator he makes, though I think you'll admit that him and Bill Stewart and Tom Fitch take a bigger average of brains into that Capitol up yonder, by a hundred and fifty fold, than any other State in America, according to population. Now that is so. Those three men represent only twenty or twenty-five thousand people—bless you, the least little bit of a trifling ward in the city of New York casts two votes to Nevada's one—and yet those three men haven't their superiors in Congress for straight-out, simon pure brains and ability. And if you could just have been at one of old Nye's Injun receptions and seen those savages—not high-fliers like these, you know, but frowsy old hummers with nothing in the world on,

in the summer time, but an old battered plug hat and a pair of spectacles—I tell you it was a swell affair, was one of Governor Nye's early-day receptions. Many and many's the time I have been to them, and seen him stand up and beam and smile on his children, as he called them in his motherly way—beam on them by the hour out of his splendid eyes, and fascinate them with his handsome face, and comfort them with his persuasive tongue—seen him stand up there and tell them anecdotes and lies, and quote Watts's hymns to them, until he just took the war spirit all out of them—and grim chiefs that came two hundred miles to tax the whites for whole wagon-loads of blankets and things or make eternal war if they didn't get them, he has sent away bewildered with his inspired mendacity and perfectly satisfied and enriched with an old hoop-skirt or two, a lot of Patent Office reports, and a few sides of condemned army bacon that they would have to chain up to a tree when they camped, or the skippers would walk off with them. I tell you he is a rattling talker. Talk! It's no name for it. He—well, he is bound to launch straight into close quarters and a heap of trouble hereafter, of course—we all know that—but you can rest satisfied that he will take off his hat and put out his hand and introduce himself to the King of Darkness perfectly easy and comfortable, and let on that he has seen him somewhere before; and he will remind him of parties he used to know, and things that's slipped out of his memory—and he'll tell him a thousand things that he can't *help* taking an interest in, and every now and then he will just gently mix in an anecdote that will fetch him if there's any laugh in him—he will, indeed—and Jim Nye will chip in and help cross-question the candidates, and he will just hang around and hang around and hang around, getting more and more sociable all the time, and doing this, that, and the other thing in the handiest sort of way, till he has made himself perfectly indispensable—and then, the very first thing you know——"

I wheeled and said:

"My friend, your conduct grieves me to the heart. A dozen times at least your unseemly crowding has seriously interfered with the conversation I am holding with the President, and if the thing occurs again I shall take my hat and leave the premises."

"I wish to the mischief you would! Where did you come from anyway, that

you've got the unutterable cheek to spread yourself here and keep fifteen hundred people standing waiting half an hour to shake hands with the President?"

An officer touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Move along, please; you're annoying the President beyond all patience. You have blocked the procession, and the people behind you are getting furious. Come, move along, please."

Rather than have trouble, I moved along. So I had no time to do more than look back over my shoulder and say: "Yes, sir, and the first thing they would know, Jim Nye would have that place, and the salary doubled! I do reckon he is the handiest creature about making the most of his chances that ever found an all-sufficient substitute for mother's milk in politics and sin. Now that is the kind of man old Nye is—and in less than two months he would talk every—but I can't make you hear the rest, General, without hollering too loud."

GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.

NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to the history of a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.

LETTER I.

SHANGHAI, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: It is all settled, and I am to leave my oppressed and overburdened native land and cross the sea to that noble realm where all are free and all equal, and none reviled or abused—America! America, whose precious privilege it is to call herself the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. We and all that are about us here look over the waves longingly, contrasting the privations of this our birthplace with the opulent comfort of that happy refuge. We know how America has welcomed the Germans and the Frenchmen and the stricken and sorrowing Irish, and we know how she has given them bread and work and liberty, and how grateful they are. And we know that America stands ready to welcome all other oppressed peoples and offer her abundance to all that come, without asking what their nationality is, or their creed or color. And, without being told it, we know that the foreign sufferers she has rescued from oppression and starvation are the most eager of her children to welcome us, because, having suffered themselves, they know what suffering is, and having

been generously succored, they long to be generous to other unfortunates and thus show that magnanimity is not wasted upon them.

AIT SONG III.

LETTER II.

AT SEA, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: We are far away at sea now, on our way to the beautiful Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. We shall soon be where all men are alike, and where sorrow is not known.

The good American who hired me to go to his country is to pay me \$12 a month, which is immense wages, you know—twenty times as much as one gets in China. My passage in the ship is a very large sum—indeed, it is a fortune—and this I must pay myself eventually, but I am allowed ample time to make it good to my employer in, he advancing it now. For a mere form, I have turned over my wife, my boy, and my two daughters to my employer's partner for security for the payment of the ship fare. But my employer says they are in no danger of being sold, for he knows I will be faithful to him, and that is the main security.

I thought I would have twelve dollars to begin life with in America, but the American Consul took two of them for making a certificate that I was shipped on the steamer. He has no right to do more than charge the ship two dollars for *one* certificate for the *ship*, with the number of her Chinese passengers set down in it; but he chooses to force a certificate upon each and every Chinaman and put the two dollars in his pocket. As 1,300 of my countrymen are in this vessel, the Consul received \$2,600 for certificates. My employer tells me that the Government at Washington know of this fraud, and are so bitterly opposed to the existence of such a wrong that they tried hard to have the extor—the fee, I mean, legalized by the last Congress;* but as the bill did not pass, the Consul will have to take the fee dishonestly until next Congress makes it legitimate. It is a great and good and noble country, and hates all forms of vice and chicanery.

We are in that part of the vessel always reserved for my countrymen. It is called the steerage. It is kept for us, my employer says, because it is not subject to changes of temperature and dangerous drafts of air. It is only another instance of the loving unself-

* Pacific and Mediterranean steamship bills.—(Ed. MEN.

fishiness of the Americans for all unfortunate foreigners. The steerage is a little crowded, and rather warm and close, but no doubt it is best for us that it should be so.

Yesterday our people got to quarrelling among themselves, and the captain turned a volume of hot steam upon a mass of them and scalded eighty or ninety of them more or less severely. Flakes and ribbons of skin came off some of them. There was wild shrieking and struggling while the vapor enveloped the great throng, and so some who were not scalded got trampled upon and hurt. We do not complain, for my employer says this is the usual way of quieting disturbances on board the ship, and that it is done in the cabins among the Americans every day or two.

«Congratulate me, Ching-Foo! In ten days more I shall step upon the shore of America, and be received by her great-hearted people; and I shall straighten myself up and feel that I am a free man among freemen

AH SONG HI.

LETTER III.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: I stepped ashore jubilant! I wanted to dance, shout, sing, worship the generous Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. But as I walked from the gang-plank a man in a gray uniform* kicked me violently behind and told me to look out—so my employer translated it. As I turned, another officer of the same kind struck me with a short club and also instructed me to look out. I was about to take hold of my end of the pole which had mine and Hong-Wo's basket and things suspended from it, when a third officer hit me with his club to signify that I was to drop it, and then kicked me to signify that he was satisfied with my promptness. Another person came now, and searched all through our basket and bundles, emptying everything out on the dirty wharf. Then this person and another searched us all over. They found a little package of opium sewed into the artificial part of Hong-Wo's queue, and they took that, and also they made him prisoner and handed him over to an officer, who marched him away. They took his luggage, too, because of his crime, and as our luggage was so mixed together that they could not tell mine from his, they took it

all. When I offered to help divide it, they kicked me and desired me to look out.

Having now no baggage and no companion, I told my employer that if he was willing, I would walk about a little and see the city and the people until he needed me. I did not like to seem disappointed with my reception in the good land of refuge for the oppressed, and so I looked and spoke as cheerily as I could. But he said, wait a minute—I must be vaccinated to prevent my taking the small-pox. I smiled and said I had already had the small-pox, as he could see by the marks, and so I need not wait to be “vaccinated,” as he called it. But he said it was the law, and I must be vaccinated anyhow. The doctor would never let me pass, for the law obliged him to vaccinate all Chinamen and charge them *ten dollars apiece* for it, and I might be sure that no doctor who would be the servant of that law would let a fee slip through his fingers to accommodate any absurd fool who had seen fit to have the disease in some other country. And presently the doctor came and did his work and took my last penny—my ten dollars which were the hard savings of nearly a year and a half of labor and privation. Ah, if the law-makers had only known there were plenty of doctors in the city glad of a chance to vaccinate people for a dollar or two, they would never have put the price up so high against a poor friendless Irish, or Italian, or Chinese pauper fleeing to the good land to escape hunger and hard times.

AH SONG HI.

LETTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: I have been here about a month now, and am learning a little of the language every day. My employer was disappointed in the matter of hiring us out to service on the plantations in the far eastern portion of this continent. His enterprise was a failure, and so he set us all free, merely taking measures to secure to himself the repayment of the passage money which he paid for us. We are to make this good to him out of the first moneys we earn here. He says it is sixty dollars apiece.

We were thus set free about two weeks after we reached here. We had been massed together in some small houses up to that time, waiting. I walked forth to seek my fortune. I was to begin life a stranger in a strange land, without a friend, or a pen-

* Policeman.

ny, or any clothes but those I had on my back. I had not any advantage on my side in the world—not one, except good health and the lack of any necessity to waste any time or anxiety on the watching of my baggage. No, I forget. I reflected that I had one prodigious advantage over paupers in other lands—I was in America! I was in the heaven-provided refuge of the oppressed and the forsaken!

Just as that comforting thought passed through my mind, some young men set a fierce dog on me. I tried to defend myself, but could do nothing. I retreated to the recess of a closed doorway, and there the dog had me at his mercy, flying at my throat and face or any part of my body that presented itself. I shrieked for help, but the young men only jeered and laughed. Two men in gray uniforms (policemen is their official title) looked on for a minute and then walked leisurely away. But a man stopped them and brought them back and told them it was a shame to leave me in such distress. Then the two policemen beat off the dog with small clubs, and a comfort it was to be rid of him, though I was just rags and blood from head to foot. The man who brought the policemen asked the young men why they abused me in that way, and they said they didn't want any of his meddling. And they said to him:

"This Ching devil comes till Ameriky to take the bread out o' dacent intilligent white men's mouths, and whin they try to defend their rights there's a dale o' fuss made about it."

They began to threaten my benefactor, and as he saw no friendliness in the faces that had gathered meanwhile, he went on his way. He got many a curse when he was gone. The policemen now told me I was under arrest and must go with them. I asked one of them what wrong I had done to any one that I should be arrested, and he only struck me with his club and ordered me to "hold my yop." With a jeering crowd of street boys and loafers at my heels, I was taken up an alley and into a stone-paved dungeon which had large cells all down one side of it, with iron gates to them. I stood up by a desk while a man behind it wrote down certain things about me on a slate. One of my captors said:

"Enter a charge against this Chinaman ef being disorderly and disturbing the peace."

I attempted to say a word, but he said:

"Silence! Now ye had better go slow, my good fellow. This is two or three times you've tried to get off some of your d—d insolence. Lip won't do here. You've got to simmer down, and if you don't take to it paceable we'll see if we can't make you. Fat's your name?"

"Ah Song Hi."

"Alias what?"

I said I did not understand, and he said what he wanted was my *true* name, for he guessed I picked up this one since I stole my last chickens. They all laughed loudly at that.

Then they searched me. They found nothing, of course. They seemed very angry and asked who I supposed would "go my bail or pay my fine." When they explained these things to me, I said I had done nobody any harm, and why should I need to have bail or pay a fine? Both of them kicked me and warned me that I would find it to my advantage to try and be as civil as convenient. I protested that I had not meant anything disrespectful. Then one of them took me to one side and said:

"Now look here, Johnny, it's no use you playing softy wid us. We mane business, ye know; and the sooner ye put us on the scent of a V, the asier ye'll save yerself from a dale of trouble. Ye can't get out o' this for anny less. Who's your frinds?"

I told him I had not a single friend in all the land of America, and that I was far from home and help, and very poor. And I begged him to let me go.

He gathered the slack of my blouse collar in his grip and jerked and shoved and hauled at me across the dungeon, and then unlocking an iron cell-gate thrust me in with a kick and said:

"Rot there, ye furrin spawn, till ye lairn that there's no room in America for the likes of ye or your nation." AH SONG HI.

[Not concluded.]

CURIOUS RELIC FOR SALE.

"For sale, for the benefit of the Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Firemen, a Curious Ancient Be-*o-u-in* *Pine*, procured at the city of Endor in Palestine, and believed to have once belonged to the justly-renowned Witch of Endor. Parties desiring to examine this singular relic with a view to purchase, can do so by calling upon Daniel S., 110 and 121 William street, New York."

As per advertisement in the "Herald." A curious old relic indeed, as I had a good personal right to know. In a single instant of time, a long drawn panorama of sights and

scenes in the Holy Land flashed through my memory—town and grove, desert, camp, and caravan clattering after each other and disappearing, leaving me with a little of the surprised and dizzy feeling which I have experienced at sundry times when a long express train has overtaken me at some quiet curve and gone whizzing, car by car, around the corner and out of sight. In that prolific instant I saw again all the country from the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth clear to Jerusalem, and thence over the hills of Judea and through the Vale of Sharon to Joppa, down by the ocean. Leaving out unimportant stretches of country and details of incident, I saw and experienced the following-described matters and things. Immediately three years fell away from my age, and a vanished time was restored to me—September, 1867. It was a flaming Oriental day—this one that had come up out of the past and brought along its actors, its stage-properties, and scenic effects—and our party had just ridden through the squalid hive of human vermin which still holds the ancient Biblical name of Endor; I was bringing up the rear on my grave four-dollar steed, who was about beginning to compose himself for his usual noon nap. My! only fifteen minutes before how the black, mangy, nine-tenths naked, ten-tenths filthy, ignorant, bigoted, besotted, hungry, lazy, malignant, screeching, crowding, struggling, wailing, begging, cursing, hateful spawn of the original Witch had swarmed out of the caves in the rocks and the holes and crevices in the earth, and blocked our horses' way, besieged us, threw themselves in the animals' path, clung to their manes, saddle-furniture, and tails, asking, beseeching, demanding "bucksheesh! *bucksheesh!* BUCKSHEESH!" We had rained small copper Turkish coins among them, as fugitives fling coats and hats to pursuing wolves, and then had spurred our way through as they stopped to scramble for the largess. I was fervently thankful when we had gotten well up on the desolate hillside and outstripped them and left them jawing and gesticulating in the rear. What a tempest had seemingly gone roaring and crashing by me and left its dull thunders pulsing in my ears!

I was in the rear, as I was saying. Our pack-mules and Arabs were far ahead, and Dan, Jack, Moulton, Davis, Denny, Church, and Birch (these names will do as well as any to represent the boys) were following close after them. As my horse nodded to

rest, I heard a sort of panting behind me, and turned and saw that a tawny youth from the village had overtaken me—a true remnant and representative of his ancestor the Witch—a galvanized scurvy, wrought into the human shape and garnished with ophthalmia and leprous scars—an airy creature with an invisible shirt-front that reached below the pit of his stomach, and no other clothing to speak of except a tobacco-pouch, an ammunition-pocket, and a venerable gun, which was long enough to club any game with that came within shooting distance, but far from efficient as an article of dress.

I thought to myself, "Now this disease with a human heart in it is going to shoot me." I smiled in derision at the idea of a Bedouin daring to touch off his great-grandfather's rusty gun and getting his head blown off for his pains. But then it occurred to me, in simple school-boy language, "Suppose he should take deliberate aim and 'haul off' and fetch me with the butt-end of it?" There was wisdom in that view of it, and I stopped to parley. I found he was only a friendly villain who wanted a trifle of bucksheesh, and after begging what he could get in that way, was perfectly willing to trade off everything he had for more. I believe he would have parted with his last shirt for bucksheesh if he had had one. He was smoking the "humblest" pipe I ever saw—a dingy, funnel-shaped, red-clay thing, streaked and grimed with oil and tears of tobacco, and with all the different kinds of dirt there are, and thirty per cent. of them peculiar and indigenous to Endor and perdition. And rank? I never smelt anything like it. It withered a cactus that stood lifting its prickly hands aloft beside the trail. It even woke up my horse. I said I would take that. It cost me a franc, a Russian kopek, a brass button, and a slate pencil; and my spendthrift lavishness so won upon the son of the desert that he passed over his pouch of most unspeakably villainous tobacco to me as a free gift. What a pipe it was, to be sure! It had a rude brass-wire cover to it, and a little coarse iron chain suspended from the bowl, with an iron splinter attached to loosen up the tobacco and pick your teeth with. The stem looked like the half of a slender walking-stick with the bark on.

I felt that this pipe had belonged to the original Witch of Endor as soon as I saw it; and as soon as I smelt it, I knew it.

Moreover, I asked the Arab cub in good English if it was not so, and he answered in good Arabic that it was. I woke up my horse and went my way, smoking. And presently I said to myself reflectively, "If there is anything that could make a man deliberately assault a dying cripple, I reckon may be an unexpected whiff from this pipe would do it." I smoked along till I found I was beginning to lie, and project murder, and steal my own things out of one pocket and hide them in another; and then I put up my treasure, took off my spurs and put them under my horse's tail, and shortly came tearing through our caravan like a hurricane. From that time forward, going to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, Bethany, Bethlehem, and everywhere, I loafed contentedly in the rear and enjoyed my infamous pipe and revelled in imaginary villany. But at the end of two weeks we turned our faces toward the sea and journeyed over the Judean hills, and through rocky defiles, and among the scenes that Samson knew in his youth, and by and by we touched level ground just at night, and trotted off cheerily over the plain of Sharon. It was perfectly jolly for three hours, and we whites crowded along together, close after the chief Arab muleteer (all the pack-animals and the other Arabs were miles in the rear), and we laughed, and chatted, and argued hotly about Samson, and whether suicide was a sin or not, since Paul speaks of Samson distinctly as being saved and in heaven. But by and by the night air, and the duskiness, and the weariness of eight hours in the saddle, began to tell, and conversation flagged and finally died out utterly. The squeak-squeaking of the saddles grew very distinct; occasionally somebody sighed, or started to hum a tune and gave it up; now and then a horse sneezed. These things only emphasized the solemnity and the stillness. Everybody got so listless that for once I and my dreamer found ourselves in the lead. It was a glad, new sensation, and I longed to keep the place forevermore. Every little stir in the dingy cavalcade behind made me nervous. Davis and I were riding side by side, right after the Arab. About 11 o'clock it had become really chilly, and the dozing boys roused up and began to inquire how far it was to Ramlah yet, and to demand that the Arab hurry along faster. I gave it up then, and my heart sank within me, because of course they would come up to scold the Arab. I knew

I had to take the rear again. In my sorrow I unconsciously took to my pipe, my only comfort. As I touched the match to it the whole company came lumbering up and crowding my horse's rump and flanks. A whiff of smoke drifted back over my shoulder, and—

"The suffering Moses!"

"Whew!"

"By George, who opened that graveyard?"

"Boys, that Arab's been swallowing something dead!"

Right away there was a gap behind us. Whiff after whiff sailed airily back, and each one widened the breach. Within fifteen seconds the barking, and gasping, and sneezing, and coughing of the boys, and their angry abuse of the Arab guide, had dwindled to a murmur, and Davis and I were alone with the leader. Davis did not know what the matter was, and don't to this day. Occasionally he caught a faint film of the smoke and fell to scolding at the Arab and wondering how long he had been decaying in that way. Our boys kept on dropping back further and further, till at last they were only in hearing, not in sight. And every time they started gingerly forward to reconnoitre—or shoot the Arab, as they proposed to do—I let them get within good fair range of my relic (she would carry seventy yards with wonderful precision), and then wafted a whiff among them that sent them gasping and strangling to the rear again. I kept my gun well charged and ready, and twice within the hour I decoyed the boys right up to my horse's tail, and then with one malarious blast emptied the saddles, almost. I never heard an Arab abused so in my life. He really owed his preservation to me, because for one entire hour I stood between him and certain death. The boys would have killed him if they could have got by me.

By and by, when the company were far in the rear, I put away my pipe—I was getting fearfully dry and crisp about the gills and rather blown with good diligent work—and spurred my animated trance up alongside the Arab and stopped him and asked for water. He unslung his little gourd-shaped earthenware jug, and I put it under my moustache and took a long, glorious, satisfying draught. I was going to scour the mouth of the jug a little, but I saw that I had brought the whole train together once

more by my delay, and that they were all anxious to drink too—and would have been long ago if the Arab had not pretended that he was out of water. So I hastened to pass the vessel to Davis. He took a mouthful, and never said a word, but climbed off his horse and lay down calmly in the road. I felt sorry for Davis. It was too late now, though, and Dan was drinking. Dan got down too, and hunted for a soft place. I thought I heard Dan say, "That Arab's friends ought to keep him in alcohol or else take him out and bury him somewhere." All the boys took a drink and climbed down. It is not well to go into further particulars. Let us draw the curtain upon this act.

Well, now, to think that after three changing years I should hear from that curious old relic again, and see Dan advertising it for sale for the benefit of a benevolent object. Dan is not treating that present right. I gave that pipe to him for a keepsake. However, he probably finds that it keeps away custom and interferes with business. It is the most convincing inanimate object in all this part of the world, perhaps. Dan and I were room-mates in all that long "Quaker City" voyage, and whenever I desired to have a little season of privacy I used to fire up on that pipe and persuade Dan to go out; and he seldom waited to change his clothes, either. In about a quarter, or from that to three-quarters of a minute, he would be propping up the smoke-stack on the upper deck and cursing. I wonder how the faithful old relic is going to sell?

SCIENCE VS. LUCK.

At that time, in Kentucky (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.), the law was very strict against what it termed "games of chance." About a dozen of the boys were detected playing "seven-up" or "old sledge" for money, and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis was retained to defend them when the case came up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence, the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big

prominent case like this, which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and, as his sole defence, had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of that sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position, and did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance, until it was *proven* that it was a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke, and Johnson, and Dominies Wirt and Miggles, to testify; and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis, by pronouncing that old sledge *was* a game of chance.

"What do you call it *now*!" said the judge.

"I call it a game of science!" retorted Sturgis; "and I'll prove it, too!"

They saw his little game.

He brought in a cloud of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest case in the world, it had somehow turned out to be an excessively knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it a while, and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side, as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second:

"Impanel a jury of six of each, Luck *versus* Science—give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into the jury room, and just abide by the result!"

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours, Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. [Sensation.] In about two hours more, Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a "stake" from a friend. [Sensation.] During the next three or four hours, the other dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following

VERDICT.

We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case, and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven-up is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof, it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, set forth, and made manifest, that, during the entire night, the "chance" men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all busted, and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it.

"That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularized in the statute books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore not punishable under the law," said Mr. Knott. "That verdict is of record, and holds good to this day."

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

AN appreciative New Yorker clips the following sweet thing from an interior paper and forwards it to this department. In kindness, we have altered the names:

DIED.—July 27th, ETTA A., daughter of MARY G. and WILLIAM L. BURT, aged 11 years, 9 months, and 17 days.

Thus passed away our darling one,
She patiently bore her suffering long,
We listened to every word she said,
Her sister by her sighed and wept.

She said to her, "I am not dead yet,
I am going away—do not weep;
I am going away from this cold world,
Going to a different shore and try it a whirl."

It would be hard to conceive of anything finer than that. The mind can suggest no improvement to it—except it be to italicize the word "it" in the last line.

AWARE of the interest we take in obituaries and obituary poetry, unknown friends send specimens from many States of the Union. But they are nearly all marred by one glaring defect—they are not bad enough to be good. No, they drivel along on one dull level of mediocrity, and, like Mr. Brick Pomeroy's "Saturday Night" sentiment, are simply dreary and humiliating, instead of wholesomely execrable and exasperating.

A BOSTON correspondent writes: "The author of 'Johnny Skae's Item' will doubtless find merit in the enclosed atrocity. I cut it from a Provincial paper, where it appeared in perfect seriousness, as a touching tribute to departed worth." The "atrocity" referred to (half a column of doggerel) comes under the customary verdict—not superhumanly bad enough to be good; but nothing in literature can surpass the eloquent paragraph which introduces it, viz.:

LINES

Written on the *death*—sudden and untimely death—of Cornelius Kickham, son of John Kickham, Souris West, and nephew of E. Kickham, Esq., of the same place, on the 25th ult., at the age of nineteen years, in the humane attempt of rescuing three small children in a cart and runaway horse, came in contact with the shaft, which after extreme suffering for two days, caused his death, during which time, he bore with heroic resignation to the divine will. May he rest in peace.

Comment here would be sacrilege. "Johnny Skae's Item," referred to above, was written in San Francisco, by the editor of this MEMORANDA, six or seven years ago, to burlesque a painfully incoherent style of local itemizing which prevailed in the papers there at that day. The above "Lines" were absolutely written and printed in a Provincial paper, in all seriousness, just as copied above; but we will append "Johnny

Skæ's Item," and leave it to the reader to say if he can shut his eyes and tell which is the burlesque and which isn't :

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Last evening about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which, if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged eighty-six, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every solitary thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.

FROM Cambridge, N. Y., comes the following: "In your August 'Favors from Correspondents' occurs an account of the rather unique advent of a baby into New Haven. After reading 'Lucretia's Paragraph,' I remembered I had seen nearly the same thing before, only in poetry. As you may not have seen it, I forward it, together with a rhyming reply."

THE GATES AJAR.

On the occasion of the birth of his first child the poet writes :

One night, as old Saint Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore
And find the door of Heaven again.

Whereupon Saint Peter, not liking this imputation of carelessness, thus (by a friend) replies :

ON THE PART OF THE DEFENCE.

For eighteen hundred years and more
I've kept my door securely tyled :
There has no little angel strayed,
No one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep as you supposed,
Nor leave the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a little angel strayed
Nor gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That should your numbers still enlarge,
You will not do as heretofore,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

FROM Missouri a friend furnishes the following information upon a matter which has probably suggested an inquiry in more than one man's mind : "A venerable and greatly esteemed and respected old patriarch, late of this vicinity, divulged to me, on his death-bed, the origin of a certain popular phrase or figure of speech. He said it came about in this wise : A gentleman was blown up on a Mississippi steamboat, and he went up in the air about four or four and a half miles, and then, just before parting into a great variety of fragments, he remarked to a neighbor who was sailing past on a lower level, 'Say, friend, how is this for high?'"

FROM Albany, at the last moment, comes a screed from an old Pennsylvania paper, which is the gem of all obituary poetry unearthed thus far. It is reserved for the present—it will not spoil.

SOME other favors have been received from correspondents in various States, and are reserved for a future number of the magazine.

NEBULÆ.

— ONE chilly night in last February or thereabouts, a traveller—observe the dramatic opening of this paragraph—was journeying and shivering in an open carriage across the hills from one town in the State of Maine to another. He was a stranger, this forlorn wanderer, and with him were, as accidental companions, two or three men familiar to the place, who, having to journey the same way that night, were glad to share the conveyance with him. The stranger, being very cold, and driven well nigh to despair, said aloud in a voice of peevish and, as he imagined, futile remonstrance, "I suppose it would be impossible to get a drop of any kind of spirits here?" In an instant, quickly as the swords imagined by Edmund Burke could have leaped out of their scabbards, there leaped a flask of whiskey from the pocket of every person in the carriage, driver included, except our traveller, and the latter received friendly invitation to help himself from any and all! He helped himself, and being a meditative person, he moralized upon the great force and value of repressive legislation when it would run counter to the natural and animal instincts of man. Every spirit flask offered to him had been filled in the town which the travellers had just quitted, and the companions of our benighted stranger were only amused at his simplicity in supposing that there was any difficulty about the matter. One might, it seemed, get spirits in that town almost as easily as in Broadway, New York. Whether the repressive laws, however ineffective to prevent the sale of spirits, did not, nevertheless, interpose obstacles enough to diminish drunkenness; and whether, if so, it is worth purchasing such a result at the cost of new evasions of law and new temptations to evade it, were questions our traveller did not care to argue. But nothing could well be more odd, unexpected, and in its way amusing, than the illustration thus suddenly presented to him of the rigorous efficacy of the Maine liquor law. Other illustrations, not a few, he had during his visit; but he assures us that nothing ever effaced the effect produced on his mind by this first and most unexpected piece of practical testimony. We offer it, to borrow the favorite phrase

of the daily papers, for what it is worth. "One illustration," said Mr. Gladstone on a memorable occasion, "is often worth a dozen arguments."

— EMERSON speaks of Goethe's Mephistopheles as a new organic character added to literature. The description is just and happy, and it leads one to ask whether the literature of the Anglo-Saxon has during the present generation had any new organic character added to it? New and original varieties of old forms we have had in plenty: a piebald horse is a variation from a black horse; a cat is very different from a tiger; but where is the new organism? It could hardly be maintained that Dickens has placed upon the stage of fiction one single new character in this sense. Thackeray's Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis approach somewhat to the dignity of new organic characters, the former especially. One conspicuous evidence that a character is both real and original may be found in the fact that it is at once pounced upon as a model by hosts of imitators; and English fiction has been literally saturated by the Becky Sharp style of thing since her day, whereas it may be questioned whether, among the swarms who have striven to imitate Dickens's style, any have ever found anything provocative of imitation in his characters. But neither Becky Sharp nor Major Pendennis can fairly be described as new organic characters in the sense implied by Emerson when he speaks of Mephistopheles, or as one might apply the words to Don Quixote, or Sancho Panza, or Hamlet, or Sir John Falstaff. Nothing done by George Eliot can be called new in this sense. We are inclined to think that Nathaniel Hawthorne went perhaps nearer than any novelist of our day towards the creation of some positively new types of human character; but over almost all that Hawthorne did there hangs a veil of vague poetic silvery mist, which seems to interpose between his figures and the world of living reality. We see Hawthorne's great conceptions somewhat as Virgil sees Marcellus—possibilities, to be realized if the fates would only allow. French literature

has perhaps been happier than ours in this respect. German during this generation has done nothing at all. Is nature played out; have all her great types been seized upon and modelled; is the creative power of our age exhausted? It does seem as if this were an interval of lull or languor so far as creative power is concerned; an age of Queen Anne rather than of Elizabeth.

— THE United States are to be the grand tour for the British member of Parliament this autumn. A whole shoal of English Senators is and will be driven on our shores. We are the Parliamentary fashion; it is "the thing" to come and see America. One who dined at the recent banquet of the Cobden Club at Greenwich (London) tells us that he sat between two members of Parliament both of whom were about to visit the States—probably are here already. One of the two was particularly delighted when Mr. John Bigelow of New York was called on to speak, and said he was very anxious to see him—he so much admired his Bigelow papers. The other mentioned that he meant to travel West; but he would not go to San Francisco, because he dreaded the climate of the Southern States. Neither of these men, moreover, belonged to the Tory or stupid party; both were of the advanced Radical section. Travel hither ought to do these gentlemen some good. By the way, it may be remarked that the critic who "does" the department of American literature for the London "Saturday Review," lately discovered Mr. George Boker of Philadelphia as a new poet, and wrote of the promising youth accordingly.

— OH, what a chance a distinguished European lady has just had of hearing all that her contemporaries thought of her—and what a pleasant collection of opinions and flattering illustrations that would have been! The news one day went round Europe, that Madame Rattazzi—wife of the Italian statesman, and daughter of the famous Princess Bonaparte-Wyse—was dead. The Continental papers had only just begun to fire their salvo over her supposed grave, when it was made known that Rattazzi's mother, not his wife, was dead; that the heroine of the most piquant stories and spicy scandals since Brantôme wrote his instructive chapters was alive and well. So the enemies of the brilliant and clever lady—and she has, good lack, not a few, for her pen and tongue

are sharp and spare not—had to stay their chorus for the present. Had the correction of the wrong news been only withheld for a day or two, Madame Rattazzi might have had the opportunity of forming a few more revenges to be wreaked when she thinks fit to publish a new book. She is a fearless lady, and has always displayed her resentments as freely to the public gaze as her physical charms—greater freedom of display there could hardly be.

— WHEN a great European war breaks out, it is not alone the legitimate interests that suffer. Certain classes of ministers to social pleasure are grievously upset; and this occurs to a greater extent than we Americans can readily appreciate, because our luxury and frivolity, however excessive at times, have never been so thoroughly systematized as they are in Europe. One of the first results of the Franco-German conflict was a general fluttering of the *demi-monde*. These ladies fair and free found their occupation entirely gone, and scattered every way. We suspect there was a great temporary fall in the diamond, shawl, and lace markets. The watering-places, too, were hit hard. A file of the "Badeblatt" or official journal of Baden-Baden presents an instructive sight. When the first note of war sounded, the daily arrivals fell from two pages and nearly two hundred persons to less than fifty persons and half a page; and with the roar of the cannon at Wissembourg they shrank to a corner of the paper and an average of six. The theatres and concerts shut up of course, for the Parisian song birds were among the earliest to take flight. Still, by the advertisements of indigenous fish and foreign groceries, and French—yes, actually *French* game, it appears that the bold burghers of Baden have kept up their appetites. The Germans were always stout trenchermen. They feed well, and fight none the worse for it. The boiled beef of Young Germany, like the roast beef of Old England, is too much for French soup.

— THE French are not unjustly proud of their "Marseillaise" with its savage solemnity; but neither it nor any other of their national airs has the swing and dash of the German war songs, "Field-Marshal Blucher" for instance. What an impetus there is in the first verse and chorus! What a lusty, rollicking ditty!

Was blasen die Trompeten? Hussaren herau!
 Er reitet der Feld-Marschall im fliegenden Saus.
 Er reitet so freudig sein muthiges Pferd,
 Er schwinget so schnellig sein blitzendes Schwert.
 Juchheerass! und die Deutschen sind da!
 Die Deutschen sind lustig, sie rufen Hurrah!

Which we venture to turn thus into English scarcely more familiar in tone than the original:

The trumpets are sounding! Turn out here, hussars!
 'Tis our Field-Marshal riding to the red rout of
 Mars!

So gallly is prancing his high-mettled steed,
 So brightly is glancing his sword good at need!
 Then hurrah! boys, hurrah! for the Germans are
 there!

And the Germans are bully boys; they all shout
 Hurrah!

And now they have a new war song, or war poem at least, from the old, half-forgotten poet Freiligrath. His "Hurrah for Germany!" is too long to quote, but we have jotted down a rough translation of one of its most striking stanzas:

Swabian and Prussian hand in hand,
 North, South, in one array!

*What is the German's Fatherland? **

We ask no more to-day.

One soul, one arm, one single power,
 One man, one will are we!

Hurrah for this our glorious hour!

Hurrah for Germany!

Hurrah, hurrah, for Germany!

For Germany, hurrah!

— WE have lately had occasion to speak of our fashionable races. It shows the national "horsiness" of character that their rise and progress has not interfered with the vogue of the more strictly popular branch of our turf. Trotting is more a *furor* than ever. The trotting turf, it must be remembered, is entirely the creature of less than fifty years, and, unlike the French racing turf, which has a still more recent origin, but was in fact only a transplanting of the English system upon French ground, it is a peculiar scientific development, with rules and results of its own, from very vague rudiments. Even its origin is obscure; though its first substantial existence sprang from contact with England, there are reasons for suspecting that a previous taste had been implanted by the Dutch colonists of New York, who even in the beginning of the eighteenth century had a reputation among the other colonists for fast driving. What the limits of the development will be, it is hard to predict. Twenty years ago there were but three or four horses in the country that could be relied on to trot their mile in

two minutes and a half or less; now there are at least as many that can beat 2 min. 20 sec., and thirty or forty, perhaps fifty horses, trotting in public with a 2:30 record; not to speak of the many first-class private horses, like Bonner's, that never race for money. The prices are as astonishing as the speed; the "figure" of a trotting gelding is nearly on a par with that of a running stallion. Probably Dexter's price (say six thousand pounds) would "fetch" any European thoroughbred that can be bought for money; and the *average* market value of crack trotters in America certainly exceeds that of crack runners on either side of the Atlantic, though there may be some rare cases of a thoroughbred selling for as much as \$50,000. Correspondingly, we find that the purses for trotters here are often larger than the stakes for running horses abroad. There was a \$20,000 purse at Buffalo the other day; that is to say, five times as much as the purse which the French Jockey Club gives to the winner of the Chantilly Derby. It is more difficult to get at the statistics of outside bets, but such as we have do not show us to be backward in this respect.

— A SAD case of destitution is reported at all the watering-places this year—a lack of dancing men. At Long Branch it was proposed to advertise for unmarried young men between eighteen and thirty to lead the Lancers, while Saratoga sought in vain for youth who understood the German. A White Mountains correspondent declared that "an enthusiastic young man from New York spent over an hour in finding four couples for a Lancers at the Crawford House a few nights since; and at the Glen House the band plays lovely galops and waltzes through whole evenings in vain." Perhaps one reason for this startling poverty of nice young men is that modern fashion changes the figures as often and as capriciously as it changes bonnets; so that a lad who has not steadily practised the newest figures all the previous winter, may be a useless being at the watering-places in summer. The waltz he learned as a series of graceful sweeps has perhaps become a jerky affair of rapid hops. Eternal vigilance is the price of successful dancing. Like Brummel with his cravats, the youth must give his whole mind to it, remembering that it is a business as well as a pastime. Attention to this hint during the winter will, we are sure, relieve the want of the watering-places.

* An allusion to the well-known popular song.

— WE wonder if, in the fullness of time, our country will ever be provided with popular ballads, something better and more national than negro minstrelsy? The Europeans have several classes of these. Some are essentially vulgar in their origin and character; they do not always even attain to the dignity of the "broadside," but pass from mouth to mouth. Two characteristic Irish specimens of this sort were given in a recent number of "Putnam's Monthly." It occasionally happens that, by some caprice of artists or actors, a ditty of this species is transplanted from its proper sphere into polite society. Such was the case with "Villikens and Dinah," and we are perhaps justified in assuming "Le Sire de Framboisy" as a French illustration. But there are others, handed down from more remote periods, originally couched in poetic language and having a real place in the poetry of their day. An English reviewer was once very savage at an imaginative French tourist, and marked off a number of his statements with the pithy and trenchant comment, "These are lies." Among the passages thus stigmatized was an account of the author's giving alms to a "street minstrel," who sang him a ballad beginning,

There was a knight was drunk with wine,
Came riding down the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

"This is a lie!" exclaimed the irate Briton; "the ballad is in 'Percy's Reliques.'" But the conclusion was illogical and the reviewer too eager. Of whatever other romances the Frenchman may have been guilty, there was no impossibility, nay, no improbability of his having heard that very ballad in the mouth of a modern London ballad-singer. We ourselves have heard it sung to a child by a nurse, whose literary memory was better than her ethical appreciation of the sort of original poems proper for infant minds. Occasionally these old verses undergo strange transformations. A curious instance is the ballad narrating the romantic but wholly mythical adventures of Thomas à Becket's mother, who was in reality a French lady. It is quoted in the appendix to Thierry's "Conquest of England," and is familiar to all readers of ballad literature. By successive vulgarizations it became "Lord Bateman," the best known version of which was taken down from the lips of a "gent" at a cider-cellar,

and illustrated by Cruikshank. We say *the best known*, for there are others; that which Mr. Lester Wallack sings in "Rosedale" is very different from the Cruikshank edition. A comparison of the old and new forms is curious; e. g.:

OLD BALLAD.

Tell him to give me a munchet of bread,
Also a stoup of good red wine;
And bid him think on his own true-love
Who did release him out of pine.

LORD BATEMAN.

Tell him to give me a loaf of bread,
Likewise a glass of his very best wine;
And bid him think of that young lady
Who did release him when close confine [d].

Even the better ballads of the broadside class suffer odd transformations, especially in their proper names. Thus, the "lads of Galloway" in the "Lowlands of Holland" have become the "lads of Galilee." A funny notion that of the youth of Judea being shipped off "to the lowlands of Holland to fight for Germany."

— SOME French critics have a theory that all the peculiarities of a given society are mutually interdependent. Without going so far as this, we can see that certain features of American life have a direct bearing on our national fondness for trotting horses. Our roads for instance. A good average European road produces very little dust in ordinary seasons; mud is the most usual annoyance. Therefore it makes no particular difference whether you are before or behind another vehicle. But on our soft, crumbling paths, in our dry climate, the last man in a crowd, or even in a file of two or three, has a hard time of it. The devil, in the shape of much dust, takes the hindmost. On the other hand, the hardness of a European road is an obstacle to very fast driving; a 2:40 gait on it is apt to split a horse's hoof. Nor have we yet exhausted the differences. On the hard, smooth European road the draught is much easier, and one horse can do nearly as much work as two on ours; hence a demand for light vehicles among us, even when speed is not required. And the construction of such vehicles is rendered possible by the presence among our flora of the hickory tree, the only material available for trotting spokes. For want of this, Europeans cannot build sulkies and wagons like ours. Lancewood is too heavy and none other sufficiently tough.

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LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHAMPION OF A DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

LADY JUDITH had a hard time of it with her daughter after Angelo Volney had left England for the United States. Alexia became almost unmanageable. She had discovered that her mother detested scenes and passionate public demonstrations of any kind; and she did her very best to *exploiter* this weakness on the part of the elder lady. Indeed there was something admirable in the marble, or at least stony, endurance with which Lady Judith bore up against displays *coram publico*, which were to her detestable and degrading. She raised her proud head firmly to meet them, and did not so much as wink an eyelid during the worst raging of the ignoble storm. Think what it is to be haughty and sensitive, to abhor all scandal and whispering comment, and to know that your family quarrels are the incessant theme of your servants and your neighbors; and yet never to make your mental suffering manifest! Talk of Talleyrand, who could be kicked *à posteriori*, and yet never show in his face one hint of any mental or physical discomfort! Talk of the Duchess of Burgundy, of whom Saint Simon tells that she underwent so very trying an operation in the same room with her awful sovereign and marriage-relation, Louis the Great, and never by one grimace allowed His Majesty to suspect that something uncomfortable was going on under his own august eyes! The patience and self-restraint which enabled a woman so proud and so sensitive as Lady Judith Scarlett to bear without writhing the more and more frequent displays of her daughter's fierce temper, may surely deserve as much higher respect and admiration as the triumph over mental anguish transcends in dignity the conquest of purely physical pain.

Lady Judith at last began to think that her daughter was really going mad. She invited the attendance of a great physician, who called on Alexia, opened a friendly conversation with her, tried on her the force of a glance which had awed full many a patient—penetrating, indeed, and powerful as that with which George III.'s medical custodian is said to have made Edmund Burke to shrink—but which was wholly thrown away upon the audacious Alexia. The girl

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quite understood the meaning of the visit, and, with her elf-like skill, was at once prepared to frustrate it. Raging in her heart, she preserved a demeanor of the most perfect composure; she answered every question with a prompt and cheerful serenity; and finally, the eminent doctor was compelled to take his leave, and to tell Lady Judith that he could find in her daughter no symptoms of madness whatever.

Then, when he had gone, Alexia locked her door, tore half her clothes off and scattered them about the room, flung herself on her bed, and almost cried her heart out. While the doctor was trying to get at the reality of her condition, Alexia had done her very best to keep herself sane; now she was doing all she could to drive herself into madness. Like Shakespeare's Constance, she wished to heaven that she were mad. Oh, how it would have relieved her passion-charged soul if she could all at once have felt that the frail barriers between receding reason and advancing frenzy were broken down, and that she could have floated heedlessly, joyously, along the fierce rush of the tide of insanity!

To certain natures there is no luxury like the luxury of utter, reckless desperation. Alexia resolved, with fierce delight, upon doing something which should shame and grieve her mother. The girl would have killed herself somehow, dashed her head against the wall, flung herself from the window, or stifled herself by holding her face down in her washing-basin, but for the new purpose and hope which had possessed her, and which bade her seek for her father. But she bitterly resented the visit of the doctor, and resolved that her mother must suffer for having thus insulted her. She could think of nothing better to do than to run away at night and get lost somewhere—as had happened to many heroines of the romances she loved to read. So when came the night of the day on which the physician had accidentally dropped in to pay her his prearranged officious visit, she made up her mind that she would run away and get lost somewhere. It was not difficult to try this experiment, for the doctor had expressly recommended that no semblance of watching her should be kept up, and that no opposition should be made to the indulgence of any whim which was not actually unreasonable. She had therefore, on this particular day, greater personal liberty than for a considerable time before, and she availed herself of it. When evening darkened London she dressed herself, put on a hat and shawl, stole down to the front door, opened it, and glided quietly into the street.

Lady Judith had never left the home of her early married life. The human weakness which would shun the scene of a great sorrow or a great shame she despised. Her religion, she said, did not teach her to avoid or evade suffering, but the rather to court and seek it, and compel it to give a blessing, as Jacob did the angel. With Lady Judith, religion and the law and the prophets meant the saving of one's own soul—the extracting from the sins and sufferings of the whole world, if need were, the means or medicaments whereby one's own individual salvation was to be assured. The blood of a vassal generation was to be freely spilt, if necessary, that the feet of one superior creature might be warmed in the sanguinary bath. So she made it one other way toward celestial happiness to confront unflinchingly the cruel memories and ghastly shadows of the house in which her lost husband had left her to a premature and peculiar widowhood. This house was in a street running at right angles out of Piccadilly, very near Cambridge House, which Lord Palmerston had so lately tenanted; and of course, when Alexia stole from her threshold, she had only to run a short distance along the great thoroughfare to reach the railings of Hyde Park.

Two gentlemen happened to be walking along Piccadilly toward Apsley

House and Hyde Park, and to be crossing the street in which Alexia's house stood, at the moment when the girl was rushing away from her home. She passed them quite closely—they had to draw back, indeed, to make way for her impetuous movement—and the light of a lamp at the corner of the street fell directly on her pale face and dark hair.

The younger and taller of the two gentlemen peered downwards into her face, and then, as she flashed onward, he said in a tone of wonder:

"Why, I know that girl's face! It's Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter! How strange! They say she is a little touched in the head."

"Shouldn't wonder," the other gruffly observed. "Her father must have had a touch of madness about him, to go off in the way he did."

"Did you know him? Stop!—there she goes toward the Park. Let us follow her."

"Follow her? For what? Are we detectives or penny-a-liners, or the guardians of every half-crazed young woman in the West End of London?"

"No; but I am a little curious to see where she can be going, or what she can be doing alone, at this hour, in the streets."

"Follow her yourself, then, and make a heroine of her, or a poem about her if you like. I shall be at the Reform Club by and by. If you want me, you can find me there any time up to twelve to-night, or at breakfast to-morrow; but I don't see that any more talk with me will do you much good. Anyhow, I sha'n't be in town more than a few days; and I think you are making an ass of yourself."

The younger man paid no attention to this piece of genial confidence, but followed with his eyes the figure of the girl. She had not yet entered the Park, but was close to the gate.

"Just a word, my uncle," he said, "before I set out on my chase, which perhaps is not quite so unmeaning as your practical mind supposes. You once knew this girl's father?"

"Knew him? yes, in a sort of way. Never were much of friends; not likely."

"There was, then, some mystery or other about his disappearance?"

"Of course there was—a nine days' wonder. It was not his going away that surprised me, but his staying away. What would Belgravia have cared if he had carried off half-a-dozen women?"

"You must tell me all about it to-night or to-morrow; that, dear uncle, won't cost you anything, and it may be useful to me."

"Glad to find that anything inexpensive can be useful to you," said the uncle, with a grim smile.

The young man laughed, and darted on in pursuit of his quarry; the elder trudged his way alone.

This elder was a stout, thick-set, square-shouldered man, with a large gray head, heavy jaws, thin lips, and whiskers of the approved British mutton-chop pattern—in color, gray like his hair. He was very plainly dressed, wore cotton gloves, and an old-fashioned cravat which always had a tendency to work itself round, so that the tie came under one of the wearer's ears. Yet there was something about the man which would at once have satisfied any experienced observer that there was plenty of money to line the pockets of the shabby and wrinkled old trousers which hardly reached to the thick unshapely shoes. No Englishman without plenty of money ever shouldered his way along Piccadilly as did now our old acquaintance Mr. Gostick, M. P.—grown a little more

gray and stout and square and "bumptious" than he was when last we saw him, some sixteen years ago.

The young man who claimed him as uncle was a very different-looking sort of personage. The peacock might, with as much apparent reason, have proclaimed himself of kin with the owl, or the panther have boasted near relationship with the steady domestic ox, as this young man have declared himself a nephew of Mr. Gostick. He was very tall and slender; he had black hair arranged in curls which were almost like the ringlets of Disraeli's bright youth; he was dressed with extreme elegance, bordering indeed on richness; an artist blessed with a large private property, and mixing in fashionable society, or a young aristocrat affecting authorship, might have dressed and looked as he did. For he was not the ordinary young "swell" of Rotten Row and the opera stalls; there was nothing of the Guardsman about him; there was in his curls, and his costume, and his very walk, something which indicated a real or affected affinity to the brotherhood of letters and art. He was a handsome young fellow too, although he had a restless sort of eye, which always seemed to be seeking for something not obvious and apparent in the group, or the personage, or the conversation which might have appeared to engross him. While he talked with Mr. Gostick this might have been specially noted by any observer. The quick eyes kept glancing now to where Alexia Scarlett moved along; now suddenly and surreptitiously into Gostick's face, as if endeavoring to find out some hidden meaning there; and again at this side or that, as though they looked for the admiration of stray passengers.

Gostick looked after his nephew for a moment, and laughed a short dry laugh.

"What on earth is his game now?" he grumbled to himself. "Thinking of capturing an heiress perhaps in some romantic sort of way? I shouldn't wonder. Egad, he's vain enough, and empty-headed enough, and, for that matter, unprincipled enough too, to suit the best of them. I never could make out whether the lad is more of fool or knave; but he is quite enough of both to make a good way among the lords and ladies."

So the practical philosopher dug his hands more deeply into his pockets, and went on.

The nephew, even in the earnestness of his pursuit, glanced after the square form of his disappearing uncle, then stroked his dainty moustache and his little peaked artistic beard, and sighed.

"And that miserly old miscreant," he said to himself, "is my uncle—my mother's brother! And he has all the money—with that accent and those shoes! Good heavens! it is enough to make a sensitive man proclaim himself an atheist!"

Alexia Scarlett had now entered the yet open gate of the Park, and wandered purposeless along one of the walks, glancing around her like some startled wild animal, some creature which has escaped from its cage and is scared by its unwanted loneliness and liberty. It was in October, and somewhere between seven and eight o'clock, and there were but few figures to be seen along the broad walk which she had entered. The night was fine, but a little chilly; and the October air, the darkness, the dreariness of the place, fell coldly on the nerves and spirit of the poor girl. One or two idlers addressed a word to her as she passed, and this caused her to stand and confront them with fierce and flashing eyes; whereat they only laughed and went their way, and she felt inclined to burst into tears. She did not know what to do; she had no notion of going

anywhere in particular, only of "running away" and being found somewhere under a hedge, and thus afflicting and punishing her mother. Perhaps the poor bewildered child had had some vague dream—who knows?—of finding her father somewhere in the great outer world, where never, until this hour, had she been for one moment alone. But now in the cold, and the dark, and the vulgar harshness of reality, all such dreams seemed to vanish, and it appeared to her as if in such a world she could not have a father. She was utterly wretched, and yet she would not turn back. Perhaps if she had come to the water just then she would have sought shelter there, and left a corpse as a bequest and reproach to her mother. But there was no piece of water near her path, and her movements, moreover, were closely watched and followed.

"Where *can* she be going?" thought her adventurous pursuer. "Is she mad? This looks like it. How am I to manage an effective introduction? Why are there no highwaymen, from whom I might heroically rescue her? By Jove, a grand idea!"

At that moment the object of his interest threw herself upon a seat at the side of the walk, and covered her face with her hands. The young man stopped and looked anxiously about him in every direction. A short distance off he saw two ragged rough-looking youths tossing for coppers under a lamp-post. They were rather more than boys, hardly yet men. He went up to them, and entered into a short conversation, which had evident reference to the young lady on the seat, for he pointed her out to them, and gave them some explanations and instructions, whereat they grinned, and a couple of shillings each, whereat they grinned still more. Then they darted on, and he followed them at some distance.

Alexia was just rising wearily from her seat, when two creatures, who seemed to her like demons of some particularly vile pit of the lower regions, pounced upon her with fierce gestures.

"Your money or your life, Miss!" said one, who had apparently been a student of the "thieves' literature" of London, and knew the parlance of the gallant Turpin and the sweet Duval.

"Fork over all you've got, young woman," exclaimed the other, "and look sharp about it, will yer?"

Alexia sprang to her feet.

"You cowardly wretches!" she screamed, clenching her thin little fists and darting a fierce futile defiance out of her glittering eyes, "how dare you address a lady?"

A burst of laughter only followed this demonstration; and one of the fellows said, "Your money, or we'll kill you!" while the other laid his dirty paw upon her arm. In the vehemence of her emotion Alexia struck at him, and he seized her, and his comrade seized her, and she was powerless in their clutches, and she thought her last hour had come, when suddenly there was a cry of wrath and scorn, and strong hands flung her assailants one to this side, one to that—and they fled in dismay, no doubt—and she was rescued; and there stood before her her deliverer in the person of a noble-looking young man, the *beau-ideal* of a hero and a cavalier, who took his hat off and held it in his hand while he bowed to her, and hoped she had sustained no injury at the hands of the flying miscreants.

Nor did the rescuer of the distressed damsel wait for any answer. With a delicate consideration for her natural embarrassment, he spared her the trouble of saying anything for the moment by keeping the talk all to himself. He told

her that the villains who had assailed her were evidently members of a gang of robbers who notoriously infested the parks, and with whose outrageous exploits all the press of London was ringing; and Alexia did remember, although she never could be said to read newspapers, having seen many letters in the "Times," as it lay on her mother's table, about robberies and assaults, and other such frightful doings, occurring at nightfall, and almost under the very windows of Buckingham Palace. These things had made little impression indeed upon her mind hitherto. She had paid about as much attention to them as one pays to the paragraphs which tell of a brigandage in Mexico or a revolution in Central America; and now behold she had become, on her very first visit alone to the outer world, the heroine of such an adventure! Her thoughts were, however, diverted even from that subject when her deliverer, in a tone of blandest courtesy, asked to be allowed to have the honor of escorting her home, and dropping his voice, said:

"I presume I have the honor of addressing Miss Scarlett, Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter?"

"I am Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter," the girl replied, with a dash of bitterness in her tone which did not escape the notice of her escort. "May I ask how you came to know me? I don't remember having ever seen you before."

"Perhaps not, Miss Scarlett; but I have seen you often, and your face is not easily forgotten. I am happy to have the opportunity of seeing you to your home."

In truth Alexia had no choice but to go home. The running-away project had ended very ignobly, and she was by no means wild enough not to be sensible of the ridiculous vulgarity of the adventures which apparently awaited fugitive maidens in the wilds of West End, London. Besides, there actually had been something done; her mother would have the humiliation of knowing that Alexia Scarlett had been attacked by robbers in the Park at night, and rescued by a gentleman who apparently was familiar with her face and her family history. So she took the arm of her champion, and set about walking home. The wild adventure and escapade was ending, seemingly, in mere prose.

"I have met Lady Judith Scarlett once or twice," said the champion—"that is, I have been at places where she was—but I never had the honor of being presented to her. You, Miss Scarlett, do not much resemble her in face." (He had noted, as has been said, the girl's bitterness of tone when she mentioned the name of her mother.) "You seem to me to bear a stronger resemblance to your distinguished father."

He uttered the words slowly and emphatically, in a low, sweet, sympathetic voice, which appeared to Alexia to lend an infinity of meaning to the sentence. She started and clutched his arm, and a thrill of triumph and delight went through him.

"Did you then," she asked, in eager stammering accents—"did you know anything of my father?"

He paused, and looked down at her.

"Does Miss Scarlett—Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter—really desire to know something of her father?"

"Oh, can you doubt it? Sir, sir, I do not know, I cannot guess, who you are; but you are welcome to me beyond all power of words to express, if you can tell me anything of my father. You *do* seem to know something—your tones as well as your words imply it—and this strange, mysterious meeting! Oh, pray tell me!"

"Miss Scarlett, I may have little to tell, and I may not be the fittest envoy."

"Envoy! From whom? From *him*—from my lost, dear father?"

"Let me not say too much; let me not claim too much, or arouse hopes I may not be permitted to realize. Only one question I will ask. Miss Scarlett, do you still love your father?"

"Love him! Oh yes, beyond all power of language to say!"

"You have not, then, been tutored to forget him?"

"Mamma never willingly speaks of him; but I cherish his memory. As you know, I never saw him."

"Never saw him! Oh no, of course not."

"He had disappeared from the living world," said Alexia simply, "before I was born."

"Yes, yes; of course—I was aware, well aware of all that. But you still are true to his memory, and you love him?"

"His memory is all I have to live for. I hate my mother!"

This startling confession was made in a tone of such sudden energy and earnestness, that no one could have failed to recognize its sincerity. The listener seemed both amazed and amused.

"Lady Judith is perhaps not all that a mother might be," he said, with a gentle sigh. "But I am glad to hear that your father is still dear to you, and that you have not forgotten him. More I do not dare to say now."

"Yet, sir, one word more, since you have said so much. He is still living?"

"Your father?"

"My father. Speak, sir!"

"He is still living."

"Oh, thank God!"

"Thank God if he be living," thought her guide to himself—"especially if he do not happen to turn up too soon. He would be dreadfully *de trop* for some time to come. I suppose he *is* living—I think my uncle said so. No doubt he is living."

Then he said aloud and gravely:

"You have reason to thank God, Miss Scarlett. For the moment, I can tell you no more. This is your house. But we shall meet again."

"Oh, surely, I hope so."

"May I call to-morrow, to satisfy myself that you have suffered nothing from your alarm?"

"I at least shall be glad to see you—I cannot promise for mamma. But if you succeed in seeing her, and will talk with her about religion—the conversion of the Jews and the Catholics, and all the rest of such people—I dare say she will like you very well. I owe you a deep obligation, and as yet I have hardly even had the grace to thank you."

"Do not speak of thanking me, Miss Scarlett! There are reasons which ought to render thanks from you to me superfluous. Forgive me if I can say no more now—and good-night."

"But stay—your name? You will surely let me know the name of one to whom I owe so much, and who appears to know so much concerning me of which I myself am ignorant."

"My name, Miss Scarlett, is as yet an obscure one. The time may come when it will be better known. Such as it is, there is at least no stain upon it."

He had rung and knocked; and the door was now opened. The footman stood wondering on the threshold. The stranger handed a card to Alexia, raised

his hat, made a graceful bow, and turned away. The girl sprang up the steps, and hurried to read under a lamp the name on the card. It was that of "Mr. Eric G. Walraven, Albany Chambers."

The "G.," it may be said, represented the plebeian name of Gostick, which Eric did not care to make too prominent. His mother, once a Miss Gostick, had married a very poor and proud clergyman, and had insisted on having the name of her wealthy brother added somehow to her son's appellations. Gostick, M. P., had consented to become the godfather of his nephew, but had expressly made it clear that he thereby accepted no obligations, whether spiritual or pecuniary, which were not of a strictly ceremonial and merely nominal character; and so far as he could resist the pressure occasionally brought to bear upon him, he had kept his word.

Mr. Eric G. Walraven left the door of Miss Scarlett's house, and walked again into Piccadilly, and along it toward the Regent Circus, meditating as he went—unless when he happened to pass any shop still open in which there were looking-glasses, and of such a delightful chance he never failed to avail himself, but always paused and contemplated with fond and loving eye his own manly symmetry and beauty. Eric Walraven was to the full as deeply in love with himself as ever Narcissus was, but he served his idol a good deal more wisely and satisfactorily than Narcissus was able to do.

"I venture to think," thus ran the current of his hopeful meditation, "that I have already made an impression on that girl. It is nonsense to speak of her as mad. She is a little wild, but she is no more mad, in the legal sense, than I am. No court of law, for instance, could attempt to dissolve a marriage—stay! I am going rather too fast. It is clear that her weak point is her father. I must find out something about *him*. Old Gostick must put me on the track. On the whole, I rather hope he is dead—his suddenly turning up might be awkward. He might not like *me*. Yes, I hope he is dead. But for the present he shall live, so far as she is concerned, and be a benignant and distant influence, and all that kind of thing. I really see a great chance ahead, and I do so want to cut that hideous old beast Gostick—and how can a man like me, with genius and without money, afford to cut the only relative who has a guinea to give away? She is a pretty girl too—beautiful hair and eyes. I think I could quite fall in love with her if that were necessary. At all events, I am pretty sure I could make her fall in love with me—which is a good deal more to my purpose."

Mr. Walraven had spoken or thought of himself as a man of genius. This, in the ordinary sense, he certainly was not. He was the author of one or two volumes of poems, which had made a sort of sensation, because of the cleverness with which he had contrived to blend meaningless pietism with meaningless impiety, so as to make people doubt whether they were studying hymnology or flat blasphemy as they puzzled over the ingenious pages. Simple religious persons claimed Mr. Walraven as their laureate, while he was the momentary idol of a certain clique of the noisier and shallower infidels. Mr. Walraven understood his public, although he overrated himself. He knew that in England it matters very little what you do, but a great deal what you say—above all, what you say in print. As the Queen of Spain, when there was such a sovereign, was not really supposed by etiquette to be guilty of any sin or shame in having legs, but only to be aggrieved by any public recognition of the fact in the form of an unlucky and officious gift of stockings, so the censors of morals in British literature are often very much shocked at printed recognition of certain passions and sins, about the actual existence of which the same people are in-

indulgent and charitable enough. Mr. Walraven understood this by artistic instinct, and he took good care that no anatomical allusion of any kind, no hint of the existence of illicit emotion anywhere, should sully the mild purity of his feeble blasphemies. There are a good many people who never would know soft-voiced and demure impiety from true religion; and with such therefore Mr. Walraven passed off for a Keble, while with another section of his admirers he enjoyed something like the fame of a Shelley.

Human character is said by certain philosophers to require the presence, in proper proportion, of three elements, in order to make it as near perfection as anything human may hope to be. It must have the element of the moral, the lovable, and the æsthetic. Now in the composition of Mr. Walraven's character the first and second of these elements seemed to have been left out altogether. There was nothing whatever of the moral or the amiable about him; he had the instincts and tastes of the artist without his soul. Milton's Satan has been described as genius without God. Eric Walraven was a considerably lower sort of thing: he was æstheticism without soul or conscience. He loved and revelled in the sight or sense of all things beautiful and bright and rich; and he never in his life knew what a gleam of human affection or a pang of human remorse or pity might be. There was nothing actively wicked about him; he was not even a very immoral man in the common meaning of the word; he was rather unmoral—he had no sense whatever of right or wrong. Nothing in human life perhaps is more utterly remorseless—not love, not hate, not ambition, not vanity; nay, not even stupidity—than the artistic or æsthetic instinct morbidly developed to the suppression of conscience and feeling. Eric Walraven fed upon the sight and memory of beautiful objects and the indulgence of emotion. He could not live without emotional stimulant and satisfaction. He might have belonged in a humble rank to the school of the artist who tortured a slave to death that he might study the changing expressions of human agony. Once he picked a quarrel with a foolish girl who loved him—as many girls did; who had sacrificed much for him—as many girls would have done; and of whom he was tired. He was leaving her; and in the grief and rage of the separation the girl flung herself on a sofa, and covered as well as she could her face with her hands, and sobbed and shivered there. Her attitude chanced to be one of the finest accidental illustrations of picturesque agony; and Walraven was literally delighted with it. The dishevelled hair, the tears escaping from under the hands, the position of the body, the folds and fall of the dress, the manner in which one foot, ankle, and part of the symmetrical leg were exposed—all combined to make up a picture so pretty, so fascinating, that Walraven gazed at it in intense artistic rapture, only marred by the dread lest the sufferer in her emotion should change it for some position less graceful. This she did in fact, very soon—showed a tear-blurred face, and huddled up her limbs quite awkwardly; and Walraven left her. But the beauty of that first attitude lingered always in his mind; it was a joy forever to him. Time after time did he recall that lovely picture, and dwell in memory on all its details, and feed his senses on it, and be glad because of it. In many little vexations and discordant conditions he brought it back to his recollection, and was cheered and brightened by it. What became of the girl herself he never knew or cared to ask. The one substantial, important, and abiding reality to him in the whole affair was the picturesque and beautiful illustration of feminine suffering. The girl was an accident—a nothing.

Now if Walraven had been a man of genius (and if one could suppose, which

it is difficult to do, that there could be genius without feeling), he might perhaps have made a great name for himself in the world. If he had been a man of fortune, he might well have done without the great name. But having neither genius nor fortune, he was driven to make a way for himself; and he hoped to make his way through Society. He was one of the first to see that Bohemianism in literature was "played out"; that a reaction was setting in; that Belgravianism was to be the next phase through which the literary man was to reach *ad astra*; and he was one of the very first to assume boldly the new part of Writer in Society. We all know that some years ago many worthy honest fellows, personally averse to all irregularity and excess, model husbands and fathers, who paid their bills steadily, did nevertheless affect to be wild Bohemians and reckless men of genius just because that was the whim of the hour, and it seemed difficult to obtain a recognition in the guild of literature without conforming to its laws. So in later days many a modest and quiet youth, who hardly knows Clicquot from old gooseberry, or ever handed his card to a Belgravian lacquey, nevertheless tries to be thought an authority on little dinners, and professes to scorn anybody who is not in Society, because such is now the humor of the thing; and literature, weary of putting on the ways of the ruffian, has taken to imitating the manner and jargon of the footman. Eric Walraven had many advantages and opportunities for this sort of thing; he played his game earnestly and spiritedly; he had full faith in himself; and he did actually, as Belgravian literary man, contrive to edge his way a little into Society. He knew the names and faces of most persons of rank; he was invited occasionally to a few houses during the season; and he soon made up his mind that his noblest ambition and most practical object must be to marry a girl of good family and fortune. He now thought he saw this ambition made a possibility by his adventure as the champion of Alexia Scarlett.

Meanwhile the young woman for whom this honor was thus designed, hastening up to her room after her little escapade, was met on the stairs by her mother.

"Where have you been, Alexia? I have been much alarmed about you."

"I have been out in the Park somewhere; I don't exactly know where."

"What new folly is this? Why did you go into the Park alone, and at such an hour?"

"Because the whim took me. I think I meant to run away."

Lady Judith turned paler than usual with vexation and anger, and with some alarm too.

"Alexia, I sometimes believe you would like to break your mother's heart!"

"Oh no, mamma; I am not quite so ambitious or self-conceited as that. I know the strength of my mother's—did you say heart, mamma? Well then, 'heart,' if you will have it so—to suppose that I have power to fracture it. But I am mad, Lady Judith, am I not? You had your mad doctor, you know, to examine me and report. Why do you wonder, then? Mad people do all sorts of queer things, don't they? Perhaps I ran away to escape the strait-waistcoat. Did you intend me for Bedlam, or one of the asylums Charles Reade describes? But I forgot that you don't read novels."

"No; I have seen what comes of such reading where there is no strength of moral principle or religious grace to sustain. What did you do in the Park? and why did you——"

Lady Judith was about to say, "why did you come back, if you were so anxious to run away?" But she checked herself suddenly, because she had serious dread of the effect of anything like a sneer upon a girl of Alexia's temper.

"I had quite an adventure: was attacked by robbers—murderers, in fact—and rescued by a gentleman."

"Is this serious, Alexia, or only extravagance?"

"Nothing could be more serious, dear mamma; and I thought you would like to hear of your daughter being the heroine of such adventures, and having her name perhaps get into the papers. 'Extraordinary Adventure in the Park: Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter attacked by murderers.' Will it not be nice? I shall become quite celebrated. Would you make any objections, Lady Judith Scarlett, to having your daughter's portrait taken for the 'Illustrated London News'?"

There was method in all this sort of madness, as Lady Judith well knew. The method was to alarm and annoy her by threats of reckless exposure. If the good old customs of the elder Mirabeau's time were prevalent in England, perhaps Lady Judith might have found some means of persuading her conscience that religion and duty exacted the use of a *lettre de cachet*, and the consignment of her daughter to some sort of effectual *durance*. But she had no such resource, and so she asked, with aspect of entire composure:

"Who was the gentleman, Alexia, who rescued you from this terrible band of murderers? Did he give you his name?"

"He did; and he will call to-morrow to see you, mamma, and to receive your thanks for the rescue and protection of your daughter. Perhaps, on the whole, you had better be civil to him; that is, if you really don't want to allow me the pleasure of being a heroine in the newspapers. I shall be civil to him; he has a claim on *me*; for he knows something of my father!"

With this parting shot the girl swept past her mother and hastened to her own room.

Lady Judith was perplexed. She did not know whether to attach any substantial meaning to the words her daughter had just uttered, or to set them down as the sheer ravings of growing insanity. Oh, how miserable this wretched little girl made her! How perpetually her personal pride and dignity were threatened by the temper and the escapades of such a daughter! How lonely, uncounselled, almost helpless she felt! Even prayer sometimes seemed to lack its soothing efficacy, and Lady Judith, on her knees, felt her mind wandering away from the business of her soul's salvation to the flighty, peevish, perverse daughter whom Heaven had been pleased to give her, not as a comfort and a stay, but a vexation and distraction. Now that Angelo was gone, there seemed no woman in all London more lonely than Lady Judith. She had no one whom she could consult; she whom so many—the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind—were always free to consult. She had for her daughter only a wild and fantastic enemy, who might be trusted with no purpose, except indeed the purpose to torment one whom she ought to reverence. She had no husband now—and the thought but added a fresh bitterness, a new sense of injury to the catalogue of grievances registered in her stern heart against the man who had given her such a daughter and then deserted her.

Next day brought some relief to Lady Judith, in the shape of a visit from Mr. Eric G. Walraven. Mr. Walraven's appearance was prepossessing; his manner was quiet, gentlemanlike, and pervaded by a certain tone of sympathetic sweetness and sadness, as if there were already something like an inevitable confidence between himself and Lady Judith. He told the lady with an easy brevity, which had obvious purpose in it—the purpose of a gentleman who, knowing more than he desires to imply, hurries lightly over a communication

which may pain the listener's ears—that he had seen her daughter in Hyde Park the previous evening, that he recognized her face, that he happened to be going in the same direction, that she was assailed by two or three rough-looking fellows, who meant probably to frighten merely, and not to rob or injure her; and that on his coming up they of course ran away. He made very little of his own share in that part of the adventure; but insinuated rather than stated that there had been some little difficulty about inducing Miss Scarlett to return home, and that he had shown some skill and delicacy in persuading her. In short, Mr. Walraven's manner and words gave Lady Judith to understand that he quite appreciated the difficulties of her situation, and was acquainted with the peculiarities of her daughter's temperament; but that he was far too refined and honorable a personage to lend any distinct or direct utterance to anything he might happen to know. Lady Judith was impressed and pleased by him.

She was very anxious to know if there was any meaning in what Alexia had said about Mr. Walraven's knowledge of her father. Having thanked him earnestly for his services, in a tone which implied that she thanked him for his delicacy also, she added:

"My daughter said something, Mr. Walraven, of your having had some previous acquaintance with some members of our family. I did not quite understand her meaning; and I do not remember having met you before."

"I have had the honor of seeing you at Lady Martha Sidon's, but of course you would hardly remember me. Miss Scarlett did, however, dwell upon a word or two which I let fall inadvertently. I spoke of having seen Mr. Charles Grey Scarlett many years ago. Although I was quite a boy at the time when I heard him speak in the House, his eloquence delighted me, and I have not forgotten it yet."

Lady Judith felt relieved to hear that this was all, and she sent for her daughter to thank Mr. Walraven in person. Alexia came. Mr. Walraven was quite formal and distant; Alexia was sullen and silent. But, before Walraven took his leave, his eyes and hers quietly met; and Walraven was satisfied with his visit.

He broke in upon his uncle's lodgings that day, and accosting Mr. Gostick with an imitation of Fechter's Claude Melnotte, which the worthy Lancashire man utterly failed to comprehend the meaning of, he exclaimed:

"Geef me choy, dear uncle! I have won ze bra-ize!"

"What play-acting is this?" inquired the grim elder.

"I am going in for a prize, uncle mine; and I mean to win it. Now, first of all, tell me everything you know—give me every scrap of possible information about Lady Judith Scarlett's escaped husband; and then I'll tell you something in return, if you care to hear it. How can you live in this hole, smothered among these hideous blue-books?"

"I pay for my lodgings," was the uncle's significant reply.

"Very likely. I mean some day to have lodgings a little more picturesque without paying for them."

"I thought imprisonment for debt was abolished, and I didn't know that they ever went in much for the picturesque in Whitecross street," was Mr. Gostick's genial commentary on his nephew's exultant declaration.

"Not bad, uncle; not bad at all for Lancashire. But now to business; unbosom yourself of all you know, and help me to win my prize."

"Tell me first, without rhodomontade and in plain English, what you propose to do."

Mr. Walraven frankly confided his purposes.

"Your mother," said Gostick composedly, "is a worthy and respectable woman. I never heard anything said against your father, except that he was a preacher of a State-paid church. They are honest and poor: I am honest and rich. How does it happen that our family is favored with the addition of so shabby a rogue as yourself? Go your own ways, sir; I'll give you no helping hand or word to bamboozle a half-crazy girl, and to creep into society and fortune by alternately flattering and cheating a proud aristocratic woman, who does not think you or yours fit to untie her shoe-strings. Go, break stones, or enlist, or do penny-a-lining, or sell cheap photographs; but live like a man anyhow."

And Gostick was inflexible; and Walraven, shrugging his shoulders and moaning over the abominable vulgarity of his uncle, left the place sincerely disgusted. But he soon became a regular attendant at all the philanthropic meetings held in Lady Judith's house, and other meetings elsewhere which she was likely to attend; he was allowed to give her advice on many matters, and even occasionally to write letters for her; and though Alexia and he did not talk much together in public, they had their momentary glances of mutual sympathy and confidence. And Alexia grew less ostentatiously fantastic and fretful; and might indeed have seemed, to a close observer, to have acquired at last something like a purpose and a seriousness in her life.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHESTERFIELD JOCELYN.

DURING the remainder of the evening spent at Mr. Vansiedler's on the edge of New York Bay, Mr. Edwin Dare Jocelyn, or Chesterfield Jocelyn, was by far the most prominent and talkative of the company. He knew everything, and had been everywhere. So, at least, one was led to believe from his anecdotes and his assertions. Nobody's opinion was of any value when compared with his. He spoke of great schemes involving millions on millions of dollars, in which he was concerned here, there, and everywhere, with as cool a carelessness and ease as an ordinary man might allude to a projected change of lodgings, or a seaside visit in the autumn. He professed to know every eminent public man of every country under the sun. When he last had the honor of talking with Gladstone, Gladstone consulted him on the Alabama question; and he, Jocelyn, pointed out the easiest and fairest way of settling the matter; and he had reason to believe—of course he spoke now in confidence—that when next Gladstone came into power, *that* would be the plan. Louis Napoleon certainly did make an awful mess of that Mexican business; but Jocelyn begged the gentlemen present to believe that *he* had advised the Emperor against the scheme from the very beginning. In fact, it was he, Jocelyn, who persuaded General Prim to break off at the eleventh hour. Bismarck had just been writing to him, Jocelyn; he had the letter here in his pocket, and there really was nothing private about it. No; unluckily he had left it at the St. Nicholas Hotel; but there was no mystery about the business at all; everybody knew that Bismarck and he were old allies. As to political opinions, he, Jocelyn, professed to have none: he was just as much attached to his friend Horatio Seymour as to his friend Charles Sumner or Wendell Phillips; and really, of the two, he thought John Bright was a pleasanter companion than Disraeli. No; a man like him should be as impartial in politics as in science; and he never could say, for the life of him, whether he preferred his friend Richard Owen or his friend Tom Huxley.

So Mr. Jocelyn went on—not dogmatically or noisily, but blandly, and without seeming purposely to engross the conversation. All through the flow of his talk he kept casting thoughtful and anxious glances at Isolind.

Angelo Volney was, for the most part, a quiet watcher. Nature had endowed him with a wonderfully quick perception or instinct for the reading of character, between the lines of mere conventionality and talk. While Charles Escombe was half disgusted and half amused by Jocelyn's extravagance and egotism, and was every now and then tempted to break into futile controversy, Angelo took quite a different view of the character of their new acquaintance. "All this is play-acting," Angelo said to himself; "this is a cool strong man playing the part of a gasconader and a fribble; there is an iron hand under this glove of velvet—a powerful daring brain beneath this cap and bells."

Mr. Jocelyn contrived to approach Isolind.

"I have seen Miss Atheling before," he said; "hers is not a face to be forgotten. We have met—in Rome, I think, Miss Atheling?"

"Perhaps so, sir. I have been in Rome, but I do not remember seeing you."

"Naturally you forget. The sun, Miss Atheling, can scarcely be expected to remember the face of every sunflower: but the sunflowers still turn to the sun."

"I believe they don't, as a matter of fact," broke in Charles Escombe. "I am told it altogether depends upon the manner in which the sunflowers are——"

"Pray don't spoil my poor effort at a tribute to Miss Atheling by your practical prose, Mr. Escombe. Clytie is a reality, I insist upon it. But forgive my awkward attempt at a compliment, Miss Atheling. I have no skill in such things."

"I forgive you," replied Isolind coldly, "on condition that you attempt no further offence."

"Offence! Is, then, a poor phrase of sincere admiration an offence?"

"To me it seems so. Not a purposed and deliberate offence, Mr. Jocelyn; but still an offence. That kind of talk implies that a man thinks he is speaking to an inferior being, whose weak mind he can delight by flattery. Men don't pay compliments to men, unless for some mean purpose, and where they suppose the objects of the flattery are feeble enough to be pleased by it. In every such sense, therefore, a compliment is really an offence."

"Then I shall restrain all expression of my genuine feeling, at whatever cost, rather than displease Miss Atheling, or lead her to doubt my sincerity."

"Thus, Miss Atheling," interposed Angelo quietly, "you compel Mr. Jocelyn to become insincere, in order that he may not be suspected of insincerity."

Isolind sent a glance of bright humor across to Angelo. These two, who had hardly exchanged a dozen sentences, were already beginning to understand each other.

"Pardon me," replied Jocelyn, in nowise disconcerted; "Truth has continually to stifle her voice, lest she be mistaken for exaggeration. Nothing is so wonderful as the real. No opinion, for example, that I could form of *you* would be so strange but that you could, from your knowledge of your own history, make it seem poor and incomplete."

"True enough," thought Angelo—"a very palpable hit. No one here, indeed, could guess my true story. I wonder what is *his*."

"Forgive me," said Jocelyn blandly, "for selecting you as an illustration,

Mr. Volney. Of course I did not mean you in particular, but anybody, everybody. For instance, I am confident that I have met Miss Atheling before now, although she does not remember me. I am convinced of this, and yet I do not venture to contradict her impression on the mere strength of its being utterly impossible I could ever have forgotten so remarkable, so beautiful a face. I am compelled to be silent lest I should seem to be a flatterer; yet I *do* feel convinced that I have seen Miss Atheling before now. I said it was in Rome; but I was clearly mistaken in that conjecture. No, I now remember it was in England that I saw that face."

"Then your memory cruelly refuses to justify your compliments, Mr. Jocelyn," said Isolind. "Be warned against further flattery of women by this very instance. I never was in England."

"Never in England?"

"Never."

"You quite surprise me!—Judge Atheling" (the Judge had just joined the group), "is it possible that your dear daughter was never in England?"

"She was never in England, sir. Let me tell you that it is her own fault; for we wished her to go there the other day, when we were in France; but she has got her head crammed with patriotic extravagances, and she would not consent even to tread the soil of perfidious Albion."

"Ah, then I am altogether mistaken as to the scene, at least; though I still cannot admit the possibility of my having been mistaken as to the face and figure. I think you spoke of going south, Mr. Escombe. The season's favorable now. Come with me, you and your friend Mr. Volney. I can obtain special cars, or at least free passes, anywhere and everywhere; and I have many schemes on hand south of Richmond just now, and shall be proud to show you the country. Meantime, suppose you dine with me at Delmonico's to-morrow or Thursday? Just a little pleasant party. Our dear host Mr. Vansiedler, and our distinguished friend Judge Atheling, will come, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot go any day this week," said Mr. Vansiedler.

"I'll go with pleasure," said the beaming Judge, "if my wife will only allow me."

"Pray permit me to persuade Mrs. Atheling. Then you will come, Mr. Escombe?"

"Delighted, I am sure! Thursday, did you say?"

"Thursday, yes; let it be Thursday, at seven. Mr. Volney will come?"

Angelo bowed and murmured a formal willingness. Perhaps he of all the invited guests was really most anxious to go. He wished to study Mr. Jocelyn, and, if possible, to understand him.

Escombe engaged Mr. Jocelyn in conversation about the condition and prospects of the South, regarding which he had a theory, as he had about most things, and several rows of figures, making up tabulated comparisons, to support the theory. Mr. Jocelyn never admitted that there was anything in anybody's theory except his own; and he met Escombe's carefully-arranged figures—all taken from blue-books and the reports of British consuls—by other figures utterly contrasting and incompatible with Escombe's. Hence a lively discussion, during which Angelo drew under the light of Isolind's eyes, which somehow seemed to invite him.

As he came to her side, she glanced over towards the group amid which Jocelyn stood, and said suddenly in a lowered voice:

"Mr. Volney, I wish you would avoid that man."

"Mr. Jocelyn?"

"Yes. There is something about him I dislike and don't understand."

"There is something about him I too don't understand, and don't much like; but I want to know more of him for that very reason."

"I wish you would avoid him."

She looked at Angelo with a quiet earnestness, which had no gleam of coquetry or affectation about it, but which made Angelo's heart beat.

"Why do you wish *me* to avoid him, Miss Atheling? Your father seems rather attracted by him."

"My father is only amused by him and curious about him. He studies him merely as something odd and interesting."

"So do I, Miss Atheling; and I am not likely to be drawn into any vast speculations by his influence, I can assure you. I am indeed the empty traveler who may sing before the—speculator, let us say, not to be too rude and harsh to our new friend."

"I cannot tell why it is, but the man's eyes fill me with a kind of dread. They seem full of evil omen towards me every time they turn on me. If it were not foolish to say such a thing, I should say that his presence is surcharged with evil towards me—and towards one other person here."

"And that other person is——?"

"Yourself, Mr. Volney."

"But why do you think his presence is ominous to us—to you and me—and not to the others here?" asked Angelo with a smile, and with a strange sensation at his heart, caused by the coupling of her and him together, and the interest thus suddenly manifested in him.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps women can divine things by instinct. Perhaps there is something in certain antagonistic natures which may subtly warn one against the other, and which may some day be discovered and recognized as a reality by science itself. You smile at me, but I don't know why such things should not be possible. However that be, it seems to me that that man's eyes beam danger and pain on me and on *you*; and I almost fear him, although I am not given in general to feminine fears. Will you promise me to avoid him?"

"I cannot, Miss Atheling. I cannot tell you how much I feel delighted by your kindly interest in me. Indeed, it gives me the highest pleasure; and I only wish there were some danger of any sort to justify it, that I might feel for the once a little heroic. But there can be nothing in this person to alarm any one who has no money to lose in speculations; and I have some special reasons for wishing to study him."

"We are going, Isolind," the Judge called out at this moment; and Isolind rose to leave, and the confidential conversation was over.

The Athelings had only a very short distance to go, and most of the company came out on the lawn, some saying good-night to the parting. Angelo walked a little way by Isolind's side, and they talked of indifferent things—of the beauty of the night, the charm of the scene. The autumn moon was shining brightly upon the water and the islands, and the moon shone to Angelo as it had never beamed on him before; and when he bade Isolind good-night, and felt the touch of her hand in his, and saw the white rays rest upon her beautiful face, it seemed as if she were the soul and spirit of the place and the delicious hour, awakening him to a new, a glorified, and a sanctified existence.

When he had left her he walked back in silence; and knew not why it was that while he thought of her he found the sufferings of his childhood once more

brought in array before his memory, but brightened now, and made sweet and sacred. All the past looked beautiful and tender, all the future silvery and sad; like the light that fell now upon the water—like the light that had lately rested upon her cheek. He had only spoken a few words to a beautiful girl, had touched her hand, and looked into her eyes; and the old world of his life was all laid in ashes for him, that a nobler and more sacred existence might be raised upon its ruins. To-night was not as yesterday. From life to death, from nothingness into life, could hardly be a greater change than that through which, as yet all unconscious of its meaning, Angelo Volney had passed.

As he came near the porch of Vansiedler's house, Mr. Jocelyn, smoking a cigar, emerged from a little group of smokers enjoying after their fashion the sweet night air, and approached our hero with a demeanor of friendly confidence.

"A very charming and highly-gifted girl, apparently, is the daughter of our good friend Atheling, Mr. Volney."

"Very," assented Volney.

"Quite a woman of genius, I am told. Perhaps you have a prejudice against women of genius? No? I am glad to hear it. You will meet many remarkable women in your travels through the States. She does not, I think, greatly resemble our friend Atheling. Did any resemblance strike you?"

"No, indeed," replied Volney, very conscientiously.

"Nor is she remarkably like her mother. By the way, Mr. Volney, I have been watching for an opportunity to ask whether you are not a son of my old friend Colonel Sir Richard Volney, of your East India Company's army, whom I had the great honor to know in Bengal?"

"No, Mr. Jocelyn; no relation whatever."

"Indeed! You certainly do not resemble my gallant friend, but the name is a little peculiar; and I thought that—but perhaps, indeed, you are related to my eminent friend Dean Volney, of Stortford-cum-Kingscote, in England?"

"You may spare yourself useless conjectures, Mr. Jocelyn. I have no relatives living, so far as I know. I don't know anything of my father, except that his name was Volney, and that he died miserably poor. I was brought up as an adopted son by one of the best women who ever lived—Lady Judith Scarlett."

Angelo looked steadily at Mr. Jocelyn as he spoke, and he felt sure he saw the lines of that dark face quiver for a moment.

"Lady Judith Scarlett!" exclaimed Jocelyn. "Why, she surely had a child of her own?"

"A daughter—yes; but no son. Did you know Lady Judith?"

"Yes—oh yes; a long time ago; that is, I used to meet her in places. She does not go out much of late, I am told."

"Hardly at all. You seem to keep up your acquaintance with England very well, Mr. Jocelyn."

"Keep up my acquaintance? Yes, sir, I do. In fact, I regard myself as an Englishman. My father was born in England; and I have been there a great deal, but not very lately. My father spent his fortune in England, Mr. Volney, before he was twenty three years of age, and he came out here to make a new fortune, which I spent. But I re-made myself in San Francisco. I am a Forty-niner. Do you know what we call a Forty-niner? No? One of those who settled there at the beginning—at the outburst of the gold-digging mania, when San Francisco was only a few canvas tents. You should see it now—you *shall* see it, and thoroughly too, if you will only stay long enough to make the journey. They know Edwin Jocelyn in San Francisco, sir; everybody going along Mont-

gomery street—from the Governor of the State to the dirtiest John Chinaman—knows Edwin Jocelyn. I have made fortune after fortune there. This is the land for fortunes, sir. I'll put you up to a good thing if you feel like it."

"I am afraid I have nothing to tempt Fortune with, Mr. Jocelyn. She is like a Gipsy, and requires to have her palm crossed with silver before she will say or do anything. Does she not?"

"Well, sir, that surely could be managed too. Our friend Atheling, I suppose, is a rich man?"

"Really I don't know; I only made his acquaintance this very evening."

"Indeed! I thought you were old acquaintances—the young lady and you especially. His only daughter, I believe?"

"I suppose so."

"And will have all his money, no doubt. You spoke of Lady Judith Scarlett, Mr. Volney, and her retirement from the world—a sad condition of things surely for a woman so splendid as she was. Of course you are acquainted with all the circumstances of that affair?"

"Not all the circumstances. I only know that she had a bad husband, who deserted her and disappeared. I have never sought to know more."

"Has she ever heard anything about him?"

"Nothing direct, I fancy; but she believes that he is living, and somewhere in America."

"I don't believe it!" broke out Jocelyn almost fiercely; "and as you are a friend of Lady Judith's, don't you believe it either. Does she want to find him out? has she sent you to look for him? Does she want to be reconciled to him, and to take him back, an interesting penitent? It can't be. If she is anything like the woman she was, that is about the last thing she would think of doing. She is not such a fool; and even if she was, it can't be and it sha'n't be!"

"I know nothing of Lady Judith's purposes, Mr. Jocelyn, and I neither understand your meaning nor your warmth."

"Pray, my dear Mr. Volney, excuse me! A thousand times excuse me! I am really quite ashamed of a warmth which must have seemed to you as rude as it was inexplicable. The fact is, that the story of Lady Judith's wrongs impressed me at the time very deeply. I had known her, as I told you; and she became quite a—well, a sort of heroine in my eyes; and of course I hated her husband—for that reason, you know—and my soul revolted at the idea of his being restored to society and to favor. But I have no doubt the fellow has been dead these many years."

"Lady Judith thinks she has reason to believe that he is still living."

"Has she any better reasons than guess and fancy, and all the other nonsense that women call reasons? Anything that a man of sense, with two ideas in his head, would call reasons?"

"I know nothing in this case of Lady Judith Scarlett's reasons, Mr. Jocelyn; but I know few men who are better able to form a sound opinion on any subject."

"Indeed! No doubt; of course you are quite right. In any case, my dear Mr. Volney, it hardly concerns me. But I wish you English people would not look upon this country as if it were the camping-ground and refuge of all the scoundrels your capital chooses to cast out. Shall we join our friends on the 'stoop,' as we call it here in New York? A delicious night, certainly, for a quiet smoke in the open air."

The Vansiedlers were early people, and had already remained out of bed to

an unusual hour for them. Jocelyn would apparently have sat up all the night, and so would Charles Escombe; these two opposing irreconcilable theories and comparing incompatible facts. Escombe had a slow steady fluency of talk; Jocelyn streamed away like a rushing river. Before Escombe had grasped some paradox clearly enough to begin refuting it, Jocelyn had pelted him about the ears with half a dozen others. Jocelyn, moreover, assumed in every dispute the manner of a practical man who is calmly putting down erroneous theories and correcting ignorant assumptions. He disposed in every instance of Charles Escombe's blunders and other authorities, by coolly observing that he had himself actually lived in each of the places referred to; that he knew every foot of the soil and every individual worth knowing; that nobody else knew anything at all about the matter. How many lives would it have taken, as a mere question of time and the hour, for Jocelyn to have lived in all the places and known all the people described by him? Old Parr, Methuselah, the Wandering Jew, could hardly have accomplished so much. Yet the difficulty in judging of the man's true character was great. It might have been easy enough to dispose of the matter by setting him down as a mere braggart and liar. But if you are entitled to test a man's professed acquaintance with subjects and places unfamiliar to you by the genuineness of his professed knowledge of subjects and places with which you are familiar, it must be owned—and Angelo Volney had several times during this night to own it to himself—that Jocelyn had a wonderfully wide and exact amount of information. For example, it was clear to Angelo that Jocelyn knew England, especially London—its politics and its actual society—much better than Charles Escombe did. Indeed, although Angelo could not well suspect his new acquaintance of modesty, it seemed to him almost certain that Jocelyn rather underrated and suppressed the varied and intimate extent of his familiarity with English affairs and English people. Then, again, Mr. Vansiedler was no fool, and Judge Atheling was well acquainted with most parts of the American States and most subjects of American controversy. And yet they were both apparently much impressed by Jocelyn's acquaintance, at once broad and exact, with regions, topics, and people whereof they had themselves special knowledge.

In fact, it was evident to Volney that Jocelyn had completely talked over and conquered Judge Atheling, and much impressed even Mr. Vansiedler, a graver man of less emotional kind, slow to sympathies and new ideas. Judge Atheling was always on the lookout for novelties in opinion, and had almost invariably some new theory, notion, or crotchet on hand. Vansiedler, as became a genuine Knickerbocker, respected the majesty of the old and the past. Yet he, too, was clearly a good deal taken with some of Jocelyn's views; while Atheling seemed perfectly ardent about certain enterprises recommended to him. After the Athelings had gone, Jocelyn turned his attention principally to Charles Escombe, with whom he debated in the manner just described.

Escombe entered Angelo's room for a few minutes when the *séance* had concluded.

"An amusing fellow, that Jocelyn," he said. "There's a good deal of a certain sort of cleverness about him, but he doesn't know anything well; and he is awfully shallow. I suppose he is what the Yankees call a smart man, but he wants strength and depth altogether, I think."

"On some things," Angelo replied, "I think he knows more than he pretends to."

"Do you really? Now that didn't strike me at all—quite the reverse, in fact. Anyhow, he is well worth studying. He seems a perfect type of the Yankee."

"I am convinced," said Angelo smiling, "that he is just as much of a Yankee as I am."

Escombe laughed.

"What a contradictory fellow you are, Volney! Come, here's something you can't contradict. Atheling's daughter is a handsome girl, and an uncommonly intelligent and agreeable girl too."

"I like her very much indeed—very much."

Escombe looked at him for a moment thoughtfully, bearing in his mind certain fears which had been urged upon him regarding Alexia Scarlett, and wondering whether the attractions of Isolind Atheling might not prove of happy omen for his own love-suit. And Angelo, as he answered his friend's remark, was thinking too about Alexia, and felt, he knew not why, a sudden strange pang of pain when he remembered his pledge to Alexia's mother. So the two young men stood looking at each other for a moment, both wrapped in the same subject, one with his silent growing hope, the other with his silent pain, each alike ashamed to acknowledge in words, or even in distinct thoughts, the growth of the hope and of the pain.

When Angelo was left alone, he sat down and gave himself up to puzzling thought on one chief question. Who was Edwin Jocelyn? Was he indeed merely that which he gave himself out to be—a dashing, daring, scheming American adventurer? Or was he somebody playing a part, and having behind him a history and a mystery which he had some motive for concealing? The very suddenness and apparent unreasonableness of the conjectures or suspicions which, from the very outset, Angelo had formed regarding him, only lent to a thoughtful half-poetical mind like his stronger reasons for believing that there must be some foundation for such an instinctive assumption. True, there seemed something extravagant in thus fancying he had detected a mystery in almost the first man brought directly under his observation on American soil. Yet would it not be still more extravagant and irrational to admit that such an idea could have entered into his mind, utterly without plausible foundation or excuse, in the instance of the first casual stranger he had taken the trouble to observe? It counted for something, too, that a girl with the brow and the eyes of Isolind Atheling should have at once and instinctively assumed that round this fluent and audacious adventurer there hung some veil of ominous mystery. The more he thought of the manner and the words of Jocelyn, the more Angelo became convinced that the extravagant compliments, the fluent, almost frivolous audacity, the hyperbolical pretensions, were but the playing of a part.

Jocelyn's sudden surprise and subsequent heat of expression, when Lady Judith Scarlett's name and history were brought up, seemed absolutely irreconcilable with the vague interest of a mere stranger. But who, then, could the man be? Lady Judith's denounced husband and enemy—the man about whom Angelo had been bidden to inquire? If this were he—if, almost immediately on his touching American soil, Angelo Volney had been brought face to face with the very man for whom he had expected to have a long and toilsome search—what more extraordinary incident could be introduced into the pages of the most fantastic romance? Yet this was the idea which had thus far taken possession of Volney's mind. Lady Judith had told him of one who was profoundly selfish, worldly-minded, ambitious, plausible, and clever, who was sure to rise to the surface anywhere, and to become influential and conspicuous. Did not all this correspond with the appearance, character, and career of the adventurer calling himself Jocelyn? It did indeed seem hard to Angelo to understand how such a man as he had seen before him that evening could ever, at any time, have won

the affections of a woman so pure, serene, and elevated in soul as Lady Judith. But youth is a great enchanter; youth is easily enchanted. Lady Judith twenty years ago, this man twenty years ago, may have seemed very different beings; she had spoken of him as impressing people with a belief in his austerity of virtue. Why might he not then have chosen to play the part of a saint, as now he found it convenient to assume the character of a mere adventurer?

Angelo brooded over the idea. It fascinated him. When he fell asleep he dreamed of it and of Isolind's face; and when he awoke he remembered how, before leaving England, he had dreamed of following out the track of Lady Judith's enemy, and how in that dream, too, the pure and beautiful face of Isolind had arisen and shone upon him.

When the company were finally breaking up that night, Mr. Vansiedler accompanied Jocelyn to the door of his room, and there for a few moments the host and guest stood in light and pleasant talk.

"Then you will leave us to-morrow?" the former said.

"My very dear friend, I must indeed. Think of my engagements! You don't know how many thousand men stand waiting for my word of command to begin operations! I am pledged, positively pledged, to the Barings and to Lafitte; and for that matter to dear old Vanderbilt too. But I don't leave New York for a few days yet, and we may meet again. The fact is, my esteemed Vansiedler, you must break, postpone, forfeit, or otherwise get rid of your inconvenient engagements, and dine with us on Thursday at Delmonico's. I have my equals, Vansiedler, in most things, and even, I don't hesitate to say, my superiors; no, it is no affectation of modesty! I am quite aware that there are men in certain fields superior to me, but in the art of arranging and ordering a dinner, none whatever. No, sir, none whatever! There I stand alone!"

Vansiedler smiled, again excused himself, and they parted for the night.

Jocelyn held his door open for a moment, and looked after his host with his habitual expression of jaunty braggart *insouciance* on his face, and then he drew back into the bedroom and closed and bolted the door. Then the expression of his face underwent so sudden and complete a change that an observer, could such have been present, might have been startled by a doubt whether the man before him was really the same man who had that moment entered the room. The removal of a mask could hardly have created a greater and more instantaneous change. Bold, bright, genial self-conceit and self-satisfaction beamed on the face of the man who stood at the yet unclosed door; a sort of almost boyish audacity and complacency; an expression which amused, and indeed rather attracted, the spectator; a heedless, harmless, egotistical *bonhomie*. But the man who closed and bolted the door showed a countenance which was stern, harsh, almost ferocious; which had a fierce and haggard expression in its eyes, and a compression of selfish unscrupulous energy, daring, and hate about the lips. "He may have his faults, but he is a regular good fellow at bottom," anybody might have said about the wearer of the first expression. "That is a man to shrink from, to dread, and to detest," anybody might have said of him who now stood in the room alone.

Thus had Chesterfield Jocelyn's face changed its character in a moment.

He did not speak aloud. There are men who do, when alone, pour out to themselves their thoughts in audible words. There can hardly be a greater mistake than to suppose that the trick of talking aloud thoughts that ought to be secret is unknown to any save the personages of the dramatist and the romancist. But Jocelyn was not a man to run such a risk. He never talked to himself where there was any possibility of a listener being near. Long, long experience

and practice had trained him to caution and to a self-restraint which was only at rare intervals broken in upon by the vehemence of a naturally impetuous temper. But he stood now at the window overlooking the lawn, and he thought; and we may follow the current of his thought and give it expression in words.

"So then *he* is alive," thought Jocelyn; "*he* is alive, and *she* knows it, and is seeking for him! I thought if he had been anywhere above ground my hatred must have found him. Can it be that she is really seeking to bring him back—that she is now weary of her long years of widowhood, and is ready to receive him after all? I thought better of her—much better; but this would be like a woman's cursed sentimental weakness and folly! This would indeed be a fitting and goodly end, that he should be restored to his place, another prodigal son, while I remain here in this hateful exile! Curse it, I am sick of this place, sick of every place here, and of the miserable excitement in which I seek for relief, and of the part I have to keep up, and of the trumpery triumphs and failures. Good heaven! one-tenth, one-twentieth of the patience, the self-control, the craft I have been employing here these years back would have made and kept a splendid place for me in London; and I care for no spot in the world but London. Ten thousand curses on him, my enemy, rival, and plague from our very school-days; my victor only because of his cold and bloodless phariseism! To him I owe my ruin—to him and to *her*. Where is *she* now? If he is living, why not she?"

"If he is living, I now shall find it out. This demure boy, whom Lady Judith sent over, evidently knows much more than he pretends. I will work upon him and find out through him; and if I can but once come face to face with Charles Scarlett, I shall be ready to give up all in this world or the next, if I fail to have one sweet half-hour of revenge.

"But who is that girl of to-day? Good God! what thoughts came back upon me when first I saw her face! I could almost have struck her, so strong and hateful was the resemblance to that accursed woman who was my bane and shame. I never saw such a likeness! Can it be possible that she is really—? The thing seems too wild and absurd even for a dream, and yet what a likeness!

"That riddle I must endeavor to solve at once. These Athelings are rich and foolish; she will, perhaps, have all their money; another chance!

"I wonder if I could venture back to London? Could people recognize me there? Heavens, I have surely undergone enough to change any one's face, and to defy discovery! Atheling talked of going over to England next year; perhaps I might go with him, and in that way help to evade scrutiny.

"This evening has been a terrible trial. All the devilish agencies seem to have combined to torture me. The thought of *his* being alive, the possibility of his finding his place again—the cold hypocrite who always tried to injure me, the coward whom I chastised, the cause of my ruin and banishment! And if he is alive, why not she? And then, who is that girl whose face haunts me—whose resemblance to *her* is so strange, that I wonder I can look on and not betray myself?

"Things are darkening round me, and I am growing weary and desperate. If he be living, I don't care what happens to me, provided I can only have revenge! It would atone for all the past. I begin to be sick of life and of excitements that lead to nothing, and I would welcome ruin gladly for myself, if first I could only stop him as he was about to return once more to society and his place, and strike him down and trample him to death!

"Too much for one day—too much—the thought that he still lives, and the face of that girl!"

Thus Chesterfield Jocelyn, the debonair, the bright, the audacious, communed with himself; and he bit his lips and his nails, and clenched his hands as he thought. Of course his moods did not express themselves coherently and in order as the words have here been written down; on these pages have only been given the sum and meaning of his ravings as they passed through his disturbed brain, and mirrored themselves in frowns and lines and contortions upon his passion-seamed face. He sat up long and late, and all the past streamed back upon him, and brought him only a renewal of savage hatreds and bitter regrets, but brought no remorse or repentance. He slept heavily at last, and woke early to new bewilderment and conjecture, new emotions of hatred, and new resolves of revenge. But then he dressed himself most carefully, and perfumed his hair and his beard and his whiskers, and made elaborate use of his tooth-powder and his dyes, and put on all his rings, and pins, and chains, and trinkets; and having likewise put on, with yet greater care, his habitual smile of genial self-conceit, he sallied forth on Mr. Vansiedler's lawn, the same gay, audacious, complacent, egotistic, reckless, pleasant creature as he had shown himself the night before.

A BRAZILIAN POEM.

OVER the waters of a noisy brook
 There hung a little flower bending low,
 Pleading with heart of love and blushing look:
 Oh do not leave me, no!

Stay thou with me, or, to the boundless sea
 Where thou art swiftly going, let me go;
 Turbid or clear, I can love only thee.
 Oh do not leave me, no!

The stream stays never, but new waters fast
 Succeed each other in their onward flow,
 While murmurs still the trembling flower downcast:
 Oh do not leave me, no!

Eternally the ceaseless current flies,
 Seeming more strong and swift and loud to grow,
 While the poor flower importunately cries:
 Oh do not leave me, no!

Drooping at last, bent to the very ground,
 Its bloom all gone, its blushes lost in woe,
 Close to the stream it whispers with faint sound:
 May you not leave me, no!

The proud unloving wave with haughty crest
 Seizes the flower, and bears it far below.
 Sinking, it says: I perish, yet am blest;
 Thou hast not left me, no!

From the Portuguese of GONZALES DIAS.

REMINISCENCES AND SPECULATIONS,

APROPOS OF THE TURNING-POINT IN THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S LIFE.

I GIVE the reader fair warning that this article will be a series of digressions. Wherefore, if he does not like digressions, he can digress off elsewhere himself.

One fine morning in the early summer of 1861 (about the beginning of July, I think, but the precise date is of little consequence), His Majesty the King of Prussia was walking up the Allée de Lichtenthal, the fashionable avenue of Baden-Baden. After his usual unpretending manner, he was accompanied by only two or three of his suite. When he had proceeded about half a mile on his walk, a crazy Republican fanatic named Becker discharged at him in quick succession two barrels of a pistol, near enough to "burn his brains," as the French say. Both balls missed the King and lodged in an oak behind him, over which the police were soon obliged to set a guard, or it would have been cut up and carried off piecemeal by curious strangers. The would-be assassin was, of course, immediately seized, and the King, who is a devout man, returned thanks to Providence for his escape.

He was not out of it yet.

As soon as the event became known, he had to receive congratulatory deputations from almost every town in Germany.

For weeks and weeks they kept pouring in upon him. Now, though a king is not bored on such occasions to a Presidential extent, since he has no handshaking to undergo, the routine of hearing and repeating the same phrases day after day must be a sore trial even to German phlegm.

Not but that there were some pleasant interludes. The best of these was a *fackel-zug* (torchlight procession) by the citizens of Baden, a very picturesque and romantic spectacle. I don't think any one not familiar with the article could imagine the quantity of smoke emitted by a very moderate number of torches. When the train halted under the King's balcony, a very few minutes sufficed to envelope and conceal his modest lodgings—the same which he had occupied when Crown Prince. One of our railroad officers or city officials in his first year of stealings would have disdained them. Only just in the middle of where we presumed the main window to be, was a dim point of light visible, the end of His Majesty's cigar, as he sat enjoying what Jenkins would call his "ovation."

When the Germans had finished, all the other European nations took their turn, the English, with their characteristic deliberation, bringing up the rear. One day I was surprised by the visit of a bold Briton of my acquaintance, who informed me that a delegation of his countrymen would present their address that week, and that they wished me to join them.

Half doubting whether this proposition might not be intended as a reprisal for Donn Piatt's temporary annexation of a stray "Britisher" during a presentation of Americans at the French court* (an incident which I believe the witty Westerner has recorded in print), I answered, that though bound to England by many pleasant ties, I possessed a very positive nationality of my own, which indeed I wondered at any one's doubting or ignoring, since every Fourth of July the American flag was displayed from the summit of my not un conspicuous residence.

* Mr. Piatt was then our Secretary of Legation at Paris.

This was the fact. I had obtained leave from the police (on the continent of Europe you must obtain leave from the police if you want to make a fire of dead leaves in your garden or hang out a shirt to dry) to put up the flag every Fourth of July, on condition that it should be taken down before sunset, lest, if it floated there a whole day, the American Republic might acquire or be supposed to acquire a right of dominion over that particular spot (five acres, "be the same more or less") of the grand duchy of Baden. (And that flag was hung out that year—the eventful summer of 1861—and an odd coincidence marked its display. The stars were separate bits of white pasted on the blue ground. During the previous winter some hungry moths or mice, attracted by the paste, had nibbled away a number of the stars, and that number proved to be just eleven!)

My English friend admitted the justice of my observation. "But," he continued, "you know there is only one other American household here besides yours [ex-Consul Graud's], and the head of that is absent; and you can't be a delegation all by yourself, you know." The assumption that every person of note or respectability in the place *must* go up with an address so amused me that I consented. Perhaps the reader may suspect that there was another motive, the opportunity of being admitted into the presence of royalty. But I don't think that had anything to do with my consent. For, in the first place, unlike most of my countrymen who had lived so long abroad, nay, unlike many who had passed a much shorter time in Europe, I had never been presented at the court of any king, queen, or emperor, not from any affectation of republicanism, but because neither myself nor my wife had any curiosity in that direction, or thought the proceeding worth its trouble and expense. Secondly, the King had been around in Baden so much, both before and after his accession to the throne, that one naturally came to regard him as a part of the landscape.

At the appointed day and hour we assembled, some fifteen or twenty of us, in the lower story of the hired house which the King occupied. (It was known in Baden parlance as the *Mesmeric House*, from the name of its owner, Herr Mesmer.) We were all in full evening dress. The spokesman of the delegation while mustering his forces said to us, "Gentlemen, please take off your gloves." So I learned one bit of court etiquette, that you take off your gloves to a king—at least to a King of Prussia. Whether it is the custom of all courts, or why it should be the custom of any, I pretend not to say. The only other occasion at which I was ever given to understand that it is proper to take off your gloves, was a religious one. If there is supposed to be any mysterious connection between the two solemnities—the sacrament and a royal audience—I am unable to explain it.

The gloves being removed, we were conducted up stairs and ushered into His Majesty's presence. The first impression His Majesty gave me was that of a very badly dressed man. Seeing him before on foot or in a carriage, I had only noticed this in a negative sort of way, but now the effect was positive. His dark cutaway and striped trousers looked as if they had been bought at a "slop shop," and a second-rate one at that. It must be confessed, however, that in this respect His Majesty was a representative man. The Germans are sadly behindhand in the minor arts and elegances.* Some years before I had been struck with this during a visit to the King of Wurtemberg's stables. Their poverty of detail and want of ornament surprised me. The harness department, for instance, was like a third-class harness store multiplied by fifty.

Now, if any stern republican chooses to call me a snob for what I have said,

*With some exceptions, such as there must always be to a general rule. One of these is their artistic use of flowers in household decoration.

I shall merely reply that he is—a person of defective discrimination. There are some very pleasing and laudable points about German simplicity. The general life of the royal family at Baden was in the best possible taste, and set the best possible example. But in these smaller details an utter want of elegance and care is not in the best taste, nor is it setting the best example. I can very well fancy that a king may like to wear old clothes; many people feel more comfortable in them than in new ones. But his garments ought to be made of the best material by the best tailor, so that, long after losing their original brightness, they may retain their original *chic*. I don't think a king bound to have painted-glass windows in his stable; but his establishment should have some neatness and symmetry about it—something better than the equipments of the old “barns” (as we call them in our Massachusetts dialect) among which I am writing these lines. “We practise elegance with economy,” said Pericles of his countrymen, and it was a fair subject of boasting.

The next impression that His Majesty gave me was that his manners were no better—that is, not more elegant or graceful—than his dress. He reminded one of a military puppet. All his actions were stiff and jerky. When he advanced, it was Forward, march! When he turned, it was a manœuvre executed by pivoting on one heel. His massive features and powerful frame could not be devoid of a certain dignity; but it was clumsy dignity at best, like that of an Æschylean actor in mask and buskins.

The systematic military education of the Prussians has done some great things for them. It has also done one little thing for—or against—them; it has made them the most disagreeable people socially in Europe; stiff, angular, pedantic, dogmatic, obstinate with more than German obstinacy. Of course there are many individual exceptions; but as a rule, at the time of which I speak, the Prussians were intensely disliked, and *even more by the other Germans than by any foreigners except the French*, on account of their unamiable and unsympathizing deportment. Take this very grand duchy of Baden. The Grand Duchess was a Prussian princess; the King and Queen of Prussia came to Baden-Baden every year and spent (as they must even in their simple way) large sums of money there; yet the Badenians abhorred the Prussians. Because they had put down the Baden revolution in '49, it may be said. But the Badenians were no longer revolutionists. The Republicans among them had gone off to America or elsewhere. The Grand Duke was personally popular; but they hated the Prussians. (By what arts, by what promised bribe of French territory, by what skilful appeal to their fears of France, Bismarck has since overcome their hatred, we cannot tell exactly, but may partially guess.) The Austrians, on the other hand, were extremely popular both with natives and foreigners, even with those of the latter who had originally entertained a strong prejudice against them.

The King's reply to the address (probably the same speech which he had made to each successive deputation) was brief and well worded. One expression some of us noted at the time and had reason to remember afterwards. “I am convinced,” said he, “that Providence has preserved me for a special purpose.” But when each individual was successively presented to him, his awkwardness came out again. I do not distinctly remember whether English, French, or German was the medium of our communication. All present understood all three languages sufficiently for practical purposes. My impression (though not a very strong one) is that we used all three, after the fashion of those polyglot operas to which New York and London have become accustomed; that is, the address was in English, according to English diplomatic precedent;

the King replied in French—the language of courts—and then he spoke to some of us individually in German and to others in French. When he came to me, who had modestly posted myself at the extreme left (answering to the extreme rear) of the delegation, he observed in French (rather German-French), “You live on the hill?” A wonderful stretch of royal observation; much as if he had said to Benazet, “You keep the bank here?” The familiar observations of German potentates are generally characterized by undeniable truth. One of them once remarked to a great composer, “Mr. Rossini, you must be very fond of music?” They say that the ready-witted Italian for once in his life didn’t know what to answer or how to look.

It is this want of conversational, drawing-room *esprit* which, more than anything else, has always led the French to undervalue and misappreciate the German capacity. And it is a curious circumstance, worth observing in this connection, that Louis Napoleon, the probable son of Admiral Ver-Huel, rather a Teuton than a Celt, rather a Dutchman than a Frenchman, has the same want of intellectual small change, and that this ineptitude stood him in good stead during his presidency, by making prominent Frenchmen suppose that he was a stupid man who had not ability enough to be dangerous.

I never had the honor of His Imperial Majesty’s personal acquaintance, and I have heard American ladies who had been his guests at Compiègne speak of his engaging conversation and delightful wit (much as one the other day spoke of “that most courteous and graceful gentleman the King of Prussia”); but whenever I ask these fair enthusiasts for a single instance of this wonderful *esprit*, they change the subject. On the other hand, I have heard from gentlemen of undoubted veracity, who were the Emperor’s legislative colleagues before his presidency, and who saw much of him during his presidency, instance upon instance of his inept, out-of-place remarks. But the strongest evidence on this point is the badness of the few *mots* attributed to him, such as his feeble attempt at sarcasm, “The little Napoleon by the great Victor Hugo,” or his telling a cousin who was lamenting her dreary lot as an old maid, that *he didn’t believe in old maids*.

And now we come back to our Prussian King—only at first to go away from him, for we went away naturally as soon as he had gone the round of us. And if the reader (I assume *one* reader at any rate to have followed me thus far) begins to be impatient of this small personal gossip, I can only justify myself by saying that all the circumstances connected with the attempt of Becker have since then assumed a certain importance, for that incident was really one of the great events of our time, inasmuch as it was the turning-point of the King’s life. How it came to be so, I shall proceed to explain.

The first point to be observed in connection with the attempted assassination of the King, is that it made him stronger at home in Prussia, throughout Germany, and throughout Europe, than almost anything else could possibly have done. Such is the general effect of an attempt at assassination, and this shows conclusively the atrocious folly of the Mazzini school of politics. An instance equally striking had occurred only a few years before, when Orsini tried to exterminate Louis Napoleon and his whole family; the immediate effect of which was, first to make the French rally round their Emperor, and secondly to awaken, for the first and last time, something like a very general European sympathy in his favor. People asked, not unnaturally, “If the French acquiesce in this man’s government, what business have the outsiders—persons of very moderate account in their own country, which is perfectly at peace with France—to interfere? We can understand a Pole shooting at a Russian Emperor, or an Italian

sticking an Austrian general, but what earthly right has an Italian to blow up the French sovereign?" So Louis Napoleon had the rôle of an ill-used man put upon him; he was fixed on his throne more firmly than before; and his most coercive measures acquired a certain justification.

(I am aware that there is a Red-Republican theory which draws the contrary conclusion from these facts, and may be formulated somehow thus: Orsini tried to kill the French Emperor because he considered him to be the greatest obstacle to Italian freedom. The Emperor, who had always been a conspirator and affiliated with the Italian secret societies, was so terrified at this demonstration that he went to work out of pure fear to liberate Italy. Becker tried to kill the Prussian King because he considered him the chief obstacle to German unity. The King was so impressed by this that he set himself to establishing a united Germany. This theory any one may adopt who chooses. It is hardly worth serious refutation.* The manner in which the aspirations of these fanatics have been *nominally* carried out seems to me the bitterest irony of fate. A Kingdom of Italy, partly dependent on France. A German Empire. If Orsini and Becker could be recalled from the other world to see them, would they not wish to get back into their graves as speedily as possible?)

Thus Becker's attempt, happening too, as it did, so soon after the King's accession, was a great external help to him. But its most important effect was internal—the conviction which it impressed on his mind, and of which the crafty Bismarck took advantage.

The King was a man of fair, but not remarkable ability. In the time of his predecessor and elder brother, "King Clicquot" (a person to whom his contemporaries did insufficient justice), he passed for a very able and liberal prince. It had become a sort of axiom in European politics that the head of the collateral branch, even when heir apparent, was a liberal—liberal, that is, in comparison with the sovereign. Sometimes he really was a liberal, according to his understanding of the term; sometimes he played liberal to gain popularity or to secure an anchor to windward in case of accidents; sometimes he got the reputation without trying for it, merely because it was considered in the usual order of things that he should be a liberal. (In the present case I believe the main foundation of the Prince's supposed liberalism was the idea that during the struggle between Russia and the Western allies, his brother the King rather favored the former and he rather favored the latter—an idea naturally suggested by their respective family alliances.) But, moreover, as the head-collateral occupied the safe position of irresponsible critic, he usually had the additional reputation of being an abler man than the sovereign. Hence, frequent disappointments to European liberals and patriots.

The King, I repeat, is a man of fair ability, with strong will and a more than ordinary Prussian obstinacy. After his certainly wonderful escape from Becker's pistol, he conceived himself an especial favorite of Providence. I cannot see that this conviction argued any weakness of mind, or, on the other hand, that it was a sublime inspiration. It seems to me just the sort of feeling that a very ordinary man in an ordinary position might have. Take myself or yourself, reader. Suppose you are an unimportant member of the Republican party and the Protestant Episcopal Church. On the strength of your being a Protestant or a

* We have heard so much of the French Emperor's vacillation and irresolution, that many persons must consider him a mere lucky blunderer, owing his elevation to a series of accidents. To my mind his plan seems from the beginning clear, consistent, and connected. It was to crush or humble all the great European powers successively, beginning with Russia and ending with England, making each successively first his tool and then his victim; the requisite wars meanwhile diverting the attention of the French from home politics. Italy was his natural fulcrum for operating against Austria.

Republican, or both, a Fenian "pops" at you twice within six feet distance and misses you both times. I presume you would feel most devoutly thankful for your escape, and at the same time would acquire some slightly increased persuasion of your own importance.

But this very natural feeling on the King's part had momentous consequences, for it gave Bismarck his desired opportunity to get hold of the monarch's *corde sensible*, and, by flattering and developing his belief in his "mission," to make him completely the tool of the wily statesman. Having so powerful an instrument at his command, the minister brought rapidly to perfection an improved edition of the Napoleonic tactics, outwitting the smaller German States, Austria, and finally Louis Napoleon himself, and crushing them successively after they had served his turn.

This triumph of Bismarck is popularly supposed among us to be a great gain for liberty, civilization, and progress. As my views are somewhat peculiar, dissenting entirely from the popular notion, but without any pro-Gallic sympathies, I shall take this opportunity to explain them.

First, however, I wish to note one cause of the Prussian victories to which sufficient attention has not been paid. *The Prussians were a fresh horse.* I have seen a great race won by an inferior animal, simply because he had been reserved expressly for that race, while half a dozen superior three-year-olds were running their legs off. Or, to use an illustration perhaps more appropriate, Prussia was the young pugilist encountering an antagonist already "stale." She had been saving up her men and her money for fifty years before Sadowa. We are apt to make two mistakes in this connection. One is confounding *freshness* with *rasciness*; a fresh man may be in perfect condition and training. The other is, when speaking of the ability acquired by veterans, to forget that in the process of becoming veterans they have "taken it out of themselves" a good deal, and lost the bloom of their vigor. I don't mean to say that the Prussian institutions and organization were not superior to the French, nor that (though the armies looked about the same on paper) the French were not in reality greatly outnumbered by the Germans. I only say that without marked superiority of organization or number, their freshness alone was a great advantage to the Prussian side.

But one cause more or less of Prussian superiority makes little difference. That predominance established, the question comes up: Is their hegemony under the circumstances so great a gain to progress and civilization?

Let it be granted that the French deserved a good thrashing, and that it was desirable or necessary for European security that they should have one. (The moral effect would have been even better could they have been put through a series of back-outs like that from Mexico; but this course was almost certain to involve a fight at some point.) Then, to make their punishment effectual as a protest against their system of aggressive military rule, supplemented by intrigue, it should have been administered by the representatives of an opposite system, by a constitutional government, or a combination of such governments. It should also have come from people possessing some little regard and reputation for truth, honesty, and fair dealing. Now Bismarck is as unscrupulous an intriguer as Louis Napoleon, and King William is an unscrupulous robber, gobbling down whatever comes in his way, from a kingdom to a stud of horses.* The best New Yorkers would doubtless be rejoiced to see their city delivered from the rule of the very disreputable persons who misgovern and plunder it. But if this deliverance could only be effected through a vigilance committee or a military government, or putting Young Democracy in place of Old Tammany,

their joy at the result would be somewhat damped by a consideration of the means.

Of course we have *prima facie* prejudice in favor of the Prussians, because they are Protestants and Teutons, against Romanists and a race partially at least Celtic. But are treachery and highway robbery a whit more respectable because practised by Protestants? Surely, rather worse, because the Protestants' religion ought to have taught them better. But the main point is that the substitution of Prussian (or, if you will, German) for French hegemony keeps up the same system of military rule which has now prevailed for nearly twenty years in Europe. What does this system mean? It is well that we should form to ourselves a clear conception of it.

It means that all the European nations of any consequence or pretensions to consequence must keep watching one another like wild beasts, and maintaining huge armies that eat up the fruits of their industry. It means that such of them as, after bankrupting themselves twice over, are unable to preserve their places in this race of ruin, become *ipso facto* voiceless and of no account in international matters. Thus Austria was first kicked out of Italy and then kicked out of Germany, and Italy is as powerless to-day to help France as she was some years ago to prevent France from bullying her. It means that when a first-class power declines to participate in this wicked rivalry, she loses at once not only her influence but her character; she not only drops to a second-rate or third-rate position, but everybody derides and despises her; every cur barks at her; every donkey kicks her or kicks at her. Such is the present condition of England. It means that when a sovereign is an easy, unambitious man, with literary or artistic or scientific tastes, who likes good living at home, and does not like to pave the high road to his neighbor's capital with the bones of both their subjects, he is hooted at on every side, and best known to his contemporaries by some contemptuous *sobriquet*. I want to see King Clicquot rehabilitated. I hope some great poet will do for him some day what Byron did for Sardanapalus. It means, finally, that every small State, no matter how praiseworthy its historic record, has no rights which a large State is bound to respect, and no security against being absorbed at any moment.

The terrible responsibility of inaugurating this state of things rests upon Louis Napoleon. Our popular theory will have it that the individual is nothing, and the age or the community everything. It is naturally a popular democratic theory, it is so flattering to the masses and to the individual in the masses. It consoles us for the paucity of great men in many intellectual departments. It is a cheap wholesale way of snubbing such really distinguished men as we have. Let us apply this theory to the explanation of the Franco-Prussian war. I wish to state the adversary's case as fairly as possible.

The French and Prussians have been deadly enemies ever since Prussia existed, we might almost say—certainly ever since the beginning of the century. Though sometimes less prominent and noisy than that of the French and English, their enmity was more deeply rooted and more thoroughly reciprocal. Therefore they must have fought again some time or other.

True; but the enmity of the French and English was still a pretty positive fact, of older date than the very existence of the Prussian kingdom. Why did not the French some time during the last decade, when at the height of their military power and reputation, pick a quarrel with England? Because their

* Wherein, be it noted, he is faithful to the traditions and antecedents of his kingdom, from the Great Frederick downward.

Emperor, who had studied some of his uncle's mistakes to good purpose, saw that if England were to be devoured, she must be devoured last; meanwhile he appreciated the value of her friendship, and therefore cultivated it. Had he wished this year to discourage French hostility to Prussia, might he not similarly have done so?

But there was Bismarck—and if there had not been Bismarck, there would have been some one else—to set the Prussians against the French, or at any rate to excite French jealousy. I answer that it was Louis Napoleon who made Bismarck possible. Under a peaceable system, under the much-abused “balance of power,” the first aggressive symptoms would have excited against Prussia a coalition more general than that which Louis Napoleon had found it so easy to raise against Nicholas. She would have been checked at once. But the Gallic preponderance made Europe acquiesce in the growth of a possible antagonist. Baron Munchausen tells us how he once met a huge lion. Before he had time to put in practice against the wild beast any of the resources of his fertile mind, he beheld a still more formidable crocodile advancing in the opposite direction. So he wisely let the lion alone, on the calculation that quadruped and saurian would fight it out together.*

We are told, however, that, the engineer once hoisted with his own petard, a new and better order of things will ensue. This is just what I doubt. Is it so? and if so, why?

First, it is said, because the Prussians are all educated; their triumph is the triumph of intellect. But surely education is after all only a means to an end; and if its end be made the more speedy and wholesale destruction of men, we have a right to apply the old adage, *Rei optima corruptio pessima*. If we see two men in a row and only know that one is educated and the other not, we feel a natural partisanship for the former, as one of “our set”; but subsequent reflection may suggest that his education would have served him better if it had kept him out of the scuffle.

Next, we are assured that the Prussian system rejects a standing army (which is not literally true by a good deal, but let that pass); it *only* turns the whole people into an army. The army, being the nation, will not engage in any aggressive war (note the coolness of this assumption); if attacked, they fling themselves in a mass on the enemy, crush him at once, and settle the war in a month's campaign, which is a great saving to humanity.

I reply that after all, this is but a modification of military rule, and a modification not in all respects for the better. One great danger of a standing army is the temptation to use it. A military nation, “an army occupying a country,” as Prussia has well been called, is the same temptation not only to a popular ruler or minister, but *to itself*. Then the position that a short war is necessarily more humane than a long one cannot be admitted without qualification. It may be worse to pack a certain amount of slaughter and desolation into two months than to spread it over two years. But the worst feature of the Prussian system is that it intensifies the already enormous scale of war. The next power or combination of powers that goes to war with Germany will have to begin with a million of men in hand, and we shall have scenes of carnage dwarfing the Wilderness and Gravelotte into insignificance.

Progress all this, if you please, but progress in which direction?

*Of course we are not to infer the entire innocence of the French people. The exact amount of their complicity with their Emperor is a very delicate question, which would require an essay by itself to discuss adequately.

Having taken a rather pessimist view of the prospect abroad, we may look homeward for consolation. Let us thank God that we have escaped the danger of military rule, either directly *à la française*, or indirectly *à la prussienne*. Has the reader ever asked himself what was the greatest exploit of our wonderful war? He may feel some hesitation in answering the question. I have none. It was the reduction of our army to less than 50,000 men, almost before the last Confederate soldier had laid down his arms, and long before we had settled our little "unpleasantness" with France about Mexico. Nothing gave Europe such an impression of our strength, and of our own consciousness of it, as that simple fact.

CARL BENSON.

September 2, 1870.

DEAD AND BORN.

COME, look at the woman who died last night !
 Nay, do not shrink, there's no cause for affright.
 Yonder she sits on that low velvet chair—
 The one with the jessamine sprays in her hair.

"A fair-looking corpse," did you say, my friend ?
 Just notice her now. What a gracious bend
 Of the stately head to some passer-by—
 What life in the glance of her violet eye !

Mark how her bosom beneath its soft lace
 Rises and falls—you can see no trace
 Of the icy finger that bars the breath,
 Of the touch of that monster we know as Death

And yet in spite of that brilliant smile,
 Of each coquettish and playful wile,
 In spite of her bloom and her eye's quick light,
 She, she is the woman who died last night !

She died out there on the yellow sands ;
 I saw the despair of her clenched hands,
 The fading light of her death-struck eye,
 The gasp, and the groans of her agony.

For there by a dark rock, crouching low,
 This watching woman received her death-blow
 When her lover passed by with his ardent vow
 Of love to another ! There they are now !

That captain yonder—the lady's in blue—
 Dancing the lancers ! In life it is true
 That the world wags on no matter who dies—
 Victory's drums drown the stricken one's cries.

But I tell you, friend, ere this dreamy morn,
 When that *woman* died a devil was born,
 And yonder it sits in that velvet chair,
 To weave for the souls of mankind a snare
 Out of her rage and her black despair !

ELLIE LEE HARDENBROOK.

FORT SUMTER.

FACTS IN RELATION TO THE EXPEDITION ORDERED BY THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN FOR THE RELIEF OF THE GARRISON IN FORT SUMTER.

NO question that presented itself during the four eventful years of his administration gave President Lincoln greater annoyance and embarrassment than the difficult one relating to Fort Sumter and its garrison, which met him at the very threshold of his Presidential career. He had said in his inaugural address, and honestly and sincerely intended, that "the power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

On the day succeeding the utterance of these solemn assurances, he was informed that the garrison in Fort Sumter, which had been threatened for months, was short of provisions, and that this, the only fortress or place in South Carolina, the State which for more than thirty years had been discontented and anxious for a disruption of the Union—which had taken the open lead in secession—which was active in fomenting and promoting sectionalism and insurrection in the cotton, and, if possible, in all the slave States—that this last remaining property and post of the Federal Government in South Carolina could not, in the opinion of Major Anderson and his officers, be relieved and reinforced with less than twenty thousand efficient and well-disciplined men. The Government had no such army, and it was utterly impossible to collect and organize one in season, even if there were authority to raise one before resistance was made or any actual hostilities existed. The retiring Administration had taken no step to sustain or enforce its authority; had thrown almost the whole military force of the Government in broken fragments on the distant frontiers; had stationed no strong military force in the States when they beheld this vast conspiracy organizing. A few regiments placed at one or two points early, could not only have asserted and maintained the Federal authority and deterred rebellion, but would have served as a nucleus or rallying point to encourage and inspire confidence in the patriotic Union men, who were at least a moiety of the whole population. If the Administration of Mr. Buchanan did nothing, as is claimed, to encourage the rebellion, it did little to prevent or suppress it. Under the plea or pretext that he did not possess authority to coerce a State, Mr. Buchanan had failed to maintain the national integrity. He had witnessed the rising insurrection, had seen forts, navy-yards, custom-houses, and public property wrested from the possession of the Government and pass into the hands of the insurgents, without any serious attempt to prevent it. That he and those in whom he confided intended to excite, or that they anticipated the terrible civil war which ensued, may not be true; but it is not to be denied that they took no decisive steps against it. The political sympathies of the Buchanan Administration were with the secessionists, as opposed to those who succeeded them in the administration and to the party which elected Mr. Lincoln. With these feelings and this policy, the Administration of Buchanan had been passive and indifferent; had, through the four months which intervened between the election

in November and the inauguration in March, lifted no hand, had certainly performed no efficient act toward suppressing one of the most formidable insurrections that was ever instituted, and which was openly and avowedly maturing. To no small extent had the Democratic party, which opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln, permitted itself to be led astray by the policy of Mr. Buchanan. The secessionists attempted to justify their movements by an abuse of the doctrine of State rights and of a strict construction of the Constitution, which was the basis of the old Democratic organization. As the Federal Constitution contained no clause prohibiting a State from withdrawing from the Union, it was denied that the Federal Government was endowed with power to compel or coerce a State to remain in the Union. For a time, and in the absence of any argument, this absurdity, which was not even specious, had an influence under impassioned party excitement with many Democrats, who, having opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln, permitted themselves to be hurried along by the Buchanan policy and the influence of party organization into dangerous and unjustifiable opposition, which for a time countenanced and aided in giving impulse to the secession movement. It is no doubt true that many of the Democrats began to hesitate and ultimately to dissent from the extremists of their party, as the object, purpose, and ends of the secessionists were developed; but at the commencement of his administration Mr. Lincoln had these party opponents who disavowed secession to meet, as well as the actual disunionists.

Under the influence and madness of party the secessionists, acting with an ulterior purpose, had contrived to secure possession of the organized political and constitutional governments of each of the Southern States. Those in insurrection had, therefore, the form of legal State authority to sanction their acts. The Administration of Buchanan conceded this form of resistance to the Federal Government as legitimate, and by its non-coercive policy had made the secession movement powerful and the Federal Government almost powerless.

The new Administration was denounced in advance of any act, and even before the President was inaugurated, as hostile to the South—the enemy of Southern institutions—the opponent of State rights—intent on the abolition of slavery, and desiring to oppress the people by coercive and arbitrary measures. The stability and power of the national Union began to be doubted. Men of all parties saw that no vigorous or efficient measures were taken to suppress the insurrection; that the Administration of Buchanan was weak and feeble, when strength and power were necessary; and this obvious feebleness, with the impression that the Administration was an exponent of the constitutional authority, weakened and impaired confidence in the ability and strength of the Government itself. It was under these circumstances, when strange theories were prevalent, when State rights doctrines and strict construction principles were perverted and abused, when those who administered the Federal Government declared it was destitute of power to maintain its supremacy or enforce the laws, that Mr. Lincoln, constitutionally elected, but by a minority vote, entered upon his duties as Chief Magistrate. A factious and partisan, not a patriotic and national spirit, had actuated the Congress which had just adjourned without adopting measures to strengthen the hands of the Government. The new Administration that was, at the commencement of its career, to meet the rebellion which had been long maturing, was left by the Thirty-sixth Congress without resources, preparatory measures, or additional authority for the crisis. The new President was an untried public man, comparatively unknown to his countrymen, and liable to be misrepresented. Not only the secessionists in the South, but his political party

opponents in the North, availed themselves of these circumstances to create distrust in his abilities and intentions. Many even of those who aided in electing him were anxiously waiting and watching, not without some misgiving, yet in hopeful confidence that he would fulfil their expectations; but they were unable to dissipate doubts and refute the calumnies against him by any official acts. Neither time nor opportunity was given him to demonstrate his capacity and fitness, or to make known his intentions, for his oath was not registered when he was compelled to act.

The attention of the whole country had for some time been directed toward Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston. The feeble attempt by the *Star of the West*—a chartered steamer—to relieve the garrison, made by the Buchanan Administration in the winter, had been repelled, and this result was submitted to by the Government without further effort, and with an understanding that reinforcements should not be sent to strengthen Major Anderson's command. The State of South Carolina, elated by this repulse and submission, demanded that the important fortress in her principal harbor should be surrendered to the State. The fortress belonged to the United States, had been built at the expense of the Federal Treasury, and could not be peaceably surrendered by the Federal Government even to a foreign power, much less to persons or State authorities in insurrection.

In order to excite enmity against the new President, it was charged that he designed to make war upon the South, and there was a purpose to compel him, in the maintenance of his authority, to strike the first hostile blow which was to be the justification of the rebels for resistance. None expected the Administration to imitate the passive policy which Mr. Buchanan had pursued.

Mr. Lincoln adopted a forbearing and conciliatory course, and indulged a hope, longer than most of his friends, that a reconciliation could be effected. He persisted in his resolution to exhaust all peaceable means, and under no circumstances to be aggressive. But the question in relation to Sumter and the condition of the garrison was embarrassing. If he sent troops and attempted to reinforce Major Anderson, it would be claimed on one hand to be a fulfilment of the assertion that he intended to subjugate the South. On the other hand, many of his impulsive but inconsiderate supporters demanded that he should adopt instant measures to reinforce the garrison—the very step which his opponents wished him to take!

On the morning of the 6th of March, 1861, two days after the inauguration, the Hon. Joseph Holt, who continued to discharge the duties of Secretary of War, called on me at the Navy Department, with the compliments of Lieutenant-General Scott, and requested my attendance at the War Department on matters of special importance. I went with him immediately to the office of the Secretary of War, where were several persons, convened, as I soon learned, by order of the President. Among them were Generals Scott and Totten and two or three members of the Cabinet.

General Scott commenced by stating that important despatches had been received from Major Anderson in relation to the condition of the garrison at Fort Sumter, which the President had directed him to submit to the Secretaries of War and Navy. He proceeded to comment on the perilous situation of the country, and the difficulties and embarrassments he had experienced for months; related the measures and precautions he had taken for the public safety, the advice and warnings he had given to President Buchanan, which, unfortunately, had made less impression than the emergency demanded. Other counsels than

his had prevailed. Instead of meeting the crisis at the commencement, or preparing for the storm which threatened us, a passive course had been adopted, and the public mind was now greatly inflamed. He had, he said, with the knowledge of Secretary Holt, taken the responsibility of organizing and ordering a small military force to be present at the inauguration, for the protection of the Government, and for the security of the archives and public property. This force was, however, insufficient for the public safety should a conflict take place, and he would not conceal from us his apprehensions that one was imminent, and perhaps inevitable.

The despatches from Major Anderson, which were received on the 4th of March, contained intelligence of a distressing character. They informed the Government that his supplies were almost exhausted, and that unless provisions could be received within six weeks the garrison would be destitute and must evacuate the fort.

To most of us the information was unexpected and astounding, and there was on the part of such of us as had received no previous intimation of the condition of things at Sumter an earnest determination that immediate and efficient steps should be taken to relieve and reinforce the garrison. General Scott, without assenting or dissenting, related the difficulties which had already taken place, and stated the formidable obstacles to be encountered from the numerous and well-manned batteries, some of which the Government had permitted to pass into the possession of the secessionists, and others had been erected, the Government not preventing, in Charleston harbor. He did not, I think, in this first interview, communicate certain memoranda of Major Anderson and his officers on the practicability, or rather impracticability, of reinforcing the garrison. These were submitted, with his own prepared opinion, a few days later. He said, however, there was not in his entire command a sufficient military force to relieve Major Anderson, nor could one be collected and organized within the time limited to accomplish that object. If any relief could be extended, it must be by the navy. An attempt had been made by water, which failed. Commander Ward, a gallant officer, had, he said, tendered his services to join Major Anderson on a former occasion when the subject was considered, and was ready at any time to take command of an expedition if one were now ordered. These, however, were matters for the naval authorities to decide, but it was not expected any definite conclusion would be arrived at on this occasion. The subject was of paramount importance, deserving of deliberate consideration; at the same time the exigencies of the case required prompt decision. It was, he said, a satisfaction to him to relieve his mind of overburdened care and responsibilities with which it had been loaded for months. He especially requested me to consult with some of the distinguished naval officers who were at the seat of government in regard to the practicability of reinforcing the garrison by water.

A court-martial was in session at that time in Washington, convened for the trial of Captain Armstrong, who had surrendered the Pensacola Navy-yard to the insurgents. On this court were some of the most intelligent and experienced officers in the service, and I availed myself of the opportunity to obtain their views and opinions on this interesting and absorbing question. Among others whom I consulted were Rear-Admirals Stewart, Gregory, Stringham, and Paulding. Each of them thought the relief of the fort practicable, though it would doubtless be attended with some sacrifice and loss of life should there be resistance. All of them, I think, expressed their readiness to undertake the work, except Rear-Admiral Stewart, whose age and infirmities precluded him; but no one was more earnest and decisive in his opinion that it could and should be

done than that veteran officer. He lamented that he was not forty years younger, to render this service, and related an incident which he had witnessed in Barcelona, where an English naval force passed under the fire of Spanish forts and performed a successful achievement. Few of the younger officers were taken into confidence and consulted, for the subject was one on which publicity was not desirable, and in the general demoralization which prevailed it was sometimes difficult to determine who were and who were not reliable. Commanders Ward and Jenkins were made aware of the proceedings, and both concurred with their seniors. The former, who had been summoned to Washington, was put in immediate communication with General Scott, who had consulted him under the late Administration, and had great influence over him. Commodore Stringham, whom I had selected as an assistant in matters of detail in the Navy Department, had two or three conferences with General Scott and Commander Ward in my presence, and it was not difficult to perceive that the General had no confidence whatever in any successful effort to reinforce Sumter either by land or water. In successive Cabinet meetings the subject was fully discussed—Generals Scott and Totten and Commodore Stringham being sometimes present. At one of these conferences General Totten read by direction of General Scott an elaborate argument or report which had been prepared by these two officers in obedience to orders from the President. In this carefully-prepared paper they stated the impracticability of relieving the garrison should the insurgents resist by force, and that ultimately Sumter must inevitably fall. Some discussion took place between them and Commodore Stringham as to the capability of naval vessels to encounter or pass batteries which the military gentlemen considered impossible, but Commodore Stringham, while he did not decisively contradict, did not fully assent to their views. Memoranda were submitted from Major Anderson, in which all of the officers under his command united, expressing his professional opinion that Fort Sumter could not be relieved and reinforced with less than twenty thousand good and well-disciplined men. These views were fully endorsed by the military gentlemen who were consulted, and had great influence on the President and Cabinet.

Mr. Seward from the commencement doubted not only the practicability of reinforcing Sumter, but the expediency of any attempt to provision the garrison, therein differing from every one of his colleagues, though in perfect accord with General Scott. The subject in all its aspects was less novel to him than the rest of us, and from some cause his conclusions were wholly unlike the others. If not indifferent, he had none of the zeal which inspired his colleagues, but seemed to consider it an unimportant or settled question. The insurgents had possession of Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, and in fact all the defences of Charleston: what benefit, he asked, could we derive from retaining this isolated fortress if it were possible to do so?

Mr. Blair, on the other hand, who was scarcely less familiar with the whole subject than Mr. Seward, was emphatic and decisive from first to last in his opinion that Sumter should be reinforced at any cost or any sacrifice. He insisted that the time had arrived when the Government should assert its power and authority, and not pursue the feeble and pusillanimous policy of the late Administration, which, by yielding everything, had encouraged secession until it had become formidable. There was direct antagonism between these two gentlemen—one believing that hostilities could not be avoided, that tampering and temporizing had been a great and fatal mistake on the part of the Government—the other still hopeful that by a conciliatory course and skilful management, a peaceful adjustment of difficulties could be effected.

The President was greatly disturbed by the intelligence from Major Anderson, and the conclusion of the military officers, that the garrison could not be reinforced before their supplies would be exhausted. He did not relinquish the hope that if time were given the Administration just entering upon its duties, there might be a satisfactory adjustment of impending difficulties. In this he was strengthened and encouraged by the views and representation of the Secretary of State, who had during the winter been in communication with members of the Buchanan Administration and leading secessionists. In order that the door to conciliation should remain open, the President felt it important that the Government should be forbearing, not aggressive; and he considered it essential that the Administration should not strike the first blow. Yet the fact was before us that Sumter must be abandoned if not soon succored, and the military experts, whose advice he sought, and by which he felt it was his duty to be governed, pronounced it impracticable.

The members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Messrs. Seward and Blair, coincided in the views of the President, and like him were embarrassed by the question presented. They were united in the opinion that the Federal authority must be asserted and maintained, but under the circumstances deprecated hasty coercive measures, and, unless it became absolutely necessary, were unwilling in view of the military counsels to resort to force to provision the fort.

Commodore Stringham and Commander Ward, after investigating the subject, ascertaining the number of batteries to be encountered and obstacles to be overcome, and listening to the arguments of General Scott, united with him in the expression of their opinion that it would be unadvisable to attempt to relieve Sumter. Commander Ward therefore returned on the 12th of March to his duties in Brooklyn.

Mr. Seward's views and policy had undoubtedly an influence on the military and naval gentlemen and on members of the Cabinet in forming their conclusions. General Scott deferred to him greatly, and had acted in concert with him for months. Commander Ward was a favorite with General Scott, and was probably governed by him in his final decision in this instance.

If Mr. Seward supposed the question was disposed of when the naval and military gentlemen so advised and all the Cabinet but one deferred to it, and when Commander Ward abandoned it, he soon learned his mistake; for Mr. Blair on the very day that Commander Ward returned to Brooklyn telegraphed to Mr. G. V. Fox, who had interested himself in this question during the winter, requesting that gentleman to come to Washington. This summons Mr. Fox promptly obeyed, and arrived in Washington on the evening of the following day, the 13th of March. He was immediately introduced by Mr. Blair to the President, to whom he made known his plan and his readiness to carry it into effect.

Mr. Fox was a brother-in-law of Mr. Blair, they having married daughters of Mr. Levi Woodbury, formerly Secretary of the Navy, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, and at the time of his death one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. Although then engaged in manufacturing in Massachusetts, Mr. Fox had in early life been an officer of the navy. The preceding winter he had volunteered his services to the Buchanan Administration to carry supplies to Sumter, but his services were then declined. General Scott, who had favored Mr. Fox's proposition in February, declared it was now an impossibility; but Mr. Fox was unwilling to relinquish it without first visiting Sumter. To this the President assented, and he left Washington for Charleston on the 19th of March. In an interview which he had with Major Anderson within the fort, that officer de-

clared it was impossible for the navy to obtain ingress to him, and that relief could be furnished by no other means than by landing an effective army on Morris Island. His views coincided in all respects with those of General Scott, and confirmed the positions of Mr. Seward. But Mr. Fox dissented and adhered to his plan, which was in accordance with the policy of Mr. Blair. In several consultations with the President, the Cabinet, General Scott, and Commodore Stringham, he developed his plan by which the fort could in his belief be provisioned and reinforced with boats by night. He proposed that Commodore Stringham should command the naval expedition; but when I suggested this to the Commodore, he decided it was too late to be successful, and assured Mr. Fox it would jeopard the reputation of any officer who should undertake it.

Time was valuable to the Administration, which had not yet gained confidence, which its own Congressional supporters distrusted, and in a great crisis had neglected to clothe with any extraordinary or discretionary powers. Without means, without unity and confidence among those of the different parties who opposed secession, the President was slow and deliberate. Some of his partisan friends began to denounce his delay as weakness and imbecility.

The supplies in the fort were getting low when Mr. Lamont, the former business partner of the President, who had been sent as a special and trusty messenger to Major Anderson, after the visit and report of Mr. Fox, returned on the 28th of March and stated it would be impossible to reinforce the garrison, and that the provisions on hand would be exhausted by the 15th of April, but a little over two weeks from that date. On receiving this information from Lamont, the President declared he would send supplies to the garrison, and if the secessionists forcibly resisted, on them would be the responsibility of initiating hostilities. This conclusion, though it conflicted in some degree with the views of the military gentlemen, he felt to be a political necessity. He could not, consistently with his convictions of his duty, and with the policy which he had enunciated in his inaugural, order the evacuation of Sumter; and it would be inhuman on his part to permit the heroic garrison to be starved into a surrender without an attempt to relieve it.

The Secretary of State was the only member of the Cabinet who did not cordially concur in these conclusions, and he could not successfully controvert them. He did not, however, give his earnest approval, but in acquiescing reiterated what he had previously urged—that the attempt if made would prove a failure; that the failure would strengthen the secessionists and weaken the Government; that in the attitude of parties it would be viewed as the commencement of hostilities; would foreclose all measures of conciliation, and place the Administration in a wrong and false position. But the President was decided in the opinion that whatever might be the military aspect of the question, the political necessities and his duty required that there should be an attempt at least to reinforce the garrison.

On the next day, therefore, I received the following communication:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 29, 1861.

HONORABLE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Since I have this morning been notified by sea he got ready to sail as early as the 9th of April next, the whole according to memorandum enclosed; and that you cooperate with the Secretary of War for that object.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

(Memoranda.)

NAVY DEPARTMENT.—The *Pocahontas* at Norfolk, the *Pawnee* at Washington, and revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* at New York, to be ready for sea with one month's stores.

Three hundred *Essex* men to be ready for leaving the navy yard at New York.

WAR DEPARTMENT.—Two hundred men at New York ready to leave garrison.

One year's stores to be put in a portable form.

This communication and memoranda from the President were my authority for proceeding to fit out an expedition in conjunction with the War Department to reinforce Fort Sumter. As the object was to relieve a military garrison, the expedition was made a military one, and was under the control and direction of the War Department. The Secretary of War specially commissioned Mr. Fox—then a private citizen of Massachusetts, but some weeks after the termination of the Sumter expedition made Assistant Secretary of the Navy—and gave him his written instructions.

The steamer Powhatan, Captain Mercer, which arrived in New York while these matters were pending, and had been ordered out of commission, was added to the vessels enumerated in the memoranda, as her boats and crew were deemed indispensable for landing the supplies. This vessel had just returned from a cruise and greatly needed repairs, but she could, it was believed, be made available for this brief service to Charleston. I therefore sent the following telegram on the 1st of April to the commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard revoking the order by which her officers were detached and she was put out of commission :

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1861—Received at Brooklyn 4:10 P. M.

To Commodore S. L. BRESEE, Navy-yard.

The Department revokes its orders for the detachment of the officers of the Powhatan and the transfer and discharge of her crew. Hold her in readiness for sea service.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

After consultation with the President, who was earnest and deeply interested in the expedition, I sent the following additional and peremptory telegram :

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1861—Received at Brooklyn 6:50 P. M.

To Commandant of Navy-yard.

Fit out Powhatan to go to sea at the earliest possible moment.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Great credit is due the late Rear-Admiral Foote, who was at that time the executive officer of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, for the energy and activity with which he carried these orders into effect, and caused the Powhatan, which had been partially dismantled, to be fitted for sea within the time limited.

There were daily interviews between the President and myself on this subject, and also with the Secretary of War and the Secretary of State. There were also frequent consultations at which other members of the Cabinet were present. Mr. Seward was not entirely reconciled to the enterprise, and suggested, when the President's determination was fixed, that it would promote harmony to inform the South Carolina authorities of the intention to send supplies peaceably to the garrison, and that if not resisted it would not be reinforced. This had been the Buchanan policy, but was not consistent with a rightful exercise of Federal authority, nor with the idea of a quiet, legitimate movement, the object of which was not to be announced, and to which there should be given no more publicity than was absolutely necessary. The right and the duty of the Government to furnish supplies to its soldiers in its own fort, or to reinforce the command, was undoubted. To inform the secessionists of the intended expedition would be impolitic, for it would give them time to make preparations to defeat it. But Mr. Seward was very persistent, declaring at the same time it would be much more advisable to reinforce Pickens than Sumter. It was, he claimed, practicable to save Pickens, but should there be a conflict it was confessedly impossible to retain Sumter. One would be a waste of effort and energy—would be considered a hostile demonstration, initiating war—while the other would be a peaceable and effective movement.

It was admitted that, in the event of a war, there would be a necessity to

strengthen both positions; but there was no immediate call for additional forces at Pickens, for a large part of the home squadron was already off Pensacola. The Brooklyn, the Sabine, the St. Louis, and the Wyandotte were on that station on the 4th of March, and the Crusader and the Mohawk had subsequently been sent to the Gulf by special request of Lieutenant-General Scott. There was in addition to these naval vessels a military force under Captain Vogdes, which had been detained for some time on board the Brooklyn. Instructions had, however, gone forward two weeks previously directing the troops to be landed in order to reinforce Lieutenant Slemmer, who, when Armstrong and Renshaw gave up the navy-yard, had refused to surrender, but like Anderson evacuated the fort (McRea) in which he was stationed, and took possession of the more important fortress of Pickens on Santa Rosa Island, which he had strengthened. Reinforced by Vogdes's command, and aided and supplied by the squadron, Pickens was in no immediate danger, while the condition of Sumter was imminent. The expedition destined to relieve the latter required every naval steamer in commission in the Atlantic ports, and might then be insufficient. It would leave Norfolk almost defenceless should Virginia join the secessionists. Aid to Pickens was not therefore further discussed, though the subject was not wholly relinquished.

On the 30th of March, the day succeeding my instructions from the President, orders were issued to the commandants of the Brooklyn, Washington, and Norfolk yards to prepare the vessels named for service. Seamen on the receiving ship whom the Navy Department had destined for Norfolk were diverted to the Sumter expedition, and energy and activity stimulated all who in any way were conversant with the subject.

Whatever arrangements had been made by the retiring Administration to abstain from the exercise of Federal authority in the seceding States, or whatever understanding may have existed between the Buchanan Cabinet and the insurgent leaders, with the knowledge and assent of any one or more persons who became members of the Lincoln Administration, are matters which it is unnecessary to discuss at this time. It has been stated by Senator Wilson of Massachusetts that Mr. Stanton, while a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet in the winter of 1861, "put himself in communication with the Republicans in Congress and kept them well informed of what was going on in the councils of the Administration directly relating to the dangers of the country." And Mr. Thurlow Weed has avowed and commended "the coalition then formed by Messrs. Seward and Stanton." I have no doubt, although I was not aware of the fact at that time, that Mr. Stanton communicated "what was going on in the councils of the Administration" in the winter of 1861, notwithstanding his colleague, Mr. Black, questions the truth of Senator Wilson's statement. As to the motives which influenced Mr. Stanton and his conferees, whether secessionists or Unionists, and of the wisdom and ultimate effect of the course pursued and policy adopted by the managing men of all parties who coalesced or had an understanding to suspend active operations during the last three months of the Buchanan Administration, there may be differing opinions. The men who instituted the passive or non-coercive policy of the Federal Government after South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession, may have been actuated by good motives, and yet have committed a fatal error. They undoubtedly delayed active hostilities, when prompt, energetic, and well-directed action by the National Government might have prevented or crushed in the bud the civil war which for four years drenched the land with fraternal blood. While the Federal Government had been inactive—

preserving the status—doing nothing, under the agreement or understanding that was made, the secessionists were active in fomenting hostile feelings against the Union, organizing rebellion, seizing forts, erecting batteries, purchasing arms, and preparing for the conflict. It is not necessary here to inquire who of the managing leaders of the three parties of the coalition were victims to the game that was played—whether the Administration, the secessionists, or the few friends of Mr. Lincoln who were in communication with them, were deceived: there was an understanding that the Government should be passive during the winter of 1861, and it was so; but no injunction or restraint was imposed on the insurgents, who were active. Inaction on the part of the Federal Government and activity on the part of the secessionists was the prevailing policy down to the exodus of Mr. Buchanan and the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on the 4th of March. Congress had been in session until that period, and, amid factious tumult, had witnessed the formidable preparations which were making by the seceding States for a disruption, without adopting any efficient means to prevent it, or even to strengthen the hands of the new Executive. On the 5th of March Messrs. John Forsyth, Martin J. Crawford, and A. B. Roman, purporting to be commissioners “duly accredited by the Government of the Confederate States of America as commissioners to the Government of the United States,” appeared in Washington, and on the 11th asked, through a distinguished Senator, an unofficial interview with the Secretary of State. This request was “respectfully declined”; and on the same day they addressed him a written communication, which was received at the State Department on the 13th, stating that “seven States of the late Federal Union having, in the exercise of the inherent right of every free people to change or reform their political institutions, and through conventions of their people, withdrawn from the United States and reassumed the attributes of sovereign power delegated to it, have formed a government of their own.” They proceeded to say they desired a speedy adjustment of all questions, etc., and asked an early day to present their credentials to the President of the United States. An answer dated the 15th of March was, it is stated in a postscript, by consent of parties, not delivered until the 8th of April. Personal understanding commenced under Buchanan appears to have been continued into the administration of Lincoln. The memoranda when delivered declined to comply with the request of “the commissioners,” and informed them the Secretary of State “has no authority nor is he at liberty to recognize them as diplomatic agents or hold correspondence or other communication with them.” In the interim, however, between the 13th of March and the 8th of April, communication, it has been admitted, was had by the Secretary of State with the commissioners through the Hon. John A. Campbell, then an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the presence of Judge Nelson of New York, also one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. The memoranda of Mr. Seward, delivered on the 8th of April, called out an answer on the following day—the 9th of April—from the commissioners, who state: “In the postscript to your (the Secretary of State’s) memorandum you say it was delayed, as was understood, with their (Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford’s) assent. This is true; but it is also true that on the 15th of March Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford were assured by a person occupying a high official position in the Government, and who, as they believed, was speaking by authority, that Fort Sumter would be evacuated within a very few days. . . . On the first of April we were again informed that there might be an attempt to supply Fort Sumter with provisions, but that Governor Pickens should have previous notice of the attempt. There was no suggestion of reinforcements.”

The following is part of a published letter of Judge Campbell to the Secretary of State, dated April 13, 1861, relative to these irregular negotiations or communications between the Secretary of State and the insurgents :

WASHINGTON CITY, April 13, 1861.

SIR: On the 14th of March ultimo, I left with Judge Crawford, one of the commissioners of the Confederate States, a note in writing to the effect following :

"I feel entire confidence that Fort Sumter will be evacuated in the next five days. And this measure is felt as imposing great responsibility on the Administration.

"I feel entire confidence that no measure changing the existing status prejudicially to the Southern Confederate States is at present contemplated.

"I feel an entire confidence that an immediate demand for an answer to the communication of the commissioners will be productive of evil and not of good. I do not believe that it ought at this time to be pressed."

The substance of this statement I communicated to you the same evening by letter. Five days elapsed, and I called with a telegram from General Beauregard to the effect that Sumter was not evacuated, but that Major Anderson was at work making repairs.

The next day, after conversing with you, I communicated to Judge Crawford in writing that the failure to evacuate Sumter was not the result of bad faith, but was attributable to causes consistent with the intention to fulfil the engagement, and that as regarded Pickens I should have notice of any design to alter the existing status there. Mr. Justice Nelson was present at these conversations, three in number, and I submitted to him each of my written communications to Judge Crawford, and informed Judge C. that they had his (Judge Nelson's) sanction. I gave you on the 22d of March a substantial copy of the statement I had made on the 15th.

The 30th of March arrived, and at that time a telegram came from Governor Pickens inquiring concerning Colonel Limon, whose visit to Charleston he supposed had a connection with the proposed evacuation of Fort Sumter. I left that with you, and was to have an answer the following Monday (1st of April). On the 1st of April I received from you the statement in writing: "I am satisfied the Government will not undertake to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Governor Pickens." The words "I am satisfied" were for me to use as expressive of confidence in the remainder of the declaration.

The proposition as originally prepared was, "The President *may desire* to supply Sumter, but will not do so," etc.; and your verbal explanation was that you did not believe any such attempt would be made, and that there was no design to reinforce Sumter.

There was a departure here from the pledges of the previous month, but with the verbal explanation I did not consider it a matter then to complain of. I simply stated to you that I had that assurance previously.

On the 7th of April, I addressed you a letter on the subject of the alarm that the preparations by the Government had created, and asked you if the assurances I had given were well or ill-founded. In respect to Sumter your reply was, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." In the morning's paper I read, "An authorized messenger from President Lincoln informed Governor Pickens and General Beauregard that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably or otherwise by force." This was the 8th of April at Charleston, the day following your last assurance, and is the evidence of the full faith I was invited to wait for and see.

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S.

Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

If any such pledge as indicated in this correspondence was given, or any understanding was had I was not aware of it, nor do I think it was known at the time to other members of the Administration. My orders were given, and my acts also were in perfect sincerity and good faith, and with the hope that Major Anderson and the garrison in Sumter would be relieved. A knowledge of the facts set forth in the foregoing correspondence, is essential to a correct understanding of the proceedings and circumstances attending the expedition to Sumter.

Late in the afternoon of the 1st of April, while at my dinner at Willard's, where I then boarded, Mr. Nicolay, the private secretary of the President, brought me a large package from the President. I immediately broke the envelope, and found it contained several papers of importance, some of which were of a singular character, being in the nature of instructions or orders from the Executive relative to naval matters of which I knew the President was not informed, and about which I had not been consulted. One of these papers relating to the

government of the Navy Department was more singular and extraordinary than either of the others, and was as follows :

(Confidential.)

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

To the Secretary of the Navy.

DEAR SIR: You will issue instructions to Captain Pendergrast, commanding the home squadron, to remain in observation at Vera Cruz—important complications in our foreign relations rendering the presence of an officer of rank there of great importance.

Captain Stringham will be directed to proceed to Pensacola with all possible despatch, and assume command of that portion of the home squadron stationed off Pensacola. He will have confidential instructions to coöperate in every way with the commanders of the land forces of the United States in that neighborhood.

The instructions to the army officers, which are strictly confidential, will be communicated to Captain Stringham after he arrives at Pensacola.

Captain Samuel Barron will relieve Captain Stringham in charge of the Bureau of Detail.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

P. S. As it is very necessary at this time to have a perfect knowledge of the personal of the navy, and to be able to detail such officers for special purposes as the exigencies of the service may require, I request that you will instruct Captain Barron to proceed and organize the Bureau of Detail in the manner best adapted to meet the wants of the navy, taking cognizance of the discipline of the navy generally, detailing all officers for duty, taking charge of the recruiting of seamen, supervising charges made against officers, and all matters relating to duties which must be best understood by a sea officer. You will please afford Captain Barron any facility for accomplishing this duty, transferring to his department the clerical force heretofore used for the purposes specified. It is to be understood that this officer will act by authority of the Secretary of the Navy, who will exercise such supervision as he may deem necessary.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

On reading this extraordinary letter and more extraordinary postscript, I went without a moment's delay to the President with the package in my hand. He was alone in his office writing, and raising his head as I entered he inquired, "What have I done wrong?" I replied that I had received with surprise the package containing, among other things, his instructions respecting the navy and the Navy Department, and I had called for an explanation. I then read the foregoing document, the body of which was in the handwriting of Captain Montgomery C. Meigs of the army, the postscript in that of Lieutenant D. D. Porter of the navy. The President expressed as much surprise as I felt that he had signed and sent me such a document.

He said Mr. Seward with two or three young men had been there through the day, on a matter which Mr. Seward had much at heart; that he had yielded to the project of Mr. Seward, but as it involved considerable detail and he had his hands full, and more too, he had left Mr. Seward to prepare the necessary papers. These papers he had signed, some of them without reading, trusting entirely to Mr. Seward, for he could not undertake to read all papers presented to him; and if he could not trust the Secretary of State, whom could he rely upon in a public matter that concerned us all? He seemed disinclined to disclose or dwell on the project, but assured me he never would have signed that paper had he been aware of its contents, much of which had no connection with Mr. Seward's scheme. I asked who were associated with the Secretary of State. "No one," said the President, "but he had these young men here as clerks to write down his plans and orders." Most of the work, he said, was done in the other room. When I inquired if he knew the young men, he replied, "One was Captain Meigs; another was a companion with whom he seemed intimate, a naval officer named Porter."

Without further inquiry I informed the President that I had no confidence in the fidelity of Captain Barron, who was by this singular order, issued in his name, to be forced into official and personal intimacy with me, and virtually to take charge of the Navy Department. He said he knew nothing of Barron, though he had a general recollection that there was such an officer in the navy, and believed he had seen him in Washington. I called his attention to the

order, if I was so to consider it, to organize a Bureau of Detail in the Navy Department, and to transfer to a naval officer a portion of the clerical force and civil administrative duties which by law belonged to the Secretary of the Navy—duties which the Secretary had no right to evade and no legal authority to depute to another. The bureaus of the Department, he was doubtless aware, were established by law and not by an executive order. That this proposition to make a naval officer Secretary *de facto*, to transfer him from his professional to civil duties without responsibility, was illegal, and in my view monstrous. It conflicted with the whole theory of our Government and the principles on which the Navy Department was organized and established. The Senate was entitled to a voice in the appointment of chiefs of bureaus. The selection of a trusted officer by the Secretary for advisory and confidential purposes was a different matter. I might, as I had, call an experienced officer to my assistance, with whom I could consult and advise in regard to the personnel of the navy, which was greatly demoralized, and to assist me in detailing officers of fidelity and patriotism; but Barron was one of the last men I could trust in this emergency with these matters of detail and departmental business. Neither the President nor Secretary had power to create a new bureau or to bring a professional naval officer into the Department, and devolve on him the functions which the law imposed on the Secretary. Such detailing and consulting officer as Commodore Stringham, whom I had called to my side in this great emergency, ought to have the implicit confidence of the Secretary, should be subordinate to him and be selected by him. To all of which the President assented most fully. I then went on to say that Captain Barron was an accomplished officer and gentleman with whom I had personally pleasant relations, but that his feelings, sympathies, and associations were notoriously with the secessionists; that he was prominent in a clique of naval exclusives, most of whom were tainted with secession; that I was not prepared to say he would desert in the crisis which seemed approaching, but I had my apprehensions that such would be the case; that while I should treat him courteously and with friendly consideration, and hoped most sincerely he would not prove false, I could not consent he should have the position nor give him the trust which his instructions imposed.

The President reiterated they were not his instructions, and wished me distinctly to understand they were not, though his name was appended to them—said the paper was an improper one—that he wished me to give it no more consideration than I thought proper—treat it as cancelled, as if it had never been written. He remembered, he said, that both Mr. Seward and Porter had something to say about Barron as superior to almost any officer in the naval service, but whatever his qualifications, he would never knowingly have assigned him or any other man to the position named in the Navy Department without first consulting me. There was at that time a clique of prominent naval officers, as there has been on more than one occasion, anxious to take possession of and control the Navy Department. Many of them were in Washington, and most of them were inclined to secession, of whom Barron was perhaps chief. Assuming to be the *élite* of the navy, they were intimate with and favorites of the secession leaders, and belonged to and moved in their social and political circle. Some of them had resigned before the change of administration; some, it was understood, would throw up their commissions whenever the organized authorities of their States came in conflict with the Federal Government; there were others of this court clique who hesitated to abandon the service, but sought orders which would place them remote from the threatened conflict. Barron, conspicuous as a courtier, was the agent who had negotiated and perfected the agreement be-

tween Messrs. Holt and Toucey, of Buchanan's Cabinet, and Messrs. Mallory and Colonel Chase on the part of the secessionists, by which the Government was not to reinforce Fort Pickens unless it should be attacked. He was a cunning and skilful manager, possessed of considerable diplomatic talents, and was deep in all the secession intrigues in Washington at that period. A few weeks after this attempt to thrust him into the Department, the greater portion of this clique of exclusives sent in their resignations, deserted the flag, and were dismissed the service. Barron, foremost among them, was placed by the rebels in Richmond in command of Fort Hatteras, and on the 29th of August following was captured by Commodore Stringham, the officer whom, by the strange proceedings and surreptitious orders of the 1st of April, he was to have superseded. If I mistake not, this officer, who, by the order which President Lincoln unwittingly signed, was to have had almost absolute control of the Navy Department, and to have been made acquainted with all its operations, was the first of the naval officers that deserted who was made prisoner. It is sufficient here to state that the extraordinary document of the 1st of April was treated as a nullity. Barron, who took rank as captain in the Confederate naval service from the 26th of March, five days before this executive order to create a new bureau and establish him as regent of the Navy Department was "extracted" from the President, was not assigned to duty in the Department, as the instructions directed. Pendergrast did not go to Vera Cruz nor Stringham to Pensacola.

When I inquired the object of detaching Commodore Stringham from duty in the Department where I had placed him, the President said he had no reason to give, and in regard to issuing instructions to Commodore Pendergrast he was equally ignorant. He knew no cause for either. There was, however, a manifest purpose in some quarter to get rid of the presence of these experienced and trusted officers, and also to get Barron into a responsible position. I stated to him that the expedition to Sumter, which we were actively fitting out, would leave us not a vessel in commission east of Cape Hatteras, except the Cumberland, the flag-ship of Commodore Pendergrast, which vessel I had ordered to Norfolk on the 29th of March, the day that I had received his instructions to send the Pocahontas, then at that navy-yard, on this expedition. I protested against sending the Cumberland away at this juncture. She could, I assured him, render better service to the country in the waters of Virginia in this period of uncertainty and danger than at Vera Cruz, and it seemed to me proper she should be detained at Norfolk, where Commodore Pendergrast could advise with Commodore McCauley, who was in command of the station, and be prepared with a full and efficient crew to render him assistance if necessary. The President concurred with me unqualifiedly, deprecated the interference which had been made in naval affairs, and said the idea of sending the Cumberland away was not his. In directing me, without previous consultation or notice, to detach and send off Commodore Stringham, I confessed to the President I felt annoyed. The Commodore I knew to be true and reliable, and had called him to confidential duties on that account, but he had expressed to me his preference for service afloat, especially if there should be active duty. I was giving the subject consideration, and could not object to it, unless he had been instrumental in procuring this executive order by indirect management, which was wholly unlike him. The President was confident, and I became satisfied on inquiry that Commodore Stringham had no part in the matter; but there had been an improper movement, I will not say intrigue, in some quarter to set him, who had my confidence, aside for Barron, who had not. It is not necessary to probe these strange proceedings further. I state the facts. The President wholly disavowed and disap-

proved them; they were not consummated, and never from that day to the close of his life was there any similar interference with the administration of the Navy Department, nor was any step concerning it taken without first consulting me.

For a day or two after these proceedings of the 1st of April there was a delay in issuing final orders for the Sumter expedition. The President continued to hesitate—or met opposition. It was still persistently urged that the authorities at Charleston should be notified of the President's intention to send supplies to the garrison, a measure which was opposed as likely to defeat the purpose of the expedition. Mr. Fox, who was to be in command, had, under orders of the President, gone to New York on the 30th of March, to make necessary preparations; but not receiving expected instructions, which the discussions in the Cabinet delayed, he returned to Washington on the 3d of April. Only twelve days then remained until the supplies in Sumter would be exhausted. Further postponement would defeat the object of the expedition. The result was a compromise. The President decided he would send a messenger to Charleston when the expedition sailed, but not before, to notify Governor Pickens of the fact, and that the object was peaceful, and that no force would be used unless the attempt to provision the garrison was resisted.

Immediately on this final decision the following orders were prepared and issued by the Secretaries of War and Navy. My instructions to Captain Mercer, in command of the Powhatan, were submitted by myself personally to the President, and by him were carefully scrutinized and approved:

Captain G. V. Fox, Washington, D. C.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 4, 1861.

SIR: It having been decided to succor Fort Sumter, you have been selected for this important duty. Accordingly, you will take charge of the transports in New York, having the troops and supplies on board, to the entrance of Charleston harbor; and endeavor, in the first instance, to deliver the subsistence. If you are opposed in this, you are directed to report the fact to the senior naval officer of the harbor, who will be instructed by the Secretary of the Navy to use his entire force to open a passage, when you will if possible effect an entrance and place both the troops and supplies in Fort Sumter.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

(Confidential)

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 5, 1861.

Captain SAMUEL MERCER, commanding U. S. steamer Powhatan, N. Y.

The United States steamers Powhatan, Pawnee, Pocahontas, and Harriet Lane will compose a naval force under your command, to be sent to the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of aiding in carrying out the objects of an expedition of which the War Department has charge.

The primary object of the expedition is to provision Fort Sumter, for which purpose the War Department will furnish the necessary transports. Should the authorities of Charleston permit the fort to be supplied, no further particular service will be required of the force under your command; and after being satisfied that supplies have been received at the fort, the Powhatan, Pocahontas, and Harriet Lane will return to New York, and the Pawnee to Washington.

Should the authorities at Charleston, however, refuse to permit, or attempt to prevent the vessel or vessels having supplies on board from entering the harbor, or from peaceably proceeding to Fort Sumter, you will protect the transports or boats of the expedition in the object of their mission, disposing of your force in such manner as to open the way for their ingress, and afford as far as practicable security to the men and boats, and rendering by force of arms all obstruction toward provisioning the fort and reinforcing it; for in case of a resistance to this peaceable primary object of the expedition, a reinforcement of the garrison will also be attempted. These forces are sent under the supervision of the War Department, which has charge of the expedition. The expedition is directed and instructed to Captain G. V. Fox, with whom you will put yourself in communication, and cooperate with him to accomplish and carry into effect its object.

You will leave New York with the Powhatan in time to be off Charleston bar, ten miles distant from and due east of the light house, on the morning of the 11th inst., there to await the arrival of the transport or transports with troops and stores. The Pawnee and Pocahontas will be ordered to join you there at the time mentioned, and the Harriet Lane, which latter vessel has been placed under the control of this Department for this service.

On the termination of the expedition, whether it be peaceable or otherwise, the several vessels under your command will return to the respective ports, as above directed, unless some unforeseen circumstance should prevent. I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 5, 1861.

Commander S. C. ROWAN, commanding U. S. steamer Pawnee, Norfolk, Va.

SIR: After the Pawnee shall have been provisioned at Norfolk you will proceed with her to sea, and on the morning of the 11th instant appear off Charleston bar, ten miles distant from and due east of the lighthouse, where you will report to Captain Samuel Mercer, of the Powhatan, for special service. Should he not be there you will await his arrival. I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy

Sealed instructions similar to those issued to Commander Rowan were sent to Commander Gillis, of the Pocahontas, and to Captain Faunce, of the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, which vessel had been transferred for the occasion by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Navy Department.

I also learned that the President had himself sent the following telegram to the commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the 1st of April in relation to the Powhatan, corresponding with mine of that date, and received at the same moment with it. This, it will be observed, was on the 1st of April, when he was signing papers, many, as he said, without reading, and some hours before my interview with him concerning the papers brought me by Mr. Nicolay. The telegram was probably prepared for his signature and signed by him under the arrangement of Mr. Seward and his associates, who had entirely different objects in view from the legitimate one of the War and Navy Departments.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1861—Received at Brooklyn 6:50 P. M.

To the Commandant of the Navy-yard.

Fit out the Powhatan to go to sea at the earliest possible moment. Orders by a confidential messenger go forward to-morrow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The time specified for the squadron to rendezvous off Charleston light was brief, but the emphatic preparatory orders enabled us to get them off with unprecedented despatch. I congratulated myself on the energy and activity with which this work had been accomplished, and was prepared to await results, when Mr. Seward and his son Frederick called at my rooms at Willard's about eleven o'clock at night on the 6th of April with a telegram from Meigs and Porter at New York, the purport of which was, that there was difficulty in completing arrangements, in consequence of conflicting orders from the Secretary of the Navy. I asked an explanation, for I knew of no movement with which my orders conflicted. Mr. Seward said he supposed the telegram related to some difficulty about Lieutenant Porter's taking command of the Powhatan. I insisted this must be a mistake, that Captain Mercer was in command of the Powhatan; that she was as he knew the flagship of the Sumter expedition, and had, I presumed, left that evening for her destination; that Lieutenant Porter had no orders to join that expedition; that he had sought and was under orders for the Pacific on coast survey service, and I supposed had left for that duty; that he was not from his rank entitled to any such command as the Powhatan, and I knew not what business he had in New York interfering with the measures of the Department, and embarrassing his superior officer, Captain Mercer, in the performance of his duty. Mr. Seward said there was some mistake, some misunderstanding; that Lieutenant Porter had been sent to New York under special orders from the President, of which I had probably not been informed. I questioned whether the President would detach and send away an officer without at least informing the Department, certainly not to take command of a ship that was in commission; that such irregular proceedings would throw the departments and government into confusion, and were wholly inconsistent with correct and systematic administration. There were, it seemed, naval orders issued without the knowledge of the head of the Navy Department, or of any one connected with it. He suggested that perhaps Commodore Stringham had some facts.

Barron was, by the instructions of the 1st of April, which Mr. Seward and his friends had prepared, to have been then in Stringham's place. I at once sent for Commodore Stringham, who had retired for the night. On his appearance he disclaimed all knowledge of this extraordinary proceeding.

Mr. Seward, without making any disclosure of the object in which Meigs and Porter were engaged, declared it was a measure of the President's. Late as it was, I insisted it was indispensable that we should have an immediate interview with him in order to prevent the failure of the Sumter expedition, as well as to have a right understanding of what the Government was about, and to clear up any clashing of orders. We accordingly repaired to the executive mansion, Commodore Stringham and Mr. Frederick Seward accompanying us. On our way thither, Mr. Seward remarked to me that, old as he was, he had learned a lesson from this experience, which was that he had better attend to his own business, not interfere with others, and confine his labors to his proper Department. To all of which I assented.

The President, who had not retired, although it was nearly midnight, was astonished and perplexed in regard to the statements which we made. He looked first at one and then at the other; read and re-read the telegram, and asked if I was not in error in regard to the flag-ship. I assured him I was not, and reminded him that I had read to him my orders to Captain Mercer on the day they were written, and they had met his approval. He recollected that circumstance, but not the name of the officer or the vessel—said he had become confused with the names of Pocahontas and Powhatan. Commodore Stringham, to whom I had communicated the instructions, confirmed my statement; but to satisfy the President beyond peradventure, I went to the Department, although it was past midnight, and procured the press copy. On reading it, he distinctly recollected all the facts, and turning promptly to Mr. Seward said the Powhatan must be restored to Mercer; that he had never supposed he was interfering with the Sumter expedition; that on no consideration should it be defeated or rendered abortive. Mr. Seward thought it was now too late to correct the mistake; said he considered the other project the most important, and asked whether that would not be injured if the Powhatan was now withdrawn. The President would not discuss the subject, but was peremptory—said there was not the pressing necessity in the other case, which I learned was an enterprise for Pickens. As regarded Sumter, however, not a day was to be lost—that the orders of the Secretary of the Navy must be carried out, and he directed Mr. Seward to telegraph to that effect to New York without a moment's delay. Mr. Seward thought it might be difficult to get a telegram through, it was so late; but the President was imperative.

I learned from the President then, and more fully thereafter, that Mr. Seward, after the final decision to relieve Sumter, had been more solicitous and importunate than ever to send reinforcements to Pickens; that this had been the great object in view on the 1st of April, when those strange orders had been issued which he had incautiously signed; that it was considered important the Pickens movement should be secret—none of the Cabinet even had been advised of it. Mr. Seward had undertaken to get up that enterprise and give the necessary military and naval orders without consulting the War and Navy Departments. With this view, and to possess himself of technicalities, he had selected Captain Meigs, of the army, and Lieutenant Porter, of the navy, as his assistants and agents, and by the aid of these subordinate officers the Secretary of State had fitted out a combined military and naval expedition. Captain Meigs

says, in a letter which he has published, "Mr. Seward carried me to the President, merely saying that he thought the President ought to see some of the younger officers, and not consult only with men who, if the war broke out, could not mount a horse," alluding to General Scott, whose age and infirmities precluded him from active duties. When I questioned whether the officers of either service would obey the orders of the Secretary of State, the President said Mr. Seward had provided for that by persuading him to sign or countersign the orders. Such a practice, I stated, would lead to confusion in the Government. The head of each department was responsible for its own expenditures, and must know the *status* and acts of its own subordinates. If the Secretary of the Navy should need the immediate service of Lieutenant Porter, and were to send him orders demanding instant execution, and he could not be found, but was absent by the secret interference of the Secretary of State, or any other Secretary, without leave or knowledge of the Department, great embarrassment and confusion must follow. So in regard to Captain Meigs and others of the army. We had, moreover, a record in the Navy Department of every naval vessel, and of the service on which each ship in commission was detailed. By our record the Powhatan, under command of Captain Mercer, had gone to Charleston, and was thence to return. But this official record was not a true one. The vessel was lost to us. We knew nothing of her whereabouts, except what I incidentally learned through the Secretary of State. He was not responsible for the funds of either the Navy or War Departments, yet he had taken upon himself a large expenditure from each, and had issued naval and military orders without the knowledge of the heads of those departments. In doing this he had committed something more than a discourtesy towards his associates in the Cabinet. It was an assumption and exercise of authority that did not legitimately belong to him. The Secretary of State had cuddled with subordinates of other departments, and had, I thought unfortunately, induced the President to sanction these strange proceedings by his signature.

The President never attempted to justify or excuse these transactions; always spoke of the doings of that 1st of April as unfortunate; said that we were all new in the administration; that he permitted himself, with the best intentions, to be drawn into an impropriety without sufficient examination and reflection, but he was confident no similar error would again occur.

It has been said that the detachment of the Powhatan from the Sumter expedition was a deliberate contrivance to defeat it, by secretly withdrawing the flag-ship, without which success was impracticable if there was resistance to sending in supplies. The published correspondence of the rebel Commissioners and of Judge Campbell is cited as corroborating this assumption—that the Powhatan was purposely detached in order to compel evacuation, and enable the Secretary of State to preserve "faith as regards Sumter" with the rebel leaders. A comparison of dates in that correspondence, when pledges and assurances are alleged to have been given, with the proceedings and consultations of the Administration in cabinet from time to time in the months of March and April, goes far to verify the charge that there was an understanding between certain parties which made it necessary to defeat the Sumter expedition by detaching the flag-ship after all other measures to prevent relief had failed. It is not necessary here to inquire whether the Confederate Commissioners appeared in Washington on the day after the inauguration by any preconcert, or whether they delayed visiting Washington until the expiration of Mr. Buchanan's term pursuant to arrangement or previous understanding of which the new Administration was ignorant.

The Hon. Montgomery Blair, in a speech of much historical interest, delivered by him at Clarksville, in Maryland, in August, 1865, declares that "Mr. Seward acted in concert with the Buchanan Administration during the last three months of its term. He was no doubt advised through Mr. Stanton, who was in Buchanan's Cabinet, of the policy it had adopted in reference to the seizure of everything that appertained to the nation in the South. It was owing to the coalition then formed between Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton that the latter became Secretary of War to Mr. Lincoln. He apprised Mr. Seward of this treaty of the War and Navy Departments under Buchanan to make no resistance to the policy of dissolving the Union—to offer no coercion to impede its march to independence; and Mr. Seward's course showed that he approved and adopted that policy."

Mr. Blair, on the authority of Judge Campbell, charges Mr. Seward with giving a pledge to evacuate Fort Sumter; and Mr. Thurlow Weed, the intimate friend, companion, oracle, and organ of Mr. Seward, in some semi-official remarks on the rebel correspondence, justified the coalition, and says: "That Governor Seward conversed freely with Judge Campbell we do not deny, nor do we doubt that in these conversations, at one period, he intimated that Fort Sumter would be evacuated. He certainly believed so, founding his opinion upon a knowledge of General Scott's recommendation."

The assurance claimed to have been given on the 15th of March, that Sumter would be evacuated, it will be noted, was immediately after Commander Ward had abandoned the idea of relieving the garrison, and after Gen. Scott pronounced Mr. Fox's plan—which was feasible in February—now impracticable. It was repeated with a qualification on the 1st of April, the day on which orders were "extracted" from the President conferring on Meigs and Porter unlimited authority, and placing all the naval vessels at their disposal. It was reaffirmed on the 7th of April, the day after the Powhatan had sailed for Pickens instead of Sumter. The notification to Governor Pickens that supplies would be sent, which was officially communicated to him on the 8th, as soon as the squadron sailed; the secret and mysterious detachment of the flag-ship without the knowledge of the Secretary of the Navy or any one connected with the Navy Department or with the Sumter expedition, which the author of the proposition must have known would render the expedition abortive and the evacuation of the fort inevitable, have all of them the appearance of one persistent and connected purpose—whether in fulfilment of any pledge or understanding, is a point I shall not here discuss. They were matters of which I was at the time of their occurrence wholly uninformed, and when I learned them I could not, with a proper regard for the public service in that period of difficulty, have exposed them. I therefore submitted to be blamed, while those who secretly brought them about escaped responsibility and censure.

There was certainly no necessity for taking from Captain Mercer his vessel and sending her to Pensacola, where most of the naval force of the home squadron was collected. She was, however, absolutely indispensable to the success of the Sumter expedition. Yet General Meigs says, in his published letter, "An order was extracted (from the President) on the recommendation of Secretary Seward, detaching the Powhatan from the Sumter expedition and sending her to Fort Pickens."

By this "extracted" order she was withdrawn from duties where her presence was all-essential, and sent to the Gulf, where she was not required. The ostensible object of this military and naval enterprise to Pickens, undertaken by the Secretary of State without the knowledge of the Secretary of War or the

Secretary of the Navy, was the importance of strengthening that fortress ; but the Secretary of State well knew that measures had already been taken to reinforce that post. The troops on the Brooklyn, lying off Pensacola, and destined to strengthen the garrison, which had been detained on board since January, in accordance with the agreement or understanding between Messrs. Holt and Toucey and some of the rebel leaders, had been ordered to disembark. As early as the 12th of March I had sent the Crusader, with orders from General Scott to Captain Vogdes to land his command and assist Slemmer in defending Pickens. This order from the Lieutenant-General the senior naval officer on the station, Captain Adams, would not recognize, nor permit to be executed, in consequence of the agreement of the previous winter, that the Government would not reinforce its own garrison provided the insurgents would not attack it. Doubting, however, the correctness of his position, he sent Lieutenant Gwathmey, a special messenger, overland to Washington, stating his embarrassment, and asking of me specific orders. This messenger reached Washington on the 6th of April, and I that evening sent Lieutenant Worden, of subsequent Monitor fame, with a brief but explicit order to Captain Adams to land the troops. This was on the very evening, and but a few hours before Mr. Seward, with his son, called on me with the telegram from Meigs and Porter in regard to the Powhatan. My order Lieutenant Worden committed to memory between Washington and Richmond, and then destroyed the writing, lest he should be arrested and searched. Travelling day and night, he reached Pensacola on the 12th of April, and the troops were disembarked and Pickens reinforced on the evening of the day that fire was opened on Sumter, and while that fort was being bombarded. The Powhatan, under command of Lieutenant Porter, which had been withdrawn from the Sumter expedition ostensibly to relieve Pickens, did not arrive off Pensacola until the 17th of April, five days after the fort had been reinforced and made safe by landing Vogdes's command, pursuant to the order sent from the Navy Department by Lieutenant Worden. There was, doubtless, an object in sending the Powhatan to Pensacola, and there was, of course, an object in secreting the fact, and withholding all knowledge of the enterprise from both the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, who, of all others, should have known it. If that object was, as has been stated, not so much to relieve Pickens as to prevent the relief of Sumter and necessitate the evacuation, the object was attained. The pledge—"Faith in regard to Sumter—wait and see," will be understood. Faith may thereby have been kept with the rebel leaders, though faith towards the Secretaries of War and Navy may be less susceptible of explanation.

The following are the orders from the President which led to the withdrawal of the Powhatan from her destination, to the breaking of Captain Mercer's orders, and to his detachment from his vessel by a lieutenant without the knowledge of the Secretary of the Navy, and without any record of the transaction in the Navy Department:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

Lieutenant D. D. PORTER, U. S. Navy.

SIR: You will proceed to New York, and, with the least possible delay, assuming command of any naval steamer available, proceed to Pensacola harbor, and at any cost or risk prevent any expedition from the main land reaching Fort Pickens or Santa Rosa Island.

You will exhibit this order to any naval officer at Pensacola, if you deem it necessary, after you have established yourself within the harbor, and will request coöperation by the entrance of at least one other steamer.

This order, its object, and your destination will be communicated to no person whatever until you reach the harbor of Pensacola.

Recommended—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861.

Lieutenant D. D. Porter will take command of the steamer Powhatan, or any other U. S. steamer ready for sea which he may deem most fit for the service to which he has been assigned by confidential instructions of this date.

All officers are commanded to afford him all such facilities as he may deem necessary for getting to sea as soon as possible.

He will select the officers to accompany him.

Recommended—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

All officers of the army and navy to whom this order may be exhibited will aid, by every means in their power, the expedition under the command of Colonel Harvey Brown, supplying him with men and material, and co-operating with him as he may desire.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A true copy:

M. C. MEIGS, Captain of Engineers, Chief Engineer of said Expedition.

These orders, signed by the President, were part of the papers prepared by Mr. Seward, with the assistance of Captain Meigs and Lieutenant Porter, on that 1st of April, when the Executive order to create a new bureau, and directing me to take Barron, the agent and mediator in the Pickens intrigue and captain in the rebel service, into my confidence, and make him the detailing officer of the Navy Department, was "extracted" from the President and sent to me. The papers relating to the Pickens expedition were not disclosed to me, however, until after the midnight interview of the 6th of April, and after the Sumter expedition had sailed on an abortive mission. Apprehensive, it would seem, that the general order of the 1st of April to Lieutenant Porter might not be conclusive with Captain Mercer, who was a strict disciplinarian, and would hesitate to obey any order that did not emanate regularly from or pass through the Navy Department, the following specific letter was prepared on the 2d of April, and the President's signature thereto procured:

Captain S. MERCER, U. S. Navy.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 2, 1861.

SIR: Circumstances render it necessary to place in command of your ship (and for a special purpose) an officer who is fully informed and instructed in relation to the wishes of the Government: and you will therefore consider yourself detached. But in taking this step the Government does not in the least reflect upon your efficiency or patriotism, but on the contrary have the fullest confidence in your ability to perform any duty required of you. Hoping soon to be able to give you a better command than the one you now enjoy, and trusting that you will have full confidence in the disposition of the Government towards you,

I remain, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A true copy:

M. C. MEIGS, Captain of Engineers, Chief Engineer of Expedition of Colonel Brown.

Captain Mercer wrote me on the 8th the following letter, explaining under what circumstances he had given up his vessel:

NAVY-YARD, NEW YORK, April 8, 1861.

To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington City.

SIR: Your "confidential" instructions of the 5th instant were received on the next day, and I was on the eve of carrying them out when Lieutenant D. D. Porter, of the navy, and Captain Meigs, of the army, came to me showing such written instructions from the President, and verbally communicating other facts showing their authority from this high source, that Lieutenant Porter's being placed in command of the Powhatan was virtually necessary, and that the President's positive commands to both of these officers were that no deviation from his instructions should be made unless by his own direction.

Under these circumstances, I regarded the order from the President of the United States as imperative, and accordingly placed Lieutenant Porter in command of the Powhatan.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL MERCER, Captain.

Mr. Seward, in obedience to the midnight mandate of President Lincoln, on the 6th of April sent the following telegram to Lieutenant Porter, but the Powhatan had left the Navy-yard when the despatch was received:

Give up the Powhatan to Captain Mercer.

SEWARD.

Commander, subsequently Rear-Admiral Foote was at that time Executive Officer of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and on receiving this telegram of Mr. Sew-

ard, he despatched a tug in pursuit. But this despatch was a mere telegram signed "Seward," while Lieutenant Porter had full written power from the President, which, even if there were no other understanding, he felt would be his justification in retaining the Powhatan from her legitimate commander. He therefore continued on with the vessel, and the Sumter expedition was robbed of its flag-ship.

These extraordinary proceedings, wherein the Secretary of State assumed the duties and functions of the War and Navy Departments, without the knowledge of the head of either of those departments, caused surprise and for a time some little dissatisfaction. The President did not conceal his mortification and regret at the occurrence, but with characteristic unselfishness assumed all the blame, declared it was his neglect, and in a letter to Mr. Fox, who felt annoyed that his plan had failed, President Lincoln said: "By accident, for which you were in no wise responsible, and possibly I to some extent was, you were deprived of a war vessel with her men, which you deemed of great importance to the enterprise." It was, however, no fault originating with him, but a piece of maladministration, of improper and inexcusable interference by one department with others, of apparent distrust where there should have been unrestricted confidence, and—aside from any pledge to or complicity with the rebel leaders—had other serious objections, which the President assured me more than once would never be repeated. It was not. Nor had I ever after a like experience. Neither then nor ever during our subsequent intimate personal and official relations, in many and great trials, was there any misunderstanding between us, nor did I ever have occasion to doubt the upright sincerity and honest intentions of that extraordinary man, who to the last moment of his life honored me with his confidence and friendship. He had, however, been once led into error, and there had been manifested by the head of one department a disposition to interfere with and manage other departments, so subversive of correct administration that, to guard against future similar proceedings so far as the navy was concerned, and to prevent the confusion that must inevitably follow from such irregularities, I took occasion, as opportunity presented, to caution naval officers in regard to the orders which they might receive. Commodore Paulding was going at that time to New York, and I sent by him to Commander Foote, an old and valued friend from the days "when we were boys together," a word on the importance of receiving orders from the proper source. When these suggestions were communicated I had not seen the secret orders signed by the President, nor was I aware how far he had been committed to these irregular proceedings. Commander Foote wrote me, after his interview with Commodore Paulding, the following letter:

(Private.)

NAVY-YARD, New York, April 9, 1861.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Commodore Paulding quietly informed me this morning, that you had suggested to him to say to me in a kind way, that I had better execute no orders unless coming from you.

I fully appreciate the delicate manner in which you have communicated your impressions to me, but I beg to say, most respectfully, in my own vindication, that in reference to the sailing of the Powhatan, specially referred to, I did detain that vessel as far as I had authority to do it, on receiving your telegram to do so, and until Captain Mercer, my superior officer, informed me that he should transfer his ship to Lieutenant-Commanding Porter, who would sail with her, as he did, on the 6th instant. Again, in referring to the events of the past week, I believe that in a personal interview I could fully show that I have pursued the only course which could possibly have accomplished the work which has been executed; and in case of the Powhatan, after preparing her for sea in the shortest space of time, agreeably to your orders, as I was only a commander and not the commandant, my authority over her ceased, and she was controlled by my superior officer. In fact, I was not consulted, nor was I even present, when Captains Mercer, Meigs, and Porter in consultation concluded that the ship should be placed in the hands of Captain, or rather Lieutenant-Commanding Porter.

I have the honor to be, with much respect and esteem, your obedient servant, ANDREW H. FOOTE.

When the President, after much hesitation, finally decided that an attempt should be made to supply Fort Sumter, it was coupled, as stated, with the further decision that the authorities at Charleston should be informed of his intention—that supplies would be sent peaceably or otherwise by force. This notification and qualification was acquiesced in, though none of the Cabinet except Mr. Seward were advised of any pledge, or pledges, or understanding with the rebel Commissioners, and that he was a party I have no knowledge except what is communicated in the statements of the rebel Commissioners, the remarks of Mr. Blair, and the semi-official admissions of Mr. Thurlow Weed, the confidential friend of Mr. S., and I may add also by the attending circumstances. Indeed, it was understood those Commissioners were not to be recognized or treated with. If, as is claimed, any promise was given them, directly or by implication, that Fort Sumter should be evacuated, it was unauthorized. At one time, after hearing the views of Generals Scott and Totten, and Major Anderson and his officers, the opinion of each of the members of the Administration was obtained, and all, with the exception of Mr. Blair, came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to provision the garrison. The pledge or assurance that the fort should be evacuated is claimed to have been given through Judge Campbell at that time. It was, if made, a communication of Cabinet consultations and understandings that were yet in embryo, and which the results showed were not conclusive. In fact, the final decision was in direct opposition to and in conflict with such a pledge, for it was decided the fort should not be evacuated without an attempt to relieve it. The first assurance, given in March, is claimed to have been unqualified that Sumter should be evacuated. But Judge Campbell says he received on the 1st of April, from the Secretary of State, the following qualified statement in writing: "I am satisfied the Government will not undertake to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Governor P." On the very day of its date the order to Porter was given, and on the succeeding day the further order which displaced Mercer and withdrew the Powhatan from the Sumter expedition was, to use the word of General Meigs, "extracted" from the President without his being aware of the effect of those orders. Judge Campbell and the Commissioners appear to have rested quietly under the modified assurance of the 1st of April; but alarmed by the preparations which the Government was making in New York, Judge C., on the 7th of April, addressed a note to Mr. Seward and received in reply: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." When this pledge was given the Powhatan had left, not for Sumter as ordered by the Government under command of Captain Mercer, but for Pensacola, under Lieutenant Porter.

The expedition, without the flag-ship, sailed on the 6th and 7th of April. On the 8th Governor Pickens was officially advised of the fact, and, as the vessels were to rendezvous ten miles off Charleston light on the 11th, there was ample time allowed the insurgents to make preparations for resistance. There would seem to have been a deliberate purpose to render the Sumter expedition—the first of the war—abortive; to prevent the garrison from receiving supplies; to compel Major Anderson to surrender and evacuate the fort; for every step taken, every measure adopted, was met and thwarted by counteracting measures, most of them secret, emanating from or sanctioned by the President, who was unsuspectingly made to defeat his own orders and purposes. How far the conferees of different parties who held counsel or were in communication on these matters in the winter of 1861, had become committed to or were complicated in any scheme or policy in relation to the final disposition of Fort Sumter, has never

been stated. The relief of the garrison and the abandonment of the fortress were questions earnestly discussed in the Buchanan Cabinet; but action was postponed until his retirement. Under what arrangement, pledge, or understanding, if any, that postponement took place, is not publicly known. Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, with one exception perhaps, were not parties to it.

The secessionists seem to have anticipated there would be a peaceful surrender of the fort; that the Confederate Commissioners would be eventually received and their diplomatic character recognized; that the wayward sisters would be permitted to go in peace; and it was prophesied that a satisfactory adjustment would take place in ninety days. But hopes proved delusive and prophecies failures, for scarcely half that number of days elapsed after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln when the great conflict commenced at Sumter.

An interesting history of the Sumter expedition has been given by Mr. Fox, who commanded it, and is published in Boynton's "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," which I should be glad to incorporate into this statement, but am prevented by its length. The squadron encountered a gale soon after leaving Sandy Hook, and none of the vessels reached the place of rendezvous until the morning of the 12th of April. The rebels had been informed on the 8th of the intention of the Administration to send supplies to the garrison, and a correspondence was immediately opened on receiving this notice between Beauregard, in command of the insurgent forces, and the rebel government at Montgomery, ending with a demand of immediate surrender. On the refusal of Major Anderson, fire was opened at 4:30 A. M. of the 12th on the fortress, and Mr. Fox, who arrived in the army transport *Baltic*, found only the *Harriet Lane* at the rendezvous. The *Pawnee* arrived at 6 A. M. Mr. Fox at once boarded her and requested her commander to stand in to the bar with him; but Commander Rowan replied, "that his orders required him to remain ten miles east of the light and await the *Powhatan*." The *Baltic* and the *Harriet Lane* therefore proceeded, and as they neared the land the firing was heard and the smoke and shells from the batteries were visible. No other vessel of the squadron arrived that day, but, says Mr. Fox, "feeling sure that the *Powhatan* would arrive during the night, as she had sailed from New York two days before us, I stood out to the appointed rendezvous and made signals all night. The morning of the 13th was thick and foggy." No *Powhatan* appeared. In the course of the day he "learned for the first time that Commander Rowan had received a note from Captain Mercer, of the *Powhatan*, dated at New York on the 6th, the day he sailed, stating the *Powhatan* was detached by superior authority from the duty to which she was assigned off Charleston, and had sailed for another destination. I left New York two days afterwards without any intimation of this change."

Mr. Fox adds: "My plan for supplying Fort Sumter required three hundred sailors, a full supply of armed launches, and three tugs. The *Powhatan* carried the sailors and launches, and when this vessel was about to leave in obedience to the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, two officers, Lieutenant D. D. Porter, U. S. Navy, and Captain M. C. Meigs, U. S. Engineers, presented themselves on board with an order from the President of the United States, authorizing the former to take any vessel whatever in commission and proceed immediately to the Gulf of Mexico. This order did not pass through the Navy Department, and was unknown to the Secretary of the Navy, and when signed by the President he was not conscious that his signature would deprive me of the means to accomplish an object which he held to be of vital importance." The

squadron with supplies, but without the flag-ship and men and launches which had been provided on her, was powerless. It might have been unavailing after the gale separated it, and the insurgents were notified and had time to prepare for its reception. But the strange detachment of the Powhatan would, under any circumstances, have rendered the expedition fruitless. Whatever unpleasant feeling may have existed at the moment on the part of any member of the Cabinet or of the President himself in regard to the failure of the Sumter expedition, or the fitting out of a military expedition by the Secretary of State to strengthen the already reinforced garrison at Pickens, to which was surreptitiously and needlessly added an important naval vessel, ordered to other duty, was of short duration. It was, however, an experience not without its lesson, and resulting benefits to the Administration, for it contributed to settle in some degree and define the province of the different departments of the Government under President Lincoln. Until these occurrences there was, in some quarters, an impression, not to say assumption, that the Secretary of State occupied in the Administration a position analogous to that of the Premier in Great Britain; that he was virtually the Executive—the acting President; and that his orders extended to and controlled the other departments. The President soon corrected these great errors. He let it be understood that he was President in fact as well as in name, and though not exempt from the influence of associates, he was particularly careful thereafter that no one of the Secretaries should arrogate, and, without assent or knowledge, exercise the functions of another. His trust and confidence was given to each one of his political family without reserve or limitation. Each was but a part of the Executive, of which the President was chief.

Prior to these events there had been no regular stated Cabinet meetings. The members were frequently convened, almost invariably by special invitation through the Secretary of State, sometimes in full session; sometimes only such as were particularly interested in the subject-matter were invited, with the exception of the Secretary of State, who usually issued the notices to the heads of departments to assemble, and was always present on every occasion and whatever were the measures under consideration. To obviate difficulties and prevent a recurrence of such proceedings as had taken place, as well as to avail himself of the views of each and all his Cabinet on public affairs, the President soon after directed that there should be regular Cabinet sessions at meridian on Tuesdays and Fridays, at which important measures of administration should be submitted.

The attempt by the Government, in the discharge of its imperative duty, to send supplies to a garrison in one of the forts belonging to the United States, met, it will be seen, with many embarrassments, and when finally made, was forcibly resisted by the insurgents at Charleston, who then and there placed themselves in open, defiant rebellion, fired the first gun, committed the first act of war, and commenced the first assault on the flag, the troops, and a national fortress. After a bombardment of two days, Fort Sumter was evacuated on the 14th of April, and on the next day, the 15th, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men, and convening Congress in special session on the 4th of July.

GIDEON WELLES.

OVERLAND.

CHAPTER XIV.

THURSTANE found the caravan in excellent condition, the mules being tethered at the reservoir half-way up the acclivity, and the wagons parked and guarded as usual, with Weber for officer of the night.

"We are in no tanger, Leftenant," said the sergeant. "A large barty of these bueplo beebles has shust gone to the vront. They haf daken atfandage of our bresence to regover a bortion of the blain. I haf sent Kelly along to look after them a leetle und make them keep a goot watch. We are shust as safe as possible. Und to-morrow we will basture the animals. It is a goot blace for a gamp, Leftenant, und we shall pe all right in a tay or two."

"Does Shubert's leg need attention?"

"No. It is shust nothing. Shupert is for tuty."

"And you feel perfectly able to take care of yourselves here?"

"Perfectly, Leftenant."

"Forty rounds apiece!"

"They are issued, Leftenant."

"If you are attacked, fire heavily; and if the attack is sharp, retreat to the bluff. Never mind the wagons; they can be recovered."

"I will opey your instructions, Leftenant."

Thurstone was feverish and exhausted; he knew that Weber was as good a soldier as himself; and still he went back to the village with an anxious heart; such is the tenderness of the military conscience as to *duty*.

By the time he reached the upper landing of the wall of the pueblo it was sunset, and he paused to gaze at a magnificent landscape, the *replica* of the one which he had seen at sunrise. There were buttes, valleys, and cañons, the vast and lofty plateaus of the north, the ranges of the Navajo country, the Sierra del Carrizo, and the ice peaks of Monte San Francisco. It was sublime, savage, beautiful, horrible. It seemed a revelation from some other world. It was a nightmare of nature.

Clara met him on the landing with the smile which she now often gave him. "I was anxious about you," she said. "You were too weak to go down there. You look very tired. Do come and eat, and then rest. You will make yourself sick. I was quite anxious about you."

It was a delightful repetition. How his heart and his eyes thanked her for being troubled for his sake! He was so cheered that in a moment he did not seem to be tired at all. He could have watched all that night, if it had been necessary for her safety, or even for her comfort. The soul certainly has a great deal to do with the body.

While our travellers sleep, let us glance at the singular people among whom they have found refuge.

It is said hesitatingly, by scholars who have not yet made comparative studies of languages, that the Moquis are not *red men*, like the Algonquins, the Iroquois, the Lenni Lenape, the Sioux, and in general those whom we know as *Indians*. It is said, moreover, that they are of the same generic stock with the Aztecs of Mexico, the ancient Peruvians, and all the other city-building peoples of both North and South America.

It was an evil day for the brown race of New Mexico when horses strayed from the Spanish settlements into the desert, and the savage red tribes became cavalry. This feeble civilization then received a more cruel shock than that which had been dealt it by the storming columns of the conquistadors. The horse transformed the Utes, Apaches, Comanches, and Navajos from snapping-turtles into condors. Thenceforward, instead of crawling in slow and feeble bands to tease the dense populations of the pueblos, they could come like a tornado, and come in a swarm. At no time were the Moquis and their fellow agriculturists and herdsmen safe from robbery and slaughter. Such villages as did not stand upon buttes inaccessible to horsemen, and such as did not possess fertile lands immediately under the shelter of their walls, were either abandoned or depopulated by slow starvation.

It is thus that we may account for many of the desolate cities which are now found in Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah. Not of course for all; some, we know, were destroyed by the early Spaniards; others may have been forsaken because their tillable lands became exhausted, others doubtless fell during wars between different tribes of the brown race. But the cavalry of the desert must necessarily have been a potent instrument of destruction.

It is a pathetic spectacle, this civilization which has perished, or is perishing, without the poor consolation of a history to record its sufferings. It comes near to being a repetition of the silent death of the flint and bronze races—the mound-raisers, and cave-diggers, and cromlech-builders of Europe.

Captain Phineas Glover, rising at an early hour in the morning, and having had his nosebag of medicament refilled and refitted, set off on an appetizer around the ramparts of the pueblo, and came back marvelling.

"Been out to shake hands with these clever critters," he said. "Best beavin' 'n' meekest lookin' Injuns I ever see. Put me in mind o' cows 'n' lambs. An' neat! 'Most equal to Amsterdam Dutch. Seen a woman sweepin' up her husband's tobacco ashes 'n' carryin' 'em out to throw over the wall. Jest what they do in Broek. Ever been in Broek? Tell ye 'bout it some time. But how d'ye s'pose this town was built? I didn't see no stun up here that was fit for quarryin'. So I put it to a lot of fellers where they got their buildin' m'ter'ls. Wal, after figurin' round a spell, 'n' makin' signs by the schuner load, scuff out the hull thing. Every stun in this place was whittled out 'f the ruff-scuff at the bottom of the mounting, 'n' fetched up here in blankets on men's shoulders. All the mud, too, to make their bricks, was backed up in the same way. Feller off with his blanket 'n' showed me how they did it. Beas all. Wust of it was, couldn't find out how long it took 'em, nor how the job was lotted out to each one."

"I suppose they made their women do it," said Aunt Maria grimly. "Men usually put all the hard work on women."

"Wal, women folks do a heap," admitted Glover, who never contradicted anybody. "But there's reason to entertain a hope that they didn't take the brunt of it here. I looked over into the gardens down b'low the town, 'n' see men plantin' corn, 'n' tendin' peach trees, but didn't see no women at it. The women was all in the houses, spinnin', weavin', sewin', 'n' fixin' up ginerally."

"Remarkable people!" exclaimed Aunt Maria. "They are at least as civilized as we. Very probably more so. Of course they are. I must learn whether the women vote, or in any way take part in the government. If so, these Indians are vastly our superiors, and we must sit humbly at their feet."

During this talk the worn and wounded Thurstane had been lying asleep.

He now appeared from his dormitory, nodded a hasty good-morning, and pushed for the door.

"Train's all right," said Glover. "Jest took a squint at it. Peaceful 's a ship becalmed. Not a darned Apache in sight."

"You are sure?" demanded the young officer.

"Better get some more peach-leaf pain-killer on your arm 'n' set straight down to breakfast."

"If the Apaches have vamosed, Coronado might join us," suggested Thurstone.

"Never!" answered Mrs. Stanley with solemnity. "His ancestor stormed Cibola and ravaged this whole country. If these people should hear his name pronounced, and suspect his relationship to their oppressor, they might massacre him."

"That was three hundred years ago," smiled the wretch of a lieutenant.

"It doesn't matter," decided Mrs. Stanley.

And so Coronado, thanks to one of his splendid inventions, was not invited up to the pueblo.

The travellers spent the day in resting, in receiving a succession of pleasant, tidy visitors, and in watching the ways of the little community. The weather was perfect, for while the season was the middle of May, and the latitude that of Algeria and Tunis, they were nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the isolated butte was wreathed with breezes. It was delightful to sit or stroll on the landings of the ramparts, and overlook the flourishing landscape near at hand, and the peaceful industry which caused it to bloom.

Along the hillside, amid the terraced gardens of corn, pumpkins, guavas, and peaches, many men and children were at work, with here and there a woman.

The scene had not only its charms, but its marvels. Besides the grand environment of plateaus and mountains in the distance, there were near at hand freaks of nature such as one might look for in the moon. Nowhere perhaps has the great water erosion of bygone æons wrought more grotesquely and fantastically than in the Moqui basin. To the west rose a series of detached buttes, presenting forms of castles, towers, and minarets, which looked more like the handiwork of man than the pueblo itself. There were piles of variegated sandstone, some of them four hundred feet in height, crowned by a hundred feet of sombre trap. Internal fire had found vent here; its outflowings had crystallized into columnar trap; the trap had protected the underlying sandstone from cycles of water-flow; thus had been fashioned these sublime donjons and pinnacles.

They were not only sublime but beautiful. The sandstone, reduced by ages to a crumbling marl, was of all colors. There were layers of green, reddish-brown, drab, purple, red, yellow, pinkish, slate, light-brown, orange, white, and banded. Nature, not contented with building enchanted palaces, had frescoed them. At this distance, indeed, the separate tints of the strata could not be discerned, but their general effect of variegation was distinctly visible, and the result was a landscape of the Thousand and One Nights.

To the south were groups of crested mounds, some of them resembling the spreading stumps of trees, and others broad-mouthed bells, all of vast magnitude. These were of sandstone marl, the caps consisting of hard red and green shales, while the swelling boles, colored by gypsum, were as white as loaf-sugar. It was another specimen of the handiwork of deluges which no man can number.

Far away to the southwest, and yet faintly seen through the crystalline atmosphere, were the many-colored knolls and rolls and cliffs of the Painted Desert.

Marls, shales, and sandstones, of all tints, were strewn and piled into a variegated vista of sterile splendor. Here surely enchantment and glamour had made undisputed abode.

All day the wounded and the women reposed, gazing a good deal, but sleeping more. During the afternoon, however, our wonder-loving Mrs. Stanley roused herself from her lethargy and rushed into an adventure such as only she knew how to find. In the morning she had noticed, at the other end of the pueblo from her quarters, a large room which was frequented by men alone. It might be a temple; it might be a hall for the transaction of public business; such were the diverse guesses of the travellers. Into the mysteries of this apartment Aunt Maria resolved to poke.

She reached it; nobody was in it; suspicious circumstance! Aunt Maria put an end to this state of questionable solitude by entering. A dark room; no light except from a trap door; a very proper place for improper doings. At one end rose a large, square block of red sandstone, on which was carved a round face environed by rays, probably representing the sun. Aunt Maria remembered the sacrificial altars of the Aztecs, and judged that the old sanguinary religion of Tenochtitlan was not yet extinct. She became more convinced of this terrific fact when she discovered that the red tint of the stone was deepened in various places by stains which resembled blood.

Three or four horrible suggestions arose in succession to jerk at her heart-strings. Were these Moquis still in the habit of offering human sacrifices? Would a woman answer their purpose, and particularly a white woman? If they should catch her there, in the presence of their deity, would they consider it a leading of Providence? Aunt Maria, notwithstanding her curiosity and courage, began to feel a desire to retreat.

Her reflections were interrupted and her emotions accelerated by darkness. Evidently the door had been shut; then she heard a rustling of approaching feet and an awful whispering; then projected hands impeded her gropings toward safety. While she stood still, too completely blinded to fly and too frightened to scream, a light gleamed from behind the altar and presently rose into a flame. The sacred fire!—she knew it as soon as she saw it; she remembered Prescott, and recognized it at a glance.

By its flickering rays she perceived that the apartment was full of men, all robed in blankets of ebony blackness, and all gazing at her in solemn silence. Two of them, venerable elders with long white hair, stood in front of the others, making genuflexions and signs of adoration toward the carved face on the altar. Presently they advanced to her, one of them suddenly seizing her by the shoulders and pinioning her arms behind her, while the other drew from beneath his robe a long sharp knife of the glassy flint known as obsidian.

At this point the horrified Aunt Maria found her voice, and uttered a piercing scream.

At the close of her scream she by a supreme effort turned on her side, raised her hands to her face, rubbed her eyes open, stared at Clara, who was lying near her, and mumbled, "I've had an awful nightmare."

That was it. There was no altar, nor holy fire, nor high priest, nor flint lancet. She hadn't been anywhere, and she hadn't even screamed, except in imagination. She was on her blanket, alongside of her niece, in the house of the Moqui chief, and as safe as need be.

CHAPTER XV.

BUT the visionary terror had scarcely gone when a real one came. Coronado appeared—Coronado, the descendant of the great Vasquez—Coronado, whom the Moquis would destroy if they heard his name—of whom they would not leave two limbs or two fingers together. From her dormitory she saw him walk into the main room of the house in his airiest and cheeriest manner, bowing and smiling to right, bowing and smiling to left, winning Moqui hearts in a moment, a charmer of a Coronado. He shook hands with the chief; he shook hands with all the head men; next a hand to Thurstane and another to Glover. Mrs. Stanley heard him addressed as Coronado; she looked to see him scattered in rags on the floor; she tried to muster courage to rush to his rescue.

There was no outcry of rage at the sound of the fatal name, and she could not perceive that a Moqui countenance smiled the less for it.

Coronado produced a pipe, filled it, lighted it, and handed it to the chief. That dignitary took it, bowed gravely to each of the four points of the compass, exhaled a few whiffs, and passed it to his next blanketed neighbor, who likewise saluted the four cardinal points, smoked a little, and sent it on. Mrs. Stanley drew a sigh of relief; the pipe of peace had been used, and there would be no bloodshed; she saw the whole bearing of her favorite's audacious manœuvre at a glance.

Coronado now glided into the obscure room where she and Clara were sitting on their blankets and skins. He kissed his hand to the one and the other, and rolled out some melodious congratulations.

"You reckless creature!" whispered Aunt Maria. "How dared you come up here?"

"Why so?" asked the Mexican, for once puzzled.

"Your name! Your ancestor!"

"Ah!!" and Coronado smiled mysteriously. "There is no danger. We are under the protection of the American eagle. Moreover, hospitalities have been interchanged."

Next the experiences of the last twenty-four hours, first Mrs. Stanley's version and then Coronado's, were related. He had little to tell: there had been a quiet night and much slumber; the Moquis had stood guard and been every way friendly; the Apaches had left the valley and gone to parts unknown.

The truth is that he had slept more than half of the time. Journeying, fighting, watching, and anxiety had exhausted him as well as every one else, and enabled him to plunge into slumber with a delicious consciousness of it as a restorative and a luxury.

Now that he was himself again, he wondered at what he had been. For two days he had faced death, fighting like a legionary or a knight-errant, and in short playing the hero. What was there in his nature, or what had there been in his selfish and lazy life, that was akin to such fine frenzies? As he remembered it all, he hardly knew himself for the same old Coronado.

Well, being safe again, he was a devoted lover again, and he must get on with his courtship. Considering that Clara and Thurstane, if left much together here in the pueblo, might lead each other into the temptation of a betrothal, he decided that he must be at hand to prevent such a catastrophe, and so here he was. Presently he began to talk to the girl in Spanish; then he begged the aunt's pardon for speaking what was to her an unknown tongue; but he had, he

said, some family matters for his cousin's ear; would Mrs. Stanley be so good as to excuse him?

"Certainly," returned that far-sighted woman, guessing what the family matters might be, and approving them. "By the way, I have something to do," she added. "I must attend to it immediately."

By this time she remembered all about her nightmare, and she was in a state of inflammation as to the Moqui religion. If the dream were true, if the Moqui's were in the habit of sacrificing strong-minded women or any kind of women, she must know it and put a stop to it. Stepping into the central room, where Thurstane and Glover were smoking with a number of Indians, she said in her prompt, positive way, "I must look into these people's religion. Does anybody know whether they have any?"

The Lieutenant had a spark or two of information on the subject. Through the medium of a Navajo who had strolled into the pueblo, and who spoke a little Spanish and a good deal of Moqui, he had been catechising the chief as to manners, customs, etc.

"I understand," he said, "that they have a sacred fire which they never suffer to go out. They are believed to worship the sun, like the ancient Aztecs. The sacred fire seems to confirm the suspicion."

"Sacred fire! vestal virgins, too, I suppose! can they be Romans?" reasoned Aunt Maria, beginning to doubt Prince Madoc.

"The vestal virgins here are old men," replied Ralph, wickedly pleased to get a joke on the lady.

"Oh! The Moquis are not Romans," decided Mrs. Stanley. "Well, what do these old men do?"

"Keep the fire burning."

"What if it should go out? What would happen?"

"I don't know," responded the sub-acid Thurstane.

"I didn't suppose you did," said Aunt Maria pettishly. "Captain Glover. I want you to come with me."

Followed by the subservient skipper, she marched to the other end of the pueblo. There was the mysterious apartment; it was not really a temple, but a sort of public hall and general lounging place; such rooms exist in the Spanish-speaking pueblos of Zuni and Laguna, and are there called *estufas*. The explorers soon discovered that the only entrance into the *estufa* was by a trap-door and a ladder. Now Aunt Maria hated ladders: they were awkward for skirts, and moreover they made her giddy; so she simply got on her knees and peeped through the trap-door. But there was a fire directly below, and there was also a pretty strong smell of pipes of tobacco, so that she saw nothing and was stifled and disgusted. She sent Glover down, as people lower a dog into a mine where gases are suspected. After a brief absence the skipper returned and reported.

"Pooty sizable room. Dark 's a pocket 'n' hot 's a footstove. Three or four Injuns talkin' 'n' smokin'. Scrap 'f a fire smoulderin' in a kind 'f standee fireplace without any top."

"That's the sacred fire," said Aunt Maria. "How many old men were watching it?"

"Didn't see *any*."

"They must have been there. Did you put the fire out?"

"No water handy," explained the prudent Glover.

"You might have—expectorated on it."

"Reckon I didn't miss it," said the skipper, who was a chewer of tobacco and a dead shot with his juice.

"Of course nothing happened."

"Nary."

"I knew there wouldn't," declared the lady triumphantly. "Well, now let us go back. We know something about the religion of these people. It is certainly a very interesting study."

"Didn't appear to me much I'k a temple," ventured Glover. "Sh'd say t'was a kind 'f ginerall smokin' room 'n' jawin' place. Git together there 'n' talk crops 'n' 'lections 'n' the like."

"You must be mistaken," decided Aunt Maria. "There was the sacred fire."

She now led the willing captain (for he was as inquisitive as a monkey) on a round of visits to the houses of the Moquis. She poked smiling through their kitchens and bedrooms, and gained more information than might have been expected concerning their spinning and weaving, cheerfully spending ten minutes in signs to obtain a single idea.

"Never shear their sheep till they are dead!" she exclaimed when that fact had been gestured into her understanding. "Absurd! There's another specimen of masculine stupidity. I'll warrant you, if the women had the management of things, the good-for-nothing brutes would be sheared every day."

"Jest as they be to hum," slyly suggested Glover, who knew better.

"Certainly," said Aunt Maria, aware that cows were milked daily.

The Moquis were very hospitable; they absolutely petted the strangers. At nearly every house presents were offered, such as gourds full of corn, strings of dried peaches, guavas as big as pomegranates, or bundles of the edible wrapping paper, all of which Aunt Maria declined with magnanimous waves of the hand and copious smiles. Curious and amiable faces peeped at the visitors from the landings and doorways.

"How mild and good they all look!" said Aunt Maria. "They put me in mind somehow of Shenstone's pastorals. How humanizing a pastoral life is, to be sure! On the whole, I admire their way of not shearing their sheep alive. It isn't stupidity, but goodness of heart. A most amiable people!"

"Jest so," assented Glover. "How it must go ag'in the grain with 'em to take a skelp when it comes in the way of dooty! A man oughter feel willin' to be skelped by sech tender-hearted critters."

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Maria. "I don't believe they ever scalp anybody—unless it is in self-defence."

"Dessay. Them fellers that went down to fight the Apaches was painted up 's savage 's meat-axes. Probably though 'twas to use up some 'f their paint that was a wastin'. Equinomical, I sh'd say."

Mrs. Stanley did not see her way clear to comment either upon the fact or the inference. There were times when she did not understand Glover, and this was one of the times. He had queer twistical ways of reasoning which often proved the contrary of what he seemed to want to prove; and she had concluded that he was a dark minded man who did not always know what he was driving at; at all events, a man not invariably comprehensible by clear intellects.

Her attention was presently engaged by a stir in the pueblo. Great things were evidently at hand; some spectacle was on the point of presentation, what was it? Aunt Maria guessed marriage, and Captain Glover guessed a war-dance; but they had no argument, for the skipper gave in. Meantime the Moquis, men,

women, and children, all dressed in their gayest raiment, were gathering in groups on the landings and in the square. Presently there was a crowd, a thousand or fifteen hundred strong. At last appeared the victims, the performers, or whatever they were.

"Dear me!" murmured Aunt Maria. "Twenty weddings at once! I hope divorce is frequent."

Twenty men and twenty women advanced to the centre of the plaza in double file and faced each other.

The dance began; the performers furnished their own music; each rolled out a deep *aw aw* under his visor.

"Sounds like a swarm of the biggest kind of blue-bottle flies inside 'f the biggest kind 'f a sugar hogset," was Glover's description.

The movement was as monotonous as the melody. The men and women faced each other without changing positions; there was an alternate lifting of the feet, in time with the *aw aw* and the rattling of the gourds; now and then there was a simultaneous about face.

After a while, open ranks; then rugs and blankets were brought; the maidens sat down and the men danced at them; trot trot, *aw aw*, and rattle rattle.

Every third girl now received a large empty gourd, a grooved board, and the dry shoulder-bone of a sheep. Laying the board on the gourd, she drew the bone sharply across the edges of the wood, thus producing a sound like a watchman's rattle.

They danced once on each side of the square; then retired to a house and rested fifteen minutes; then recommenced their trot. Meanwhile maidens with large baskets ran about among the spectators, distributing meat, roasted ears of corn, sheets of bread, and guavas.

So the gayety went on until the sun and the visitors alike withdrew.

"After all, I think it is more interesting than our marriages," declared Aunt Maria. "I wonder if we ought to make presents to the wedded couples. There are a good many of them."

She was quite amazed when she learned that this was not a wedding, but a rain-dance, and that the maidens whom she had admired were boys dressed up in female raiment, the customs of the Moquis not allowing women to take part in public spectacles.

"What exquisite delicacy!" was her consolatory comment. "Well, well, this is the golden age, truly."

When further informed that in marriage among the Moquis it is woman who takes the initiative, the girl pointing out the young man of her heart and the girl's father making the offer, which is never refused, Mrs. Stanley almost shed tears of gratification. Here was something like woman's rights; here was a flash of the glorious dawn of equality between the sexes; for when she talked of equality she meant female preëminence.

"And divorces?" she eagerly asked.

"They are at the pleasure of the parties," explained Thurstane, who had been catechising the chief at great length through his Navajo.

"And who, in case of a divorce, cares for the children?"

"The grandparents."

Aunt Maria came near clapping her hands. This was better than Connecticut or Indiana. A woman here might successively marry all the men whom she might successively fancy, and thus enjoy a perpetual gush of the affections and an unruffled current of happiness.

To such extreme views had this excellent creature been led by brooding over what she called the wrongs of her sex and the legal tyranny of the other.

But we must return to Coronado and Clara. The man had come up to the pueblo on purpose to have a plain talk with the girl and learn exactly what she meant to do with him. It was now more than a week since he had offered himself, and in that time she had made no sign which indicated her purpose. He had looked at her and sighed at her without getting a response of any sort. This could not go on; he must know how she felt towards him; he must know how much she cared for Thurstane. How else could he decide what to do with her and with *him*?

Thus, while the other members of the party were watching the Moqui dances, Coronado and Clara were talking matters of the heart, and were deciding, unawares to her, questions of life and death.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT must be remembered that when Mrs. Stanley carried off skipper Glover to help her investigate the religion of the Moquis, she left Coronado alone with Clara in one of the interior rooms of the chief's house.

Thurstane, to be sure, was in the next room and in sight; but he had with him the chief, two other leading Moquis, and his chance Navajo interpreter; they were making a map of the San Juan country by scratching with an arrow-point on the clay floor; everybody was interested in the matter, and there was a pretty smart jabbering. Thus Coronado could say his say without being overheard or interrupted.

For a little while he babbled commonplaces. The truth is that the sight of the girl had unsettled his resolutions a little. While he was away from her, he could figure to himself how he would push her into taking him at once, or how, if she refused him, he would let loose upon her the dogs of fate. But once face to face with her, he found that his resolutions had dispersed like a globule of mercury under a hammer, and that he needed a few moments to scrape them together again. So he prattled nothings while he meditated; and you would have thought that he cared for the nothings. He had that faculty; he could mentally ride two horses at once; he would have made a good diplomatist.

His mind glanced at the past while it peered into the future. What a sinuous underground plot the superficial incidents of this journey covered! To his fellow-travellers it was a straight line; to him it was a complicated and endless labyrinth. How much more he had to think of than they! Only he knew that Pedro Muñoz was dead, that Clara Van Dieman was an heiress, that she was in danger of being abandoned to the desert, that Thurstane was in danger of assassination. Nothing that he had set out to do was yet done, and some of it he must absolutely accomplish, and that shortly. How much? That depended upon this girl. If she accepted him, his course would be simple, and he would be spared the perils of crime.

Meantime, he looked at Clara even more frankly and calmly than she looked at him. He showed no guilt or remorse in his face, because he felt none in his heart. It must be understood distinctly that the man was almost as destitute of a conscience as it is possible for a member of civilized society to be. He knew what the world called right and wrong; but the mere opinion of the world

had no weight with him; that is, none as against his own opinion. His rule of life was to do what he wanted to do, providing he could accomplish it without receiving a damage. You can hardly imagine a being whose interior existence was more devoid of complexity and of mixed motives than was Coronado's. Thus he was quite able to contemplate the possible death of Clara, and still look her calmly in the face and tell her that he loved her.

The girl returned his gaze tranquilly, because she had no suspicions of his profound wickedness. By nature confiding and reverential, she trusted those who professed friendship, and respected those who were her elders, especially if they belonged in any manner to her own family. Considering herself under obligations to Coronado, and not guessing that he was capable of doing her a harm, she was truly grateful to him and wished him well with all her heart. If her eye now and then dropped under his, it was because she feared a repetition of his offer of marriage, and hated to pain him with a refusal.

The commonplaces lasted longer than the man had meant, for he could not bring himself promptly to take the leap of fate. But at last came the dance; the chief and his comrades led Thurstane away to look at it; now was the time to talk of this fateful betrothal.

"Something is passing outside," observed Clara. "Shall we go to see?"

"I am entirely at your command," replied Coronado, with his charming air of gentle respect. "But if you can give me a few minutes of your time, I shall be very grateful."

Clara's heart beat violently, and her cheeks and neck flushed with spots of red, as she sank back upon her seat. She guessed what was coming; she had been a good deal afraid of it all the time; it was her only cause of dreading Coronado.

"I venture to hope that you have been good enough to think of what I said to you a week ago," he went on. "Yes, it was a week ago. It seems to me a year."

"It seems a long time," stammered Clara. So it did, for the days since had been crammed with emotions and events, and they gave her young mind an impression of a long period passed.

"I have been so full of anxiety!" continued Coronado. "Not about our dangers," he asserted with a little bravado. "Or, rather, not about mine. For you I have been fearful. The possibility that you might fall into the hands of the Apaches was a horror to me. But, after all, my chief anxiety was to know what would be your final answer to me. Yes, my beautiful and very dear cousin, strange as it may seem under our circumstances, this thought has always outweighed with me all our dangers."

Coronado, as we have already declared, was really in love with Clara. It seems incredible, at first glance, that a man who had no conscience could have a heart. But the assertion is not a fairy story; it is founded in solid philosophy. It is true that Coronado's moral education had been neglected or misdirected; that he was either born indifferent to the idea of duty, or had become indifferent to it; and that he was an egotist of the first water, bent solely upon favoring and gratifying himself. But while his nature was somewhat chilled by these things, he had the hottest of blood in his veins, he possessed a keen perception of the beautiful, and so he could desire with fury. His love could not be otherwise than selfish; but it was none the less capable of ruling him tyrannically.

Just at this moment his intensity of feeling made him physically imposing and almost fascinating. It seemed to remove a veil from his usually filmy black eyes, and give him power for once to throw out all of truth that there was in his soul. It communicated to his voice a tremor which made it eloquent. He exhaled, as it were, an aroma of puissant emotion which was intoxicating, and which could hardly fail to act upon the sensitive nature of woman. Clara was so agitated by this influence, that for the moment she seemed to herself to know no man in the world but Coronado. Even while she tried to remember Thurstane, he vanished as if expelled by some enchantment, and left her alone in life with her tempter. Still she could not or would not answer; though she trembled, she remained speechless.

"I have asked you to be my wife," resumed Coronado, seeing that he must urge her. "I venture now to ask you again. I implore you not to refuse me. I cannot be refused. It would make me utterly wretched. It might perhaps bring wretchedness upon you. I hope not. I could not wish you a pain, though you should give me many. My very dear Clara, I offer you the only love of my life, and the only love that I shall ever offer to any one. Will you take it?"

Clara was greatly moved. She could not doubt his sincerity; no one who heard him could have doubted it; he *was* sincere. To her, young, tender-hearted, capable of loving earnestly, beginning already to know what love is, it seemed a horrible thing to spurn affection. If it had not been for Thurstane, she would have taken Coronado for pity.

"Oh, my cousin!" she sighed, and stopped there.

Coronado drew courage from the kindly title of relationship, and, leaning gently towards her, attempted to take her hand. It was a mistake; she was strangely shocked by his touch; she perceived that she did not like him, and she drew away from him.

"Thank you for that word," he whispered. "Is it the kindest that you can give me? Is there——?"

"Coronado!" she interrupted. "This is all an error. See here. I am not an independent creature. I am a young girl. I owe some duty somewhere. My father and mother are gone, but I have a grandfather. Coronado, he is the head of my family, and I ought not to marry without his permission. Why can you not wait until we are with Muñoz?"

There she suddenly dropped her head between the palms of her hands. It struck her that she was hypocritical; that even with the consent of Muñoz she would not marry Coronado; that it was her duty to tell him so.

"My cousin, I have not told the whole truth," she added, after a terrible struggle. "I would not marry any one without first laying the case before my grandfather. But that is not all. Coronado, I cannot—no, I cannot marry you."

The man without a conscience, the man who was capable of planning and ordering murder, turned pale under this announcement.

Notwithstanding its commonness, notwithstanding that it has been described until the subject is hackneyed, notwithstanding that it has become a laughing-stock for many, even including poets and novelists, there is probably no heart-pain keener than disappointment in love. The shock of it is like a deep stab; it not merely tortures, but it instantly sickens; the anguish is much, but the sense of helplessness is more; the lover who is refused feels not unlike the soldier who is wounded to death.

This sorrow compares in dignity and terror with the most sublime sorrows

of which humanity is capable. The death of a parent or child, though rendered more imposing to the spectator by the ceremonies of the sepulchre, does not chill the heart more deeply than the death of love. It lasts also; many a human being has carried the marks of it for life; and surely duration of effect is proof of power. We are serious in making these declarations, strange as they may seem to a satirical age. What we have said is strictly true, notwithstanding the mockery of those who have never loved, or the incredulity of those who, having loved, have never lost. But probably only the wretchedly initiated will believe.

Coronado, though selfish, infamous, and atrocious, was so far susceptible of affection that he was susceptible of suffering. The simple fact of pallor in that hardened face was sufficient proof of torture.

However, it stood him in hand to recover his self-possession and plead his suit. There was too much at stake in this cause for him to let it go without a struggle and a vehement one. Although he had seen at once that the girl was in earnest, he tried to believe that she was not so, and that he could move her.

"My dear cousin!" he implored in a voice that was mellow with agitation, "don't decide against me at once and forever. I must have some hope. Pity me."

"Ah, Coronado! Why will you?" urged Clara, in great trouble.

"I must! You must not stop me!" he persisted eagerly. "My life is in it. I love you so that I don't know how I shall end if you will not hearken to me. I shall be driven to desperation. Why do you turn away from me? Is it my fault that I care for you? It is your own. You are *so* beautiful!"

"Coronado, I wish I were very ugly," murmured Clara, for the moment sincere in so wishing.

"Is there anything you dislike in me? I have been as kind as I knew how to be."

"It is true, Coronado. You have overwhelmed me with your goodness. I could go on my knees to thank you."

"Then—why?"

"Ah! why will you force me to say hard things? Don't you see that it tortures me to refuse you?"

"Then why refuse me? Why torture us both?"

"Better a little pain now than much through life."

"Do you mean to say that you never can——?" He could not finish the question.

"It is so, Coronado. I never could have said it myself. But you have said it. I never shall love you."

Once more the man felt a cutting and sickening wound, as of a bullet penetrating a vital part. Unable for the moment to say another word, he rose and walked the room in silence.

"Coronado, you don't know how sorry I am to grieve you so," cried the girl, almost sobbing. "It seems, too, as if I were ungrateful. I can only beg your pardon for it, and pray that Heaven will reward you."

"Heaven!" he returned impatiently. "You are my heaven. You are the only heaven that I know."

"Oh, Coronado! Don't say that. I am a poor, sinful, unworthy creature. Perhaps I could not make any one happy long. Believe me, Coronado, I am not worthy to be loved as you love me."

"You are!" he said, turning on her passionately and advancing close to her. "You are worthy of my life-long love, and you shall have it. You shall have it, whether you wish it or not. You shall not escape it. I will pursue you with it wherever you go and as long as you live."

"Oh! You frighten me. Coronado, I beg of you not to talk to me in that way. I am afraid of you."

"What is the cause of this?" he demanded, hoping to daunt her into submission. "There is something in my way. What is it? Who is it?"

Clara's paleness turned in an instant to scarlet.

"Who is it?" he went on, his voice suddenly becoming hoarse with excitement. "It is some one. Is it this American? This boy of a lieutenant?"

Clara, trembling with an agitation which was only in part dismay, remained speechless.

"Is it?" he persisted, attempting to seize her hands and looking her fiercely in the eyes. "Is it?"

"Coronado, stand back!" said Clara. "Don't you try to take my hands!"

She was erect, her eyes flashing, her cheeks spotted with crimson, her expression strangely imposing.

The man's courage drooped the moment he saw that she had turned at bay. He walked to the other side of the room, pressed his temples between his palms to quiet their throbbing, and made an effort to recover his self-possession. When he returned to her, after nearly a minute of silence, he spoke quite in his natural manner.

"This must pass for the present," he said. "I see that it is useless to talk to you of it now."

"I hope you are not angry with me, Coronado."

"Let it go," he replied, waving his hand. "I can't speak more of it now."

She wanted to say, "Try never to speak of it again;" but she did not dare to anger him further, and she remained silent.

"Shall we go to see the dance?" he asked.

"I will, if you wish it."

"But you would rather stay alone?"

"If you please, Coronado."

Bowing with an air of profound respect, he went his way alone, glanced at the games of the Moquis, and hurried back to camp, meditating as he went.

What now should be done? He was in a state of fury, full of plottings of desperation, swearing to himself that he would show no mercy. Thurstane must die at the first opportunity, no matter if his death should kill Clara. And she? There he hesitated; he could not yet decide what to do with her; could not resolve to abandon her to the wilderness.

But to bring about any part of his projects he must plunge still deeper into the untraversed. To him, by the way, as to many others who have had murder at heart, it seemed as if the proper time and place for it would never be found. Not now, but by and by; not here, but further on. Yes, it must be further on; they must set out as soon as possible for the San Juan country; they must get into wilds never traversed by civilized man.

To go thither in wagons he had already learned was impossible. The region was a mass of mountains and rocky plateaux, almost entirely destitute of water and forage, and probably forever impassable by wheels. The vehicles must be left here; the whole party must take saddle for the northern desert; and then must come death—or deaths.

But while Coronado was thus planning destruction for others, a noiseless, patient, and ferocious enmity was setting its ambush for him.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHORTLY after the safe arrival of the train at the base of the Moqui bluff, and while the repulsed and retreating warriors of Delgadito were still in sight, two strange Indians cantered up to the park of wagons.

They were fine-looking fellows, with high aquiline features, the prominent cheek-bones and copper complexion of the red race, and a bold, martial, trooper-like expression, which was not without its wild good-humor and gayety. One was dressed in a white woollen hunting-shirt belted around the waist, white woollen trousers or drawers reaching to the knee, and deerskin leggins and moccasins. The other had the same costume, except that his drawers were brown and his hunting-shirt blue, while a blanket of red and black stripes drooped from his shoulders to his heels. Their coarse black hair was done up behind in thick braids, and kept out of their faces by a broad band around the temples. Each had a lance eight or ten feet long in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung at his waist-belt. These men were Navajos (Na-va-hos).

Two jolly and impudent braves were these visitors. They ate, smoked, lounged about, cracked jokes, and asked for liquor as independently as if the camp were a tavern. Rebuffs only made them grin, and favors only led to further demands. It was hard to say whether they were most wonderful for good-nature or impertinence.

Coronado was civil to them. The Navajos abide or migrate on the south, the north, and the west of the Moqui pueblas. He was in a manner within their country, and it was still necessary for him to traverse a broad stretch of it, especially if he should attempt to reach the San Juan. Besides, he wanted them to warn the Apaches out of the neighborhood and thus avert from his head the vengeance of Manga Colorado. Accordingly he gave this pair of roystering troopers a plentiful dinner and a taste of aguardiente. Toward sunset they departed in high good-humor, promising to turn back the hoofs of the Apache horses; and when in the morning Coronado saw no Indians on the plain, he joyously trusted that his visitors had fulfilled their agreement.

Somewhere or other, within the next day or two, there was a grand council of the two tribes. We know little of it; we can guess that Manga Colorado must have made great concessions or splendid promises to the Navajos; but it is only certain that he obtained leave to traverse their country. Having secured this privilege, he posted himself fifteen or twenty miles to the southwest of Te-gua, behind a butte which was extensive enough to conceal his wild cavalry, even in its grazings. He undoubtedly supposed that, when the train should quit its shelter, it would go to the west or to the south. In either case he was in a position to fall upon it.

Did the savage know anything about Coronado? Had he attacked his wagons without being aware that they belonged to the man who had paid him five hundred dollars and sent him to harry Bernalillo? Or had he attacked in full knowledge of this fact, because he had been beaten off the southern trail, and believed that he had been lured thither to be beaten? Had he learned, either from Apaches or Navajos, whose hand it was that slew his boy? We can only ask these questions.

One thing alone is positive : there was a debt of blood to be paid. An Indian war is often the result of a private vendetta. The brave is bound, not only by natural affection and family pride, but still more powerfully by sense of honor and by public opinion, to avenge the slaughter of a relative. Whether he wishes it or not, and frequently no doubt when he does not wish it, he must black his face, sing his death-song, set out alone if need be, encounter labors, hardships, and dangers, and never rest until his sanguinary account is settled. The tyranny of Mrs. Grundy in civilized cities and villages is nothing to the despotism which she exercises among those slaves of custom, the red men of the American wildernesses. Manga Colorada, bereaved and with blackened face, lay in wait for the first step of the emigrants outside of their city of refuge.

We must return to Coronado. Although Clara's rejection of his suit left him vindictively and desperately eager for a catastrophe of some sort, a week elapsed before he dared take his mad plunge into the northern desert. It was a hundred miles to the San Juan ; the intervening country was a waste of rocks, almost entirely destitute of grass and water ; the mules and horses must recruit their full strength before they could undertake such a journey. They must not only be strong enough to go, but they must have vital force left to return.

It is astonishing what labors and dangers the man was willing to face in his vain search for a spot where he might commit a crime in safety. Such a spot is as difficult to discover as the Fountain of Youth or the Terrestrial Paradise. More than once Coronado sickened of his seemingly hopeless and ever lengthening pilgrimage of sin. Not because it was sinful—he had little or no conscience, remember—only because it was perplexing and perilous.

It was in vain that Thurstane protested against the crazy trip northward. Coronado sometimes argued for his plan ; said the route improved as it approached the river ; hoped the party would not be broken up in this manner ; declared that he could not spare his dear friend the lieutenant. Another time he calmly smoked his cigarito, looked at Thurstane with filmy, expressionless eyes, and said, "Of course you are not obliged to accompany us."

"I have not the least intention of quitting you," was the rather indignant reply of the young fellow.

At this declaration Coronado's long black eyebrows twitched, and his lips curled with the smile of a puma, showing his teeth disagreeably.

"My dear lieutenant, that is so like you !" he said. "I own that I expected it. Many thanks."

Thurstane's blue-black eyes studied this enigmatic being steadily and almost angrily. He could not at all comprehend the fellow's bland obstinacy and recklessness.

"Very well," he said sullenly. "Let us start on our wild-goose chase. What I object to is taking the women with us. As for myself, I am anxious to reach the San Juan and get something to report about it."

"The ladies will have a day or two of discomfort," returned Coronado ; "but you and I will see that they run no danger."

Nine days after the arrival of the emigrants at Tegua they set out for the San Juan. The wagons were left parked at the base of the butte under the care of the Moquis. The expedition was reorganized as follows : On horseback, Clara, Coronado, Thurstane, Texas Smith, and four Mexicans ; on mules, Mrs. Stanley, Glover, the three Indian women, the four soldiers, and the ten drivers and muleteers. There were besides eighteen burden mules loaded with provis-

ions and other baggage. In all, five women, twenty-two men, and forty-five animals.

The Moquis, to whom some stores and small presents were distributed, overflowed with hospitable offices. The chief had a couple of sheep slaughtered for the travellers, and scores of women brought little baskets of meal, corn, guavas, etc. As the strangers left the pueblo both sexes and all ages gathered on the landings, grouped about the stairways and ladders which led down the rampart, and followed for some distance along the declivity of the butte, holding out their simple offerings and urging acceptance. Aunt Maria was more than ever in raptures with Moquis and women.

The chief and several others accompanied the cavalcade for eight or ten miles in order to set it on the right trail for the river. But not one would volunteer as a guide; all shook their heads at the suggestion. "Navajos! Apaches! Comanches!"

They had from the first advised against the expedition, and they now renewed their expostulations. Scarcely any grass; no water except at long distances; a barren, difficult, dangerous country: such was the meaning of their dumb show. On the summit of a lofty bluff which commanded a vast view toward the north, they took their leave of the party, struck off in a rapid trot toward the pueblo, and never relaxed their speed until they were out of sight.

The adventurers now had under their eyes a large part of the region which they were about to traverse. For several miles the landscape was rolling; then came elevated plateaux rising in successive steps, the most remote being apparently sixty miles away; and the colossal scene was bounded by isolated peaks, at a distance which could not be estimated with anything like accuracy. Ranges, buttes, pinnacles, monumental crags, gullies, shadowy chasms, the beds of perished rivers, the stony wrecks left by unrecorded deluges, diversified this monstrous, sublime, and savage picture. Only here and there, separated by vast intervals of barrenness, could be seen minute streaks of verdure. In general the landscape was one of inhospitable sterility. It could not be imagined by men accustomed only to fertile regions. It seemed to have been taken from some planet not yet prepared for human, nor even for beastly habitation. The emotion which it aroused was not that which usually springs from the contemplation of the larger aspects of nature. It was not enthusiasm; it was aversion and despair.

Clara gave one look, and then drew her hat over her eyes with a shudder, not wishing to see more. Aunt Maria, heroic and constant as she was or tried to be, almost lost faith in Coronado and glanced at him suspiciously. Thurstane, sitting bolt upright in his saddle, stared straight before him with a grim frown, meanwhile thinking of Clara. Coronado's eyes were filmy and incomprehensible; he was planning, querying, fearing, almost trembling; when he gave the word to advance, it was without looking up. There was a general feeling that here before them lay a fate which could only be met blindfold.

Now came a long descent, avoiding precipices and impracticable slopes, winding from one stony foot-hill to another, until the party reached what had seemed a plain. It was a plain because it was amid mountains; a plain consisting of rolls, ridges, ravines, and gullies; a plain with hardly an acre of level land. All day they journeyed through its savage interstices and struggled with its monstrosities of trap and sandstone. Twice they halted in narrow valleys, where a little loam had collected and a little moisture had been retained, afford-

ing meagre sustenance to some thin grass and scattered bushes. The animals browsed, but there was nothing for them to drink, and all began to suffer with thirst.

It was seven in the evening, and the sun had already gone down behind the sullen barrier of a gigantic plateau, when they reached the mouth of the cañon which had once contained a river, and discovered by the merest accident that it still treasured a shallow pool of stagnant water. The fevered mules plunged in headlong and drank greedily; the riders were perforce obliged to slake their thirst after them. There was a hastily eaten supper, and then came the only luxury or even comfort of the day, the sound and delicious sleep of great weariness.

Repose, however, was not for all, inasmuch as Thurstane had reorganized his system of guard duty, and seven of the party had to stand sentry. It was Coronado's *tour*; he had chosen to take his watch at the start; there would be three nights on this stretch, and the first would be the easiest. He was tired, for he had been fourteen hours in the saddle, although the distance covered was only forty miles. But much as he craved rest, he kept awake until midnight, now walking up and down, and now smoking his eternal cigarito.

There was a vast deal to remember, to plan, to hope for, to dread, and to hate. Once he sat down beside the unconscious Thurstane, and meditated shooting him through the head as he lay, and so making an end of that obstacle. But he immediately put this idea aside as a frenzy, generated by the fever of fatigue and sleeplessness. A dozen times he was assaulted by a lazy or cowardly temptation to give up the chances of the desert, push back to the Bernalillo route, leave everything to fortune, and take disappointment meekly if it should come. When the noon of night arrived, he had decided upon nothing but to blunder ahead by sheer force of momentum, as if he had been a rolling boulder instead of a clever, resolute Garcia Coronado.

The truth is, that his circumstances were too mighty for him. He had launched them, but he could not steer them as he would, and they were carrying him he knew not whither. At one o'clock he awoke Texas Smith, who was now his sergeant of the guard; but instead of enjoining some instant atrocity upon him, as he had more than once that night purposed, he merely passed the ordinary instructions of the watch; then, rolling himself in his blankets, he fell asleep as quickly and calmly as an infant.

At daybreak commenced another struggle with the desert. It was still sixty miles to the San Juan, over a series of savage sandstone plateaux, said to be entirely destitute of water. If the animals would not accomplish the distance in two days, it seemed as if the party must perish. Coronado went at his work, so to speak, head foremost and with his hat over his eyes. Nevertheless, when it came to the details of his mad enterprise, he managed them admirably. He was energetic, indefatigable, courageous, cheerful. All day he was hurrying the cavalcade, and yet watching its ability to endure. His "Forward, forward," alternated with his "Carefully, carefully." Now "*Adelante*," and now "*Con juicio*."

About two in the afternoon they reached a little nook of sparse grass, which the beasts gnawed perfectly bare in half an hour. No water; the horses were uselessly jaded in searching for it; beds of trap and gullies of ancient rivers were explored in vain; the horrible rocky wilderness was as dry as a bone. Meanwhile, the fatigue of scrambling and stumbling thus far had been enormous.

It had been necessary to ascend plateau after plateau by sinuous and crumbling ledges, which at a distance looked impracticable to goats. More than once, in face of some beetling precipice, or on the brink of some gaping chasm, it seemed as if the journey had come to an end. Long detours had to be made in order to connect points which were only separated by slight intervals. The whole region was seamed by the jagged zigzags of cañons worn by rivers which had flowed for thousands of years, and then for thousands of years more had been non-existent. If, at the commencement of one of these mighty grooves, you took the wrong side, you could not regain the trail without returning to the point of error, for crossing was impossible.

A trail there was. It is by this route that the Utes and Payoches of the Colorado come to trade with the Moquis or to plunder them. But, as may be supposed, it is a journey which is not often made even by savages; and the cavalcade, throughout the whole of its desperate push, did not meet a human being. Amid the monstrous expanse of uninhabited rock it seemed lost beyond assistance, forsaken and cast out by mankind, doomed to a death which was to have no spectator. Could you have seen it, you would have thought of a train of ants endeavoring to cross a quarry; and you would have judged that the struggle could only end in starvation, or in some swifter destruction.

The most desperate venture of the travellers was amid the wrecks of an extinct volcano. It seemed here as if the genius of fire had striven to outdo the grotesque extravagances of the genii of the waters. Crags, towers, and pinnacles of porphyry were mingled with huge convoluted masses of light brown trachyte, of tufa either pure white or white veined with crimson, of black and gray columnar basalts, of red, orange, green, and black scoria, with adornments of obsidian, amygdaloids, rosettes of quartz crystal and opalescent chalcedony. A thousand stony needles lifted their ragged points as if to defy the lightning. The only vegetation was a spiny cactus, clinging closely to the rocks, wearing their grayish and yellowish colors, lending no verdure to the scene, and harmonizing with its thorny inhospitality.

As the travellers gazed on this wilderness of scorched summits, glittering in the blazing sunlight, and yet drawing from it no life—as stark, still, unsympathizing, and cruel as death—they seemed to themselves to be out of the sweet world of God, and to be in the power of malignant genii and demons. The imagination cannot realize the feeling of depression which comes upon one who finds himself imprisoned in such a landscape. Like uttermost pain, or like the extremity of despair, it must be felt in order to be known.

"It seems as if Satan had chosen this land for himself," was the perfectly serious and natural remark of Thurstane.

Clara shuddered; the same impression was upon her mind; only she felt it more deeply than he. Gentle, somewhat timorous, and very impressionable, she was almost overwhelmed by the terrific revelations of a nature which seemed to have no pity, or rather seemed full of malignity. Many times that day she had prayed in her heart that God would help them. Apparently detached from earth, she was seeking nearness to heaven. Her look at this moment was so awe struck and piteous, that the soul of the man who loved her yearned to give her courage.

"Miss Van Diemen, it shall all turn out well," he said, striking his fist on the pommel of his saddle.

"Oh! why did we come here?" she groaned.

"I ought to have prevented it," he replied, angry with himself. "But never mind. Don't be troubled. It shall all be right. I pledge my life to bring it all to a good end."

She gave him a look of gratitude which would have repaid him for immediate death. This is not extravagant; in his love for her he did not value himself; he had the sublime devotion of immense adoration.

That night another loamy nook was found, clothed with a little thin grass, but waterless. Some of the animals suffered so with thirst that they could not graze, and uttered doleful whinneys of distress. As it was the Lieutenant's tour on guard, he had plenty of time to study the chances of the morrow.

"Kelly, what do you think of the beasts?" he said to the old soldier who acted as his sergeant.

"One more day will finish them, Leftenant."

"We have been fifteen hours in the saddle. We have made about thirty-five miles. There are twenty-five miles more to the river. Do you think we can crawl through?"

"I should say, Leftenant, we could just do it."

At daybreak the wretched animals resumed their hideous struggle. There was a plateau for them to climb at the start, and by the time this labor was accomplished they were staggering with weakness, so that a halt had to be ordered on the windy brink of the acclivity. Thurstane, according to his custom, scanned the landscape with his field-glass, and jotted down topographical notes in his journal. Suddenly he beckoned to Coronado, quietly put the glass in his hands, nodded toward the desert which lay to the rear, and whispered, "Look."

Coronado looked, turned slightly more yellow than his wont, and murmured, "Apaches!"

"How far off are they?"

"About ten miles," judged Coronado, still gazing intently.

"So I should say. How do you know they are Apaches?"

"Who else would follow us?" asked the Mexican, remembering the son of Manga Colorada.

"It is another race for life," calmly pronounced Thurstane, facing about toward the caravan and making a signal to mount.

NOTHING BY HALVES.

THEY had been engaged a whole month before anybody knew it—anybody, that is, except Helen's quiet mouse of a stepmother, who possessed the faculty, almost lost among human beings, of keeping silence when she promised. There was no special reason for a temporary secrecy, only it pleased them both. I do not think it was an unnatural feeling to wish a little private enjoyment of their dream before it became the property of the world at large, to be discussed and something of its freshness and sanctity impaired thereby. A whole month—the month of January, too, that holds thirty-one complete days—a long time for two mortals to possess uninterrupted happiness. Older and sadder people than this pair might have said it was as much or more than humanity has a right to expect, and I fear that a good many of us do have to spread our bliss very thin to make it reach so far.

But Helen Brevoort accepted her royal gift with the unreasoning confidence of nineteen, and Richard Falmore claimed it as a right; a man of thirty is rather apt to do so, and further to offend Fate by considering himself injured because the boon was not offered sooner. But they had their month—they lived their dream; not one of you so hardened and worldly that you cannot look back and picture it from your memory. Never again would there be such a winter seen as that which glorified those days—never such music as greeted their ears at opera or ball—never such heavenly moments of solitary reflection, or hours like those they spent in the shadowy library talking of the future, and marvelling such happiness had never before been vouchsafed mortality. It sounds very foolish put into printed words, and you and I laugh at them as the exaggerations of romance; unfortunately, we usually laugh with a pain under.

The month passed, then; it was impossible to keep sharp-eyed relatives out of the secret; of course as soon as they learned it, society in general shared the confidence. The matter was settled according to regulation rules, and the two had to bear congratulation and comment, and worse still, feel that the bloom of mystery was brushed from their treasure.

Then followed two weeks of pleasurable excitement for Helen, and then the first cloud gathered in her sky—and it is easier to take up my chronicle here; happiness is hard to describe or imagine.

Mrs. Vincent came back from Havana; she had been gone three months, and society, in spite of its occupations, had found time to miss her. But society approved of her errand. Mrs. Vincent had a dash of Cuban blood in her veins, and some old relative in the troubled island, with a colossal fortune to leave, had been ill and demanded a visit. Of course the ancient cat recovered, and would probably live long enough to change her will six times yet, but Mrs. Vincent had done her duty. The truth was, she had gone from impulse; she was the last woman in the world to take any pains to get money, fond as she was of spending it. The ancient relative had written piteously of her loneliness, and Mrs. Vincent could not resist the plea. To be sure, she had been rewarded by any quantity of adulation and pleasure in the gay city; but her motive for going was a good one, even if it did spring from impulse instead of principle and a desire to do her duty.

She returned just in time for Mrs. Forsyth's grand ball, and astonished the

whole world by appearing in the rooms so late that any arrival would have been an event, and in a dress so marvellous that every woman felt herself look faded and dowdy at once.

Twenty minutes had not elapsed before she was told of Richard Falmore's engagement, and smiled an incredulity which she was careful to hide. But the news came presently from a quarter which admitted no doubt, and Mrs. Vincent's beautiful eyes gained a new lustre and her high spirits waxed higher. All the while her blood grew hotter and hotter, till it got up to boiling heat, and she felt the keen anger a married flirt is likely to do when she learns that one of her victims has slipped through her hands and been artful and bold enough to keep her in ignorance to the last.

The summer before, Helen had made her *début* at Newport, met Mrs. Vincent for a few days, and was regarded by that lady as a pretty piece of still life not worth a second thought. But Helen had thought a great deal about her, and when in the autumn she met Richard Falmore again at somebody's country-house and their acquaintance grew rapidly, she suffered a vague pain and jealousy in remembering the gossip she had heard concerning his flirtation with the beautiful woman.

Helen returned late to town, and Mrs. Vincent was gone; after that she found no time to think about her, forgot the stories, and would have smiled with blind, youthful scorn during the past month at the idea of the lady in any way disturbing her lovely dream.

To-night's ball was a rather dull affair to Helen, for Falmore was unavoidably absent. She would have stayed at home if there had been any possible pretext; but as there was not, she came and danced and smiled and behaved properly, wondering all the while why the hours should be so stupid and so long.

She sat down to rest by her stepmother after a waltz, listening with an effort to the talk of a dancing man, sadly out of his element in the conversational arena. Mrs. Vincent floated in from the ball-room, surrounded by a little court of admirers. Helen had supposed her thousands of blessed leagues away; the very sight of her brought a thrill of uneasiness to which she gave no name. Mrs. Vincent saw her too, and had already accepted her *rôle*. She approached Helen, ostensibly to greet some old dowager acquaintance, turned, became conscious of the girl's presence, and did a bit of pretty cordiality on the instant.

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Brevoort? I needn't ask if you are well, with that color and those eyes!"

Helen had to accept the white hand so gracefully offered and reply as creditably as she could; but not being much of an actress yet, she could not help showing her surprise at Mrs. Vincent's manner—that with which she might have greeted an old friend.

"No, I shall not dance," Mrs. Vincent was saying, when the odd commotion in Helen's mind would permit her to listen again. "Go away, every one of you. I am going to sit down here by Miss Brevoort and rest; remember, I am just off a journey and tired to death."

Helen was forced to make room for her; the dandies hovered about, the gay conversation went on, so wearisome to the girl just then, and though she tried to talk, Mrs. Vincent saw plainly that she was bored, and understanding the reason—as she had learned Falmore was not there—felt an unreasonable wrath rise in her soul against the creature because she dared to miss him.

"Mr. Dormer came down to Havana with such a glowing account of your triumphs that I expect every day an invasion of enthusiastic Cubans," she said

laughingly, apropos to some questions she had been asking about Helen's winter.

Something in the tone or words—she could not have told what—offended the girl. She did not like Mrs. Vincent; she did not mean to have any but the merest acquaintance with her; and unfortunately she was prompted to flesh her maiden sword against the tried lance of this veteran coquette. She made some answer that had a sting in it. Mrs. Vincent passed it over. In a few moments it happened again, and Mrs. Vincent thought:

"Little girl, you are taking a dangerous stand! I meant to punish that man; I shall have to include you in the castigation. Why, you're jealous, you small wasp!"

She smiled more sweetly than ever; confused Helen with pretty speeches; finally took some man's arm, and swept away like a bright cloud, followed by her troop of adorers.

The next day Richard Falmore did not call; the second was dark and snowy, and Mrs. Vincent stood at her window and watched the storm and yielded to the bitter, wicked reflections that so often filled up her lonely hours. She was not a happy woman, poor soul. She had married a man many years older than herself, and found she had been wedded for her money. He was a cold-blooded old frog, devoted to Wall street, and had built up a mammoth fortune; allowed his wife to go her own way, and divided his time between business and pleasures suitable to a coarse nature. So, mad with the disappointment and the loneliness, Adelaide Vincent rushed into the world, and for six years her name on either side the Atlantic had been the synonyme for everything that was fascinating, extravagant, and reckless.

Her coquetries were so general, that she escaped much of the condemnation which usually follows such a woman, however courted she may be, and what she sought was power, not sentimental romance. She was able to boast to herself that no man had ever dared put his adoration into words, and she delighted in keeping her slaves just on the verge between hope and idiocy.

She had known Richard Falmore for two years now; they had met over in Europe, and from that time up to the period when she went to Cuba, he had been foremost in her band of adherents. He was more to her than any other of the men who added their brains by her smiles, yet their intimacy had been that of two confidential friends rather than an ordinary flirtation.

He knew more of her real character and feelings than anybody else in the world; she could talk freely to him, and he in return had been chivalrous and devoted, and deeply under the spell of her witcheries.

And now he had deceived her; he was as treacherous and mean as the rest of his species. Several times that winter he had written her long, pleasant letters, but never a hint of his engagement—nothing to lead her to suppose that he was not eagerly waiting to be at her beck and call when she should again dawn upon his horizon. She read those letters over this day; she recalled Helen Brevoort's impertinence of the previous night; and there was a dangerous smile on the woman's face as she laid the correspondence aside. If he had trusted her, she would have been foremost, she said to herself, in promoting his happiness; he had dared her power, and now she would see if she was as helpless as ordinary women in similar circumstances.

She sat down and wrote him a letter:

"I have been back three whole days, and you are the only one of my friends who has not come near me. For half an hour I was hurt; for twenty minutes I was vexed; but life is not long enough to waste more time in either emotion.

"My dear Sir Lancelot, why have you not given an old friend the privilege of congratulating you on your new-found happiness? It was wicked of you! I may not recognize the article from personal experience, but tired and worn as I am, I have enough freshness of feeling left to be able to sympathize.

"Well, I mean to be generous, and I do nothing by halves, so I shall congratulate you as heartily as if you had been true to our friendship. You have won a great prize—guard it carefully. In the mean time, remember that an old friend has at least the claim of memory. In your idle days, when life was empty, you wrote me a score of pretty letters. I have them all, and it is my creed that an engaged man should take back such trifles. Will you come and receive with them my heartfelt congratulations? In the hope that you may do so, if *la belle* permits, I shall stay at home to-night and 'grin defiance at my own shadow;' you know existence hasn't left me much else to do."

When an engaged man receives such a letter, if he is wise he makes an excuse; but who is wise? Richard Falmore wrote two notes: one to Mrs. Vincent promising to obey her request; the other, his first white lie, to Helen—a forgotten business engagement would prevent his accompanying her to her aunt's reception.

Mrs. Vincent knew of his promise and meant to force him to break it; a proper bit of malice, she thought, in return for his duplicity in not having confided in her.

When Falmore entered her boudoir that evening, the sight which met his eyes was enough to make any masculine head swim. It is as old and stale as the first novel to talk about a woman's beauty; this woman had something more potent than that—the dangerous gift of fascination. She came forward to meet him, with her long white draperies sweeping in fleecy folds over the floor; some artful combination in the way of sea-green trimmings heightening her pallor and giving a deeper light to her great eyes. Every pose was perfect, every word what it ought to have been; and Falmore thought what a pity it was that such grace and witchery could never be added to the ingenuous loveliness of a young girl.

They talked of all sorts of trifles—her journey—the orange groves—the marvellous skies—the charms of the tropic island; and Mrs. Vincent talked as only an American woman can. By and by she said softly:

"You are bad and wicked even yet! You've gossiped so fast, I have had no opportunity to say how happy the news I have heard makes me—how heartily glad I am."

He took her hand and pressed it warmly—a little confused and awkward, as a man will be at such times. "Thank you," he said; "I want you to know her—to like her. I meant to have written, but I have been so busy."

"She has already the highest claim to my regard—she is your choice," returned Circe. "For your silence—well, let bygones be bygones!"

"And you forgive me?"

"My dear friend, as if I had the right or wish to be angry! The world calls me a coquette—you know me better. I think you might have told me—you know I grasp eagerly at any bit of pleasure—I don't have many—you might have given me this—but never mind; I'll take it now."

It was not the words; the voice—the eloquent eyes raised to his—the pale, tremulous features. Good gracious, in the face of warning and experience, men will be idiots up to the millennium!

Presently she pulled a little table toward her, unlocked her writing-desk, and took out a package.

"I have to give these up," she said; "my friendship must make its little sacrifice."

"I hope you don't mean I am never to write to you any more?" he said quickly.

She shook her head.

"I am old and sadly wise," she said; "when a man marries he gives up his old life—it is just and right. My dear friend, indulge in no letters; no young wife will permit it without scenes or secret wretchedness."

He began to interrupt; she put up her finger.

"It is the penalty of marrying a young girl," she said. "We older women know that a real friendship is a safeguard to a married man. Oh, Richard, remember her always—never mind if you do make sacrifices—let her be happy! When the romance goes, life may look a little bald and bare to you, but never let her feel it. She will not look below the exterior; if she sees you cheerful and attentive, she will be content—that's the blessed privilege of unreasoning youth."

"I am sure Helen will never be unreasonable," he said, somewhat disturbed.

"You are marrying a child," she answered. "You cannot expect blossoms and solid fruit both. To a certain extent your life must be solitary—you will find that out; she is a girl, and will live in the interests suited to her age. It is right, and you must be satisfied with knowing that you have the love of a pure, fresh heart. She may not be able to understand or sympathize with the feelings of a man of your age; but put that by, live for her, and gain your reward in the sight of her peace."

Richard Falmore could not have told how, but those words, and many similar ones she uttered, opened his eyes for the first time to the fact that Helen was very youthful in thought and opinions—exact and unreasonable as youth usually is; and the reflection was not pleasant. It was not agreeable either to regard the future where he was personally concerned, as Mrs. Vincent painted it. Altogether, when the interview ended, his prospects looked much less bright than they had done during the past weeks. Life had before seemed to find an anchor—an aim; now the solitude and emptiness of the old days menaced the future, and left him irritated and disheartened.

She read him like a book; glided back to pleasanter themes; talked of her own ambition for him—the need there was in this country for men of culture and mind devoting themselves to a public career. But she showed plainly she did not now expect or wish him to fulfil her former hopes. He asked why, and persisted till she gave the reason—very gently—but the cruellest barb of all she now planted in his soul. Such a career would separate him from the wife he had chosen; she was too young to sympathize, and would therefore be jealous even of his ambition. Richard combated and argued, but nevertheless the doubt was sent home, and grew as rapidly as only such poisonous fancies can do.

The days and weeks got by; I might fill a volume with their details, but they could make the inevitable result no clearer.

Helen was wilful and jealous; Falmore wrong-headed and obstinate as only a man can be; and the time came when quarrels were frequent between them, and helped to wear the bloom rapidly off their romance. Let me do Mrs. Vincent justice. She did not think how wickedly she was acting—people seldom do. She meant at first only to punish Falmore a little; Helen's conduct angered her, and she wanted to punish her too; but after a while she grew sorry for Falmore's distress, forgot that she had any share in it, and pitied him heartily for having made a great mistake. She showed that she pitied him, and though he went

nearly mad at this, he could not relinquish the sort of bitter pleasure he found in it. Making a man believe nobody else really understands and appreciates him, is a trap wherewith an artful woman shall catch the oldest and wisest Solomon of modern days, be he as wily a diplomatist as Bismarck or as enthusiastic a churchman as Pusey himself.

Besides the quarrels between the lovers, several of those unforeseen mischances wherewith Fate likes to torment us when she makes up her mind to be cruel, helped to widen the breach that separated them. Once Helen wrote to ask him to walk with her; a careless servant omitted to take her letter, and while she sat at her window waiting, he drove past with Mrs. Vincent. She was too proud to ask an explanation—believed he had deliberately intended to outrage her; and from that time her anger rapidly mastered every better emotion.

She took to flirting, and made the mistakes therein young girls usually do; and whether Falmore happened to be amused or angry at her performances, they aided equally in widening the gap.

There came a very bitter hour to Richard; he felt that he had given his heart to a soulless doll, who cared more for the gratification of her vanity than anything else. Helen was quick to discover that he regarded her as a child, to be petted, trained, schooled, and she resented it with hot passion. She knew what, in his blind man's arrogance, he failed to discover; love had suddenly developed her into womanhood; the careless, blossom-like season of her girlish years was gone forever.

Relations helped on the mischief—they invariably do in such cases. They pitied Helen one day and blamed her the next, till at last the fiery temper which until lately she had never accused herself of possessing, flamed up, and she proved to them that she would endure neither sympathy nor interference. So they took out their commiseration and condemnation in looks, and drove her so nearly mad that she used to wish the race of kindred an extinct species.

Lent was very early that season, and after its austerities brightened into the rejoicings of Easter, Mrs. Doshamer gave the last ball of the season.

It was late when Helen entered the rooms; she had detained her stepmother by one pretext or another, and was several times on the point of declaring that she would not go; but destiny had still another blow to deal her undisciplined soul, and some impulse stronger than she could resist forced her out.

The first sight which met her eyes in the dancing-saloon was Falmore and Mrs. Vincent whirling down the room to the music of a waltz, which a few months before Helen and her lover had decided they were always to dance together. In a more reasonable frame of mind she might have remembered—what was really the truth—that Falmore was not actually to blame; but to her morbid feelings it appeared a fresh insult. Mrs. Vincent had said with her easy audacity:

“This waltz is mine; *la belle* is not here yet, so I can claim the privilege of friendship and ask for it.”

As Falmore led her to a seat he saw Helen sitting at a little distance. He hurried toward her and received only petulant replies in answer to his greetings.

“Please remember I have light gloves on,” she said rather rudely as he took her hand.

He had meant to explain how it chanced that he had profaned their waltz; but now he was angry in his turn, and remained obstinately silent.

"May I have this galop?" he asked, after making a little effort to talk pleasantly.

"I'm sorry," she replied; "I have just promised it to Charley Ames—here he comes now."

She rose, took the young fellow's arm, and swept away with a careless nod to Falmore, beginning at once a lively conversation with her companion that was gall and bitterness to Richard just then.

"What, deserted and alone? Don't look so gloomy; children will be children! I have told you twenty times she means nothing by her attempts at flirtation."

Mrs. Vincent slipped her hand through his arm as she spoke.

"You are quite mistaken," said he stiffly.

"I am very glad of it; but if you are cross don't scold poor, unoffending me. I'm tired; let's go over into the little room across the hall."

He led her away in silence to the half-lighted apartment, which chanced to be empty, and they sat down. Falmore was wretched and did not hesitate to complain. She pitied and soothed him; made excuses for Helen, and added to his irritation. He told her how truly he had loved this child, and how plainly she showed that she was not even capable of appreciating the gift offered to her.

"When she grows older she may learn better what it is worth," Mrs. Vincent said.

"I have ceased to hope it," he replied wearily. "I have done all I can."

"You must be patient."

"I have been," he interrupted, and his man's arrogance made him believe he was speaking the truth. "She cares nothing for my wishes or opinions; yet I think it is something when a man of my age says to a girl of hers, I love you."

"My poor friend!" murmured Mrs. Vincent, and tears of real sympathy gathered in her eyes.

Half to hide his emotion, half in idle gallantry, he raised her hand to his lips. A sound at the door made them both look up. Helen Brevoort was standing there gazing full in their faces, with an expression Falmore was never likely to forget.

Mrs. Vincent laughed outright, really attaching no importance to the scene, saying as she passed Helen: "Come and console your inconsolable. I must go and dance."

Helen did not answer; she walked on into the room, still gazing fixedly at her lover with those cruel eyes, which had neither softness nor mercy left in them. He rose mechanically; she thought he meant to leave her without a word.

"One moment," she said in a voice so hard and stern that it did not sound like hers. "I will not detain you long, and it is for the last time."

"Helen!" he exclaimed, half in anger, half in astonishment. "What is the matter—have you quite lost your reason?"

"No; I have found it," she cried with a bitter laugh, sad to hear in one of her age. "I have found it! Just a word, and then you may go back to that vile woman who is a fit associate for a man like you."

"Helen!"

"Stop! Don't you speak—it's my turn now, and I will finish. I have known for a good while that you were false. I have been patient; your own lips, your own act, have set the seal to my doubts."

"You are going too far," he said harshly. "I have borne a great deal from your impossible temper, but there are limits to my endurance."

"There are none to your treachery," she answered. "I'll not waste words Take this back!"

She wrenched from her finger the sparkling brilliant he had placed there as a sign of their betrothal, flung it on the floor at his feet, saying in a low, dreadful tone: "I have done with you! Don't ever dare to speak to me—to look in my face!"

"Helen!" he cried again, this time in sharp agony, because he realized now what she was to him.

"Don't take my name on your lips," she said. "We are strangers."

"What have I done—what does this mean?"

"Will you stoop to duplicity after what I heard and saw?" she broke off with a shudder. "Oh, you are capable of anything; but you cannot deceive me now!"

"Let me explain."

"Let you tell more falsehoods, you mean. No, I have had enough. I am weary of them. Why should you try to deceive me? I am nothing to you."

"I love you, Helen," he groaned.

She moved forward a step, her hands clenched themselves, her cold white passion was fearful to watch.

"If I were a man," she whispered, "I'd kill you where you stand. Don't insult me again, or if there's one of your sex in yonder room with honor enough in his soul to avenge a helpless woman, I'll call him here!"

By this time Falmore was as angry as she, and the stubborn obstinacy which was one of his worst traits, asserted itself.

"If lifting my finger if speaking one syllable would right me in your eyes, I'd neither stir nor speak. You have outraged me beyond what any man ought to bear. I will never forgive you."

"Forgive me?" she repeated. "To dare do it would be the most unpardonable insult of all. You pretended to love me; what end of your own you hoped to serve I can guess now. You thought me a child to be coaxed into good-nature—to be kept blind—to serve as a shield between you and your infamous love."

"Go on," he said, "I wouldn't stop you if my fate for eternity was concerned."

"You made a mistake. I am not a child. I am a woman, strong to feel, strong to resent, and I would be strong to revenge, only I should scorn to seek it against a man so base and degraded as you."

"I wouldn't try to stop you," he said again in the same steely voice, "not if heaven would open to me for the speaking a word."

"Easy to assume that tone when you perceive I am no longer to be duped," she cried. "I have done now. Go your ways; they shall never cross mine again. Take with you my hatred and contempt. Take with you the consciousness that you have blighted a woman's soul. God shall deal with you for that. It's not grief—don't think it. I've no broken heart to mourn over, but you have destroyed my faith in humanity; you have placed me face to face with wickedness such as I never dreamed of, and God will punish you for the work."

Before he could move or speak again, she was gone. He stood there a few moments in the pleasant gloom, while the echo of the merry music surged through the room and her terrible words seemed still ringing in his ear. The last of his youth had been wrenched from him with a sudden shock, and he was stranded without warning on a bleak, desolate middle age. He had loved this child so

truly, had thought her everything noble and pure, and she showed now a fiendish Medusa exulting in the pain she had wrought. She had dared to believe him false; if she had loved him, no evidence, not even that of her own senses, could have shaken her faith.

He remembered there was a private staircase by which he could reach the dressing-room without meeting the crowd. He hurried away, so utterly crushed by the desolation which had ruined his last hope, that there was no longer place even for anger in his soul.

Up to the last Helen supported her *rôle*; never had she looked so handsome, never been so gay. She snatched a leaf from Mrs. Vincent's book and beat her at her own art. All the while there was a mad thought in her mind that it was the end; nothing could come after—not life itself could support this agony.

The next day came, and at noon a letter was handed Helen; it was from Falmore. Her first impulse was to tear it unread, but she broke the seal.

"I am on the steamer bound for Europe; be content. I have written to your relatives that you broke our engagement. I could not allow your pride to suffer by any hints that it was my doing. Take your life free from me. In this world we shall never meet again, and I think Heaven will be merciful enough to keep us worlds apart in the hereafter."

Helen remained a few weeks longer in town; then it was almost the first of May, and she persuaded her stepmother to go up to their quiet place in the country. She had borne her despair and made no sign; allowed her relatives to comment and upbraid; gone about among her acquaintances with a smiling face which told no tales; but her strength was at an end. She must have solitude; she could act a part no longer; she would not stay where cruel eyes could search her face and show by their glance that they read her secret.

Mrs. Brevoort was an invaluable companion at such a time; she let Helen alone; she had just sense enough to do that. Her delicate health gave her occupation of which she never wearied. Her medicine bottles were legion; she weighed her food in a tiny pair of scales, rose, ate, walked by rule, and had so dwarfed her naturally small mind, that she was quite content with her existence. She had neither leisure nor inclination to attend to Helen. She loved the girl; was rather glad to learn that the engagement had been broken, because now she should not be left alone.

Often afterward Helen Brevoort wondered how she lived through that summer without going wholly mad or ending her life by the crowning act of a coward.

The very brightness and beauty of the season was an added pain—every sight and sound of nature inexpressible torture. She had no hope here, no faith at times in the hereafter. Either the merciful Father was in her distorted vision a cruel, merciless abstraction, or she sank passively into the black horrors of Calvinism and believed that she was working out a predestined curse.

However strong words I might employ to describe the state of her mind, however exaggerated the language might appear, it would faintly express a tithe of her suffering. I can only say, thank God there are some happy souls who cannot comprehend. God be merciful to those who from experience are able so to do.

It could do no good to any human being to record the suffering of those days and weeks; I shall pass on to the period when a change came.

Early in the autumn Mrs. Brevoort was seized with a really serious illness,

and Helen was forced out of her selfish solitude. She did not attempt to evade her duties ; night and day she was at her post. But at first the task was wearisome ; after that she fulfilled it in a sort of martyr-like spirit, which was just as morbid and wrong.

But the hour came in which she saw the sufferer face to face with death, as they both believed, and the patience and courage displayed by this weak woman, whom she had always regarded with a sort of affectionate contempt, broke the cloud which obscured her soul. She understood for the first time that in allowing her sorrow to become a tyrant, she was distorting existence for all eternity.

Mrs. Brevoort recovered, and by the day she could leave her room Helen was like another being. I do not mean that she ceased to suffer, or that she rushed into saintly perfection. But she tried hard to forget herself, to accept her burthen as a discipline out of which good might come, and ceased to dwell with bitterness upon the wrongs she had endured. She had advanced a great step ; when any human being makes such an effort, he is helped. Helen knew that the brightness could never come back to her life, but she learned that it was not at an end, and courageously accepted her position.

The weeks passed on to November, and then her good resolutions received an unexpected shock. She heard from some chance visitor that Mrs. Vincent was staying in the neighborhood, and she had a hard struggle not to insist upon her stepmother's going away at once.

It was only the day after that she stood at the entrance to the grounds, just returned from a walk. Before her was a steep hill ; she saw a party of equestrians riding down, one lady in advance, galloping recklessly forward and waving her hand back to her companions in a mocking challenge.

On dashed the horse ; a moment more, and it was evident the rider had lost control of him. The men of the party saw it too and hurried on, but could not overtake the frightened beast. On they came—nearer—nearer ! Just at the foot of the hill the horse stumbled and flung his rider over his head. She fell heavily to the ground and lay quite still, only a few feet from the frightened girl.

After the first instant of horror, Helen rushed forward and bent over the prostrate form. She was looking in the face of the woman who had helped to break her heart, and the face was that of the dead.

When the party reached the spot, Helen had raised the drooping head and was supporting it on her knees. She knew most of the group, and after the first terror-stricken exclamations, some one said :

"What is to be done—is she dead ?"

"No," Helen answered. "Carry her to our house—go for a doctor somebody, at once."

They carried the unfortunate creature up to the dwelling ; she was laid on a bed—everything done that could be ; then Helen went to inform her stepmother. Mrs. Brevoort had learned of the accident and was dreadfully frightened ; but Helen could always soothe her, and presently nervousness was forgotten in other sensations, when she was startled by her daughter's answer to one question.

"Is it anybody we know ?"

"It is Mrs. Vincent," Helen replied.

"Oh, what will you do ?" moaned her stepmother.

"Take care of her," returned Helen ; "at least I am human, mother."

The doctor arrived, and with him a famous surgeon, who happened to be visiting at his house. Mrs. Vincent was dreadfully bruised—one arm broken ; but if there proved to be no internal injury, she would recover.

So Helen's task began. The utmost watchfulness was needed to guard against fever, and no nurse could be procured whom the physicians were willing to trust. Helen assumed the duty; it was too clear to be mistaken, nor did she wish to avoid it.

Late in the evening Mrs. Vincent came to her senses, and found Helen sitting by her bed. It was some time before she could remember what had happened; then she grew so excited that Helen became alarmed.

"I can't stay here," Mrs. Vincent said wildly; "I remember you—you hate me—I always wondered why."

"It's a question of getting well now," Helen answered. "You are in good hands—we shall bring you through nicely; only you must be quiet and obey the doctor."

After some soothing potion Mrs. Vincent dropped off into an uneasy sleep, holding fast to Helen's hand, waking often with a start, babbling unconnectedly, but always calmed by Helen's voice.

That odd companionship lasted for a fortnight. Mr. Vincent was absent in Europe, and there was no relative to come and share Helen's vigils. The time came when the sufferer was out of danger—could sit up—talk—be read to; and it was impossible for two women to be thrown together in a situation of such intimacy without becoming well acquainted. Mrs. Vincent learned to understand and appreciate Helen, and in her turn Helen so far got the better of her rancorous feelings, that she admitted to herself the woman was not the wicked siren she had believed her, and had probably been in a great measure unconscious of the fearful evil she had wrought.

Mrs. Vincent had only heard that Falmore was gone, and the engagement supposed to be broken. Troubles connected with her married life had occupied her all the spring, and she had scarcely remembered either Helen or Richard—certainly never connected the incident of the ball with their rupture.

The confinement of that sick-room gave her more leisure for reflection than she had found in years, and as Helen's character unfolded to her keen perceptions, she perceived the changes in her, and knew how terribly she had suffered from that broken engagement. She saw, too, how wrong her own conduct had been, and, true to her habit of doing nothing by halves, was determined before she went away to get at the truth, and learn if the harm was irremediable.

There was confidence between them on every subject but one—Richard Falmore's name had never been mentioned. In her weakness, Mrs. Vincent talked more freely of herself than she had ever done to any human creature, and Helen pitied her sorrows till she learned to love her, as we do those whom we are allowed to aid. It was the last night they were to spend together. Mrs. Vincent was well enough to go back to town, and the next morning was to start.

"Don't leave me yet," she said, after Mrs. Brevoort had been in to speak a few cheerful words, and Helen had made a move to go away herself. "I can't sleep; put the light out; let's sit a while in this lovely moonlight."

Helen obeyed her in silence.

"Come here," Mrs. Vincent said suddenly, and as Helen approached her she drew her into a seat by her side. "You've been very good to me," she went on; "I don't try to thank you——"

"Of course not," Helen interrupted; "there's no need."

"You've taught me a great deal," continued Mrs. Vincent, pursuing her own train of thought. "How changed you are from last winter. I thought you like

all other girls ! You used to vex me too by your petulance—you did not like me—truth now !”

“ No,” Helen said simply.

“ Will you tell me why ? ”

“ It would do no good ; I like you now.”

“ Not unless you are frank with me—I choose that as the proof. Helen, may I ask you a question ? ”

“ Yes,” she said, trying hard to make her voice calm.

“ Why did you and Richard Falmore quarrel ? ”

“ That question I cannot answer—you have no right——”

“ Stop, Helen, don’t make me feel impertinent—I’m not brave nowadays. Let me talk about him ! ”

“ He is nothing to me—not even an acquaintance ; why should I ? ”

“ The man a woman has loved must always count for something in her memory,” returned Mrs. Vincent. “ Richard Falmore was better than most of his sex. I think his obstinacy was his worst fault.”

Helen felt herself growing angry ; her old belief of the woman’s duplicity came back for an instant.

“ I don’t want to hear any more,” she said.

“ But you must ! Helen, lying here these weeks, I have gone over my whole life—oh the poor wreck ! I believe I counted for something in your trouble—you must let me clear myself.”

“ You shall do so,” Helen replied in a rather hard tone.

Mrs. Vincent told the entire story of her friendship with Falmore—even to her angry feelings on learning that he had kept his engagement a secret. She did not spare herself in the least, but it was plain enough she had been far from deliberately planning a wrong action by either of the lovers. She told Helen how her wilfulness had vexed Falmore into an effort to punish her ; how she herself had been angry, and sought to teach the girl that she was not to be stung with impunity.

“ Now what made the final break ? ” she asked abruptly.

“ He did not love me—he thought me a child—reason enough,” Helen answered. “ I was a woman, and I resented his conduct ; you would have done so too.”

“ But the final cause ? ”

“ I wouldn’t ask that,” Helen cried irritably. “ I have ceased to blame you ; I can believe it was idle coquetry on your part——”

“ Then I was to blame ! ”

Helen had said more than she intended, and tried to go back from her words.

“ You mustn’t do that,” urged her companion. “ You don’t want to be cruel to me ! Helen, tell me the truth—I implore you on my knees.”

She threw herself on the floor, hiding her face in her companion’s dress, and sobbed uncontrollably. It was useless to persuade—to argue ; she would have the truth and at last, fearful that the hysterical excitement might do her harm, Helen spoke :

“ Do you remember when I came into the room the night of the ball ? ”

“ Yes ; you were vexed at finding us there.”

“ Mrs. Vincent, I heard what he said——”

“ Yes ; he complained of you ; it was weak and wrong, and I was wicked to let him. Go on—you shall tell me—I’ll never stir till you do ! ”

"Then, if you will make me speak! I heard what he said to you—I saw him kiss your hand."

"A bit of silly gallantry——"

"Stop, Adelaide! I say, I have ceased to blame you. I don't believe he ever spoke so before, or that you would have allowed it again. Oh remember what he said; don't make me go on!"

Mrs. Vincent struggled to recollect the conversation; the whole truth flashed suddenly upon her.

"Now I remember. Oh my poor girl! You heard his last words only! Helen, before God, I swear this was what he said: 'I think it is something when a man of my age says to a girl of hers, I love you.' Then I cried out in great pity for his distress; he kissed my hand; I saw you and ran away."

Helen's face was buried in her hands; Mrs. Vincent drew them away, calling: "Do you believe me?"

"Yes," she answered; "freely, fully."

"Then it is not too late——"

"Far too late," she broke in. "Richard Falmore wanted to marry a child, somebody who would be his slave, his pet! I am a woman, strong to feel, to resent; he never loved me as I really am."

Mrs. Vincent did not argue further. They talked for a long time still, and when they separated there was no cloud between them.

That night before she slept Mrs. Vincent wrote a long letter to Richard Falmore, and the next morning took her departure.

After she went away the weeks passed quietly with Helen. It was much to know that at least she had no reason to feel contempt for the man she had loved; it took the last bitterness out of her heart.

The lovely autumn days drifted on almost to winter. Mrs Brevoort began to weary for town, and it was decided that they should return.

Through the beauty of a late sunset, Helen went out for a parting ramble among the hills. She sat down to rest on an eminence above the house, and watch the last glories of the floating clouds fade into the gray of evening.

A step disturbed her reverie, a voice called her name; she turned—Richard Falmore stood before her.

"Helen," he cried, "I have come back. I know everything now! At least I want your forgiveness." She could not move; she could feel how deathly pale her face was, but she steadied her voice to answer, "You have it; be generous in your turn."

"I have nothing to forgive," he said eagerly. "I was a blind, arrogant idiot; I see more clearly now! Even before I received Mrs. Vincent's letter, I had learned to regard my conduct in its true light."

"Let us both remember the lesson," she said faintly.

"Is that all? Helen, don't break my heart, much as I deserve it! I bring it to you again, I ask you to bless my life by sharing it! Be my wife—not a child to be tutored; a true, faithful woman, more than my equal in all that is pure and noble."

He was holding her hands, his eyes were gazing into her own; he read there the assurance she had no strength to speak.

The crimson radiance died out in the western sky, the pale moon rose through the fleecy clouds. Hand in hand they turned away to enter upon the new life, wise enough now to guard sacredly the happiness which had been a second time offered.

THE REALITY OF MEDICINE.

A RECENT writer in an English magazine has published a pleasant article entitled the Romance of Medicine, and he has the advantage of a good taking title, one, too, justified by the article itself.

Medicine has always been a favorite theme for pasquinade writers and small wits, and even philosophers and men of mind have found pleasure in the utterance of smart-sounding nothings like Voltaire's oft-quoted remark that "physicians poured medicines, of which they knew nothing, into people of whom they knew little, for diseases of which they knew less." It perhaps might be well said that such philosophers wrote flippantly upon subjects of which they were utterly ignorant, for people to read whom they supposed to be as ignorant as themselves.

That satirists and play-writers should attempt to find fun in the eccentricities of physicians, is not to be wondered at nor complained of by any one; when John Brougham good-naturedly imitated the genial presence of the late Dr. John W. Francis, at a defunct Broadway theatre, the broad-flapped, collarless coat and white neckerchief gave offence to no one. But the utter want of recognition of the value of a class of men whose labors are philanthropic in their character, scientific in their aim, and laborious and dangerous in their execution, is wonderful. Even among the best of men—best in the sense of education and general knowledge, ordinary judgment, and conscientious rectitude, to say nothing of those claiming to be best because rich or fashionable—even among these the woful ignorance of what constitutes a good physician, their want of appreciation of merit, as evinced by their choice of a physician for themselves or family, the equal faith they put in the seventh son of a seventh son, a blacksmith bone setter, or any German or outlandish foreign schoolmaster turned doctor, is in the highest degree offensive. It is a little more satisfactory, but also belittling to one's *amour propre*, to consider the reasons why the doctor is so esteemed by his patients. No one of them can properly judge his merits, and he is compelled to see himself lauded to the skies and grateful tributes of various kinds paid to him for the successful issue of a case in which he did not and could not exercise the slightest skill—nature being entitled to the sole credit; while another case in which the result was due, as he thinks, solely to his fortunate diagnosis (where any one else almost would have made a very different one), to his happy administration of medicines, the result of unusual previous experience which few if any possess in that disease, to his careful watching and thoughtful interest, which left him neither proper hours for food nor sleep—this was unnoticed, and his science, skill, and care utterly disregarded. Unrecognized ability and over-estimation in particular cases are the Scylla and Charybdis upon which every medical man's self-esteem is wrecked. While one looks upon his skill as little less than superhuman, the other sees no reason for astonishment that the person doomed to death was raised to life. "Why, I sent for him for that very purpose. What is a doctor for unless to cure diseases that ordinary people can't."

Then, among the better informed, there is an objection urged of some plausibility, viz.: that doctors not only disagree, but that the medicines of to-day are in no respect the medicines of yesterday, a century or ten centuries ago; in fact, that they are in some respects the exact opposite. And they argue from this that there is no science of medicine, but that faith in it is a superstition and its

practice is folly and deception, and consequently its professors were either self-deceived, or charlatans and swindlers.

It is undoubtedly true that not a few of the practitioners of medicine throughout the country—and perhaps some who make quite fair application of medicinal agents for the alleviation of diseases—are quite ignorant of its remote history and its growth from the past to the present time. Such men, perhaps, would be as much astonished as would be any lay reader of some bibliomaniac's collection of past medical writings, if he was informed that medicine as practised to-day by the best men of Christendom, is nothing new, but really and actually the same system practised centuries ago; that the medicaments given to-day are the same medicaments given centuries ago, and differ now from those of the past no more than the men who swallow them differ in looks, as they walk the streets or live in their houses; than the houses and furniture differ, than their languages differ, than their occupations, habits, manners, tastes, etc., are dissimilar. The world has improved, and with its general improvement the science of medicine has not stood still, but has added fact to fact and discovery to discovery, till now the amount of positive knowledge is something wonderful. If Hippocrates should revisit the world after a sleep in the grave of some two thousand years, unquestionably he would not recognize the practice of to-day as the same which he recorded and vitalized B. C. 460; but he would be astonished to trace the gradual growth from the past to the present—not the entire change of theory, practice, and medicaments which would at first appear. Growth and not change has been the order. The most desirable alteration is to be noted in the medicaments used. Originally, all nature was called upon to furnish curatives for disease, and more especially was faith given to the secretions and excrements of various animals, birds, insects, etc. The more disgusting were these, the more difficult to obtain, the more virtue was often ascribed to them; but as one substance was substituted for another, as that proved unattainable, their equivalent values were learned, and the first step was to eliminate many as inert and to recognize the general characteristics of others. The burnt bones and horns of various animals were found to have the same general qualities; the dried flesh, entrails, brains, the dung and urine of animals of various kinds were generalized, and the diseases to which they were applicable became recognized. Ages rolled on, and one by one the active principles of these disgusting medicines were discovered. The virtue of calcined bones was found due to their alkalies, and chemistry first made crude sodas, potash, ammonia, etc., to be centuries later purified, sublimed, softened, combined with other mineral and vegetable substances, till to-day we have a newness almost without novelty. Crude brains find a substitute in phosphorus; almost yesterday burnt sponges ceased to be medicinally given, for its virtues were found to be owing to the mineral iodine; hartshorn was found to be ammonia; Hippocrates gave lard for consumption, and an ointment of burnt sponge and lard for freckles; colliver oil and iodine are to-day identical substitutes for these; of all the numerous insects that furnished curative ingredients, none remain in use except the Spanish fly (*cantharides*), and the cochineal bug, the latter for dyeing.

Immense draughts of teas and decoctions of crude barks have had their qualities discovered, and analytical chemistry has isolated the efficacious ingredients from the inert. All the useful qualities of a hundred-pound bundle of Peruvian bark is now stored in a small vial, and what is true of this is equally true of hundreds of other medicinal agents. This not only reduces the bulk, but separates the various ingredients, some of which nauseate the stomach and others have undesirable qualities. Thus in the crude opium there is an astring-

gent quality combined with a narcotic. By chemical process we obtain morphia, which has no astringent character, and can thus be used where anything of a binding nature is undesirable. Another element is extracted in codea, which, less powerful perhaps than a minute subdivision of morphia, causes less subsequent cerebral trouble, and so on.

Doctors are supposed to differ because they prescribe different remedies. The vulgar mind is very much impressed by this difference. Sometimes indeed it does exist. It would be truly strange if in medicine there were perfect harmony of opinion, when there is so much diversity of opinion in matters of religion, politics, ethics, and the like. Men judge very diversely of the number of a flock of sheep, a drove of cattle, a political procession, and is it strange that they have different opinions respecting the hidden diseases of the human frame? How variously people predict the weather of to-morrow, or the day after, or the coming evening! This you do not call strange, but you consider the science of medicine as a piece of charlatanry because doctors differ respecting the nature of some disease, only the first symptoms of its coming being yet manifest, or prognosticate differently respecting the future of a malady that has a long and uncertain course before it!

More wonderful still is it that doctors differ in their treatment and medicines; and here the old adage "That a little learning is a dangerous thing" is markedly to be seen. The diversity of treatment is often quite imaginary, for the apparently discordant physicians are really acting harmoniously, if the end is considered. A person has a burning fever. In the aim to allay this symptom one man abstracts blood generally from the system; another locally by leeches or cups; another reduces the circulation (and the fever) by active cathartics; one diverts the circulation to the surface by hot baths of water or vapor; another accomplishes the same result by derivatives of aconite, whiskey-punch, hot teas, nitre, etc. These and various other means all eventuate in the desired result of allaying the active fever.

Now there are fashions in medicine as in everything else. Our fathers were bled frequently for most acute diseases, and yet lived as long as we who prefer some later fashion. A doctor would no more bleed his patient to-day than his patient would wear the dresses and hats (*i. e.* gowns and bonnets) down Broadway which her frequently-bled mother thought were just the *ton*.

It is therefore apparent that behind the mere compounding, prescribing, and swallowing of drugs, there is something more important, grander—something which when fully known and thoroughly investigated, enables one to see and comprehend why it is not deemed derogatory for the Son of God to be called the Great Physician. God alone is the Creator, but the physician can become the preserver.

He who, taught by traditional woodcraft, can pass through the trackless forests and follow the undeviating path to his desired end; still more he who guided by some occult experience can discover the traces of mineral wealth and rough gems in the rocky mountain side; and yet more surely again the chemist who, guided by unerring science, extracts the gold from the surrounding dross; these men are esteemed by the world as wonderful, and their knowledge has something of the marvellous, that appeals to men's understandings, and touches their pockets. We have not got over the fairy tales which charmed our childhood's fancy. The prospector in California with his pick, shovel, and hammer, is but a modern representative of the peerless knight, the inimitable king's son, who, panoplied in all the virtues (*i. e.* sciences), pecks through the rocky barriers,

scales the mountain sides, and in hidden caverns, hung with glittering pendants, finds the Light of the Harem transformed into marble. Modern fairy science would say he had struck a vein, where the cynosure of all eyes existed as a sulphuret or was guarded by the giants, quartz and pyrites, which must first be crushed before the golden princess can be extricated from her thralldom and restored to the hearts (pockets) of her admirers.

While these consider inanimate nature, and the world appreciatingly admires, the physician, more far-seeing than either, and grasping at the occult mysteries of living organism, is comparatively disregarded. Without scale, or opportunity for analysis, he has to deal with imperceptible yet weighty material; he must estimate force without a measure, judge of power without comparison, weigh without balances the value of a fluctuating present, deduct the uncertainties of the hereditary past, and deduce therefrom a future certainty.

This is called making a diagnosis. That means by simply looking at a man, to recognize with what disease he is affected, how violent is the disease, with what amount of force, hereditary or acquired, he can resist it, and then from these uncertain, imponderable elements, to prognosticate the future.

This is the grand citadel of medicine. The treatment is simplicity itself in comparison. That this is good for this disease and that for that disease, is hereditary lore. Every one is full of remedies. They are thrust at you by every friend, every passer-by even, and every newspaper hawks them. The grand question is, "Has the sufferer this or that?"

It is because physicians so often degenerate into mercenary pill-givers and bitter-compounders that their art has fallen in public estimation. Chemists don't quarrel about their ores.

"First catch your hare and then cook him." Mrs. Glass would be a better doctor than some of our modern old women who dose their patients without knowledge and apparently without regard to the kind of disease. Mrs. Glass does not stuff her game till she knows whether she has a wild duck or a hare.

The uselessness of medicines in a large class of diseases has but just begun to be recognized. What are called "self-limited diseases" is a new idea. Self-limited diseases are those affections which have an individual character of marked distinctness, with a regular beginning, middle, and end, a course which cannot be interfered with. Treatment may kill the disease and patient together, but will not cut short or arrest the development and evolution of the malady.

Scarlet-fever, small-pox, and measles are examples of a host of like diseases, and daily observation discovers others to add to the known list. No educated physician pretends to *cure* these diseases. He may ameliorate the various symptoms, soothe the virulence, support the patient, prevent unnecessary complications, help nature in her efforts, but he well knows that the disease must run its course, which he may abridge possibly in a slight degree, but not materially alter.

The actual office of the physician must therefore seem to be belittled and diminished to the popular, ignorant mind. The public reasons thus: "A century ago I sent for you when sick to tell me, first, what was the matter with me; secondly, to cure the disease. I waited humbly upon you; I put full and implicit faith in the remedial properties of your fetish. And finally, I paid you with honors and money. To-day I send for you with a melange of humbleness, condescension, and resignation, for you are belittling yourselves by your talk of new school and old school and by your apparent disregard of truth and science in your grasping for the loaves and fishes—for place and fortune. You tell me I have got a self-limited disease, which you cannot arrest, which has a course to run that cannot

be stopped. What is the use, then, of my continuing your visits and their attendant fees?"

At the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Association, when the President, Dr. Hun, of Albany, delivered the annual address, I heard great opposition made to this allocation. Similar objections were made some years previously at a similar meeting of the Massachusetts State Medical Society, when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered the address, and the association demurred at the usual honor of publication in the records. The subject of each of these addresses was self-limited diseases, with the corollary firmly enunciated that, in such diseases, it was useless to try to cure them; that physicians must wait upon nature, not try to thwart her—in other words, that they had been giving too much medicine, and that in such self-evident cases as these they should watch and wait.

The coppermiths at Ephesus were not more indignant at the apostle Paul for preaching against Diana, than were these men who thought that Othello's occupation was gone when they were told to stop giving medicines for an object they were powerless to effect.

Gradually, however, the profession has begun to see, and the more newly-educated men to practice upon, these new facts. And the patients have ceased to call for continual dosing. They have begun, much to the astonishment of the doctors themselves, to be willing to pay for the doctors' visit even if he orders no new pills or draughts. So the mere mercenary doctor is satisfied, and the patient who thus gets rid of medicines, often nauseous, is satisfied.

The scientific medical man finds a delight in disease, as in every other part of the harmonious workings of the universe, in noting the regularity of symptoms and the progression of a malady as regular and majestic as the procession of the equinoxes. Resigning the futile attempt to stay the progress of the car of nature, he finds ample employment for all his energies in looking forward in her career and sedulously smoothing the path before it, endeavoring to remove every impediment that might jar or disturb its progress to its pre-ordained goal of health and safety.

Setting aside these self-limited diseases, we know, for the remainder, of but less than half a dozen specific remedies, or positive cures for distinct diseases. Indeed, I should be afraid to claim more than two or three unquestionable specifics.

Of preventatives, vaccination for small-pox, or the substitution of a mild disease for a severe one, and an asserted, but I think ideal claim for belladonna as a prophylactic against scarlatina, and possibly quinine against malaria, complete the list.

Of the remaining diseases, it is asserted, and it is probably fair to say, that they have a tendency to get well; or, in other words, nature is generally powerful in expelling them; for many persons afflicted with disease have recovered when it has not been treated at all; some where the disease has been mistaken from its own deceptive character or from gross ignorance of the medical attendant, and where the medicines given, so far from benefitting the patient, were actually injurious.

It would appear that the difference between a good physician and a poor physician is very great, but that the difference between a good physician and none at all, is very slight. Perhaps the same kind of remark could with equal propriety be made respecting the care of the soul as the care of the body. Perhaps one's natural intuitions are as correct a monitor as any priest, yet few dare dispense with the offices of the clergy or the physician. Man needs solace and

support, and however little we may reason that man actually is helped by either, there is no danger that the one or the other will be set aside, so long as poor human nature is so weak and self-distrusting, and so longing for sympathy and support.

If there is naught else to do, the physician will at least serve to "save the sick from his friends," who thinking anything better to do than nothing, rush in where skilled physicians fear to go, and both annoy and injure with their supposed remedies. In surgical cases the necessity is more easily recognized, and, renouncing all attempts to cure, the medical man can remove the diseased portion by eating acids or the more potent knife.

Wherever there is pain, there the alleviator will be present. Whenever disease and death comes, the strong mind, trained to cool perceptions and calm action, will be ready to cheer, to comfort and sustain. The man of science will not in the future imagine himself powerful to cure all diseases; but his skill will find full scope, from the entrance to the exit of life, in the prevention of disease, in the recognition of one's physical condition, in relieving suffering, both real and imaginary. The status of the physician will be changed, not lessened, and personally his sense of a proper appreciation will add materially to his happiness and his real dignity.

Is there no lesson from all this? If the physician is like an astronomer, who from a distance contemplates, examines, theorizes, records the changes and perturbations of systems, which he is powerless to alter or amend—if this is so, or even approximately so—then "let us have peace." Let opposing sects agree where agreement is possible. Let them together study anatomy and physiology, and the grandest investigation that has ever stirred the ambition of man, the investigation of the laws and progress of disease, the art and science of diagnosis and prognosis. According to the light of knowledge let each in his own way strive to smooth the pillow, to palliate symptoms, and to cure what is curable. With a proper education in medicine, grafted on to that higher education of the soul, none will fail to do right.

And here comes in the State, which with its broad ægis should forcibly protect every one within its borders. Not only should its police protect the public from burglars and assassins, and its soldiery from enemies, but it should say, as do the governments of France, Germany, and Europe generally, "the State protects all her subjects from the ignorance of pretenders." Every man who professes to practise a profession, the State declares, has duly studied that profession, and passed the required examinations, and received the necessary diplomas. Possessing these essentials, he is at liberty to act according to his judgment and his conscience.

The State of New York, and each separate State of the Union, should take from the medical schools the lucrative power of granting degrees. The State should appoint a salaried board of examiners before whom every one desirous of practising medicine in the State should come, and this board alone should have the power of granting the degrees. No one connected with any school of medicine should be eligible to a place in this board. Any one attempting to practise medicine, etc., without the degree, should be punished by fine and imprisonment; and it should be the duty of the Mayor or chief man of each city, town, and village, to see that this law is fully carried out.

The schools of this country, whose object is rather pecuniary self-improvement than the elevation of medical science, would thus find the inducements to the graduation of large numbers of half-fledged ducklings—quacks, *per se*—greatly diminished. They would learn that their reputation depends upon the proficiency

rather than the number of their graduates. The professional character would be elevated throughout the country; and thus the State would, by guarding the public health, best watch *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*.

The sick might then with safety send for a medical man, for were he Allopathic or Homœopathic, Hydropathic, or Eclectic, Indian or German, French, English or Negro, the State with "Excelsior" on her escutcheon, affirming that this man has been duly educated for the profession, his own conscience and his own self-interest will compel him to use this knowledge for the patient's best good.

Geology asserts that the world as at present seen is the result of sedimentary deposits of gravel, sand, clay, etc., in regular strata. In certain localities where these depositions were too thick, by their very weight they pressed down till the lower surface was forced so near the heated portion of the earth's interior, that they became melted and their original stratified character thus obliterated. The earth's crust was cracked by this action, and through this rent the melted, basaltic, underlying portion was forced by the gases of combustion through the crevices, and flowing over and over the sides, produced the great elevation of the world's surface.

We find a truly analogous mode of formation in the world of medicine. From the earliest times crude facts with no scientific character have been collected, stored in the memory of mankind, deposited in musty manuscripts, or gathered into printed volumes—each finding its dead level and lying cheek by-jowl without affinities or association, mere sands at the bottom of the boundless ocean of knowledge. The time came when the weight of these facts broke through the darkness of man's intellect, with great evolution of fire and heat; illuminating the doubtful minds, breaking through the old crusts of prejudice, melting into one homogeneous theory the gravelly certainties of past ages; to disrupt old sedimentary prejudices; to twist, and tip on end the supposed settled dogmas of science, and through them and above and over them, to pour out the hard, homologous doctrines that entirely concealed the original strata of statistical medicine, from which they were created—raising the peaks of pharmacy and surgery to still higher altitudes in the world of science. Subsequent erosions have slightly modified the external appearance, but medicine to-day shows the original sandstone stratified from the gathered facts of Hippocrates and Galen, hypothetical trap of more or less gaseous origin, all covered with the arable, cultivated fields of practice. Here and there, we find men burning with new fires, with decided eruptive tendencies. These break through their crust of stratified science pouring out streams of reconstructed knowledge, and on the basis of the past erect new schools, which are illuminated by new lights, and flash over the ages with volcanic power and brilliancy. What if the little farms and the hamlets of a few grubbers for mere existence, are covered and destroyed by the scoræ, ashes, and lava! New vineyards will soon flourish with increased vigor upon the same foundations, and the whole world under the influence of the new light thus flashed out, will henceforward see with new eyes and learn a new lesson for the benefit of humanity.

Modern medicine, though the offspring of credulity and distrust, while it may lessen our extravagant faith and supposed absolute dependence upon the physician, will lead us still more to reverently appreciate the great Author of life and knowledge, and to recognize that from Him cometh as well healing and cure, in obedience to those great laws of nature written in the blue-book of the heavens and on the tablets of life—the perennial leaves of which the physicist, the chemist, and the physician have but just opened, and with straining eyes, blinking in the light, have but commenced to read.

A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

MONSIGNORE CAPEL.

(THE MONSIGNORE CATESBY OF DISRAELI'S "LOTHAIR.")

ONE pleasant summer's day of the year 1868-'69, I was sitting in the Queen's Gallery of the House of Commons in London.

The Right Honorable the speaker, a noble-looking man, full of kindly courtesy to Americans, sent one of the officers of the House to me to point out the lions. This officer, after the manner of most Englishmen, invariably said, "Beg pardon," when I asked him a question, and made me repeat it; and also invariably ejaculated in a surprised voice, "Oh indeed!" when I explained any difference between the workings of our Congress and his Parliament.

As he signalled out the great men, I photographed on my memory with intense delight John Bright's bright jolly face, and John Stuart Mills's graver features. But the man of the men I was observing was Disraeli; the face of faces was Disraeli's. I needed no pointing out to know that furrowed, worn, sensitive, unmistakably Jewish face, from every feature of which flashed that indomitable persistent courage, that imperious will, which, hand in hand with his ambition, carried him through political fire and flood up to the leadership of the great British empire. I looked at his set mouth, his broad forehead, round which rings of still beautiful hair curled and clustered, and reminded myself that Disraeli belonged to an aristocracy older and purer than any other, for he was of the chosen people of God.

I heard him speak. In a low sweet voice, but in words keen, bitter, and searching, he put to the rout the observations of a noble lord on the opposite side; his remarkable face, with its alternations of gloom and light, the simple grace of his attitude, and the gleam of his dark solemn eyes, making a Rembrandt-like picture never to be forgotten.

And yet this great political leader, who one would suppose ignored all knowledge of the passion, once wrote a love-story—"Henrietta Temple"—which was so exasperatingly true as to "the tricks and the manners" of the lovers undergoing exhibition, that all lovers who read it, and especially all loveresses, with their overwhelmingly guilty self-convictions, loudly and despitefully abused it. No doubt the characters were drawn from life—as by common report are those in his last novel, "Lothair."

I little thought, as I sat looking at Disraeli, that some months later I should know one of the prominent characters in this novel so well. The failing health of a relative rendered necessary a speedy flight from London and Paris to Pau, where roses bud and bloom in the open air all winter long; and it was there, after it had pleased God to send me a great affliction, that I met Monsignore Capel.

What a refined, beautiful face he had! Of English birth, he too had been ordered to Pau from the unkind misty chills of his native climate. For four or five successive seasons he had had charge of the Roman Catholic mission here, the services of which were read in the English language; and the Pope had given him a special additional charge to use his almost irresistible personal magnetism in the interests of his religion upon all invalids, American and English, of other faiths, and especially on all desolate and sorrowing women.

He had come to Pau this season excited, glowing, covered with the glory of a distinguished success. He had converted to the Roman Catholic faith the young and enormously rich Marquis of Bute, baptizing him, and administering the Eucharist with his own hands.

This young nobleman, the supposed Lothair of the novel, has an income of five thousand dollars a day, which, with his fine frank nature and generous impulses, makes him doubly a "pearl of price" to the Romish Church. No wonder then that Father Capel was now "Monsignore," a title well earned by such signal service.

While in Rome receiving this reward, he had converted a number of English and American women of rank, wealth, and fashion—among them a well-known lady of New York; and now he had returned to Pau, invested with the royal purple silk sash, the purple hose, and the gloves that indicated his advanced rank.

There is a large square in this picturesque, half French, half Spanish city, called the Palace Royale, where two afternoons in the week congregated a crowd of well-dressed French, English, and American men, women, and children, walking, chatting, drinking wine, or sitting, at an expense of two sous each, on wicker chairs, listening to music second only to that of the Emperor's own band in Paris. On three sides of this square are five hotels. The fourth looks out over the restless, swift-running waves of the river Gave, to the magnificent range of the Pyrenees above, their snow-crowned summits made surpassingly beautiful by the ruddy sunset glow. Midway on the open side of the place is a fine white marble statue of Henri Quatre, and around this the soldiers flirt with the pretty nursemaids in their coquettish French caps, and the little children make faces at one another and play.

In the streets around the square collects a double row of carriages filled with beautiful women, and sometimes invalids; with here and there a sad soul brought by kindly force, that the exquisite music may charm away corroding grief for a while.

It was worth the coming to watch the stately graceful form of the English priest, gliding in and out among the crowd, his black silk robe and purple sash floating back, disclosing the high-arched instep of a small, slender foot—that rare beauty in an Englishman. It was worth coming to see him approach the lovely English girls with whom he was acquainted. The faintest tinge of color brightens his pale skin; his large gray eyes lose their gently-proud expression; and a smile of rare sweetness curls the lines of his beautiful mouth, disclosing the small, brilliantly-white teeth. Quickly the purple glove is drawn from his hand, and as he presses theirs, a few words are uttered in a soft low tone; and when the priest moves away the English girls are blushing bright rosy-red with delight.

Other priests with greasy, rubicund visages are there, walking about like giants—doubtless "refreshed" very often—in the land which they rule with such unbounded power. They speak with a cautious hiss, and the steel chains which confine their coarse black robes at the waist have an ominous rattle to our heretic ears.

Still others crawl stealthily along, with swart, gloomy, and oh! how dirty faces, utterly effete and idiotic as to expression. These are the barefooted friars, who look at no one, and never speak at all.

Now Monsignore has met Dr. S. of our own New York—a physician, and the prince of good company. They talk and laugh heartily. The doctor is uncon-

vertible, but the women of his family are tenderly inclined towards Popish forms. Monsignore is "all things to all men"; he says something seemingly irresistibly funny; and while the genial doctor is panting and breathless with laughter, the narrator breaks gently away. The half-proud, half-melancholy expression drops quickly down like a veil upon his face. He walks slowly, looking on the ground.

The path leads him to a carriage. Two beautiful women extend each a hand; one is thin almost to transparency, and the hectic flush comes and goes upon her cheek.

Again the ever-varying expression of lips and eyes, and the rose tinge of color, lend an almost seraphic beauty to the face of the priest, as he bends towards the poor consumptive, and whispers words of magnetic sympathy; words which cause grateful, wistful tears to rise, blinding her eyes and choking her murmured thanks. If she is better, will she be able to come to vespers the next day, when he will deliver a very short address on the sweet uses of illness and suffering? Will she come? Nothing sectional; nothing doctrinal; only comfort for the weary and heavy-laden. She is the daughter of an English Protestant clergyman, but she promises with a trembling pressure of the thin white hand.

And now a young man just of age approaches me. He is an American, but has been educated at the famous Lycée at Tours, winning the highest honors. His family, Southerners of high position, have lived in Pau for some years, driven away from their home by the horrors of war.

With a courteous bow, my young friend observes, "You seem to be looking at Monsignore Capel with great interest."

"Yes, I cannot take my eyes off from him."

"Take care! Beware! Do you know what he says?"

"What does he say?"

"That he requires only three interviews to bring any woman over to the true faith."

"I defy him for one."

"Don't do it, for his is not an idle boast—it is the unfailing result of every effort. Do you see those two ladies in white?" pointing directly across from where I sat.

"Do you mean the two with the enormous gold crosses?"

"Yes; they are German princesses, cousins of Queen Victoria. The Monsignore had but three interviews; came, saw, and conquered. They go the pace," continued my young friend, getting rather disrespectful and slangy towards their highnesses; "they cross themselves when they say grace before meat, and when they sneeze, and when they put their stockings on wrong side outwards. Their cousin the Queen never writes letters herself, but she caused one to be written to them, administering a sound scolding, and admonishing them to take heed to their ways and be wise in time; but the handsome priest is too many for her. He has the princesses fast."

"He'll never have me fast."

"A paper of bonbons to nothing on that. Three interviews," mocked the provoking boy, laughing and bowing adieu.

Monsignore Capel had disappeared; and soon after I returned to my apartment and found his card on my table. I was enraged with myself that my hand trembled and my heart beat loudly as I took it up. Why, there was magnetism in his very card! or else his coming so directly upon my defiance of his

power had shaken my nerves. Any way, I was glad that I had missed seeing him for this time.

The next day there was a fair held in the Haute Plante, or Place Napoleon, a large parade ground fronting my apartment, and I went over to watch the happy faces of the Bearnese peasants—a delightfully simple, primitive people. They were walking around with mouths and eyes wide open, evidently thinking that they had entered Aladdin's gardens. I followed the crowd to the wagon of the dentist, whose servant, dressed as Harlequin, beat a drum, while his master proclaimed the rapturous feelings incident to tooth-pulling after his infallible method, and consequently was pulling out no end of teeth, the drum beating an accompaniment to the frantic roars of the victims. I rushed with the rest and bought waffles of the Turk who sold them out of a little red and gold mosque, with white curtains and many bells. I purchased chestnuts of the nice nutcracker-faced old woman, who held a funny baby, with its little bullet head in a tight cap, with one hand, while she stirred the roasting chestnuts with the other.

Then I visited the tent with the gingerbread and gimcracks; the tent with the two-headed girl from Paris; the tent in which resided in great harmony at dwarf of an implacable countenance, but so little that there was not enough of him to "make a pie," and a giantess of overwhelming proportions, who, with the most engaging ingenuousness, showed the company her leg up to the knee, in order to prove to them that there was no humbug about it and she was not standing on stilts; and finished with the amazing, and to me unutterably shocking exhibition of the crucifixion, enacted by wriggling marionettes five inches high, a crowd of whom marched through the gardens of Gethsemane, some walking backwards owing to the twisting of the wires, others hopping gaily on one foot, and one energetic little man rolling along like an india-rubber ball. The whole scene was played to the end, and when at the last everybody, good and bad, was unexpectedly twitched up to heaven with a sudden whizz and whirl, their legs kicking and flapping violently, I could stand it no longer, and laughed out hysterically, to the intense indignation of the crowd, who had never stopped crossing themselves from the beginning. There was no getting out, once you had paid your three sous at the door of entrance. You had to move step by step with the crowd until you arrived at the door of egress on the other side.

After this I declined going to any more exhibitions, though a polite lady invited me to come in and see a cannibal enjoy a slight repast on human flesh, adding, "*Et vous serez récompensé de votre peine, je vous le promets.*" But I thanked her and passed on, having had enough, indeed a little too much, of primitive simplicity.

I threaded my way through the garlic-perfumed crowd, and arrived home to find Monsignore's card number two on the table, and a stately, beautiful old lady—the mother of my good physician—waiting to see me.

"Oh, my dear," she began, "oh, I beseech you do not let that terrible priest make a pervert of you. Refuse to see him; you do not know how insidiously dangerous he is."

"He is not dangerous to me, dear madame; he cannot tempt me to deny my faith."

"Do not try it; do not let him speak one word to you. To allay your suspicions he will be so tolerant, so liberal, he will make you believe that there is really no very great difference between your faith and his, only his may be a little more perfect perhaps, a little more after God's own heart. Promise me that you will not see him at all."

But this second card and disappointment had only heightened my desire to break lances with the priest, and I refused to promise.

There was a married lady from New York city who, with her beautiful sister, was spending the winter in Pau. I knew other members of their family intimately, and this led to a warm friendship with them. My friends in New York were Episcopalians, but these two were Roman Catholics.

In a few days I received an invitation to dine with my new friends. "We shall be quite alone," the note said; "only my cousins, Dr. S., and Monsignore Capel."

So I went.

As I was taking off my shawl my beautiful friend said: "You won't mind meeting Monsignore Capel, dear, will you? He wants very much to make your acquaintance."

"And to convert me," I added. "He will never do it, *never*. I shall convert him first."

I was to meet him at last. This would be the first of the three to-be-fatal interviews. I donned my mental armor. I remembered, poor witty Tom Hood's advice to the little boy who was going to bathe in the ocean: "Mind, if you see a shark coming to bite your legs off, bite his off first." Oh, yes; I would utilize this capital piece of advice. I would be first in the field. Like flint and steel our minds should clash together, and sparkling speeches would leap into life; everybody would be amused and nobody hurt—at least *I* would not.

In a glow of courage I entered the saloon, and a minute after that stately form and beautiful face were bending over me, and my hand was cordially pressed.

"Oh, Monsignore," I hurried to begin, "I am so very glad to meet you. Do you know that I am firmly resolved to convert you to the Protestant Episcopal faith?"

"Madame!

"Yes. You can reason and I will argue. Oh, Monsignore, don't look so inquisitorial! If I *am* a woman, I can state a case logically, though I know very well what you are thinking about this minute."

"What am I thinking about?"

The color had flushed into his face and an angry gleam had shot out of his eyes, when I uttered my manifesto with such temerity; but both were gone in an instant, and the eyes were now flashing with amusement. He was thinking that women were for the most part gentle and good, prone to piety and delightfully easy to "turn"—which word occurs in the original Greek Bible wherever "converted" is used in our translation, for our better comprehension. His experience had taught him that many women made of their religion a sentiment, an æsthetic worship, and that not one in a thousand knew or cared about doctrine. These verdant souls, "on tiptoe for a flight," could be easily "blown about" by such soft pleasant "winds of doctrine" as he would whisper to them.

Thus, when he asked me what his thoughts were, I answered: "I will tell them to you in a parable from Hans Christian Andersen. Five little peas sat in a pea-pod. *They* were green and the pod was green, so they thought that the whole world must be green; in which opinion they were about right."

"Madame!"

"Yes, certainly, and I agree with you as far as the five little peas or five thousand little women are concerned; these are green, so are they. They know nothing about doctrine; they have only faith. If you bewilder an artless, living,

ignorant woman with awful doctrine, she will accept it meekly ; then reading again the old comfortable words in her Bible, so easy to understand, her great mental reservation of simple, unquestioning faith will assert itself. Forgive me, but you are at home with reservations, Monsignore, and to appropriate a famous remark of my American President, General Grant, 'We will fight it out on that line'—unquestioning faith."

A low melodious laugh greeted this long speech, and as the servant just then announced dinner, he gave me his arm, saying in his cordial voice : "If we eat together, surely we shall become friends, fighting on the *same* side."

It was Friday, and of course fast day ; but the dinner was a miracle of French ingenuity. Eight or nine courses of fish, oysters, and lobsters, prepared in every conceivable and inconceivable style, left nothing to be desired in the way of variety or delicious zest to the dishes. The gay gold vases, with little looking-glasses all round their outsides, were filled with bonbons and fruit ; and half a dozen different kinds of wine were circulating round the table. Monsignore declined all but one or two of the simplest dishes and one glass of claret. His courteous "*Pas encore, merci,*" to the servants who offered him the choicest of everything, almost on their knees, meant "not at all," for he made scarce a pretence of eating or drinking. Yet witty remarks, repartee, and droll little stories followed each other in rapid succession ; a fine jest from Dr. S. was sure to elicit a finer from the priest ; while I, pointing my small lance at him whenever I could get a chance, was hit hard more than once under the cover of his enchanting courtesy, which took all offence from the blow.

And thus he bore without reproach
The grand old name of *gentleman*.

"Some of my American friends have told me," observed the Monsignore, with a smile so sweet that I scented mischief—"some of them have told me that they have made a byword from a practice universal among the most pious of your people. Many farmers in the Northern and planters in the Southern States sell their hay and cotton with great heavy stones packed in the centre of the bales to increase the weight and defraud the buyer. This is called 'deaconing' the hay and cotton. 'Tom, when you have sanded the sugar and watered the whiskey, come to prayers,' calls the grocer to his shop-boy, whose province it is to 'deacon' the sugar and whiskey."

"Oh, Monsignore, those old jokes are to be found in the same melancholy jest book with the fossil story of the Irish ostler."

"What is that?"

"You must have read or heard it. The ostler went to confession. After he had told of all the total depravity about himself that he knew, the priest asked : 'Have you never stolen and sold half of the oats for the horses, filling up the measures with bran?'"

"'Niver, your riverence !' shouted Pat, his eyes opening wide with the splendid surprise of a new idea.

"Then the confessor administered a penance and said *Benedicite* and *Sæcula sæculorum*, and Pat went grinning home.

"The next time he confessed he snuffed out exactly the same string of peccadilloes—for confession and amendment are in no wise connected—and in addition, with a depraved irrepressible chuckle, he told that not a measure of oats but had been robbed of half its contents, and bran substituted ; while Pat at that very moment was spreading himself in a fine new corduroy coat bought with the rifled food of the helpless horses.

"My son!" exclaimed the priest, "this is dreadful! You never did it before?"

"Faith, your riverence, you niver towld me before. Sure the horses were busting wid oats till you put it into me head to——"

"Deacon them," interrupted Monsignore, laughing. "Well, I admit that there is a good moral in that old anecdote. We are too apt to suggest possible offences. You have done me a service by telling it."

"Your good-nature disarms me. Now," I said, "you tempt me to tell you a true story of a deacon, a horse-trader. It was related to me by a bright old Yankee lady. The deacon was her neighbor; a tall, gaunt man, with the stiffest of spines, and the eye of a falcon for his own interests. The old lady did not like him, and evidently enjoyed telling the story. I must try to preserve the Yankee dialect, for that is the best part of it."

"Wall," the old lady began—"Wall, my dear, some people have very curious notions about gittin' religion. There's my neighbor, Deacon Jabe Sniffin, who's makin' a fortun' a tradin' horses. Wall, he thought he'd 'sperienced a change of heart, but he didn't want to 'sperience a change of business; *that* was touchin' a tender p'int—might interfere with the profits, you know; so he thought he'd consult with Deacon Aminadab Tweedle, who kept store, and did up the sugar and whiskey over night."

"Now, look-a-here; you don't s'pose, Brother Tweedle," he began, drawling the words through his nose—"you don't s'pose them little stories, sort 'o lies like that you and I tell in the way of trade, will be reckoned up agin us in the Day of Judgment? Sarcumstanced as we air, we can't help it, you know. I don't s'pose it'll make no sort o' difference at all in the sight of the Lord, long's the *heart's* all right; now does it, Brother Tweedle?"

In the midst of the laughter this story created, we rose from the table; and Monsignore giving me his arm again whispered, "Did I not say that we should be good friends, after we had broken bread together? You have given me this assurance through the grotesque medium of your Yankee story. You shall never regret it."

Then speaking to our hostess, he said: "You, dear madame, do not require the lesson, but will you take these cards and give them away to others? I need not say how glad I shall be to see you two at the chapel on Sunday. Your presence will strengthen my heart in my work. And now I must leave you. I have letters to write which will keep me up till daylight. Good-night, and thanks for your charming hospitality."

With a graceful sweeping bow he was gone, and a moment after I had one of the cards which he had left in my hand. It read thus:

On Sunday next, January 31st, Monsignore Capel will preach at the Chapel of the Hospice at half-past three P. M. "On sins of the tongue."

Monsignore Capel leaves for the Holy Land on Monday. During his absence Father D. has undertaken to perform the duties of chaplain.

The concluding words of the card filled my friends with grief. Going away to the Holy Land! And so soon! What should they do without his kind counsels and encouragement? The news quite clouded the enjoyment of the remainder of the evening.

And I thought of "the sins of the tongue," what a wildly comprehensive topic! Doubtless my tongue had sinned when I betrayed the religious code of the Yankee deacon; and I did seem to have gone over to the camp of the alien,

when I admitted that Christians on my side could be found full of such hypocritical self-deceit. My tongue was an unruly member—no doubt of it; and I determined to go to the chapel to hear what Monsignore had to say about it.

My friends and I were walking the next afternoon in the Rue de la Préfecture, the principal business street in Pau, when we saw the priest coming towards us with his gliding graceful step, his eyes down-drooped, his arms folded across his breast. Absorbed in thought, he would have passed us without speaking.

"Monsignore!" called my beautiful friend.

The broad hat was raised from his brow, and the dark lustrous eyes were lifted to our faces.

"How tired you look, Monsignore."

"I have not slept since I saw you."

"What kept you awake?"

"A great many letters to be written, and directions also written, that my poor pensioners here may not be neglected in my absence."

"Oh, why do you go? Do not go, Monsignore."

"You counsel disobedience, mademoiselle."

"But it is so far. We may all be under the daisies before you return—or you may be assaulted by piratical Arabs, or spirited away by some descendant of the witch of Endor. Pray don't go."

"I am not afraid of Arabs or witches," he answered, smiling; "and as the Pope has ordered me to accompany the Marquis of Bute in his travels, I have only to obey. Save the parting with my friends here, this is a pleasant duty; but," continued the priest—his cheeks flushing and paling in the same moment—"if, to save a single soul, I were asked to die in torture this day, I should consider my life as nothing in the balance!"

Was he not the one of all others best fitted to accompany that young nobleman? None other could keep the just kindled fire of a new faith so bright and warm. The Pope, mild and amiable as he is called, was also keen and far-sighted; and he trusted that the pure life, the untiring good works of the priest, would cause the now light pinions of that new faith to fold up firmly and settle down forever.

Promising to be punctual at chapel the following afternoon, we left Monsignore to return to the many, perhaps troubled thoughts, which would keep him writing again far into the night; while we sauntered idly on, the small French heels of our boots ringing a tiny second to the loud clacking tramp of the wooden-shoed peasants.

On Sunday morning I went as usual to hear the good English clergyman, who had been such a friend to me when all other earthly friends were across the wide ocean.

In the Litany, after the prayer for his Queen, of his own good impulse, he asked God to bless and keep the President of the United States. He always did this; and who can blame us if the few Americans present invariably responded with special fervor to that prayer?

Then we heard an orthodox sermon, charging us to beware of pitfalls cunningly devised for our spiritual destruction, with—as I guiltily thought—so many looks aimed directly at me, that I went home with two minds about going to a Romish chapel in the afternoon. But I am afraid that the clay of my wicked human nature was more malleable in the hands of the priest than of the rector; for half-past three found me sitting in the over-crowded chapel with the German

princesses, many English people of rank, and several Americans, besides my Roman Catholic friends.

The imposing services, the delicious chanting over, Monsignore stood on the steps of the chancel, his prayer-book in his hand, and without notes began his sermon on the sins of the tongue.

I had been lectured more or less all my life upon the iniquities of the wagging member which I owned, by high-stepping relatives, who had incredible beams in their own eyes, and the largest, most uncharitable of ears. "Don't caje" had been the general result of those sermons; but this simple, tender, sweet-spoken lesson of charity, with the divine Golden Rule for text, sank deep into my self-accusing soul; and I sat, like many another woman in the audience, blinded with penitent tears. If those were the pernicious doctrines of a corrupt priest, if this was one of the pitfalls devised for our spiritual destruction, there need be no fear of a betrayed faith. If those three to-be-so-dreaded interviews could have taken place, they would have left me, I humbly trust, a better woman than before.

I shall never forget that address, or the manner and looks of the speaker. As he stood and pronounced the *Benedicite* his sad uplifted eyes, all his features, rapt, absorbed in ecstatic devotion, became purified and like the face of an angel—like the face of one who had thrown off forever all soiling contact with this world.

The engraving herewith given affords but the very faintest perception of this rapt expression. All daguerreotypes should be called derogatory-types, and the photograph in my possession, from which this engraving is copied, is no better.

But all through the solemn service, a mournful undertone kept ringing in my brain, "He is going to the Holy Land to-morrow; I shall never see his face or hear his voice again." And when at the close of the service he bade his dear friends a tender farewell, his voice broken and agitated, the violence of my own grief alarmed me, and my suddenly awakened conscience warned me that I for one ought to be thankful that he was going.

I began to entertain, not a fear—oh no, it did not amount to that—but a shadowy ghost of a fear of those three interviews, and a sense of relief from personal responsibility because they were now impossible. One serious conversation with a man so thoroughly good, and so magnetically earnest, was invigorating, delightful to those not of his faith. It was like a dash of fresh spray; but strong waves would follow, and engulf the unwary and over-confident. Yes, my conscience made it transparently clear to me that discretion was the better part of valor; that

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

And so Monsignore went away to the Holy Land, and some months after I returned to my home across the seas, my faith unchanged, and my constant prayer more often than ever renewed of "Lead us not into temptation."

If any of my readers in their travels should ever meet Monsignore Capel, if ever they permit themselves to be drawn within the circle of his magnetic intellectual attraction, they will remember this imperfect sketch, and say to themselves and each other, "*She told the truth.*"

FANNY BARROW.

SHEKH AHNAF'S LETTER FROM BAGDAD.*

I N Allah's name, the Ever Merciful,
The Most Compassionate ! To thee, my friend,
Ben-Arif, peace and blessing ! May this scroll,
A favored herald, tell thee in Tangier
That Ahnaf follows soon, if Allah wills !
Yes, after that last day at Arafât
Whereof I wrote thee,—after weary moons,
Delayed among the wandering Wahabees,—
The long, sweet rest beneath Derreyeh's palms,
That cooled my body for the burning bath
Of naked valleys in the hither waste
Beside Euphrates,—now behold me here
In Bagdad ! Here, and drinking from the well
Whose first pure waters fertilized the West !

I, as thou knowest, with both my hands took hold
Of Law and of Tradition, so to lift
To knowledge and obedience my soul.
Severe was I accounted—but my strength
Was likewise known of all men ; and I craved
The sterner discipline which Islam first
Endured, and knit the sinews of our race.
What says the Law ?—" Who changes or perverts,
Conceals, rejects, or holds of small account,
Though it were but the slightest-seeming word,
Hath *all* concealed, perverted, slighted ! " This,
Thou knowest, I held, and hold. Here, I hoped,
The rigid test should gladden limbs prepared
To bend, accept, and then triumphant rise.
Even as the weak of faith rejoice to find
Some lax interpretation, I rejoiced
In foretaste of the sure severity.
As near I drew, across the sandy flats,
Above the palms the yellow minaret
Wrote on the sky my welcome : " Ahnaf, hail !
Here, in the city of the Abbasid,
Set thou thine evening by its morning star
Of Faith, and bind the equal East and West ! "

Ah me, Ben-Arif ! how shall pen of mine
Set forth the perturbation of the soul ?

* That which in this poem might seem improbable—that such a scene as is therein described should have occurred in Bagdad—is true. It is taken from a genuine letter written by a pilgrim *shekh* to his friend in Morocco, and the expressions placed in the mouths of the representatives of the various creeds have only been amplified, not changed in character.

To doubt were death ; not hope, were much the same
 As not believe—but Allah tries my strength
 With tests far other than severest law.
 When I had bathed, and then had cleansed with prayer
 My worn and dusty soul (so, doubly pure,
 Pronounced the *futhah* as 'tis heard in Heaven),
 I sought the court-yard of Almansour's mosque,
 Where, after *asser*, creeping shadows cool
 The marble, and the shekhs in commerce grave
 Keep fresh the ancient wisdom. Me they gave
 Reception kindly, though perchance I felt—
 Or fancied, only—lack of special warmth
 For vows accomplished and my pilgrim zeal.
 "Where is Tangier?" said one ; whereat the rest
 With most indifferent knowledge did discuss
 The problem—none, had they but questioned me !—
 Then snatched again the theme they half let drop,
 And in their heat forgot me.

I, abashed,
 Sat listening : vainly did I prick mine ears.
 I knew the words, indeed, but missed therein
 The wonted sense : they stripped our Holy Book
 Of every verse which not contains the Law,—
 Spake Justice and Forgiveness, Peace and Love,
 Nor once the duties of the right hand fixed,
 Nor service of the left : the nature they
 Of Allah glorified, and not His names :
 Of customs and observances no word
 Their lips let fall : and I distinguished not,
 Save by their turbans, that they other were
 Than Jews, or Christians, or the Pagans damned.
 Methought I dreamed ; and in my mind withdrawn
 At last heard only the commingling clash
 Of voices near me, and the songs outside
 Of boatmen on the Tigris. Then a hand
 Came on my shoulder, and the oldest shakh,
 White-bearded Hatem, spake : " O Ahnaf ! thou
 Art here a stranger, and it scarce beseems
 That we should speak of weighty matters thus
 To uninstructed ears—the less, to thine,
 Which, filled so long with idle sand, require
 The fresh delight of sympathetic speech
 That cools like yonder fountain, and makes glad.
 Nor wouldst thou hear, perchance, nor could we give
 An easy phrase as key to what so long
 Hath here been forged : but come to-night with me
 Where this shall be applied, and more, to bring
 Islam a better triumph than the sword
 Of Ali gave ; for that but slew the foe,
 This maketh him a friend."

I, glad at heart
 To know my hope not false, yet wondering much,
 Gave eager promise, and at nightfall went
 With Hatem to the college of a sect
 We know not in the West—nor is there need :
 An ancient hall beneath a vaulted dome,
 With hanging lamps well lit, and cushioned seats
 Where sat a grave and motley multitude.
 When they beheld my guide, they all arose,
 And "Peace be with thee, Hatem !" greeting, cried.
 He, whispering to me : "O Ahnaf, sit
 And hear, be patient, wonder if thou wilt,
 But keep thy questions sagely to the end,
 When I shall seek thee"—to a dais passed,
 And sat him down. And all were silent there
 In decent order, or in whispers spoke ;
 But great my marvel was when I beheld
 Parsee and Jew and Christian—yea, the race
 Of Boodh and Brahma—with the Faithful mixed
 As if were no defilement ! Lo ! they rose
 Again, with equal honor to salute
 The Rabbi Daood, Jewest of the Jews,—
 And even so, for an Armenian priest !
 Yet both some elder prophets share with us,
 And it might pass : but twice again they rose,—
 Once for a Parsee, tinged like smoky milk,
 His hat a leaning tower,—and once, a dark,
 Grave man, with turban thinner than a wheel,
 A wafer on his forehead (Satan's sign !)—
 A worshipper of Ganges and the cow !
 These made my knees to smite : yet Hatem stood
 And gave his hand, and they beside him sat.

Then one by one made speech ; and what the first,
 The shrill-tongued Rabbi, claimed as rule for all,
 That they accepted. "Forasmuch" (said he)
 "As either of our sects hath special lore
 Which not concerns the others—special signs
 And marvels which the others must reject,
 However holy and attested deemed,
 Set we all such aside, and hold our minds
 Alone to that which in our creeds hath power
 To move, enlighten, strengthen, purify,—
 The God behind the veil of miracles !
 So speak we to the common brain of each
 And to the common heart ; for what of Truth
 Grows one with life, is manifest to all,
 Or Jew, or Moslem, or whatever name,
 And none deny it : test we then how much
 This creed or that hath power to shape true lives."
 All there these words applauded : Hatem most,

Who spake : " My acquiescence lies therein,
That on thy truth, O Jew ! I build the claim
Of him, our Prophet, to authority."

Then some one near me, jeering, said : " Well done !
He glves up Gabriel and the Beast Borâk !"

" Yea, but "—another answered—" must the Jew

Not also lose his Pharaohs and his plagues,
His rams'-horns and his Joshua and the sun ?"

" For once the Christians," whispered back a Jew,

" Must cease to turn their water into wine,
Or feed the multitude with five small loaves
And two small fishes." Thus the people talked ;
While I, as one that in a dream appears
To eat the flesh of swine, and cannot help
The loathsome dream, awaited what should come.

To me it seemed—and doubtless to the rest,
Though heretics and pagans—as the chiefs
Who there disputed were both maimed and bound,
So little dared they offer, shorn and lopped
Of all their vigor, false as well as true.

Was it of Islam that Shekh Hatem spake,
With ringing tongue and fiery words that forced
Unwilling tears from Pagan and from Jew,
And cries of "*Allah akhbar !*" from his own ?
Forsooth, I know not : he was Islam's chief.
How dared he nod his head and smile, to hear
The Jew declare his faith in God the Lord,
The Christian preach of love and sacrifice,
The Parsee and the Hindoo recognize
The gifts of charity and temperance,
And peace and purity ? If this be so,
And heretic and pagan crowd with us
The gates of Allah's perfect Paradise,
Why hath He sent His Prophet ? Nay,—I write
In anger, not in doubt : nor need I here
To thee Ben-Arif, faithful man and wise,
Portray the features of my shame and grief.

Ere all had fully spoken, I, confused,—
Hearing no word of washing or of prayer,
Of cross, or ark, or fire, or symbol else
Idolatrous, obscene,—could only guess
What creed was glorified before the crowd,
By garb and accent of the chief who spake :
And scarcely then ; for oft, as one set forth
His holiest duties, all, as with one voice,
Exclaimed : " But also these are mine !" The strife
Was then, how potent were they, how observed,—
Made manifest in life ? One cannot say
That such are needless, but their sacred stamp
Comes from observance of all forms of law,

Which here—the strength of Islam—was suppressed.
 Their wrangling—scarcely could it so be called !—
 Was o'er the husks : the kernel of the creed
 They first picked out, and flung it to the winds.

I, pierced on every side with sorest stings,
 Waited uneasily the end delayed,
 When Hatem spake once more : his eye was bright,
 And the long beard that o'er his girdle rolled
 Shook as in storm. “ Now, God be praised ! ” he cried :
 “ God, ever merciful, compassionate,
 Hath many children ; these have many tongues :
 But of one blood are they, one truth they seek,
 One law of Love and Justice fits them all.
 And they have many Prophets : may it be,
 Though not of like commission, in so far
 As they declare His truth, they speak for Him !
 Go past their histories : accept their souls,
 And whatsoe'er of perfect and of pure
 Is breathed from each, in each and all the same,
 Confirms the others' office and its own !
 Here is the centre of the moving wheel,—
 The point of rest, wherefrom the separate creeds
 Build out their spokes, that seem to chase and flee,
 Revolving in the marches of His Day !
 If one be weak, destroy it : if it bear
 Unstrained His glory of Eternal Truth,
 And firmer fibre from the ages gain,
 Behold, at last it shall replace the rest !
 Even as He wills ! The bright solution grows
 Nearer and clearer with the whirling years :
 Till finally the use of outward signs
 Shall be outworn, the crumbling walls thrown down,
 And one Religion shall make glad the world ! ”

More I could not endure : I did not wait
 For Hatem's coming, as he promised me ;
 Yet—ere amid the crowds I could escape—
 I saw the Rabbi and the Christian priest
 Fall on his neck with weeping. With a groan,
 A horrid sense of smothering in my throat,
 And words I will not write, I gained the air,
 And saw, O Prophet ! how thy Crescent shone
 Above the feathery palm-tops, and the dome
 Of Haroun's tomb upon the Tigris' bank.
 And this is Bagdad !—Eblis, rather say !—
 O fallen city of the Abbasid,
 Where Islam is defiled, and by its sons !
 Prepare, Ben-Arif, to receive thy friend,
 Who with the coming moon shall westward turn
 To keep his faith undarkened in Tangier !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS PERE.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is a living refutation of those prejudices which would necessarily condemn people of color to intellectual inferiority.

As a writer and as a man, he has won celebrity with a public which is, on some accounts, the most difficult in the world, and moreover has "worn it won" much longer than is usual at Paris, the most fickle of cities. As a dramatist, his name will live, if not by its intrinsic merit, at least as personifying a curious period in French theatrical history—a period of literary revolution corresponding in some respects to the political revolution at the close of the last century. As a writer of prose fiction—under this head most of his books of travel, his "Impressions de Voyage," must be classed with his romances—he has been read and admired (in spite of his sins against style and truth) throughout Europe and this country. In the book trade no name of modern author has had a higher marketable value than his; while enlightened critics, who lament that he has abused his talent in a shameful variety of ways—especially by degrading literature into a mere trade, and a trade not carried on any too honestly at that—are still ready to acknowledge the decidedly remarkable talent which he has evinced. Carrying into private life the same restless activity which is manifest in his career as an author, he has been able, as a dashing brilliant character, to astonish society incessantly for years; and Parisian society, accustomed as it is to singularities no less multiplex and changeful than the figures of a kaleidoscope, is by no means easily astonished.

Yet this person, so distinguished as a writer and a man, belongs to a race that is generally considered by us incapable of those distinctions in literature and society which he has gained, and which public opinion here puts pretty effectually beyond its grasp.

Alexandre Dumas is of mixed blood, the son of a mulatto. His father, General Alexandre Davy Dumas, natural son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie and a negress, was a native of San Domingo. He was the first colored man who ever reached the grade of General in the French army. Entering the service in 1786 as a simple dragoon, he rapidly rose by successive promotions till he became General of Division in 1793. He distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy and in the campaign of Egypt. Returning from the latter country to France for the sake of his health, he was forced by a storm to put in at Tarento. Here he was seized by the Sicilian government and thrown into the dungeon, where his numerous wounds festered for two years. Upon his release he was obliged to leave the service, and retiring to Villers-Cotterets, a small town in the department of the Aisne, he dragged out a languishing existence there until he died in 1807, poor, honest, and regretted by the whole army on account of his noble character and heroic bravery.

It is in this little town of Villers-Cotterets that Alexandre Dumas was born on the 24th of July, 1803. Dumas, in the preface to one of his works, has given an autobiography, in which he describes, in his own peculiarly animated manner, the early years of his life. His education was sadly neglected; his mother, who loved him passionately as her only hope, for she was without fortune and had but this son and two daughters, could never bear to be separated from him. He learned little therefore from books, except a few scraps of Latin taught him

by the indulgent curate of the parish, who also instructed him in the art of stringing French rhymes together. "As for arithmetic," says he, "three schoolmasters had successively abandoned the attempt to put the first four rules into my head." By way of compensation, however, he adds, "I possessed the physical advantages which a country education gives; that is to say, I mounted any horse, I used to walk twelve leagues to go and dance at a ball, I was skilful enough in the use of the sabre and pistol, I played tennis like St. George, and at thirty steps I rarely missed a hare or a partridge."

Such were the resources of the young Dumas when he completed his twentieth year, and learned from a conversation with his weeping mother, that after all they had was sold to pay their debts, their remaining fortune would be only two hundred and fifty-two francs, not of interest but of principal—their all. At least, so Dumas says in his autobiography, although he may perhaps be suspected of having somewhat "dramatized" the history of this affair; for it has been suggested that his mother, being the widow of a general officer, must have received a pension, and therefore could not have been so nearly destitute as her son represents her. However this may have been, the result of the conversation was the departure of Alexandre with the fifty-two francs, which arrived at Paris untouched; for he informs us that before setting off he played a game of billiards with the diligence-conductor, and winning enough to pay his fare, saved that much upon his little treasure.

He was thus brought to Paris free of expense, by a first turn of that good fortune which was destined to attend him in his career at the metropolis. In spite of the indifference of nearly all those among his father's old friends upon whom he called, he was not doomed to suffer long the heart-sickening lot of hope deferred, which is common to most young aspirants in a capital like Paris. Before he had time to spend the whole of his fifty-two francs, he was fortunately installed as a copying clerk in the secretary's office of the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs a year. This piece of good fortune was owing to a letter of recommendation which he bore from an influential voter to General Foy, the deputy from his department.

Here is Dumas' description of his first interview with the General. "Let's see! what shall we do with you?" asked the latter. "Whatever you please, General." "I must first know what you are good for." "Oh, not for much of anything." "Let's see! What do you know? a little mathematics?" "No, General." "You at least have some notions of geometry, of physics?" "No, General." "You have studied law?" "No, General." "You know Latin and Greek?" "Very little." "You perhaps understand keeping accounts?" "Not the least in the world." At each question, says Dumas, "I felt the flushing of my countenance; it was the first time I had been thus put face to face with my ignorance." The General was at a loss. "Give me your address," at last he said; "I will see what can be done with you." Young Dumas takes the pen and writes his address; the General overlooks him while he writes. Suddenly he exclaims, "*We are rescued! you have a fine handwriting.*" "I let my head drop on my breast," says Dumas; "I had no strength left to support it. A fine handwriting—that was all I had."

Thus, thanks to his handwriting, the future author of "Antony" secured a salary of a hundred francs a month, which at that time seemed to him a fortune. Scarcely seated at his desk, Alexandre Dumas resolved while living by his penmanship to live some day by his pen, and bethought himself seriously of repairing his neglected education. It was at this period that he formed those habits

of night labor which he has since retained, and by which he has been able to mystify some of his acquaintances, who, from seeing him almost as idle as they in the daytime, cannot understand when or how he accomplishes so much. Occupied eight hours during the day at the office, and forced to return there each evening and remain from seven till ten o'clock, the nights alone were at his disposal. These nights he well improved during the three years following, without, however (according to his account), bringing his studies to any apparent result, without "producing anything." From his autobiography, one would derive the impression that the future dramatist, who as yet had "produced nothing," was first awakened to a sense of his vocation by a sort of instantaneous revelation emanating directly from Shakespeare.

He gives a lively description of the influence exerted upon him by the visit of the English actors to Paris in 1827. "All that," says a critic, who quotes the paragraph—"is very poetical, but it is not precisely historical." In 1826, a year before the English actors visited Paris, Dumas had published a collection of tales, in a duodecimo volume. He had even already entered a theatrical career. Before seeing "Hamlet," he had seen vaudevilles, he had seen classical tragedies, and he had written a classical tragedy, "Christine," received as such at the Théâtre Français, but not yet acted, and transformed later, after the success of "Henry III.," into a romantic drama. "Henry III." was the first of Dumas's plays which attracted general attention. It was enacted in 1829. However strongly convinced the author may be that its existence is owing to the Shakespearian inspiration he professes to have received through the medium of the English actors, it in fact indicates scarcely any other resemblance between Shakespeare and Dumas than that both violate the classical rule of "the unities." It is inferior to many of Dumas's subsequent productions of a similar kind, and its principal claim to notice is the circumstance that it was the first of that kind. Yet on account of its novelty, and two or three quite dramatic passages, its faults were more than pardoned by the public, which went into raptures over it, declared it all sublime, and proclaimed Dumas as the French Shakespeare. He would have been called "a very French Shakespeare indeed" by Coleridge, who, when some one told him that Klopstock was the German Milton, could not help muttering, "A very German Milton indeed."

The monomania which led Alexandre Dumas to consider himself a sort of Shakespeare affected his mind with reference to another subject. He was led, like too many other authors of this century, to imitate Byron in his indulgence of an unhealthy habit of exaggerating personal experiences of discomfort or misfortune. Dumas has mastered the whole vocabulary of this querulousness, and you meet in his autobiography with such phrases as "fierce struggles with cruel destiny," "sources of bitterness in the soul," "hatred and scorn," and the like. A weakness of this kind is only too common. It appears particularly ridiculous in the case of Dumas. Here is a youth twenty years of age, who arrives from an obscure village with less than eleven dollars in his pocket, hardly knowing his alphabet, and possessing as his sole resource a fair handwriting. With that resource thousands would have perished of hunger. Then—and in this there was truly courage and honor—then he resolves to learn in a few years all that of which he is ignorant. Soon he takes it into his head to write a tragedy. When it is written he wishes to have it played. He addresses himself to the learned and gifted M. Nodier, whom he does not know from Adam, and begs to be recommended by him to M. Taylor, Royal Commissary

of the Théâtre Français. M. Nodier hastens to comply with his request. M. Taylor receives him kindly, introduces him to the committee, and his tragedy is accepted without opposition. It is true that it is not immediately acted. It is true that Dumas's efforts to bring about this desired event interfere so seriously with his duties at the office that his superiors, in their dissatisfaction, withhold the accustomed gratuity at the close of the year.

But why should he complain of that? These officials were not bound to discover his talent, and in any case what they needed for their purposes was not a dramatist, but an assiduous copyist. However that may be, M. Dumas, tired of waiting for the representation of "Christine," makes up his mind to write "Henry III." As soon as it is presented the drama is played. The Duke of Orleans engages the whole of the first gallery, and, accompanied by a battalion of princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, ambassadors, and generals, comes himself to witness the triumph of his copyist. It was a triumph. The next day the unknown young man found himself suddenly transformed into a great personage, into an immortal genius. Corneille and Racine are *enfoncés*, "used up." The receipts of "Henry III." yield thirty thousand francs to its author. Feasted and received everywhere in Paris, M. Alexandre Dumas feasts and receives all Paris in return.

As if giddy with his sudden transition from obscurity to glory, we behold him plunging with ardor into boundless luxury; he wears fantastic coats, flashy vests, sports an enormous gold chain, gives the dinners of a Sardanapalus, breaks down never so many horses, and loves never so many women.

So brilliant was the beginning of Dumas's career. Is it not difficult to discern in him a man excessively ill-treated by destiny?

Success after success has attended him ever since. As a dramatist, he had for years the advantage of keeping the public curiosity constantly awake, by dint of pushing to its extreme limits the boldness of the romantic school. He has not only made dramas and melodramas, but he has made comedies, drama-vaudevilles, and comic operas. A list of his theatrical productions alone would occupy several pages. Yet it would by no means equal in length the list of the miscellaneous works of history and romance and travel which have appeared under his name. About the year 1835 he published some works of this kind, with such great success that he gave the reins to the marvellous facility of composition which he has received from nature. He has written piles of romances, and feuilletons by hundreds; in the single year 1840 he published twenty-two volumes in octavo. He has written with one hand a history which, with the other, as it were, he "feuilletoned." He has published numerous "Impressions de Voyage," having successively put France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy (and particularly Florence), Sicily, Mount Sinai, and Spain, into feuilletons and volumes—in which everything is to be found, drama, elegy, eclogue, idyl, politics, gastronomy, statistics, geography, history, wit—in short, everything except truth. Never has traveller out-Munchausened Munchausen more boldly, or with more success. He has also written prefaces and introductions without number.

Unfortunately—not for his purse, but for his style, for his best reputation, for the true interests of the public, in fine—unfortunately, Dumas was tempted by the flattering reception of some of his earlier works in prose to lead the way into the ruinous path by which so many pursue literature merely as a trade, in utter forgetfulness of any high motive or aim. Romance-writing, after its irruption into the journals in 1836, became in France *la fabrication par excellence*—a

regular system of manufacturing. Thus Alexandre Dumas, whose speculations have been conducted on a gigantic scale, has, according to the evidence of the learned bibliographer, M. Quérard, industriously plied this business at the head of seventy-four collaborators, or assistants, turning out dramas, histories, and travels, as well as novels, by the wholesale, in such profusion that the market was well-nigh overstocked. He used to order from Paris and forward to Paris from Florence (where he lived for a long time) whole cargoes of literary commodities. When the Roman feuilleton—correctly described as consisting of “fragments of novels continued from day to day,” each fragment surpassing its predecessor in the exaggeration of style and incident—was first brought into vogue, the directors of the daily papers almost quarrelled in order to secure the assistance of M. Dumas. Unprecedented contracts were made with him. Some were nearly impossible; and it is not surprising that his alleged failure to comply with them in all points subjected him in 1847 to prosecution. His trial, as well as that of Sue, which took place about the same time, would afford materials for a new chapter in D’Israeli’s “Curiosities of Literature.” An idea can be formed of the engagements of the journals with certain literary celebrities, from the single fact that Dumas agreed to furnish “*La Presse*” yearly, for five years, with eleven volumes of novels, for which he was to receive an annual compensation of 63,000 francs, or \$12,600, on condition of withholding from all other publishers all that he should write, except eighty new works, to contain 226,000 lines, which he was in the course of publishing at the date of his new contract. No wonder that he should employ—he certainly needed—assistance in fabricating a quantity of romance to which not even his prolific genius was equal. It is physically impossible for Dumas to have written all that has been published in his name. He declared, however, at his trial, that on one occasion he did, as he truly observed, what no other man had done before, and what probably none will do after him—he commenced and continued to their conclusion five separate romances, portions of which daily appeared in five different newspapers. Every word in them all, as he called upon his prosecutors to testify, was written by his own hand. But, after all, does this fact prove that he may not have simply returned, in preparing some of the five romances, to his old avocation of copyist? It was certainly, in any case, a remarkable feat, and as he stated, “a man, two horses, and a railroad engine were required each day for the transportation of these manuscripts” from his favorite residence at Marly, which is about twelve miles distant from Paris.

Marly, celebrated for its château and gardens, erected by Louis XIV., and destroyed at the Revolution, was more recently the chosen residence of that highest of all royalties, talent, in the persons of Mademoiselle Rachel, Mademoiselle Anais-Aubert, Messieurs Melesville, de Kératry, Saintine, Alexandre Dumas, and other distinguished individuals. It is here that Dumas resolved, like the English Beckford, to erect a building which should be a realized romance. Few writers have been able, like Beckford and Dumas, to construct with solid materials edifices which might rival the gorgeous castles they have built in the air, and described with the richest ornaments of diction. The château of Monte Christo was intended by its owner to be magnificent as that most popular of his novels, from which it takes its name. At the orders of Dumas, the peculiar difficulties of the position were wholly overcome, and a palace rose as if by magic from the ground. Standing upon a charming spot, which he had caused to be surrounded with water and called the Isle of Monte Christo, the

interior of this châtelet was to be decorated like the oratories of queens in the olden time. In the eastern tower was contrived a little *cabinet de travail*, or study, in which the author might have just room enough for a table, a pen, and an inkstand—"all he needs," so says one of his flatterers, "in order to write three feuilletons and two acts a day." Near the table was a golden knob which pressed upon a steel spring that was able to raise or lower the drawbridge, at the will of the lord of the manor. But this enchanted abode, like the splendid mansion of Beckford, at last fell under the hammer of the auctioneer.

The Théâtre Historique, at Paris, was another "creation" of the fertile brain of Dumas. Ambitious of astonishing the Parisians by his romances in more than one way, he conceived the idea of a theatre where not only his plays, but even his novels, thrown into a dramatic form, might be enacted. In a few months his design was carried into execution, under the patronage of the Duke of Montpensier, and in the spring of 1847 a large and commodious building, with a sculptured façade and a singularly arranged interior, was finished and opened for the performance of "La Reine Margot." Other novels from his pen have been converted, by the aid of scissors, into dramas, one of which occupied two evenings by its representation in two parts. Dumas was thus able, like Shakespeare and Corneille, to say, "I write for my own stage."

During the representation of "La Reine Margot," Dumas was at the zenith of his success. A favorite companion in the little group of smokers that weekly gathered around the Duke of Montpensier at the castle of Vincennes, he was well received at court and in society. "With an insatiable lust for notoriety, he had contrived that his sayings and doings should occupy the gossips of France, and of late," as the "British Quarterly Review" observed at that time, "the *author* had almost been eclipsed by the *éclat* attached to the *man*." A characteristic incident, which formed an episode in the first tumult of the revolution of February, illustrates the popularity which Dumas had extended far beyond the social circles in which he affected to move.

The royal family had not yet left the Tuileries when Alexandre Dumas. Marquis de la Pailleterie—a title of which Dumas has been not a little vain—with his breast a blaze of orders, sallied forth like a loyal knight to pay his respects to the young men of whom he used to talk familiarly as his friends the princes. Recognized by the crowd in the street, their misconception of his purposes in coming abroad, and their admiration for his writings, acted as a double charm upon their enthusiasm. Greeting him with huzzas and lifting him on their shoulders, the people bore him over the barricades, the reluctant object of an ovation which awkwardly exposed him to the charge of indecent haste in displaying ingratitude towards his "illustrious friends."

His position as well as theirs was wonderfully changed by the revolution, which roused Paris and France to noble deeds, and supplied with real emotions the multitude who had greedily swallowed the false stimulants of newspaper novels. Othello's occupation was gone, at least for a season. And Alexandre Dumas himself, the "prince of feuilletonists," was now able to catch the popular ear only by short, pithy political articles. These he wrote in a political journal, "La Liberté," which he established soon after the revolution, "accepting," according to French custom, the new order of things which he could not withstand, and, with a true Frenchman's dexterity, trimming his sails to the changing breeze. By one of those contradictions which would be strange if they were not so common—which make a practical atheist and profligate "a de-

fender of the faith" and stickler for the "proprieties," and on the other hand make a model of private virtues an advocate of doctrines which are usually abhorred as subversive of religion and social order—or, to put the concrete for the abstract, which blindly allot the respective parts a Thiers and a Pierre Leroux are to play in life; by one of these contradictions, the editor of "La Liberté"—some of whose works have done not a little to disorder the passions of youth, and many of whose flowery pages exhale a poisonous odor, like the fig-leaves in the basket of the Egyptian Queen (to borrow a comparison), defiled by the asp's trail and slime, while the sly worm itself lurks beneath—the editor of "La Liberté" announced himself as a "friend of order," of "the family," of "property," of "religion," or rather (many consider it equivalent) as an "enemy to socialism." But in this new character he did not appear to win much applause.

He has of late years peculiarly and particularly identified himself with those personages who were at the time being either the favorites or lions of Paris. Witness, for instance, his connection, and the consequent gossip, with Adah Isaacs Menken.

In person Dumas is large, inclining to obesity; skin of a slight yellow tinge, and short, crispy, curling hair. At last accounts he was engaged, in addition to his other labors, upon a comprehensive work on gastronomy, a subject to which for the past few years he has devoted particular attention, he being reputed one of the best *cuisiniers* in France.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

LOST HOUSES.

NO fire has touched them, and no flood;
 They stand to-day where first they stood;
 Places that knew them know them still;
 Their doors swing wide, and on each sill,
 In sweet confusion, wilting flowers
 By noon, by night mark children's hours.
 And closer still, like friends well tried,
 The trees crowd up on every side,
 Folding the roof-tree and the walls.
 Each year their gracious shadow falls
 Larger and larger; every spring
 'Neath southern window some new thing
 Lifts up its head and adds its grace
 To sweeten the old homestead place.
 From every window to the skies
 Women and men lift steadfast eyes,
 Coming and going day by day,
 Leading the life they must, or may.

But if the fire, or if the flood
Had swept these houses where they stood,
They had not been so lost to me ;
Untouched by fire or flood would be
All which I loved and called my own.
All white above the blackened stone,
In midst of ashes, firm and fair,
The house had stood immortal there,
Clear in my sight, close to my heart,
House from all houses set apart :
House of my childhood's gay estate ;
House of my lifetime's crowning fate ;
House of one beautiful made friend ;
House of one wise to wisdom's end ;
House of an hour, house of a day—
Such day, such hour as never may
Come twice, when utmost pain of pain
And joy of joy the rest have slain.
But, crueller than fire or flood,
Come steps of men of alien blood.
They buy, but buying all, they steal.
No law can reach, no time can heal
The hurt they give ; too subtly born
The wrong they do for hate or scorn.
They tread of right their new-found way ;
At every step dread ghosts they slay ;
And silently the treach'rous air
Closes and keeps no token where
Its dead are buried.

Ah, my heart,
Forget, if thou canst find the art.
Look not to hill, to vale, to sea,
Where stand the houses lost to thee.
The world is full of open doors ;
Step lightly in on friendly floors ;
And throw thy rusty keys away
To locks which strange hands lock to-day.

H. H.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

THE SACRE CŒUR.

A RECENT magazine article entitled "School Days at the Sacred Heart" (and which describes convent life as it exists now at Manhattanville) carries me back to my girlish days in the mother establishment in Paris, long before a single convent of that order existed on this side of the Atlantic.

Thirty years ago Americans did not cross the ocean to spend the summer in Baden, or the winter in Rome, with the same facility they do now; the voyage was made in packet-ships, varying in time of transit from three to four weeks; comparatively few families travelled abroad, and still fewer placed their children in foreign educational establishments. Upon leaving this country it had been originally intended to send me to a French Protestant school in the vicinity of Paris; but the lady having suddenly died, my foreign relatives decided upon the Sacré Cœur as the most eligible substitute, and one bright spring day I was conducted across the river, through the old streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, until we arrived at the gates of the hotel in the rue de Varenne owned and occupied by the ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

To a girl barely in her teens, educated in the Congregational Church, in one of the strictest of New England boarding-schools, taught from early childhood to look upon the Roman Catholic Church as the scarlet woman of the Revelation, the change was something miraculous. The soft-voiced, soft-walking nuns, the lofty *sœurs* of the convent, still showing remains of the gilding which had lavishly decorated them when the Hôtel de Brion had been filled with the fair women and brave men of the court of Henry IV., spoke volumes to the imagination. The walls were now all plain white, although rumor whispered that charming paintings were hidden in the panels beneath. All was strange, and when I found myself in the school-rooms and heard on every side the old historic names which were so familiar to me through my studies, I could scarcely realize my own identity. Blanche de Montmorenci, Edith de Courcy, Isabeau de Beauvau, and dozens of others of the same kind, were heard on every side.

There were assembled nearly two hundred young girls, varying in age from seven to eighteen, and representing nearly all the noble houses in France, to say nothing of several members of the Scotch and Irish nobility, and three Protestants—two Americans and the third an English girl of rank. The French language had been familiar to me from childhood; consequently that was no barrier to my intercourse with either the ladies or my schoolmates. We were shortly summoned to the refectory to dinner, and as it happened to be a half-holiday, we were allowed after finishing our repast to go at once into the superb park or garden, which extended from the rear of the house to the adjacent parallel street, and seemed to cover several acres, forming an enclosure where we could wander for hours, although each class was always accompanied by one of the ladies, who exercised a general supervision. At the extremity of the park was a large poultry yard, and at intervals through the lower part of the grounds were dwarf fruit trees on *espaliers*.

I naturally gravitated toward the two Americans, who were Philadelphians and sisters. They pointed out to me various notabilities among our companions, one of whom was a daughter of Dom Pedro of Brazil, another of Godoy, the famous, or rather infamous, Prince of the Peace. All were dressed very nearly alike in a sort of uniform, but several of the girls wore broad blue and green ribbons fringed with silver, passed over one shoulder and knotted at the side, and my new friends informed me that they were "the Children of Mary" and "Angels," honorary distinctions for good conduct, and they showed me two lovely little temples in the grounds belonging to their respective societies.

Later in the afternoon I was initiated into my first experience of the service of the Romish Church; and the beautiful chapel, the nuns in their carved stalls, the flowers, incense, and all the accessories, familiar to most of my readers, impressed me immeasurably, all the more from my preconceived ideas of something horrible and mystic. It took me a few days to become habituated to the routine of conventual life, and more than once I was awakened by the sprinkling of holy water in my face, a method used for calling the laggards who had slept too heavily to hear the bell, which, like all the other influences around us, was low-toned and gentle.

The girls were very much like all other school girls, with the exception that there seemed to be no unruly ones. There were no day scholars admitted, consequently no outside influence, except at stated intervals, when the relatives of the children were permitted to visit them. Each girl had her favorite nun, and each her favorite saint, for whom she professed a special *culte*. I attached myself to one of the ladies, to whom I was drawn most powerfully from the first time I saw her. She belonged to one of the oldest families in Brittany, and was a near relative of the lady who followed the Duchesse de Berri in her adventurous and romantic expedition in the Vendée. My nun was about twenty-seven, with beautiful dark eyes and a lovely expression; and I, who thought every nun must have her story, as many of them had, often attempted to discover hers. One of the ladies was married to an army officer who was reported killed at some foreign post; she took the vows. After she had taken the black veil her husband, who had escaped unheard-of dangers, returned to find his wife lost to him; in despair, he at once took the monastic vow, and they never met again. I used to study her face for hours to try and read regret written there, but all seemed holy resignation. Our life was a very happy one, and we had many holidays, mostly religious *fêtes*. We used sometimes to be driven to Conflans, which had formerly been a country seat of the Archbishop of Paris. This same Archbishop, Monseigneur de Quelen, whose palace had been destroyed by the mob in 1830, had apartments on one-half of the court in our "hotel" (which was immense), and he often said mass for us and sometimes assisted at our little religious *fêtes*. He was one of the handsomest men who ever wore the episcopal robes, and whenever he chanced to meet any of us in the grounds he was always so kind and indulgent that we almost worshipped him. The discipline of the school was admirable; the punishments few; moral suasion was the great instrument; our consciences were educated to a high point of sensitiveness. We generally told ourselves of any fault which had evaded the ladies' eyes. I remember, for instance, one English girl who was at the head of her class in history, a great achievement for a foreigner in a foreign language. She had repeated her lesson perfectly; one date escaped her memory, and as she sat next the teacher her eye glanced for a moment at the open book; she caught the date and came out from her lesson still at the head of her class; but her conscience smote her;

she could not sleep, and before the class assembled the next morning she had gone to the mistress and confessed her fault; and although it was of course known to all the girls at the lesson, she seemed much happier than the day before when in the place of honor. One mischievous foreigner, who invariably, whenever she could obtain the chance, would drum a few bars of the "*Marseillaise*" on the piano for the fun of witnessing the consternation it created, was stopped by being asked if she would continue to play it when she knew the pain it caused our Superior, Madame de Gramont, whose father was conducted to the guillotine to the music of that air. Of course the offence was never repeated, and another point of interest was added to our gentle, lady-like Superior, whom we seldom saw, the *Maitresse Générale*, a woman of great character, and literary ability recognized outside of the convent walls, being the more direct head so far as the school was concerned. Sometimes we had a visit from the venerable Madame Barras, the foundress of the order, who lived to see ramifications of it in every part of the globe. One of the ladies, a Russian princess of a well-known family, was always painting religious pictures for the different chapels of the order; and it was my delight to sit by her easel out of school hours, and hear her relate, sometimes the legend of the saint whom she was painting, at others the struggles she had with her family when she wished to become a Romanist. To me there seemed so little difference between the Greek and Romish churches that I could not understand the rancor and anger she narrated to me. Of course the whole tone of the convent was intensely Legitimist. Henry the Fifth's birthday was always celebrated, but, fortunately, it fell on Michaelmas day, so the extra service was not politically obnoxious. In summer, our great *fête* was the 15th of August, the Assumption of the Virgin, and it was a beautiful sight to watch the procession as it wound through the grand old trees in the park to the chapel of "the Children of Mary." The black robes of the nuns, the white dresses and veils (always worn on religious festivals) of the girls, each one bearing a lighted taper, all the clear young voices chanting the Ave Maria, the incense waving, the Archbishop in gorgeous robes, with his attendant priests, leading the procession, followed by young girls bearing white silk banners with the cipher and attributes of the Virgin embroidered thereon, and four of the youngest children carrying bouquets of white flowers almost as large as themselves! It was like enchantment! What a change from fast day and Thanksgiving, which were the only holidays in my New England experience!

And then, during the summer vacation, when not more than thirty or forty of the scholars remained, how we enjoyed it! One of our amusements was to go down to a large kitchen, where all was prepared for us—a long table in the centre of the great room, with piles of dough pastry ready to be moulded into shape, and great dishes of different kinds of jam. Here, with white aprons tied around our waists, we undertook to prepare little patties of every conceivable device and form. Two lay sisters stood by an immense oven, ready heated, and with large shovels put in the dough and drew out the patties. Never since did the most luscious preparations of Carême or Félix taste like these productions! and they were good, undoubtedly; for conventual pastry and sweets have long been proverbial for their excellence, and the most we could do to spoil them would have been to make the paste heavy by handling. How proud we were, too, when our favorite nun, for whom the largest and most ornate was always reserved, complimented us upon its design or flavor. Another amusement was to play "*cache-cache*," or hide-and-seek, in the vaults of the convent, the girls being divided into two parties, each conducted by one of the ladies. How our voices resounded in

these subterranean, vaulted walls! and we took very good care not to lag behind, afraid of "we knew not what." The ladies had none of that asceticism one would imagine, but were to all appearance as happy as possible, and entered into all our games with as much zest as any worldly mistress could have done; and I think, as a whole, I have never seen an assemblage of more highly cultivated women, or of more elegant and aristocratic bearing. True, nearly all had been in the world and of the world before taking their vows, and, so far as I could see, none seemed to regret it. After the girls returned for the winter term, school continued as before; but we had weekly lectures from the Grand Vicar of St. Geneviève, and occasionally a discourse from some distinguished foreign priest passing through Paris. I remember listening with interest and astonishment, but I cannot say conviction, to an Englishman of high rank who had renounced wealth, position, and all their advantages, to become a priest, and expatiated to us upon the superiority of a life free from care, reposing with perfect confidence in the bosom of the *true* Church, and ordered by her in all things. I, worldly heretic that I was, used to often look askance at the enclosure railed off by the side of the high altar, where the great ladies of *the* Faubourg often stole an hour from the world to spend at their devotions; and I used to speculate if, after I had enjoyed all the world had to give, I should be satisfied to be like the silent figures in the stalls by my side, who were permitted no expression of affection to any earthly being; for every mark of it on our side toward them was instantly suppressed, and if any of the ladies became too popular in the school, she was at once removed to another of the numerous establishments of the Sacred Heart. Christmas was also a great holiday, and for weeks before, the different religious societies were busy preparing "crèches," or miniature representations of the stable where our Saviour was born, with all its accessories. The "Angels" tried to outdo the "Children of Mary" in the beauty of the wax image of the Child Jesus, and the latter often surpassed the former in the figures of Joseph and Mary and the perfect imitation of the "horned cattle." All the girls' spare pocket-money was given to contribute to these funds, and the crèches were often beautifully and artistically made.

The splendor of the midnight mass was a sight to be remembered. Political exigencies having forbidden this ceremony in the churches, the Archbishop congregated all the splendor possible at its celebration in the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*. The most gorgeous robes from the sacristy of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the most superb gold service, the number of attendant priests and acolytes, the members of the *beau monde* who obtained permission to "assist" in the railed-off enclosure before mentioned—the flowers, lights, incense, and the noble organ pealing forth the *Adeste Fideles*—completed a tableau which perfectly bewildered one, and our Protestant quartette received impressions which were ineffaceable; one of the number, since deceased, became a nun before her death. How can parents expect their children to be uninfluenced by such an atmosphere? True, no direct proselyting is attempted; but the whole life is an indirect proselytism. Young people are influenced through their affection, their imagination, their instruction (even in the literature studied there is a naturally Romanist tendency); and yet parents are very much surprised and distressed that their children, either while there or after they leave, become Roman Catholics. One cannot blame the ladies for this; they always discourage polemic conversation; but can one expect that women who have given up the world to devote themselves to religion, and moreover who believe that out of the pale of their church there is no safety, should attempt to counteract, to say the least, the

influence that the surroundings necessarily would have on any young person of sensibility?

Another cause, too, helps conversion. We all know how many otherwise excellent people express themselves with bitterness regarding the Romanists. They think that "no good can come out of Nazareth," and consequently impress upon children's minds that a Catholic must necessarily be false, deceitful, and untrustworthy. With this preconceived idea a young girl finds the ladies, to all appearance, the opposite of everything she has heard, and, indignant at thinking they have been unjustly aspersed, she naturally will believe in them, and is consequently much more open to conversion than if she had been perfectly unprejudiced. Shortly before my arrival there had been one sturdy Scotch girl who, educated in the school of John Knox, was supposed to be so steadfast in the faith that she could be sent to acquire the various Continental accomplishments, so well taught in the convent, without injury to her religious belief. In grim silence she attended the various church services (which, by the way, was obligatory on all who entered) until arrived at the festival of St. Bartholomew; there she made a stand. What! ask her to attend a service in celebration of the day when so many Protestants were murdered, and almost on the very spot where she was standing? Never! Great was the consternation of the ladies. They expostulated to no avail; they did not wish to use force. Finally, one of them went to ask the *Maitresse Générale* what was to be done. She sent for the refractory pupil to come to her private study, and when there, asked her in the most gentle and affectionate manner what were her objections to attending service; and when they were repeated by the young belligerent very excitedly, she answered as mildly as possible, "My child, do you think that we would ask you or any one to attend a service to glorify a murder, no matter by whom or for what purpose committed? St. Bartholomew was perfectly guiltless of what took place on the day consecrated to him. We have service on that day, as we do on all the other saints' days, without the slightest reference or thought as to what has ever occurred on it; and I am sure that you will not pain us, and scandalize your companions, by refusing to attend chapel on this day more than any other."

Viewing the matter in that light, our young Protestant consented to make no more trouble; and before a year had passed that same girl was baptized in the convent and became a fervent Romanist! Thorough knowledge of human nature is the great secret of priestly and conventual government.

At the *Sacré Cœur* in Paris they will no longer receive Protestants, there having been so many conversions which have caused great ill-feeling; but here, where the institution is avowedly for the education of Protestant youth, parents should be perfectly willing that their children should become Romanists before sending them within its walls. That their minds and hearts are kept in a state of singular purity, that no bad influence from within or without can take any hold of the girls, owing to the strict surveillance exercised, is undoubtedly true; and that their education, especially in feminine acquirements and accomplishments, is of the best. Still, if you object to the religion, do not send your daughters to the Sacred Heart to be educated, and then blame either the ladies or the children if they become Roman Catholics.

F.

SOME POISONOUS PLANTS.

THE cashew family of plants (natural order *anacardiaceæ*) is rather widely distributed over the earth, although most at home within the tropics. It includes several members which furnish products useful in the arts, or as articles of food, as will appear from the following brief summary.

The *rhus coriaria*, or myrtle-leaved sumach, produces sour seeds, which are said to be highly prized by the Turks, who eat them as a delicacy. Its leaves resemble those of senna, and are sometimes sophistically mingled with the latter, and have thus in some instances given rise to fatal poisoning. The dried and powdered leaves of the *rhus cotinus* constitute the substance known in commerce as *shumac*, or *sumach*, and extensively used in tanning and dyeing. The wood of the same plant is employed as a dye, producing a rich yellow color. It is known under the name of "young fustic," or "Zante fustic," in contradistinction to "old fustic," which latter is obtained from the *maclura tinctoria*, a plant of the mulberry order. The *rhus metopium* is a product of Jamaica, and has been used medicinally under the names of hog-gum, doctors' gum, etc. The *rhus succedaneum* furnishes the so-called "Japanese wax," an article which has been extensively used in the manufacture of candles. The same natural order includes the plants which furnish gum-mastic, Chuian turpentine, the pistachio nut, Japanese lacquer and other varnishes, the mango fruit, the cashew nut, the marking nut, etc.

In our own country the *anacardiaceæ* are represented by the *rhus* genus, of which several species, while serving to beautify the landscape, and capable to some extent of being made useful, are chiefly of interest from their property of giving rise to a distressing and sometimes serious disease. The principal varieties of the *rhus* which in this portion of the country are credited with producing the poisonous effects alluded to, are two, the *rhus vernix* and the *rhus toxicodendron*. A short description of these plants, avoiding perplexing details, may be worthy of the reader's attention, as he may thereby be enabled to recognize and avoid them.

The *rhus vernix*, which is commonly called poison tree, poison wood, poison ash, and in Massachusetts poison dogwood, is a handsome tree, very commonly found in swamps and meadows throughout the Atlantic seaboard, from Canada to the Carolinas. It was assigned by Linnæus to the class *pentandria*, order *trigynia*, but, in common with other American species of the *rhus* genus, has been found to be diœcious. It ordinarily attains a height of from ten to fifteen feet, and sometimes considerably more, while its trunk measures from one to five inches in diameter, branching at the top. The wood is light and brittle. The leaflets are small, oblong, smooth, entire, and acuminate, springing from young shoots of a fine red color. The flowers, which appear in June, are quite small, arranged in panicles, and of a pale green color. The berries are greenish white, sometimes veined with purple, often wrinkled when old, and are arranged in bunches. In spring or autumn, if the bark be incised, a thick, opaque, whitish, viscid fluid, of a strong, resinous, disagreeable odor, immediately issues forth in large quantity. By the action of the air the color of this juice is soon changed to a deep black, which accounts for the black spots often noticed on the hands and other parts of the person in those who have meddled with the tree. This black color of the juice is permanent, and resists the action of all ordinary reagents, increasing in intensity with the lapse of time, so that it is capable of

being made use of as a very perfect indelible ink for marking linen. It has also been shown to furnish a very excellent jet-black varnish, most brilliant and glossy, very firm and durable, opaque and elastic, and not affected by moisture; in short, scarcely if at all inferior to the celebrated Japanese lacquer. Its poisonous quality, also, is common to it and the Sitz plant of Japan, described by Kalm as the source of the lacquer varnish. Some years ago the question of the identity of the two plants was the subject of a controversy, which may be found recorded in the "London Philosophical Transactions." It is now generally considered that the American and Japanese plants are different species of rhus.

Rhus toxicodendron is the name now generally applied to the ivy-like species of rhus, which is commonly known as poison ivy, poison vine, poison creeper, poison oak, and in some parts of the country as "mercury." This comprehends the climbing variety, called *rhus radicans*, and formerly looked upon as a separate species. It is very commonly met with in fields, pastures, and light woods, and along fences, from Canada to Georgia. Its stem is woody and twisted, commonly not more than an inch thick, and in the climbing variety adheres to a tree or other supporting object by strong root-like fibres. The stem is sometimes flattened on the side next the supporting object, and, if none such be met with, the plant changes to a branching shrub, or seeks the ground, where it again takes root. It is a plant of a lurid, uncanny sort of beauty, and would probably be cultivated were it not for its poisonous quality. The leaflets are large, broad, smooth, and shining on both sides (as a rule), arranged three on each shoot, and either entire or imperfectly and irregularly toothed. The flowers are small, arranged in panicles, and of a greenish-white color, and appear in June and July. The berries are globular, and of a pale green color, almost white. The shrub variety is about three feet high, and its leaves are more toothed and lobed than those of the climbing vine. Like the *rhus vernix* this plant also, on being wounded, gives out a milky juice, which on exposure to the air speedily assumes a permanent deep black color. The Indians were acquainted with the poisonous qualities of this plant, and made use of it medicinally.

Besides the above, there are several other varieties of rhus, which have been occasionally supposed to be poisonous to some individuals; and the same may be said of the ordinary wild ivy, called also American ivy, or Virginian creeper (*ampelopsis quinquefolia*), a vine which is very abundant in fields and pastures, and often cultivated on account of its beauty, which is most marked in autumn, when its leaves assume a fine crimson color. Common garden rue and oleander have also been classed as poisonous.

The poisonous effects of these different plants are so similar, that practically they may be said to be the same. The poison of the *rhus vernix* is the most potent, and affects many people who are very little, if at all, susceptible to that of the other varieties. Next in intensity is that of the *rhus toxicodendron*. Probably the majority of people are not affected by either variety; otherwise, so wide-spread are these plants, cases of this sort of poisoning would be much more frequent. Some individuals are poisoned only by actual contact with the resinous juice which exudes from the plant when injured, others by merely handling the rhus, and others again, most unfortunate of all, by simple exposure to the effluvium, which has been erroneously thought to be most malignant in the dark. These latter, if any, are those who are liable to be poisoned by the varieties commonly looked upon as innocent, as well as by the five-leaved ivy. The receptivity varies also in degree in the same person at different times, so that an individual who has often escaped may become poisoned at a time perhaps when he has ex-

ulted in a supposed demonstration of his immunity, or one who has previously suffered severely may escape poisoning at a given exposure. The poisonous effects vary from a slight itching, scarcely sufficient to attract attention, to an amount of erysipelatous inflammation which may endanger life, and has in a few instances proved fatal. The time which may elapse between exposure and the first appearance of symptoms of poisoning varies from a few hours to several days, but ordinarily it is not more than three days. In the mean time there may be noticed on the parts which have been exposed to the contact of the resinous juice black spots, which consist of portions of the juice blackened by exposure to the air. When these occur, they are difficult of removal by washing; but they do not always take place, and there may be absolutely nothing to indicate the impending symptoms. The parts usually affected are the hands, the face, and particularly the loose tissue of the eyelids, but this is probably owing to the fact that these parts are most frequently exposed to the action of the poison. No portions of the cutaneous surface can be said to be exempt, unless it be such as have become covered with an unusually thick epidermis—callus, as it is commonly called—as the palm of the hand in laboring people, for instance. If the precautionary measures to be hereafter mentioned have been employed, the diseased manifestations may be limited to those parts primarily exposed to the poison; but if the juice be allowed to remain on the hands, it may be conveyed to various parts of the surface. The contiguous surfaces of the fingers are favorite seats of the poisonous effects.

The local effects of the rhus poison are of two principal sorts, and respectively bear a striking similarity to two well-known cutaneous diseases called herpes and erysipelas. Either of these varieties may occur alone, or the two may appear conjointly, or the one may succeed the other. We will first describe the herpetic variety, premising, for the benefit of those who may not have a very definite idea of what the word herpes means, that those annoying vesicular eruptions which so commonly appear on the borders of the lips, where they are generally known as “fever-sores” or “cold-sores,” constitute a variety of herpes. In cases of herpetic rhus-poisoning, then, the first symptom generally noticed is an itching and burning sensation, which is at first very slight, but in most cases soon increases so as to be well nigh unbearable. This is usually accompanied by a slight redness of the skin, which, however, is very often absent. In the course of a few hours minute transparent vesicles, or blisters, make their appearance, generally in clusters. In severe cases these vesicles coalesce so as to form large distended sacs, called blebs. They ordinarily continue transparent, and gradually subside without their contents becoming opaque. The disease is usually at its height about the fifth or sixth day, and the process of decline then begins, generally ending in what is called desquamation, that is to say, a peeling off of, the epidermis, or outer skin, of the part. The itching and burning are most severe at the period when the vesicles have attained their greatest development. Scratching or rubbing greatly intensifies the sensation, and likewise increases in other respects the severity of the disease; but rupture of the vesicles does not, *in itself*, aggravate the mischief, but neither, on the other hand, does it alleviate it. If ruptured or punctured, the vesicles give exit to a clear, bland, watery fluid, which is, contrary to what is often supposed, utterly incapable of inoculating other parts. Indeed the disease, as such, is incapable of being imparted by one person to another, although an apparent exception to this rule is seen in the fact that the poisonous juice of the plant may be conveyed from the person of

one individual to that of another, and thus give rise to the mistake that the disease itself is contagious.

This description is that of the regular course of the disease, but the order of events is often different. Sometimes the first manifestation noticed is the formation of transparent, protuberant vesicles, either single or in patches, aggregated or scattered, surrounded by healthy, uninfamed skin, and unaccompanied from first to last by any disagreeable sensation. This form of the disease usually runs a more sluggish course, and is not generally followed by desquamation. Sometimes, in severe cases, the process of desquamation is preceded by the formation of crusts of variable thickness, and after their separation an irritable surface is occasionally left. Ordinarily no scars remain, or any other permanent marks of the disease; but frequently successive crops of vesicles continue to appear at intervals for a considerable length of time, and in rare instances a copious outbreak of genuine boils follows in the wake of the primary disease.

The second or erysipelatous variety of rhus-poisoning is a more serious affair than that which we have just considered, inasmuch as, while the pain cannot be said to be greater, it occasions an amount of swelling which, when it affects the face (its favorite habitat), is for the time being so disfiguring as to incline the sufferer to refrain from all society other than that of his attendants. Moreover, it occasionally takes on the character of true erysipelas, and may even affect the deep parts, thus jeoparding life or limb. This extreme severity is, however, happily exceedingly rare. Ordinarily the attack commences with redness, itching, and burning, swelling and puffiness of the affected part. The swelling increases for two or three days, and then, along with the other symptoms, begins to subside, and ends in desquamation. As before remarked, this form of the disease markedly affects the loose tissue of the eyelids and the neighboring parts, and the swelling which it produces is so great as speedily to close the eyes and materially alter the general aspect of the visage. It is often accompanied by deep-seated aching pains, particularly in the eyeballs, and after having once subsided it is easily rekindled by any slight cause without fresh exposure to the poison. Whenever the parts about the eyes are affected together with other portions of the surface, they are generally the last to fully regain their healthy condition.

Such, in general terms, are the usual phenomena of rhus-poisoning. It will be seen that they are almost wholly confined to the tegumentary structure; at least they are purely local. As a rule there is no fever, not even what would be expected from such an amount of cutaneous inflammation, and the patient feels no other discomfort than that from the local trouble. Slight acceleration of the pulse has occasionally been noticed, and sometimes nausea, at the onset, but there is nothing to indicate systemic infection. Nevertheless, the internal administration of the resinous juice of the plant, or of an extract made from it, has been known to produce the effects of an acro-narcotic poison. It is erroneous to suppose that it entails any specific remote effects, or any permanent impairment of the constitution, notwithstanding the fact that the skin-inflammation, *as such*, seems to act as a predisposing cause of some cutaneous eruptions.

As regards the effects of rhus upon the lower animals, it appears that many—for example, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and pigeons—are insusceptible to it, while others are fatally affected; but on this point there is much conflict of authorities. The juice given internally, and also the emanations, have produced fatal poison-

ing in dogs. Bees have been poisoned by the flowers of the *rhus vernix*. The herbivora generally eat the leaves with impunity.

It would obviously be out of place to discuss the treatment of this disease to any great extent in these pages; but we may be permitted to state that, beyond avoiding exposure, we know of no reliable method of preventing the effects of the poison in those susceptible to its influence. We are not unaware that many good people are firmly persuaded that they have saved many individuals from suffering in this way, by the timely application of some highly prized and much vaunted specific. There is a long catalogue of these sovereign remedies, among which we may mention the following: bathing the exposed parts with salt water, either sea water or an artificial solution of common salt; the application of vinegar, either alone or diluted with water; alkaline applications, either solutions of the various alkaline carbonates, or wood-ashes well rubbed in, or water of ammonia; anointing the part with various oils, lard, etc.; glycerine, camphor, etc., etc. We have no hesitation in saying that these measures are, one and all, utterly futile as preventives. The employment of them is founded on the erroneous opinion that the object of treatment is to combat an entity, to neutralize the poisonous juice itself, or some product to which it has transmitted its baneful properties; whereas, the simple fact is that the morbid processes, which are to culminate in the phenomena above described, will already have been begun before any purely antidotal measure can possibly be adopted. But there is one proceeding which may be employed, with a reasonable hope of mitigating and limiting the extent of the poisonous effects. We refer to the immediate and careful removal of any drops of the poisonous juice, which on careful scrutiny may be found adhering to any part of the person. This is a matter of considerable consequence, and, owing to the great adhesiveness and insolubility of the juice, one of no little difficulty by ordinary methods. It cannot be washed off with water, hot or cold, or with soap and water, or with oil, or in any way commonly employed. But, with some care, it may be rubbed off with some absorbent powder, or with pumice-stone. If thick masses of the resin be found clinging to the skin, a judicious preliminary proceeding is to gently lift or scrape them off with the edge of a knife-blade. These means are recommended, not with the idea of preventing or diminishing the amount of effect at the part where the juice may be found adhering, but to prevent its conveyance to other portions of the person, which is otherwise so likely to happen, especially if the hands be the parts upon which the poison has fixed itself. As regards the treatment of the poisonous effects, after they have once made their appearance, no precise rules can be laid down here, except to say that each individual case generally exhibits special features calling for particular modifications of treatment, and to emphasize our above-mentioned caution against scratching and rubbing. The disease, as regards duration, will run a certain course in spite of all treatment; but nevertheless much can be done to mitigate its severity, to alleviate the accompanying distress, and to lessen the probability of unpleasant effects. The disease should not be thought lightly of, but in any case of severity medical aid should be summoned, and the physician's directions carefully followed.

FRANK P. FOSTER, M. D.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE WAR OF 1870.

THE Germans swarm across their Rhine upon devoted France; Toul falls; Strasbourg succumbs; Crown Prince knocks at the southern gates of isolated Paris; Uhlans ride far and wide, to Orleans, to Dijon, to Havre; Jules Favre's visit to Ferrières is a failure; balloons and pigeons tell Tours and the world that soldier Bazaine still stubbornly clings to Metz, while Trochu keeps a stout heart at the capital. Such is the situation at this writing, as one in sooth must needs premise, so totally may its scenes shift before these words reach the reader.

Prussia, having pressed the cup of humiliation to the lips of France, now, it seems, must see it drained to the dregs. The peace mission of Favre, if his own story be credible, was not only a failure but a mockery. "Prussia," he reports, "demands Fort Valérien, and wishes to reduce France to a second-rate power." However, great nations do not fall irreparably under a single disaster. Even should Prussia dictate her terms in the Tuileries, there dismembering France as, under Frederick, she partitioned Poland, France need not sink to the level of the second-rate powers. Stripped of Alsace and Lorraine, or of Savoy, Franche-Comté, and French Flanders, she would still be France, rich in resources, in traditions, in prestige, and under kindlier stars might hope to repair her losses. The very elasticity and gayety of the French temperament is a pledge that it will rise superior to reverses, and that the Gallic cock will soon crow more lustily than ever. One recalls the refrain of that soldiers' song which Béranger puts into the mouth of Jacques Dubuisson, "Sergent aux Chasseurs d'Afrique," and which rings out thus at the end of each verse:

Cos-cos, coquérico.

France, remets ton schako.

Cosquérico, coquérico.

And in the element of fickleness the national fortune has always rivalled the national character. France under Philip I. lost Normandy to England, but under Philip II. she reconquered it. Under Philip VI. she was beaten by the English at Crecy, and under John II. at Poitiers; but under John's

successor, Charles V., Du Guesclin drove the English troops from all but three of their cities. Under Charles VI. France was beaten again at Agincourt, but under Charles VII. she expelled England from every French stronghold except Calais. King William can point the same historic moral from his own memory. In 1806, Napoleon, plunging into Prussia, utterly overthrew it at Jena and Auerstadt, invested and captured Magdeburg, and entered Berlin in triumph, having in a six weeks' campaign captured 4,000 cannon and 80,000 men, and crushed a kingdom which half a century earlier had resisted all Europe in a seven years' war.

France entered this foolhardy struggle in wretched condition. The Second Empire had drugged the people, gagged the legislators, and debauched the army. Parasites, swarming about Napoleon III., eclipsed real soldiers, and pedants tickled his silly ambition for avuncular glory with schemes of conquest and sketches of possible campaigns. Meanwhile, these ignorant counsellors preferred worse to better arms, and suffered knaves to fill shells with sand for powder, and make soldiers' garments of shoddy for wool. France, too, happens just now to have but few soldiers of the first order; whereas, when Bonaparte took command of the Army of Italy, he found its forty-odd thousand men already officered by such heroes as Augereau, Berthier, Joubert, Lannes, Marmont, Masséna, Murat, Serrurier; and when he appointed his first eighteen marshals under the empire, they included many such soldiers as Bessières, Brune, Davoust, Ney, Soult, Kellermann. If we seek such arrays in our day, we must look for them not where Napoleon III. and his Lebaeufs, De Fallays, and Benedettis have plied the arts of diplomacy and strategy, but in the court and camp of King William. Above all, one side has had a head in this war, and the other has had none; so that, as Napoleon's soldiers used to call him *Cent Mille*, we may in like fashion say it was not, at the outset, a struggle of 500,000 Germans against 200,000 Frenchmen, but of a million against two hundred

thousand, because the Germans were half a million *plus* Moltke.

Unless we make some such large allowance for surplus of genius and generalship on one side and temporary lack of them on the other, we are driven to another sort of explanation, disgraceful to the French people. All question apart of steadiness and gallantry in action, the astounding sight is before the world of a nation of forty millions, famous for its military prowess, rich in resources, strong in finance, and formidable alike by land and sea, shamefully beaten from first to last, and with palpable ease, by its neighbor, also forty millions strong—a poor country, with an embarrassing finance, and no navy worth speaking of. France, too, had the advantage of position, both for aggressive and defensive war. Compact in shape, every part of her domain was in easy communication with her capital. She had no outlying provinces to garrison, and no coast-line to defend, since Germany, besides not being an important maritime power, had its own ports sealed up by French blockaders; while of the single exposed frontier, three-fourths was shielded by neutral territory, the Belgian frontier stretching on the one flank as far south as Luxembourg, and Italy and Switzerland covering the other flank as far north as Basel. The strip alone open to attack was girdled with several strong lines of defence, and by famous fortified cities, such as Strasbourg on the Rhine; Metz, Toul, and Thionville on the line of the Moselle; Verdun, Montmédy, Sedan, Mézières on the line of the Meuse; and besides, many mountains and forests, from the Vosges to the Ardennes, interposed natural obstacles to an invader.

Much may be accounted for by the first surprise. But after a three months' war, when the reserves are out, we find more German troops occupying French hearths and homes than there are French troops defending them. Nothing but a vast superiority in individual genius, both in German statecraft and strategy, can account at once for the breaking down of the French frontier lines of defence, the undisturbed march of an army to Paris, and its present maintenance there at the end of an enormously prolonged line of supply—a line hitherto as inviolate as if the French were mysteriously considering it to be some species of sacred path for the convoy of angelic trains, which it would be sacrilege to approach. Of

course, one great secret in the constant numerical superiority of the Germans is their splendid Landwehr system, which contrasts with the French Garde Mobile system (now so utterly broken down in the precise exigency for which it was devised) as the arterial system of a living man contrasts with the poles and wires of a scarecrow. But to discuss these details is only to change the form of the international parallel, comparing the systems invented instead of the inventors. It is due to Prussia that the South German military system is what it is, since ten years ago it was as bad as the French. It is due to Prussian ministers and préfets that the whole country can become an armed camp at the first roll of the drum, and to Prussian generals and drill-sergeants that a German army has the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus.

So far, then, from predicting the downfall of France, it is conceivable that she may hereafter, by imitating that German military system which she has hitherto despised, recover some of her lost laurels. France is far more to the world than her eagles have made her, since she has conquered by arts as well as by arms; and Paris will still be Paris, and France France, though the Germans triumph in the war of 1870. What Prussia has done is to cast France to the foot of the military ladder, whence she must climb up as laboriously as Prussia has done, round by round, first adopting an organization which will make every Frenchman a well-drilled soldier; next taxing her people heavily for the military budget; finally, beginning new wars with the help of allies—attacking Germany, for example, with the help of Russia, or of Spain and Italy, or of Austria, or of Denmark and the Netherlands. Under such conditions France, blessed with a great captain like Moltke and a great minister like Bismarck, might win back her lost glory.

However, it is pretty clear that we have heard the last of "avenging Waterloo," there is so much since to avenge. Or, if the English part in that battle be ever "avenged," the Prussian part has since been overlaid with too many other victories for France to disturb it. Jena avenged Rosbach, and Waterloo avenged Jena; but after Waterloo come Hagenau, Forbach, Metz, Sedan. It would be wiser possibly for France, and better certainly for humanity, that she should seek to avenge Sedan upon

Prussia, as she has Waterloo upon England, by victories of peace. The phantom of military glory which beckoned the Emperor to ruin should furnish a warning to his successor, whether President or King, to imitate Napoleon's peace policy and avoid his war policy, lest his own epitaph shall be, like the Emperor's, "I was well, would be better, and am here."

To Prussia, meanwhile, must be given the laurels she has so worthily won. She has earned them not by wonderful good luck, but by sheer genius, skill, courage, and self-sacrifice. The contest of Prussia and Austria against Denmark (which, by the way, was the true moment for French interference with a view to a "rectification" of the Rhine frontier) was an affair of business, not of glory. The attack on Austria in 1866 was brilliant in execution, but, being accomplished with the aid of Italy and the odds of a breech-loading gun, was rather crafty than glorious. But she closed with France single-handed and alone, both parties calling for "fair play," and her victory is correspondingly superb. If she wins this war—and she can stop it, with all the honors, at her pleasure—Prussia inevitably stands at the head of Europe, and she as inevitably acquires from France a prestige accumulated through ages. In that scene of "King Henry IV." where Prince Hal is reproached by his father for his inferiority to Percy—that "great name in arms"—the madcap Harry replies:

Percy is but my factor, good my lord.
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up.

When Prince Henry meets Hotspur at Shrewsbury, and the latter wishes "Thy name in arms were now as great as mine," his rival answers:

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

So, in the eyes of the world, Prussia seems to have plucked at a stroke all the laurels which France has been gathering for ages. The historic triumphs of royal, imperial, republican France, the successive glories of Orleans, Bourbons, and Napoleons, only serve to deck the crown of the Hohenzollerns. France can well say, with dying Hotspur:

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

But it yet remains for her to show, if she will, that though surpassed by Germany in military prowess, she at least equals her in patriotism.

THE RIVAL CAMPS

THE German soldier has shown himself to be in all respects the equal of the French soldier. The European war, like our own, has destroyed many illusions respecting individual prowess, and has exploded the theory that two men of one army are a fair match for four of the enemy. In physical size, it is true, the German surpasses the Frenchman, as many observers have noted in the wounded and dead as they lay side by side on the battle-field. But this difference, though great in the days of lance and halberd, is nothing in the age of the chassepot and breech-loading cannon. Physical strength, of course, still tells in the march, in foraging, intrenching, and battle; but, after all, compactness has its advantages as well as bulk, whether in a tramp or a duel with pistols, and it seems to me that the logic employed of late in tracing the German victories to the size of the German warrior is wasted. Except in the hand-to-hand struggles of so rare occurrence, slight differences of stature and weight are of little account; and, in fact, history should teach as much, for surely the Frenchman has grown no smaller, and the German has grown no larger, since the days of Jena and Austerlitz.

What German military skill has done, however, is to utilize (with that curious Prussian art of doing the best with the materials one has to hand) the very "stolidity" which French soldiers and wits used to satirize into the most magnificent shoulder-to-shoulder courage. The charge of German troops has been like the avalanche, their defence like the rock. And this splendid fighting of theirs has been steady, uniform, and characteristic, equal to every exigency, and distinguished on every field, from Forbach to Châtillon. On the other hand, the French have fought not only with that superb dash on which they pride themselves—their characteristic *elan*—but have everywhere borne up with the most soldierly fortitude against hopeless odds against them. Steinmetz has not fought more desperately and stubbornly than Bazaine, and but for their traditional reputation one would say that the French in this war had shown quite

as much tenacity as *élan*. But while the valor and devotion of both German and French soldiers have been superb, the palm of disciplined heroism must, apparently, be given to the Germans. They have been more carefully and rigorously drilled, their standard of discipline is higher, and there is not in them so great a difference between the best regiments and the worst regiments as with the French. Prodigies of valor and the forlorn hopes of the war are, perhaps, mainly recorded of the French; but steady, incessant, resistless charges upon intrenched positions bristling with artillery, which laid them in heaps, have been mainly recorded of the Germans. The hard task of the French on every field has been to try to snatch a victory by personal desperation from the jaws of defeat, choice troops aiming to repair by hopeless sacrifice the strategic and tactical blunders of leaders, and that first fatal blunder of under-estimating the enemy's strength, which has made everything else go amiss. The task of the Germans has been to face and carry positions pronounced impregnable by those who did not know, at the command of one who decreed that they must be taken. With a superb disciplined courage, they have been engaged for weeks in assaulting fortified heights of the sort which, in our war, newspaper writers used to say "it were madness to attempt," and which, indeed, it is always madness to attempt, unless the attacking general is soldier enough to know how and when to assault, and will surely repay self-sacrifice by victory.

Turning from the troops to their commanders, it can only be said, for the moment, that what Moltke is the world knows, and that Trochu is yet to be tested. He has the reputation of being the best soldier in France; but this war has shown that reputations won in Mexico and Algeria no longer go unchallenged, and that even Crimean and Sardinian certificates of merit cannot pass current for the amount expressed on their face. Moltke has decreed that the schedule of rank in the French army shall

be rearranged, and the test of merit is conduct in the present war. General Trochu has had an enormous task set before him, it being no less than to pluck up a nation's drowning honor by the locks. How far he has succeeded will possibly be known to the reader before these comments reach him. At this present moment he is struggling to make head alike against enemies without and enemies within the city he defends. Surely a nation's foes, like a man's, are they of its own household; and the disgraceful and disgusting conduct of the reds in Paris would be almost enough to reconcile even the friends of France to the surrender of the city. It has seemed strange that Trochu should have been able to obstruct so little the enemy's roads, and should have been at so little pains in felling trees, cutting bridges, and ruining railroads, considering the importance of delaying the advance, and especially of preventing the arrival of siege guns before Paris. It has also seemed remarkable that, instead of the wretched and ridiculous "local defence" of thousands of cities and villages, each by a hundred or two of mobile guard, he should not have formed formidable corps to strike the flanks of the German army, and to cut its communications. But Paris, with its fickleness and its mobs, has given him enough to attend to. The reds, bound to rule or ruin, have more than once tied the hands of Trochu and foiled the plans of Favre, thrusting upon the one military quacks and upon the other political visionaries, claiming that these, forsooth, are soldiers and statesmen of the people; and meanwhile, by ill-timed lawlessness, they inspire the soldiers of Moltke with the hope of an easy victory, and forward the schemes of Bismarck by giving color to his claim that there is no well-established government in France with which he can treat for peace. France can only become a "second-rate power" when the fabric which imperialism has undermined socialism shall cast down. Such obstacles it is fair to remember hereafter, when we cast the account of Trochu's triumph or failure.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FROM the days of *feu* Lempriere down to our own, dictionaries and expositions of heathen mythology have never been wanting in the English language. Many of them are well written, but candor compels us to state that they all yield very robust reading—reading somewhat too far “advanced” for boys and girls. The ancient gods of classic Greece and Rome, we regret to say, were far from being models of all the virtues. Indeed, not to put too fine a point upon it, most of them possessed no virtue at all. Measured by our standard, this could not well be otherwise, inasmuch as they esteemed as virtue what we look upon as vice. So true is this, that some of the gentlemen gods would now be arrested on sight by a New York policeman, and locked up in the Tombs; and we could mention some of the fair goddesses who, even in our badly-governed city, would with difficulty escape being “sent up” to Blackwell’s Island. Nevertheless, they are represented by ancient writers to have been rather an accomplished set of people, who freely patronized and perpetuated the arts and sciences. Even to this day have we not among us Euterpean societies and the Minerva Press, to say nothing of the Golden Age, daughters of the Muses, Argus-eyed people, disciples of Bacchus, the forge of the Cyclops, and the Pandæan pipes? They played on the lyre, the lute, and the flute, and were perfectly at home in all those elegant attainments which may in their day and generation have stood for the “Shakespeare and the musical glasses” of a later degenerate age. But it is a lamentable fact that many of their noted sayings and doings cannot with propriety be repeated within the hearing of ingenuous youth, and that the reading of their personal memoirs in their pagan crudity must positively be dispensed with in modern school-teaching. And yet something of them we must know. Much that is admirable in modern poetry, art, and literature is fairly saturated with the images and myths of heathen mythology. From the nod of Jove to the grumbling of Charon; from the capers of Cupid to the stalwart labors of Vulcan; from the gigantic industry of Hercules

to the elegant leisure of the young and handsome Apollo, who belonged to one of the best families of Olympus; from the steady sea-horse driving of Neptune to the wild charioteering that brought Phaëton to grief; from the early rising of Aurora to the late bar-tending of Ganymede, our books, our speeches, and our every-day conversation are all full of allusions which, without some knowledge of heathen mythology, are to too many utterly incomprehensible. Of learned works written by learned men on these subjects there never has been any dearth. We have a superabundance of them in language all too plain. They teach entirely too much. Properly to prepare books on these subjects for the instruction of youth there was needed, not only the requisite classic lore, but the experience of the teacher who had practically learned and was personally familiar with the best avenues to the young mind, and who could eliminate and cast aside from the essential poetry and beauty of the ancient myths the debasing and vulgar imagery with which heathen immorality had enwrapped and soiled them.

As nearly as it is possible to compass so difficult a task, we find it has been done, and well done, in a work of some three hundred pages, just published by the house of W. J. Widdleton, New York. We refer to “The Student’s Mythology,” by C. A. White. We have given it careful examination, and warmly recommend it as the best educational work on the subject we have seen.

“ONLY a Fiddler,” by Hans Christian Andersen, is, we believe, one of the distinguished Dane’s earliest productions. We are quite certain that it is a quaint and charming story. Uniform with the “Improvisatore” and “Spain and Portugal,” the present volume appears in the handsome “author’s edition” published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, in all the white-papered and clear-typed freshness of their well-known Riverside editions.

SINCE the transfer of Alaska from Russia to the United States, we have been favored with three interesting works descriptive of

that newest of our territories—a land made dear to us from the very moment of its purchase. First came Mr. Whymper's "Travels in Alaska and the Yukon"; then the excellent report made by Captain Raymond, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, of a reconnaissance of the Yukon from the ocean to the port of the same name. The third work is "Alaska and its Resources," by William H. Dall, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, an imperial octavo volume of 627 pages, profusely illustrated with superior woodcuts, and altogether a handsome specimen of the productions of the Cambridge University Press. The author was director of the scientific corps of the Western Union Telegraph expedition to Alaska, and spent nearly two years in that country. His first ten months were occupied in overland travel and exploration from St. Michael's Island, in Norton's Sound, to Nulato, on the Yukon (600 miles), and from Nulato to Fort Yukon (560 miles) by the river, making the return trip in canoes, some 1,200 miles down the Yukon river. This is the same journey of which Mr. Whymper's book gives an account. After this preliminary survey, Mr. Dall remained in Alaska to fit out an expedition of his own, and made a second journey to Nulato and back, thus spending altogether one year and eleven months in Alaska. For a description of the country passed through, and for pleasing pictures of the ordinary incidents of travel, Mr. Whymper's book is to the full as interesting as Mr. Dall's, but it falls short of it in the value and variety of its detailed information in matters of science and natural history. The first part of Mr. Dall's work is a lively record of travel, in which the interest of the reader is never allowed to flag. Here is a glimpse of a "rigorous" climate, and a novel view of infant education. He says, under date of April 29, 1867: "The weather has become exceedingly warm. Shirt-sleeves are the rule, and the little children enjoyed themselves on the broad river beach building houses with pebbles and making mud pies. . . . I never saw young child punished in Russian America, except the well-grown boys of the Russian posts. They behave quite as well as civilized children, and grow up with quite as much respect for their parents. An Indian baby, unless sick, never cries; and why should it? It has no one to rub soap in its eyes, and never feels the weight of the parental hand."

The second part, of far greater value, contains the fullest information concerning Alaskan history, topography, inhabitants, climate, geology, and the resources of its agriculture, fisheries, and fur trade. To these are added statistics, meteorology, and several chapters on natural history, the fruit of the author's own observations and collections; a chapter on the bibliography of Alaska; and last, not least, a well-digested index.

"Alaska and its Resources" is a model book of travel, observation, and discovery, in the preparation of which the author has displayed marked literary merit. A decided proof of this may be seen in his translation of the cradle song of an Indian (Koyukon) woman. She is singing a lullaby to her child, with the refrain—

Ahmi, ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

After several stanzas we hear that

The crow has come, laughing;

His beak is red, his eyes glisten—the false one!

The bird of evil tells the anxious mother—

On the sharp mountain quietly lies your husband!

Not a tongue in his mouth to call his wife with.

When suddenly—

Over the mountain slowly staggers the hunter;

Two bucks' thighs on his shoulders, with bladders of fat between them:

Twenty deers' tongues in his belt. Go gather wood, old woman!

Off flew the crow—liar, cheat, and deceiver!

Wake, little sleeper, wake, and call to your father!

We do not care to enter into the discussion of some questions raised by critics as to Mr. Dall's remarks on the Whymper and Arrowsmith map, etc. The controversy is entirely personal, and does not affect the intrinsic merits of Mr. Dall's work.

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"THE Sunset Land; or, The Great Pacific Slope." By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. It is not an easy task in the year 1870 to tell us much that is new concerning California, or, as our author fancifully calls it, "The Sunset Land." We have in this neat duodecimo of some three hundred pages several quite readable sketches of the climatic, agricultural, and mining peculiarities of our Pacific country, of the big trees of Calaveras, and of the Yo Semite Valley and its wonderful waterfalls. Nor is the inevitable chapter on the Mormons omitted. Mr. Todd says: "In the first house I entered, the man has five wives. The man at the house at which we stopped has four: the first seemed to be

grieving and hiding in her chamber, the second waiting on the public tables, the third taking care of her baby, and the fourth playing honeymoon. In the same street lives a man who has four wives—the mother and her three daughters! . . . I talked with an apostle who has but five wives and twenty-four children. I saw a bishop who has nine wives. By no possible means can you learn how many wives Brigham Young has, even if he knows himself. . . . The fact is, these second, third, and ninth wives are nothing but concubines, and they very well know it. . . . The older women look sad and worn. The young women look as they are—brazen-faced and stupidly bold—very much as wrong-doers of their sex appear in every part of the world.”

“THE Virginia Tourist: Sketches of the Springs and Mountains of Virginia.” By Edward A. Pollard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Some twenty years ago we spent two summers and an autumn travelling on horseback through Western Virginia, fully exploring its valleys and mountains, from the Blue Ridge to the Ohio, and from Cumberland Gap to Morgantown; and we cheerfully bear testimony that Mr. Pollard has neither exaggerated the number of its springs nor the beauty of its scenery. As to the latter, one could not well be too enthusiastic. As to the former, Mr. Pollard has not even named them all. We remember as not mentioned by him one or two in Grayson county, and several others elsewhere, for we saw all of them—white, blue, red, black, yellow, warm, hot, sulphur, salt, and alum. We bear further testimony to the fact that, judging from Mr. Pollard's statements, the accommodations at these springs are very much what they were long before “the late unpleasantness.” Our author informs his readers (Introduction, p. 13) that the natural scenery of Virginia far surpasses in attractions that of the North, and that it is neglected because the Virginians neglect to advertise. He says: “Certainly no other State in the Union can make the same number of exhibitions of the sublime and curious in works of the wonder and cunning of Nature. Yet these are but little known north of the Potomac, and a population unskilled in advertising the attractions of their neighborhood see them neglected, while inferior scenes and resorts in the North are attended every season by tens of thousands of visitors.” The author's statement is not

strictly accurate. The attractive beauty of Virginia mountain scenery is very well known to Northern people, as well as to the thousands of Southern people who frequent Northern watering-places. Elsewhere in his book Mr. P. explains the real difficulty, which is simply want of proper accommodations. At page 236 he speaks of the hotel establishment of the White Sulphur as so far superior to the common run of what we get at the Virginia springs, that criticism can be made “only in comparison with the accommodations to be found at Northern watering-places.” He then goes on to say: “The Virginian, with all his virtues and accomplishments, does not, generally speaking, understand keeping a hotel; and when we descend from the cities to his rural entertainments, his deficiencies in this respect are yet more painfully perceived. *The comparative aversion to the watering-places of this State is, we are persuaded, greatly due to distrust of the accommodations.* We too often meet at these country hotels, in the character of host, a man above his business, who has a provoking air of indifference as to whether his guests are pleased or not; who treats them rather as pensioners on his civility, bound to be grateful for what they eat, and whose manners, on the whole, are those of a man dispensing a doubtful, languid hospitality to half-welcome visitors,” etc. “Languid hospitality” is capital. Mr. Pollard's picture is to the life, and we are prepared, on the strength of that photograph, to certify most positively that he has travelled in Virginia. Ah! how often have we not—*moi qui vous parle*—been made to shrink within ourselves under a crushing sense of inferiority when tendering our dollars to “Colonel” Nokes or “Judge” Stokes for the happiness of being permitted to share in his bacon and beans. In our deep and revengeful anger at the bare recollection of what we have endured in that way, our only consolation is found in the hope that, in later years, the Colonel or the Judge aforesaid may have fallen into the avenging hands of some of our magnificent Northern hotel clerks—a fate almost too dreadful to contemplate.

Again, at page 148, Mr. Pollard informs us: “If an enterprising Yankee had hold of the place (Salt Pond), a large and pleasant hotel would be built here; there would be the finest boating imaginable on the water; the delightful mountain air and the scenes it encases would invite hundreds of

visitors," etc. The fact is that Virginia springs accommodations are very much what they were more than twenty years ago, when the proprietor (Caldwell) of the White Sulphur used to answer the complaints of his half-starved guests with the reply that his charge of \$2.50 per day was for the waters of the health giving spring and the pure mountain air. He made no charge whatever for the sumptuous fare furnished at his festive board.

To any tourist desirous of seeing for himself the springs and mountain scenery of Virginia, Mr. Pollard's work will be found a useful guide. Such a tourist is informed by the author (page 276) that, "So far from apprehending any unpleasantness or any coldness of reception in the summer resorts of Virginia, he may be assured of a welcome much more lively than what pecuniary interest habitually extends to its customers."

There is an amazingly grandiloquent chapter on Virginia tournaments, and the superiority of that institution over the rival equestrian exercise of *gander-pulling*; and also several pages concerning Stonewall Jackson. "One year after the war," Mr. P. informs us, "the household goods of the dead hero were allowed to be sold in the town of Lexington under the hammer of the auctioneer;" and (page 187) he finds it "hard that Mr. Letcher should have felt compelled to go beyond the State of Virginia, and to first besiege a Northern city (Philadelphia) for the sum of \$20,000 for the memory of Stonewall Jackson."

ONE of the many excellent educational works published by Messrs. Sheldon & Company, entitled "Choice Specimens of English Literature," by Thomas Shaw and William Smith, LL.D., has been so highly praised as an admirable text-book by so many competent judges, that nothing more need be said concerning it in that connection. We specially notice it because, in its chronological arrangement and its judicious selections, it may be found of excellent utility to more advanced students outside of school or college. These remarks apply with yet greater force to "A Complete Manual of English Literature," by Thomas A. Shaw, edited by Dr. Smith, with a sketch of American literature by Henry T. Tuckerman, also published by Messrs. Sheldon & Company.

HERE are the two commanding and most

interesting historical events in the early history of our Western country:

First. In the year 1763, the great Indian conspiracy against British domination broke out under Pontiac. This great chief had, with wonderful ability, secured a league of the Western Indian tribes, and, flushed with success, they confidently expected to drive the English into the sea. By stratagem or fighting they gained possession of all the frontier posts except Detroit and Fort Pitt. Pontiac beleaguered the first, Fort Pitt was reduced to extremity, and the defenceless frontier was swept with massacre and bloody desolation. Pennsylvania was at the mercy of the savages, who laid waste its borders even to the very neighborhood of the large towns. In this emergency, Colonel Bouquet, a Swiss officer in the British service, organized and took command of a military expedition, set out for the relief of the besieged posts, and, with admirable skill, energy, and bravery, overcame the difficulties of the wilderness, defeated a far superior force of victory-flushed savages in one of the most remarkable fighting marches on record, and thus led to the pacification of the entire Indian country.

Second. All that grand region now covered by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the States north of them was, in 1763, transferred by treaty from France to England. Had British possession of this rich territory remained undisturbed during the Revolutionary war it would, doubtless, like Canada, have been retained by England at the treaty of peace which ratified our separate national existence.

Fortunately, however, during the progress of our struggle for independence, a young officer of twenty-five, Colonel George Rogers Clark, planned and executed a secret military expedition whose successful result was to have a value little dreamed of at the time. With the approval and assistance of Patrick Henry, then (January, 1778) Governor of Virginia, Colonel Clark descended the Ohio river with a small force, took Fort Massac, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, and reduced the country to American possession. But for this remarkable campaign, our territorial boundary under the treaty of 1782 would have been the Alleghanies, or, at best, the south bank of the Ohio. Nor did these two feats of military achievement remain unappreciated. Many a time we have heard readers and historical students inquire

ing and fruitlessly searching for a copy of "Bouquet's Expedition" or "Clark's Campaign." The latter had been seen but by few, in manuscript copies, and the former, "Printed in Philadelphia, and reprinted (London) for T. Jefferies, Geographer to His Majesty, at Charing Cross, MDCCLXVI.," had become exceedingly rare. It has been matter of regret that these books should not long since have been made accessible by modern publication. And yet we may congratulate ourselves that the protracted delay has ended in their production with the admirable arrangement and beautiful typography in which they are now presented in the "Ohio Valley Historical Series," published by Messrs. Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati. If this enterprising Western house continues to produce many volumes like these, in such luxury of type and paper, the Riverside and University presses must look to their laurels. The Bouquet expedition* is illustrated with plates and a facsimile of Bouquet's map of the Indian country, and enriched with a preface by the historian (Parkman) of the conspiracy of Pontiac. Clark's campaign† is accompanied by various interesting historical papers, and a handsomely engraved portrait of Colonel Clark.

Both these volumes have full historical and explanatory notes, and we must congratulate the editors on their good taste in giving us Colonel Clark's letter in all the simplicity and quaintness of the original, even to the reproduction of its peculiar orthography.

The "Ohio Valley Historical Series" includes several other valuable works; among them, Walker's "History of Athens County, Ohio," which was the seat of the operations of the Ohio Land Company and of the first settlement of the State, at Marietta; and a reprint of "Colonel James Smith's Captivity with the Indians in 1755-'59"—a remarkably graphic picture of Indian life. Smith was adopted into a tribe and lived with the Indians for four years. His curious account is reproduced in all its piquant originality of expression, and makes one of the most faithful representations of savage existence of which we have any knowledge.

* "Historical Accounts of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764." Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

† "General George Rogers Clark's Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-'79." Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

A later publication of the series* describes Western life among the pioneers. All the volumes of this valuable series may be had of Messrs. Sabin & Sons, New York.

"THE Three Brothers," by Mrs. Oliphant, suffers by comparison with the earlier works of that lady. If she had given us "Two Brothers," say, or even only one, and entirely omitted the dreary episode of Ben Renton, and let us have only so much of Frank as would have dovetailed nicely into Laurie's adventures, what a pleasant book she might have made. As it is, what with the general unreasonableness of the plot, and the absurdity of supposing three well-grown and healthy young men so utterly demoralized by having to wait seven years for their fortunes, and the uninteresting characters of Ben and the woman he falls in love with, the whole of the first part of this novel drags in a hopelessly dreary manner. All that we get of Laurie and the "padrona," however, is very agreeable reading, even when one is reminded by it of the much better work of the same kind which was done last year by Miss M. B. Edwards in her clever novel, "Kitty." Mrs. Oliphant seems, too, if one may say so, to be not so sweet-tempered as she used to be. Life was not once so unsatisfactory to her characters as nowadays it seems to be; and it is surely only of late years that she has taken to moralizing after this fashion: "Have your will, anyhow, whether Fortune permits or no; and in the long run, the chances are you will come out just as well as your neighbor, who allowed Fortune to constrain him, and will have had your will and your happiness into the bargain: bad social morality, perhaps, but just as good fact as any other."

Except when her present work is compared with her past, however, Mrs. Oliphant's novels are always to be spoken of respectfully. They are always better reading than those of a majority of her contemporaries.

"THE Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau," which, if one considers either the nature of the events represented or the art displayed in the representation, is certainly one of the more remarkable events of the year, has yet been so overshadowed by the war that it has been comparatively neglected by the correspondents of the newspapers. A very

* "Pioneer Life in Kentucky. By Daniel Drake." Cincinnati, 1870.

good idea of it was given by articles in one or two of the magazines, and one or more of the New York daily papers have reprinted. in part at least, a well-written letter on the subject by a lady correspondent of the London "Spectator." A fuller and more careful account than we have seen elsewhere is to be found in the Rev. Mr. MacColl's letters to the London "Times," which the Rivingtons (London) have reprinted in a small volume, which contains also a list of directions for reaching Ammergau, and a brief essay on miracle plays in general. The Ammergau play is in itself so impressive in all its details, that the barest and most literal account of it could not be otherwise than interesting; and we are not sure that Mr. MacColl does not deserve all the better from his readers for the fact that his letters resemble nothing so much as those of an ordinary press reporter who has either been unusually well edited, or else has thoroughly understood and practised his legitimate business of recording facts without giving them any undue personal color. He gives a short account of the origin of the play, which, as it is an interesting bit of information which some of the other writers on the subject have omitted, and as we suppose Mr. MacColl's book is not likely to be reprinted here, we will copy:

In the year 1633 there raged in the neighborhood of Ammerthal (Valley of the Ammer) a deadly plague, which threatened to depopulate the districts infected. These were Partenkirchen, Escheloe, and Kohlgrub—all separated from Ammerthal by a rampart of mountains. The Ammerthalers took every precaution to protect their valley from the dread contagion, but without avail. A native of Ammerthal, who worked during the summer in Escheloe as a day-laborer, evaded the quarantine and entered the valley by a secret path, in order to celebrate among his family an annual church festival. He carried the infection with him, and the second day after his arrival he was a corpse. In three weeks eighty-four of the small community were carried off, and the mourning and terrified survivors, despairing of human succor, made their supplication to God, and registered a solemn vow that if He heard their cry and removed the plague, they would represent, every ten years, "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, and by the help of the Almighty, the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world." So runs the local tradition, which goes on to say that the prayer was heard, "for not a single person died of the plague after the vow was made, though many were infected with it." In the following year the first fulfilment of the vow was made, and our Lord's Passion was first represented in Ober-Ammergau, and has been continued since then without intermission every ten years.

Whether out of respect for this vow, or for what other reason we do not know, but

while these plays have been suppressed in all other places throughout Europe, the Ammergau villagers receive special permission from the King for each representation, and once in ten years people from all parts of the world assemble to see this almost solitary relic of the middle ages performed "with all the splendor and more than the reverence of ancient days." There are between five hundred and six hundred people—nearly half the population of the village—engaged in the representation, the majority of whom are, of course, employed only in the frequent *tableaux* of various events narrated in the Old Testament, which bear a typical relation to those recounted in the Gospels. The whole performance is represented by Mr. MacColl, as well as by more enthusiastic spectators, as full of the most marvellous artistic effects, and the impression produced by it seems to have been as unique as it was powerful. All accounts agree in describing it as an aid rather than a hindrance to devotion. For ourselves, we should have imagined that the reverse might easily have been the case; and, indeed, the art which prevented it from being so must have been almost miraculously perfect. Mr. MacColl describes himself as quite prepared beforehand for some rude shocks to "one's natural sense of religious propriety;" but, after seeing the play, says he shall "go home with the conviction" that to "represent on a public stage, and in a worthy manner, the sublime story of Gethsemane and Calvary . . . is not impossible where a vivid faith and an intense devotion are combined in the representation. I have never seen so affecting a spectacle, or one more calculated to draw out the best and purest feelings of the heart. It is, of course, impossible to answer for the feelings of others; but I can say for myself, and for several other spectators of the play whom I have consulted, that there was nothing from the beginning to the end that need shock the most sensitive religious instinct"—"or," as he adds further on, "to offend the most rigid Protestantism." The effects upon the actors themselves, and upon the villagers, are also described as in the highest degree salutary. The play has been acted twenty or thirty times since last May—several of the performers who had been ordered to military duty having been freed by special permission from the necessity of joining the army until the representations were finished. This affords an exhibition

of sympathy on the part of the enlightened Government of Bavaria, which, we suppose, is quite as likely to "offend rigid Protestantism" as much as anything in the play itself.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

FORBIDDEN fruit, as a matter of course, must be sweet. And so, the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," written by himself, are universally looked upon as containing reading the most attractive, curious, and delightful. Not that they are positively known to possess any or all of these qualities, but being sealed up and confided to the care of trustworthy notaries solemnly enjoined not to open or publish them until the year 1883, and thus rendered utterly inaccessible, they become at once, of all the memoirs in the world, the very memoirs every one is dying with curiosity to get a look at.

Monsieur Amédée Pichot, a worthy Parisian *littérateur*, perfectly understands this, and charitably gives the hungry public various sandwiches and slices of literary bread and butter wherewith to stay the cravings of inquisitive appetite, or, as he more delicately phrases it, "*pour faire prendre patience au public.*" These slices and sandwiches appear in the guise of "Souvenirs intimes sur M. de Talleyrand," and are made up of anecdotes, letters, pamphlets, and recollections. The pen has not had as much to do in the production of M. Pichot's duodecimo volume of 332 pages as the scissors, and but little of its contents can be said to be new. Nevertheless, it is both readable and interesting. True, many of the anecdotes have that certain finished air which betrays the impromptu labored at leisure, and compels your refuge in the old compliment, "*Si non è vero è ben trovato.*" Thus: One day Talleyrand said to the Duchess of no matter what, "Duchess, do you know why I am so fond of Montrou (a particular friend of his)? It is because he has so few prejudices." Says Montrou the next day to the same lady: "Do you know, Duchess, why I so much love M. de Talleyrand? Because he has no prejudices at all."

There is a very remarkable passage at page 169, which, to the French reader of to-day, must have a peculiar and impressive interest.

More than forty years ago, Talleyrand, in speaking of the political equilibrium of Europe, said: "Europe should always keep an eye open in the direction of America (the

United States), and give it no pretext for recrimination or reprisal. America grows every day. She will become a colossal power, and the period must arrive when, placed in easier communication with Europe by means of new discoveries,* she will have her word to say on our affairs and the desire to have a hand in them. Political prudence, then, makes it the duty of the older governments of the Continent to be scrupulously careful that no pretext be given for such intervention. The day when America shall set foot in Europe, peace and security will long be banished from among us."

"UN Voyage dans les Mers de l'Inde (Scènes de la Vie Maritime). Par H. Masias, Capitaine au Long Cours." Paris, 1870. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is a story of a sailor's life and of a long cruise in the Indian seas, written by a sailor in an unpretending but effective style. Life on a French merchantman and passenger vessel is graphically pictured, and there are some excellent sketches of Ceylon, Pondicherry, Australia, Calcutta, and Madagascar.

"LA Traite Orientale. Histoire des Chasses à l'Homme Organisées en Afrique depuis quinze ans pour les Marchés de l'Orient. Par Etienne Félix Bertioux." Paris, 1870. 1 vol. 8vo., 350 pp.

There is a general impression that with the breaking up of the American slave trade the infamous traffic ceased to exist, except in the comparatively small number of exportations to Cuba. But it appears from investigations recently made that, during the past fifteen years, the Oriental slave trade in Africa has gone on increasing in about the same proportion that the American slave traffic has diminished. Man-hunting, years ago so prevalent on the Atlantic coast of Africa, now flourishes in the upper Nile basin and on the coasts of the Indian ocean. The men, women, and children there enslaved are sent to be sold in Egypt, Arabia, and the interior of Asia.

The general ignorance concerning this new phase of the slave trade is explained by the facts that it is not carried on boldly and openly, that the man-hunting is done in remote and comparatively unknown regions, and the slave depots are in interior towns

* Did Talleyrand divine the coming transatlantic telegraph?

seldom visited by European travellers. It is claimed that the African slave exportation to the Oriental markets has reached the alarming aggregate of seventy to eighty thousand in one year, not including, of course, the immense hosts killed, or who die on the road. The number of these is computed as high as from three to four hundred thousand, and it is stated that some of the routes from the slave markets to the interior of Africa can be easily found by the quantities of human bones strewn along the track. All the Europeans who have engaged more or less in African exploration—Speke, Baker, and Livingstone, of England; Lejean, of France; and Decken, De Heuglin, and Gerhardt Rohlfs, Germany—all speak at greater or less length of the existence of this Oriental slave trade.

It to us seems, at first, incomprehensible that slaves should be either needed or purchased in countries where we suppose a redundancy of population already to exist. It was easy to understand how America, with its immense extent of uncultivated land and its sparse population, could easily dispose of and utilize an indefinite number of slaves; but it is not easy to comprehend for what purpose old nations, whose antique monuments are falling in ruins, whose fertile fields lie fallow, whose elementary industry insufficiently provides for their wants, could possibly need an increase of population for which they must expend their money. Some servants they might need, their system of polygamy would absorb a certain number of females, and we might even suppose that the importation would to some extent replace the children they refuse to bring up.

Then, too, as Oriental slavery more nearly resembles the ancient Roman than the modern American system, these nations might, like the Romans, make artisans and administrative servants rather than mere laborers of its slaves. Yet, after liberal allowance made for all these means of absorption, a vast number still remain unaccounted for. All this makes a complicated social and ethnological problem difficult to solve, and those familiar with African matters, and with the details of the capture and sale of African slaves for the Oriental market, are at a loss to explain what becomes of the slaves.

The three principal regions of Africa in which man-hunting is still pursued are the upper Nile valley, the eastern coasts of

Africa, and the regions of Soudan about Lake Tchad.

The slave traffic of the Upper Nile is carried on not only by Turks and Egyptians, but by English, French, Italians, and Germans, who disguise their disgraceful calling under the ostensible occupation of merchants. The White Nile region is full of this hypocritical commerce. After the slave convoys have made their sales for Egypt and the countries east, they send what remains to Mecca and Muscat, embarking the slaves from ports on the Red sea or the Indian ocean; and if the transatlantic slave passage is horrible, imagine, if you can, what it must be in those warm climates.

The three principal ivory markets are Khartoum, Zanzibar, and Natal. They are also slave marts. The ivory traders were at first content with their profit in legitimate purchase and sale of elephants' tusks. Then they purchased toys, bracelets, and beads, and with these paid the ignorant natives prices simply derisory. The next step in improvement was to take the ivory and give them nothing; later, to force them to be its carriers; and finally, to sell them into slavery on reaching their destination. The slave traffic is thus disguised under the trade in ivory. According to Mr. Baker's testimony, these traders designate slave sales as "ebony wood trade," when they have occasion to refer to it in the presence of the uninitiated.

The difficulties encountered by European travellers and men of science in penetrating the Bahr-el-Abiad or White Nile country arose mainly from the opposition of the slave-traders to their entry. For them it was a country to be forever closed to any European not interested in the purchase and sale of human flesh. It was a Holy Land, says Baker, whose redoubtable mysteries were always to be shielded by an impenetrable veil. These slave-traders better than any one in the world could explain to us, if they chose, why it was that such and such a tourist or scientific traveller was abandoned by his guides, or forced to turn back, or met with an "accidental death." It was not until 1863 that the perseverance and bravery of Speke and Grant, arriving by the Nile sources which they discovered, of Mr. Baker, reaching the Albert Nyanza, and of that remarkable female expedition composed of Madame Tinné, her sister and daughter, who went as far as Gondokoro by ascending the White Nile, shed at length some light where be-

fore all was darkness. Their discoveries were completed by those of MM. Henglin, Steudner, and others, and the extent of African man-stealing began at last to be understood.

The work of M. Berlioux is deeply interesting throughout, and presents this subject of the new Oriental slave trade in the clearest manner.

UNTIL within comparatively few years the study of archaeology has been too generally looked upon as the mere satisfaction of a sterile curiosity on the part of a handful of fruitlessly erudite men who spent their days in a realm of dreams which, by their irreconcilable results, they made the classic land of contradictions.

Museums of antiquities were pronounced by practical business men to be establishments of useless luxury rather than laboratories of science. By no means inaudible, too, was the grumbling indulged in concerning the large sums set apart in European governmental budgets for their preservation and extension.

But the admirable results obtained of late years, and the flood of light thrown on early Christian history, its faith, its monuments, and its art, by a learned and conscientious study of its crumbling memorials and its sepulchral relics, has transformed this dissatisfaction into enthusiastic admiration.

Archæology is now admitted to be to history what the pioneer is to the agriculturist. The first discovers and clears away obstructions; the second cultivates and reaps. The smooth, sparkling page of the historian, often the result of the arid, toilsome, and even despairing efforts of the archæologist, laboring for years to establish a particular date, a single name, may be feebly imaged by the bright, green meadow of the farmer, which was once a dangerous swamp covered by an impenetrable thicket, pierced and subjugated by the brave pioneer.

Seven years' successive issue of the "Bulletino di Archeologia Cristiana," and the two magnificent volumes by the Chevalier Rossi (lately published in Italy, France, and England), entitled "Subterranean Rome," give some idea of the results of twenty years' devoted labor in the catacombs of Rome upon the study of the early Christian monuments; and yet Rossi is but one of more than a hundred sons of science who have given their lives to the same researches.

The traveller who from mere curiosity visits the Roman catacombs, and in passing along the crypts remarks an inscription composed of a name, two letters, and a pictorial symbol, but little imagines that from these indications the archæologist can tell him the social standing, the occupation, and the circumstances of the martyrdom of the Christian who lies buried there. The rough outline of an anchor, a ship, a lamb, a dove, a fish, a palm leaf, or groupings of any two of these, will yield to the archæologist an entire historical or biographical page.

The expression "vulgarization of science," lately brought into use to signify the literary labor which makes plain and interesting to the general reader scientific results contained in treatises composed for the use of a very small number of scholars, is certainly, in strictness, correct; but we should much like to see it replaced by a less unrelenting formula. We protest against classifying intelligent readers and searchers after truth and knowledge with the *pecum vulgus* of the Latin poet.

The erudition of modern Christian archæology is lately spread before the general reader in a most thorough and interesting manner by Count Desbassayns de Richemont, in his recently published volume on primitive Christian archæology entitled "Les Nouvelles Etudes sur les Catacombes Romaines." Paris, 1870. 8vo of 507 pp. The work is preceded by a letter of the Chevalier Rossi complimenting the author upon the admirably clear and satisfactory manner in which he has executed his work, and an introduction which is in itself a treatise on archæology.

To the scholar, the historian, the general reader, and the Christian, the work is of absorbing interest.

"LE TURCO" of Edmond About has reached its third edition. It is a volume containing nine novelettes such as About so well knows how to write—rapid in narration and graceful in form.

IN our notice of a recent German publication entitled "Tiberius and Tacitus" in this number of THE GALAXY, we refer to the leading characteristic of a large class of works which have lately appeared in France and Germany upon the Roman Emperors. The latest one from the French press is "Titus et sa Dynastie," which includes sketches of Otho, Galba, and Vitellius.

The author is M. Beulé of the Institute, and this work with three others from his pen—"Augustus, his Family and his Friends," "Tiberius and the Heritage of Augustus," and "The Blood of Germanicus"—together form a work which might be properly entitled "The Indictment of the Cæsars."

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

IN a late review of current German literature (July No. of *THE GALAXY*), we commented upon the wonderful aptitude and power of the German mind for absorbing and reproducing all that is most salient and meritorious in the literature of foreign countries and foreign tongues.

An appreciative German interpreter is ever at hand to reproduce in his own idiom both the body and the spirit of any work in any language ancient or modern. And this interpreter is generally found to be no mere handicraftsman, laboring by dint of dictionary and by skips of syntax to furnish pale reflections or copies of pictures bereft of life, outline, and shading, like the reverse of a beautiful piece of tapestry; but, possibly, a great writer and poet himself, whose name may be Schlegel, Schiller, Tieck, or Wieland. Such men as these have often gone beyond their own German domain, and, grappling with the great minds of other climes, have conquered for German letters new realms of thought and fresh ideal worlds. Philological victories in foreign fields have materially contributed to the wonderful richness and flexibility of the German language.

Thus, in Germany alone, outside of countries of English tongue, is Shakespeare made possible on a foreign stage. And German literature has of late busied itself more, if possible, with Dante than with Shakespeare. Of the "*Divina Commedia*," German translations and commentaries innumerable have rapidly succeeded each other for the past thirty years. But individual effort does not satisfy these deliberate enthusiasts, and associated labor is called on to assist in the great work. We have before us the second volume of the annals of a German Dante Society (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Dante Gesellschaft*), illustrated with a portrait and autograph of Dante. This association was formed in Dresden in 1866, and now counts one hundred and twenty-one members. Among its distinguished mem-

bers lately deceased, we notice the names of the painter Vogel von Vogelstein of Munich, Doerr of Darmstadt, Abegg of Breslau, Gerhard of Berlin, Josepha von Hoffinger of Vienna, known by her translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," and Blanc of Halle, the senior of the Dante band of German workers. In connection with this society is reported the foundation of a Dante library in Dresden. To this second volume of the Dante annals, Eduard Kattner contributes a historico-artistic paper on Dante's portraits, which discusses the merits of the various busts and pictures of the great Italian. The distinguished diplomat and historian, Alfred von Reaumont, has an exhaustive essay on Dante's family, bringing its history down to the extinction of the Dante race in the male line in 1563, and of the female line, from its intermarriage with the Count Serego family, down to the present day. Von Reaumont's well-known familiarity with Italian history, as brilliantly evidenced in his late admirable "*History of Rome*," gives this memoir an exceptional value.

Then, besides two poetical contributions from the pens of Julius Sturm and Josepha von Hoffinger, there are discussions and essays on the form, meaning, spirit, and interpretation of various passages from the "*Inferno*" and the "*Paradiso*," and a comprehensive and noteworthy treatise by Huber on the character and development of Dante as man and as poet, in connection with the political, literary, and religious relations of his period.

In some connection with this matter of Dante literature in Germany, we remark the publication by Nicolai (Berlin) of a poetical translation of one hundred sonnets of Petrarch. The translation is by Julius Hübner.

"UNTER den Halbmond" is the title of a novel, or rather a series of three tales, which instinctively carried off our imagination to a Crescent and a Pasha of triple appendage. The book, nevertheless, has nothing Turkish about it, but is, on the contrary, intensely German.

A red half-moon on a white ground, accompanied by two little stars, form the coat of arms of the town of Halle, and the author of these three stories—*heimathliche novellen* he calls them (home stories)—is Ludewig Salomon, a Halle man born and bred. He selects three interesting periods for his three relations, which are semi-his-

* The works mentioned in this article may be had of E. Steiger, German bookseller, Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York.

toric. They are the time of the Schmalkald war, the closing years of the eighteenth century, and the epoch of the French domination after the battle of Jena (1806), which has left such bitter memories in German hearts.

UNTIL some twenty years ago the Roman Emperor Tiberius had been universally accepted by historians as a hypocritical tyrant, and the portrait of him drawn by Tacitus was as universally recognized as true.

In 1850 Professor Sievers, of Hamburg, expressed serious doubts as to the correctness of the Tacitus delineation; and, following him, the English historian Merivale, in his "History of the Romans under the Empire," appeared to agree with Sievers. These authors were followed by Stahr in his "Tiberius," and by Pasch. Another Richmond is now in the field in the person of an author named Freytag,* who in his "Tiberius und Tacitus," lately published in Berlin, simultaneously attacks with great fury Tacitus, Herr Pasch, and republican principles generally. We have, in our previous notices of current French and German literature in THE GALLAXY, made frequent reference to the fact that the steady stream of new works in France and Germany on Cæsar and the later Roman emperors may be accounted for not so much by a passionate fondness for ancient history as by the fact that an opportunity is afforded, in the historical treatment of the struggle between the Republic and the Empire of ancient Rome, for the discussion of liberal and monarchical principles, which would not be allowed by modern censorship if clothed in modern coat and pantaloons instead of the classic helmet and toga. We sufficiently characterize Herr Freytag's work in stating that he candidly expresses himself as the open and declared enemy of liberalism; that in defending Tiberius he defends legitimate monarchy, and in attacking Tacitus he wages war on republicanism.

FROM recent announcements in German periodicals, we learn that a fresh literary calamity awaits us here in the United States. The first part of Louise Mühlbach's new novel, entitled "Kaiser Joseph und sein Landsknecht"—the first part only, and in four volumes—has appeared, and it is to be feared that its translation and publication in English are imminent.

* Not the novelist, whose name is *Gustav*.

FREYTAG'S "Debit and Credit," "Soll und Haben," has reached at home a fifteenth edition.

MAX RING'S sketches of Switzerland, which attracted much attention when first published in the "Vossische Zeitung" of Berlin in 1869, have been collected and published in book form under the title "In der Schweiz."

ONE of the most attractive and graceful of French writers, and one not known among us according to his merits, is Charles Nodier. No! we have made no mistake—we are writing on current German literature, and we take the route through France. One of Nodier's most pleasing works is "Jean Sbogar," the scene of which is laid on the Adriatic coast in Dalmatia. Those who have read Nodier will remember his description of the Dalmatians as the mildest, most hospitable, kindest, and most noble-hearted people living, and will perhaps recall his final burst of enthusiasm concerning them: "Respirez en paix cette atmosphère d'innocence et de jeunesse, d'enthousiasme et de poésie, que le souffle de la science n'a pas altéré."

And now comes a practical German traveller, a Mr. Heinrich Noé, who scatters to the winds all this enthusiastic poetry; says that the Dalmatians, so far from meriting any such tribute, are simply a "beastly" lot; and more than insinuates that our friend Nodier is not only superficial, but something of a *windbeutel*—a word we have not the heart to translate, because we really like Nodier.

Herr Noé's work is entitled, "Dalmatien und seine Inselwelt, nebst Wanderungen durch die Schwarzen Berge." Wien, Pest und Leipzig. Hartleben, 1870.

The author's picture of the Dalmatians, which we have every reason to believe is a true one, is far from pleasant to contemplate, and it is almost incredible that such a people as he describes should be found within the confines of Europe.

HERE are two late works of travel in countries not sufficiently written about:

1. "Eine Reise durch Bosnien, die Saveländer und Ungarn. Von Franz Maurer." Berlin, 1870.

2. Stanger's "Reise und Skizzenbuch für Dänemark. Von Emil J. Jonas." Leipzig, 1870.

MARK TWAIN'S MAP OF PARIS.

I PUBLISHED my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris" in my own paper a fortnight ago, but am obliged to reproduce it in THE GALAXY, to satisfy the extraordinary demand for it which has arisen in military circles throughout the country. General Grant's outspoken commendation originated this demand, and General Sherman's fervent endorsement added fuel to it. The result is that tons of these maps have been fed to the suffering soldiers of our land, but without avail. They hunger still. We will cast THE GALAXY into the breach and stand by and await the effect.

The next Atlantic mail will doubtless bring news of a European frenzy for the map. It is reasonable to expect that the siege of Paris will be suspended till a German translation of it can be forwarded (it is now in preparation), and that the defence of Paris will likewise be suspended to await the reception of the French translation (now progressing under my own hands, and likely to be unique). King William's high praise of the map and Napoleon's frank enthusiasm concerning its execution will ensure its prompt adoption in Europe as the only authoritative and legitimate exposition of the present military situation. It is plain that if the Prussians cannot get into Paris with the facilities afforded by this production of mine they ought to deliver the enterprise into abler hands.

Strangers to me keep insisting that this map does *not* "explain itself." One person came to me with bloodshot eyes and a harassed look about him, and shook the map in my face and said he believed I was some new kind of idiot. I have been abused a good deal by other quick-tempered people

like him, who came with similar complaints. Now, therefore, I yield willingly, and for the information of the ignorant will briefly explain the present military situation as illustrated by the map. Part of the Prussian forces, under Prince Frederick William, are now boarding at the "farm-house" in the margin of the map. There is nothing between them and Vincennes but a rail fence in bad repair. Any corporal can see at a glance that they have only to burn it, pull it down, crawl under, climb over, or walk around it, just as the commander-in-chief shall elect. Another portion of the Prussian forces are at Podunk, under Von Moltke. They have nothing to do but float down the river Seine on a raft and scale the walls of Paris. Let the worshippers of that overrated soldier believe in him still, and abide the result—for me, I do not believe he will ever think of a raft. At Omaha and the High Bridge are vast masses of Prussian infantry, and it is only fair to say that they are likely to *stay* there, as that figure of a window-sash between them stands for a brewery. Away up out of sight over the top of the map is the fleet of the Prussian navy, ready at any moment to come cavorting down the Erie Canal (unless some new iniquity of an unprincipled Legislature shall put up the tolls and so render it cheaper to walk). To me it looks as if Paris is in a singularly close place. She never was situated before as she is in this map. MARK TWAIN.

TO THE READER.

THE accompanying map explains itself.

The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the "Tribune" and the other great metropolitan journals.

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I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city-paper maps of which it is an imitation, is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong end first, except to left-handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before her looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graving-tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the river Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid

in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

MARK TWAIN.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.
U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

BISMARCK.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is very nice, large print.

NAPOLEON.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.

J. SMITH.

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.

BAZAINE.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.
TROCHU.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.

W. T. SHERMAN.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious."

WILLIAM III.

MEMORANDA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

RILEY—NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

ONE of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is RILEY, correspondent of the great San Francisco dailies.

Riley is full of humor, and has an unflinching vein of irony which makes his conversation to the last degree entertaining (as long as the remarks are about somebody else). But notwithstanding the possession of these qualities, which should enable a man to write a happy and an appetizing letter, Riley's newspaper letters often display a more than earthly solemnity, and likewise an unimaginative devotion to petrified facts, which surprise and distress all men who know him in his unofficial character. He explains this curious thing by saying that his employers sent him to Washington to write facts, not fancy, and that several times he has come near losing his situation by inserting humorous remarks which, not being looked for at headquarters and consequently not understood, were thought to be dark and bloody speeches intended to convey signals and warnings to murderous secret societies or something of that kind, and so were scratched out with a shiver and a prayer and cast into the stove. Riley says that sometimes he is so afflicted with a yearning to write a sparkling and absorbingly readable letter that he simply cannot resist it, and so he goes to his den and revels in the delight of untrammelled scribbling; and then, with suffering such as only a mother can know, he destroys the pretty children of his fancy and reduces his letter to the required dismal accuracy. Having seen Riley do this very thing more than once, I know whereof I speak. Often I have laughed with him over a happy passage and grieved to see him plough his pen through it. He would say, "I had to write that or die; and I've got to scratch it out or starve. *They* wouldn't stand it, you know."

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-'8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting atten-

tion by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of the Isthmus and the San Juan river; and about his baking bread in San Francisco, to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, and reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing-school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which latter was lucrative and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money when people began to find fault because his translations were too "free," a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language but did not know any English. And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the jurisdiction of Russia the people rose and threw off their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony as they drifted along down the British Possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran up the Stars and Stripes and steered for California, missed the connection again and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the northeast trades drifting off sideways toward the Sandwich Islands, whereupon they ran up the Cannibal flag and had a grand human barbecue in honor of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they

got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under forever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound and made himself rich if he could have kept the province afloat ten hours longer and got her into port.

And so forth and so on, with all the facts of Riley's trip through Mexico, a journey whose history his felicitous fancy can make more interesting than any novel that ever was written. What a shame it is to tie Riley down to the dreary mason-work of laying up solemn dead-walls of fact! He does write a plain, straightforward, and perfectly accurate and reliable correspondence, but it seems to me that I would rather have one chatty paragraph of his fancy than a whole obituary of his facts.

Riley is very methodical, untiringly accommodating, never forgets anything that is to be attended to, is a good son, a staunch friend, and a permanent, reliable enemy. He will put himself to any amount of trouble to oblige a body, and therefore always has his hands full of things to be done for the helpless and the shiftless. And he knows how to do nearly everything, too. He is a man whose native benevolence is a well-spring that never goes dry. He stands always ready to help whoever needs help, as far as he is able—and not simply with his money, for that is a cheap and common charity, but with hand and brain, and fatigue of limb and sacrifice of time. This sort of men is rare.

Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we

would find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighborhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath and said, with a world of sobs:

"Ah, to think of it, only to think of it!—the poor old faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And oh to think she should meet such a death at last!—a-sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually *roasted*! not just fizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she *was* cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave—and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her——"

"Put it '*Well done*, good and faithful servant!'" said Riley, and never smiled.

[I have either printed that anecdote once before or told it in company so many thousand times as to carry that seeming to my mind, but it is of no consequence—it is worth printing half a dozen times.]

GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.

[Continued.]

[NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.]

LETTER V.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: You will remember that I had just been thrust violently into a cell in the city prison when I wrote last. I stumbled and fell on some one. I got a blow and a curse; and on top of these a

kick or two and a shove. In a second or two it was plain that I was in a nest of prisoners and was being "passed around"—for the instant I was knocked out of the way of one I fell on the head or heels of another and was promptly ejected, only to land on a third prisoner and get a new contribution of kicks and curses and a new destination. I brought up at last in an unoccupied corner, very much battered and bruised and sore, but glad enough to be let alone for a little while. I was on the flag-stones, for there was no furniture in the den except a long, broad board, or combination of boards, like a barn door, and this bed was accommodating five or six persons, and that was its full capacity. They lay stretched side by side, snoring—when not fighting. One end of the board was four inches higher than the other, and so the slant answered for a pillow. There were no blankets, and the night was a little chilly; the nights are always a little chilly in San Francisco, though never severely cold. The board was a deal more comfortable than the stones, and occasionally some flag-stone plebeian like me would try to creep to a place on it; and then the aristocrats would hammer him good and make him think a flag pavement was a nice enough place after all.

I lay quiet in my corner, stroking my bruises and listening to the revelations the prisoners made to each other—and to me—for some that were near me talked to me a good deal. I had long had an idea that Americans, being free, had no need of prisons, which are a contrivance of despots for keeping restless patriots out of mischief. So I was considerably surprised to find out my mistake.

Ours was a big general cell, it seemed, for the temporary accommodation of all comers whose crimes were trifling. Among us there were two Americans, two "Greasers" (Mexicans), a Frenchman, a German, four Irishmen, a Chilean (and, in the next cell, only separated from us by a grating, two women), all drunk, and all more or less noisy; and as night fell and advanced, they grew more and more discontented and disorderly, occasionally shaking the prison bars and glaring through them at the slowly pacing officer, and cursing him with all their hearts. The two women were nearly middle-aged, and they had only had enough liquor to stimulate instead of stupefy them. Consequently they would fondle and kiss

each other for some minutes, and then fall to fighting and keep it up till they were just two grotesque tangles of rags and blood and tumbled hair. Then they would rest awhile, and pant and swear. While they were affectionate they always spoke of each other as "ladies," but while they were fighting "strumpet" was the mildest name they could think of—and they could only make that do by tacking some sounding profanity to it. In their last fight, which was toward midnight, one of them bit off the other's finger, and then the officer interfered and put the "Greaser" into the "dark cell" to answer for it—because the woman that did it laid it on him, and the other woman did not deny it because, as she said afterward, she "wanted another crack at the huzzy when her finger quit hurting," and so she did not want her removed. By this time those two women had mutilated each other's clothes to that extent that there was not sufficient left to cover their nakedness. I found that one of these creatures had spent nine years in the county jail, and that the other one had spent about four or five years in the same place. They had done it from choice. As soon as they were discharged from captivity they would go straight and get drunk, and then steal some trifling thing while an officer was observing them. That would entitle them to another two months in jail, and there they would occupy clean, airy apartments, and have good food in plenty, and being at no expense at all, they could make shirts for the clothiers at half a dollar apiece and thus keep themselves in smoking tobacco and such other luxuries as they wanted. When the two months were up, they would go just as straight as they could walk to Mother Leonard's and get drunk; and from there to Kearney street and steal something; and thence to this city prison, and next day back to the old quarters in the county jail again. One of them had really kept this up for nine years and the other four or five, and both said they meant to end their days in that prison.* Finally, both these creatures fell upon me while I was dozing with my head against their grating, and battered me considerably, because they discovered that I was a Chinaman, and they said I was "a bloody interlopin' loafer come from the devil's own country to take the bread out of dacent people's mouths and put down the wages for work whin it was all a

* The former of the two did.—[ED. MEM.]

Christian could do to kape body and sowl together as it was." "Loafer" means one who will not work. — AH SONG III.

LETTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO: To continue—the two women became reconciled to each other again through the common bond of interest and sympathy created between them by pounding me in partnership, and when they had finished me they fel. to embracing each other again and swearing more eternal affection like that which had subsisted between them all the evening, barring occasional interruptions. They agreed to swear the finger-biting on the Greaser in open court, and get him sent to the penitentiary for the crime of mayhem.

Another of our company was a boy of fourteen who had been watched for some time by officers and teachers, and repeatedly detected in enticing young girls from the public schools to the lodgings of gentlemen down town. He had been furnished with lures in the form of pictures and books of a peculiar kind, and these he had distributed among his clients. There were likenesses of fifteen of these young girls on exhibition (only to prominent citizens and persons in authority, it was said, though most people came to get a sight) at the police headquarters, but no punishment at all was to be inflicted on the poor little misses. The boy was afterward sent into captivity at the House of Correction for some months, and there was a strong disposition to punish the gentlemen who had employed the boy to entice the girls, but as that could not be done without making public the names of those gentlemen and thus injuring them socially, the idea was finally given up.

There was also in our cell that night a photographer (a kind of artist who makes likenesses of people with a machine), who had been for some time patching the pictured heads of well-known and respectable young ladies to the nude, pictured bodies of another class of women; then from this patched creation he would make photographs and sell them privately at high prices to rowdies and blackguards, averring that these, the best young ladies of the city, had hired him to take their likenesses in that unclad condition. What a lecture the police judge read that photographer when he was convicted! He told him his crime was little less than an outrage. He abused that

photographer till he almost made him sink through the floor, and then he fined him a hundred dollars. And he told him he might consider himself lucky that he didn't fine him a hundred and twenty-five dollars. They are awfully severe on crime here.

About two or two and a half hours after midnight, of that first experience of mine in the city prison, such of us as were dozing were awakened by a noise of beating and dragging and groaning, and in a little while a man was pushed into our den with a "There, d—n you, soak there a spell!"—and then the gate was closed and the officers went away again. The man who was thrust among us fell limp and helpless by the grating, but as nobody could reach him with a kick without the trouble of hitching along toward him or getting fairly up to deliver it, our people only grumbled at him, and cursed him, and called him insulting names—for misery and hardship do not make their victims gentle or charitable toward each other. But as he neither tried humbly to conciliate our people nor swore back at them, his unnatural conduct created surprise, and several of the party crawled to him where he lay in the dim light that came through the grating, and examined into his case. His head was very bloody and his wits were gone. After about an hour, he sat up and stared around; then his eyes grew more natural and he began to tell how that he was going along with a bag on his shoulder and a brace of policemen ordered him to stop, which he did not do—was chased and caught, beaten ferociously about the head on the way to the prison and after arrival there, and finally thrown into our den like a dog. And in a few seconds he sank down again and grew flighty of speech. One of our people was at last penetrated with something vaguely akin to compassion, may be, for he looked out through the gratings at the guardian officer pacing to and fro, and said:

"Say, Mickey, this shrimp's goin' to die."

"Stop your noise!" was all the answer he got. But presently our man tried it again. He drew himself to the gratings, grasping them with his hands, and looking out through them, sat waiting till the officer was passing once more, and then said:

"Sweetness, you'd better mind your eye, now, because you beats have killed this cuss. You've busted his head and he'll pass in his checks before sun-up. You better go for a doctor, now, you bet you had."

The officer delivered a sudden rap on our man's knuckles with his club, that sent him scampering and howling among the sleeping forms on the flag-stones, and an answering burst of laughter came from the half dozen policemen idling about the railed desk in the middle of the dungeon.

But there was a putting of heads together out there presently, and a conversing in low voices, which seemed to show that our man's talk had made an impression; and presently an officer went away in a hurry, and shortly came back with a person who entered our cell and felt the bruised man's pulse and threw the glare of a lantern on his drawn face, striped with blood, and his glassy eyes, fixed and vacant. The doctor examined the man's broken head also, and presently said:

"If you'd called me an hour ago I might have saved this man, may be—too late now."

Then he walked out into the dungeon and the officers surrounded him, and they kept up a low and earnest buzzing of conversation for fifteen minutes, I should think, and then the doctor took his departure from the prison. Several of the officers now came in and worked a little with the wounded man, but toward daylight he died.

It was the longest, longest night! And when the daylight came filtering reluctantly into the dungeon at last, it was the grayest, dreariest, saddest daylight! And yet, when an officer by and by turned off the sickly yellow gas flame, and immediately the gray of dawn became fresh and white, there was a lifting of my spirits that acknowledged and believed that the night *was* gone, and straightway I fell to stretching my sore limbs, and looking about me with a grateful sense of relief and a returning interest in life. About me lay the evidences that what seemed now a feverish dream and a nightmare was the memory of a reality instead. For on the boards lay four frowzy, ragged, bearded vagabonds, snoring—one turned end-for-end and resting an unclean foot, in a ruined stocking, on the hairy breast of a neighbor; the young boy was uneasy, and lay moaning in his sleep; other forms lay half revealed and half concealed about the floor; in the furthest corner the gray light fell upon a sheet, whose elevations and depressions indicated the places of the dead man's face and feet and folded hands; and through the dividing bars one

could discern the almost nude forms of the two exiles from the county jail twined together in a drunken embrace, and sodden with sleep.

By and by all the animals in all the cages awoke, and stretched themselves, and exchanged a few cuffs and curses, and then began to clamor for breakfast. Breakfast was brought in at last—bread and beefsteak on tin plates, and black coffee in tin cups, and no grabbing allowed. And after several dreary hours of waiting, after this, we were all marched out into the dungeon and joined there by all manner of vagrants and vagabonds, of all shades and colors and nationalities, from the other cells and cages of the place; and pretty soon our whole menagerie was marched up stairs and locked fast behind a high railing in a dirty room with a dirty audience in it. And this audience stared at us, and at a man seated on high behind what they call a pulpit in this country, and at some clerks and other officials seated below him—and waited. This was the police court.

The court opened. Pretty soon I was compelled to notice that a culprit's nationality made for or against him in this court. Overwhelming proofs were necessary to convict an Irishman of crime, and even then his punishment amounted to little; Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians had strict and unprejudiced justice meted out to them, in exact accordance with the evidence; negroes were promptly punished, when there was the slightest preponderance of testimony against them; but Chinamen were punished *always*, apparently. Now this gave me some uneasiness, I confess. I knew that this state of things must of necessity be accidental, because in this country all men were free and equal, and one person could not take to himself an advantage not accorded to all other individuals. I knew that, and yet in spite of it I was uneasy.

And I grew still more uneasy, when I found that any succored and befriended refugee from Ireland or elsewhere could stand up before that judge and swear away the life or liberty or character of a refugee from China; but that by the law of the land *the Chinaman could not testify against the Irishman*. I was really and truly uneasy, but still my faith in the universal liberty that America accords and defends, and my deep veneration for the land that offered all distressed outcasts a home and protection, was strong within me,

and I said to myself that it would all come out right yet.

ALL SONG III.

[Not Concluded.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

"Now that corpse [said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly] was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, *he* warn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, any way, in a last final container. Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and wher' he was from. Now *you* know a fellow couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say? Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking brush and a stencil plate, long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and p'int him for the tomb, and mark him C. O. D., and just let him skip along. *He* warn't distressed any more than *you* be—on the contrary just as calm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that wher' he was going to, a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door-plate on it. Splendid man, he was. I'd druther do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, *perfectly* well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so calm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what *he* was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had brain fever a-raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any niore than an Injun insurrection in

Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow *him* behind. *He* was the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying 'Angcore, angcore!' at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk. I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I hain't got time to be palaveing along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse's gone; but if I had *my* way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse, I'll be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man hain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him—and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm a-going to *do*, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yaller and keep him for a keepsake—you hear *me*!"

He cracked his whip and went lumbering away with his ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson

learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to *any* occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.

A GENERAL REPLY.

WHEN I was sixteen or seventeen years old, a splendid idea burst upon me—a brand-new one, which had never occurred to anybody before: I would write some “pieces” and take them down to the editor of the “Republican,” and ask him to give me his plain, unvarnished opinion of their value! Now, as old and threadbare as the idea was, it was fresh and beautiful to me, and it went flaming and crashing through my system like the genuine lightning and thunder of originality. I wrote the pieces. I wrote them with that placid confidence and that happy facility which only want of practice and absence of literary experience can give. There was not one sentence in them that cost half an hour’s weighing and shaping and trimming and fixing. Indeed, it is possible that there was no one sentence whose mere wording cost even one-sixth of that time. If I remember rightly, there was not one single erasure or interlineation in all that chaste manuscript. [I have since lost that large belief in my powers, and likewise that marvellous perfection of execution.] I started down to the “Republican” office with my pocket full of manuscripts, my brain full of dreams, and a grand future opening out before me. I knew perfectly well that the editor would be ravished with my pieces. But presently—

However, the particulars are of no consequence. I was only about to say that a shadowy sort of doubt just then intruded upon my exaltation. Another came, and another. Pretty soon a whole procession of them. And at last, when I stood before the “Republican” office and looked up at its tall, unsympathetic front, it seemed hardly *me* that could have “chinned” its towers ten minutes before, and was now so shrunk up and pitiful that if I dared to step on the gratings I should probably go through.

At about that crisis the editor, the very man I had come to consult, came down stairs, and halted a moment to pull at his wristbands and settle his coat to its place, and he happened to notice that I was eye-

ing him wistfully. He asked me what I wanted. I answered, “NOTHING!” with a boy’s own meekness and shame; and, dropping my eyes, crept humbly round till I was fairly in the alley, and then drew a big grateful breath of relief, and picked up my heels and ran!

I was satisfied. I wanted no more. It was my first attempt to get a “plain unvarnished opinion” out of a literary man concerning my compositions, and it has lasted me until now. And in these latter days, whenever I receive a bundle of MS. through the mail, with a request that I will pass judgment upon its merits, I feel like saying to the author, “If you had only taken your piece to some grim and stately newspaper office, where you did not know anybody, you would not have so fine an opinion of your production as it is easy to see you have now.”

Every man who becomes editor of a newspaper or magazine straightway begins to receive MSS. from literary aspirants, together with requests that he will deliver judgment upon the same. And after complying in eight or ten instances, he finally takes refuge in a general sermon upon the subject, which he inserts in his publication, and always afterward refers such correspondents to that sermon for answer. I have at last reached this station in my literary career. I now cease to reply privately to my applicants for advice, and proceed to construct my public sermon.

As all letters of the sort I am speaking of contain the very same matter, differently worded, I offer as a fair average specimen the last one I have received:

MARK TWAIN, Esq. Oct. 3.

DEAR SIR: I am a youth, just out of school and ready to start in life. I have looked around, but don’t see anything that suits exactly. Is a literary life easy and profitable, or is it the hard times it is generally put up for? *It must* be easier than a good many if not most of the occupations, and I feel drawn to launch out on it, make or break, sink or swim, survive or perish. Now, what are the conditions of success in literature? You need not be afraid to paint the thing just as it is. I can’t do any worse than fail. Everything else offers the same. When I thought of the law—yes, and five or six other professions—I found the same thing was the case every time, viz: *all full—overrun—every profession so crammed that success is rendered impossible—too many hands and not enough work.* But I must try something, and so I turn at last to literature. Something tells me that that is the true bent of my genius, if I have any. I enclose some of my pieces. Will you read them over and give me your candid, unbiassed opinion of them? And now I hate to trouble you, but you have been a

young man yourself, and what I want is for you to get me a newspaper job of writing to do. You know many newspaper people, and I am entirely unknown. And will you make the best terms you can for me? though I do not expect what might be called high wages at first, of course. Will you candidly say what such articles as these I enclose are worth? I have plenty of them. If you should sell these and let me know, I can send you more, as good and may be better than these. An early reply, etc.

Yours truly, etc.

I will answer you in good faith. Whether my remarks shall have great value or not, or my suggestions be worth following, are problems which I take great pleasure in leaving entirely to you for solution. To begin: There are several questions in your letter which only a man's life experience can eventually answer for him—not another man's words. I will simply skip those.

1. Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and *all other* occupations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse, they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this, you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist in any branch of industry, and *try to hire him*. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable, and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or his city, or the great general public. But if you need idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious, and comfort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics, apply anywhere. There are millions of them to be had at the dropping of a handkerchief.

2. No; I must not and will not venture any opinion whatever as to the literary merit of your productions. The public is the only critic whose judgment is worth anything at all. Do not take my poor word for this, but reflect a moment and take your own. For instance, if Sylvanus Cobb or T. S. Arthur had submitted their maiden MSS. to you, you would have said, with tears in your eyes, "Now please don't write any more!" But you see yourself how popular they are. And if it had been left to you, you would have said the "Marble Faun" was tiresome, and that even "Paradise Lost" lacked cheerfulness; but you know they sell. Many wiser and better men than you pooh-poohed Shakespeare, even as late as two centuries ago; but still that old party has outlived those people. No, I will not

sit in judgment upon your literature. If I honestly and conscientiously praised it, I might thus help to inflict a lingering and pitiless bore upon the public; if I honestly and conscientiously condemned it, I might thus rob the world of an undeveloped and unsuspected Dickens or Shakespeare.

3. I shrink from hunting up literary labor for you to do and receive pay for. Whenever your literary productions have proved for themselves that they have a real value, you will never have to go around hunting for remunerative literary work to do. You will require more hands than you have now, and more brains than you probably ever will have, to do even half the work that will be offered you. Now, in order to arrive at the proof of value hereinbefore spoken of, one needs only to adopt a very simple and certainly very sure process; and that is, to *write without pay until somebody offers pay*. If nobody offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that sawing wood is what he was intended for. If he has any wisdom at all, then, he will retire with dignity and assume his heaven-appointed vocation.

In the above remarks I have only offered a course of action which Mr. Dickens and most other successful literary men had to follow; but it is a course which will find no sympathy with my client, perhaps. The young literary aspirant is a very, very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinner, the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves in the intervals; and for these good honest services would pay him two suits of cheap clothes and his board; and next year he would begin to receive instructions in the trade, and a dollar a week would be added to his emoluments; and two dollars would be added the third year, and three the fourth; and *then*, if he had become a first-rate tinner, he would get about fifteen or twenty, or may be thirty dollars a week, with never a possibility of getting seventy-five while he lived. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other kind, he would have to undergo this same tedious, ill-paid apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doc-

tor, he would have fifty times worse; for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition would have to pay a large sum for tuition, and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild and ask to share its high honors and emoluments, without a single twelvemonth's apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption! He would smile pleasantly if he were asked to make even so simple a thing as a ten-cent tin dipper without previous instruction in the art; but, all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously-assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world acquired in a back-country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen, and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war, or politics can furnish him withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin-shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpractised hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the weal or woe of nations.

If my correspondent will write free of charge for the newspapers of his neighborhood, it will be one of the strangest things that ever happened if he does not get all the employment he can attend to on those terms. And as soon as ever his writings are worth money, plenty of people will hasten to offer it.

And by way of serious and well-meant encouragement, I wish to urge upon him once more the truth that acceptable writers for the press are so scarce that book and periodical publishers are seeking them constantly, and with a vigilance that never grows heedless for a moment.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

OUT of a rusty and dusty old scrap-book a friend in Nevada resurrects the following verses for us. Thirty years ago they were very popular. It was on a wager as to whether this poem originated in the "Noces Ambrosianæ" or not that Leicester won two thousand pounds:

THE LAWYER'S POEM.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
To hail the coming on of Spring;

The songs of the said birds arouse
The merriment of our youthful hours—
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests—their selves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest time of Cupid's court,
When tender plaintiffs actions bring!
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

OCCASIONALLY from some suffering soul there comes to this department a frantic appeal for help, which just boils an entire essay down into one exhaustive sentence, and leaves nothing more to be said upon that subject. Now, can the reader find any difficulty in picturing to himself what this "Subscriber" has been going through out there at Hazel Green, Wisconsin?

MR. TWAIN.

MY DEAR SIR: Do not, in your MEMORANDA, forget the travelling book agents. They are about as tolerable as lightning-rod men, especially the "red-nosed chaps" who sell "juveniles," temperance tracts, and such like delectable fodder.

Yours, etc.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Such subscription canvassers, probably, are all this correspondent's fancy paints them. None but those canvassers who sell compact concentrations of solid wisdom, like the work entitled "The Innocents Abroad," can really be said to be indispensable to the nation.

IN a graceful feminine hand comes the following, from a city of Illinois:

Reading your remarks upon "Innocents" in a recent GALAXY, I must tell you how that touching little obituary was received here.

I attended a lecture, and sat beside and was introduced to a young minister from Pennsylvania, a few evenings since. Having my GALAXY in my hand and knowing the proverbial ministerial love of a joke, I handed him the little poem, simply whispering "Mark Twain."

He read it through gravely, and in the most serious manner turned to me and whispered, "Did Mark Twain write that?"

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead!"

If this is a specimen of your Eastern young ministers, we Western girls will take no more at present, I thank you.

Speaking of ministers reminds me of a joke that I always thought worth publishing; it is a fact, too, which all the jokes published are not.

The Rev. Dr. B. was minister in our stylish little city some years since. He was a pompous, important, flowery sort of preacher—very popular with the masses. He exchanged pulpits with old Solomon N., the plain, meek old minister of the little C. church, one Sabbath; and the expectant little congregation

were surprised when the grand Dr. arose and gave out as his text:

"For behold a greater than Solomon is here!"

It is said that once a man of small consequence died, and the Rev. T. K. Beecher was asked to preach the funeral sermon—a man who abhors the lauding of people, either dead or alive, except in dignified and simple language, and then only for merits which they actually possessed or possess, not merits which they merely ought to have possessed. The friends of the deceased got up a stately funeral. They must have had misgivings that the corpse might not be praised strongly enough, for they prepared some manuscript headings and notes in which nothing was left unsaid on that subject that a fervid imagination and an unabridged dictionary could compile, and these they handed to the minister as he entered the pulpit. They were merely intended as suggestions, and so the friends were filled with consternation when the minister stood up in the pulpit and proceeded to read off the curious odds and ends in ghastly detail and in a loud voice! And their consternation solidified to petrification when he paused at the end, contemplated the multitude reflectively, and then said impressively:

"The man would be a fool who tried to add anything to that. Let us pray!"

AND with the same strict adhesion to truth it can be said that the man would be a fool who tried to add anything to the following transcendent obituary poem. There is something so innocent, so guileless, so complacent, so unearthly serene and self-satisfied about this peerless "hogwash," that the man must be made of stone who can read it without a dulcet ecstasy creeping along his backbone and quivering in his marrow. There is no need to say that this poem is genuine and in earnest, for its proofs are written all over its face. An ingenious scribbler might imitate it after a fashion, but Shakespeare himself could not counterfeit it. It is noticeable that the country editor who published it did not know that it was a treasure and the most perfect thing of its kind that the storehouses and museums of literature could show. He did not dare to say no to the dread poet—for such a poet must have been something of an apparition—but he just shovelled it into his paper anywhere

that came handy, and felt ashamed, and put that disgusted "Published by Request" over it, and hoped that his subscribers would overlook it or not feel an impulse to read it:

[Published by Request.]

LINES

Composed on the death of Samuel and Catharine Belknap's children.

BY M. A. GLAZE.

Friends and neighbors all draw near,
And listen to what I have to say;
And never leave your children dear
When they are small, and go away

But always think of that sad fate,
That happened in year of '63;
Four children with a house did burn,
Think of their awful agony.

Their mother she had gone away,
And left them there alone to stay;
The house took fire and down did burn,
Before their mother did return.

Their piteous cry the neighbors heard,
And then the cry of fire was given;
But, ah! before they could them reach,
Their little spirits had flown to heaven.

Their father he to war had gone,
And on the battle-field was slain;
But little did he think when he went away,
But what on earth they would meet again.

The neighbors often told his wife
Not to leave his children there,
Unless she got some one to stay,
And of the little ones take care.

The oldest he was years not six,
And the youngest only eleven months old,
But often she had left them there alone,
As, by the neighbors, I have been told.

How can she bear to see the place,
Where she so oft has left them there,
Without a single one to look to them,
Or of the little ones to take good care.

Oh, can she look upon the spot,
Whereunder their little burnt bones lay,
But what she thinks she hears them say,
"Twas God had pity, and took us on high."

And there may she kneel down and pray,
And ask God her to forgive;
And she may lead a different life
While she on earth remains to live,

Her husband and her children, too,
God has took from pain and woe.
May she reform and mend her ways,
That she may also to them go.

And when it is God's holy will,
O, may she be prepared
To meet her God and friends in peace,
And leave this world of care.

Nicholson, Pa., Feb. 8, 1863.

NEBULÆ.

— AMONG the minor phenomena attending the great convulsions which agitate or threaten Europe, one of the most important, and, to our eyes, one of the least pleasant, is the general admission that all the small nationalities are doomed to speedy extinction. The probability of this absorption is certainly favored by the spirit of the age, which looks to the creation of large establishments of all sorts at the expense of little ones; and we Americans have a further prejudice against small nations, from the fact that the gigantic conspiracy against our liberties would probably, if successful, have divided us into several such bodies. But the cases are entirely different. No sane and honest man talks of deliberately cutting up an existing nation into fragments; and in this connection it is worth while to inquire what, apart from considerations of sentiment and principle, was the chief *practical* objection to a Southern Confederacy? Surely it was that the proposed distribution would give us two or more powers, always rival if not hostile, alongside one another, thus entailing on all Americans two of the worst features of the European system—huge standing armies and permanently high taxes.

— AND this brings us to the first value of the small European nations. They act as *buffers* between the great powers. How early this principle was recognized by European statesmen appears from the numerous attempts to establish a "middle kingdom" between France and Germany. Even little Belgium, blocking but one corner of the way, has just proved a certain, though inadequate, amount of obstacle to both France and Prussia, and has done *something* to mitigate the horrors of their wicked war. Suppose that, in addition to Belgium, there had been a modern Lotharingia, running down all the way between the Moselle and the Vosges and the Rhine. In that case the war would have been next to impossible. Of course, with the growth of great empires there has come up a great deal of rubbish about "natural boundaries." The sole natural boundaries are seas and mountains. Rivers can only be such among savages. Between civilized men they are merely

sources of dispute. In the next place, the mere existence of small nations is a constant testimony to the power of right against might—of moral law against physical force. The writer in one of our "big dailies," who compared the little States to "unprotected females," made a most unfortunate comparison for his own argument. Surely he would not recommend that every unprotected female should be forcibly attached to some man as his servant, mistress, or wife, without regard to her own wishes. The so-called unprotected female, who is really, in the most civilized countries, one of the best-protected members of the community, affords at once a test and an ornament of civilization. Looking at the matter in this light, we see that the independent existence even of a disreputable and comparatively worthless country, like modern Greece, has a certain value, just as it is important in a free country that even a prostitute or a vagrant should have *some* rights which somebody is bound to respect. Thirdly, small independent States have always been oases of liberty—civil liberty in nearly its highest form—amid a great political desert. They are real cities of refuge to political exiles, who would otherwise be hunted over sea. They protect not only men, but ideas. Thus it is of great value that there should be a small State like Belgium, speaking and writing French, but not subject to France; and we may well deplore the probability that no similar German or German-speaking free State can be saved from the maw of the new German or Prussian empire. Even supposing half Europe to be republicitized (about which our expectations are not so sanguine as those of some persons), republics have their exiles. Fourthly, the inhabitants of small countries have some peculiar personal advantages for themselves, and offer some peculiar attractions to certain classes of visitors and emigrants. The ruler, not having vast political complications to occupy his mind, is in a most favorable position to cultivate and encourage art, science, or literature, according to his bent. The people, if they have less "glory" than the subjects of a great monarchy, have also fewer taxes to pay and a better chance of dying quietly in their beds. Small capitals

are the only places where the luxuries, intellectual as well as material, of a metropolis can be enjoyed at reasonable cost; and many a gentleman of moderate means and æsthetic tendencies finds in them the realization of his modest wishes. Finally—and let not this consideration be despised as purely sentimental—it would be a disgrace to the civilized world if countries which have done so much for liberty and progress as Holland and Switzerland were obliterated, through no fault or decadence of their own, but solely because they have not the physical means of resisting a powerful neighbor. If the Dutch are thus menaced, we trust they will do what their great Stadtholder, who was afterwards a great King, once threatened—that they will migrate in a body to their Eastern colonies, cutting the dikes as they go, and leaving to the rapacious invaders nothing but a “valuable water privilege.”

—THE descendants of Jonathan Edwards had a two days' meeting in Stockbridge, Mass., last month—one of those characteristic American reunions at which everybody makes a speech and the rest read poems. One poem, however, was not received or read, either on account of its brevity or from its author's being only a connection by marriage, and not a lineal descendant. It runs thus:

There was an old Edwards who wrote on the will;
He died long ago, but we are here still.

—THE custom of *rails*, or presents of money made to servants by visitors or guests, has, at several periods of English social history, attained the proportions of a great nuisance. We believe that in London society it has been “reformed indifferently,” but at great country-houses it continues to flourish, and in some things has acquired the character of a systematic extortion. For instance, the gamekeeper presents a regular bill for (supposed) powder or shot, not one grain of which he has furnished—constructive rather than destructive ammunition, we might say. It used to be the boast of our country that native and stranger were free from all petty impositions connected with menial service. It is so no longer. The fee system first took possession of the hotels; thence it extended into private houses, where it has assumed dimensions already serious and threatening to be formidable. Let us look at a moderate es-

tablishment—not one of your show places belonging to a poly-millionaire (shoddy or hereditary), who has a quarter of a dozen country-seats in as many different States, but a comfortable “box,” where there are three or four men employed on the premises and four or five women in the house. A friend comes to stay a week or a fortnight. At the end of the week or fortnight, the laundress, the cook, the waiter or waitress, the chambermaid, the lady's maid (if the visitor be a *she* and unaccompanied by her own servant), the coachman or groom who has driven on an excursion or saddled the guest's hack, the gardener or helper who has fetched the luggage to and from the railroad—all these persons are on the lookout for their fees of from two to five dollars each. True, the visitor is not *obliged* to give; but if he does not, his meanness is commented upon by the servants and circulated till it reaches the ears of the mistress, who is sometimes weak enough to express *her* disapprobation of it. The delinquent leaves a bad reputation behind him, not confined to down-stairs. These fees are an appreciable tax on young men, and still more on young women with limited allowances, who do not like to have the pleasure of a visit to a friend alloyed by the thought that they are expected to pay indirectly for their board, even at reduced rates, and who cannot see (nor can we) the equity of their being expected to distribute twenty or thirty dollars among the servants of a house where they have slept and eaten during half that number of days. If they have caused any expense for extra service (as sometimes happens when the laundress is forced to call in outside help), *that* falls on the host, or should; though we recollect once staying at a very pretentious establishment, where our washing bill was regularly brought in to us, hotel fashion.

—“THE extra expense falls on the host.” This brings up another question. Is the guest bound to show his gratitude in any tangible way? Or should he merely take his chance of being able at some future time to reciprocate the hospitality which he has received? We should say the latter, though many persons, especially bachelors, have a habit of imitating the old Greek *eranos*, and bringing baskets of fruit or wine with them. At least this is the only species of immediate return permissible by good taste; and it is necessary to be more cautious on this

point, because the etiquette of gifts is often grossly violated in what ought to be good society. Some years ago a wealthy speculator gave a grand dinner, at the dessert of which the ladies found valuable ornaments among the fancy confectionery on their plates. The host doubtless thought he was doing something wonderfully *grand seigneur*, whereas in reality he was only aping the worst follies of young Paris among actresses and *cocottes*. His gifts were very like insults to his guests, and we were not sorry at the time to hear that some of the ladies looked on the matter in the same light as ourselves, and insisted on returning the presents. Bets are another delicate subject. It is a safe rule that, unless there is some close relationship or very old intimacy between the parties, a gentleman can give a lady nothing but flowers or sugar-plums, and bet with her nothing but gloves. In fast French society there used to prevail a fashion of betting called *discretion*, the rule of which was, that if the lady lost she gave the gentleman whatever she chose; if she won, he was bound to give her whatever she asked. The abuses to which this practice gave rise were sufficiently intimated by the slightly altered name of *indiscretion* which it soon acquired.

— THERE has been some discussion lately as to the reality and "keeping" of the character of *Hans Breitmann* in the various series of ballads bearing his name. The author, Mr. Charles G. Leland, positively asserts that Hans is drawn from real life, and was suggested to him by a certain rowdy philosopher and learned loafer whom he knew more than ten years ago in Philadelphia.

— ARISTOCRATIC aspirations sometimes play queer tricks with proper names. Such alterations as *Tayleure* and *Tayloe* for *Taylor* are only remarkable for their feeble vanity, and the origin is easily recognized under the thin disguise; but what does the reader say to the family name of *Homer*? Would he not naturally suppose it to be connected in some way with literature, poetry, or ancient Greece? Nothing of the sort. *Homer* is euphonic and euphonistic for—*Hogmire*. It is also curious as being one of many cases in which the apparently obvious derivation of a name is not the real one. Thus, *Bacon* (beech-tree) is no relation to *Hogg*; *Goldwin* (patron) implies spending money rather

than making it; *Bethel* (ap Ethel, son of Ethel) has nothing to do with Hebrew or Scripture; nor has *Backus* (bake-house) with the jolly god, nor *Poindexter* (spur-steed, hard-rider) with the right hand. (By the way, we wonder if Bonner drives Dexter on the off-side when he puts him in double harness?) The apparently chivalrous and belligerent *Taillefer* and *Talleyrand* are only equivalents of *Smith* and *Cooper*. The combination of the Christian and surname often modifies the meaning of the latter very seriously. In one of our Southern cities there was an Italian shopkeeper called *Moroso*; but his Christian name was *Alberto*, so that when the initial was prefixed, he appeared on his sign as *Amoroso*. Seals, coats of arms, and various rebuses have been made on this principle. A contributor to THE GALAXY uses a rebus-seal partly composed of the head of one of the *Dioscuri*,

— the great twin brethren

To whom the Romans pray,

which has often puzzled his correspondents. American names, both of persons and places, when comical, are usually so from the juxtaposition of their several parts. Foreign tourists have noticed the delicious incongruity of Chargogagog Magogagog Pond in Maine. Tom Taylor (the popular dramatist was actually christened *Tom*) once looked through several years of a Yale College Catalogue for triple names. Out of the whole number he selected *Increase Niles Tarbox* and *Marcus Camillus Brandegee*, both of which soon after figured prominently in "Punch." But English names, especially among the lower orders, are quite as grotesque and amusing. Witness *Meshech Bugg* and *O. Gotobed*, which we have seen over a toll-gate and a tavern respectively. Even the Cambridge Calendar might match any of our college catalogues, especially if we turned to St. John's, to which come many poor students from out-of-the-way places. Four such names as *Cockle*, *Barnicoat*, *Foggo*, and *Gruggen*, coming together in a list of Johinian scholars, have an odd effect. The unfortunate appellation of the first was provocative of a wicked practical joke on the part of some drunken fellow-students who surprised him in bed, and, insisting that a cockle ought to be buttered, literally performed the operation on him from head to foot.

— SOME months ago we had occasion to speak of the different kinds of men and

women as considered in their reciprocal social relations. We then attempted the analysis of only one of the four classes into which they are divisible. But the analysis of one goes a good way, indirectly, towards that of the other three, and we may therefore despatch them more briefly than we then did the *men's man*. The *women's man* is a masculine who prefers the society of the other sex in his leisure moments or hours of relaxation to that of his own. At such times female society of some sort is a *necessity* to him; and we have often been amused at the advice of popular moralists (Dr. Holland, for instance) to young men, that they should eschew female society altogether unless they can get the first quality of the article, intellectually as well as morally. To the women's man this is much like telling him that he ought to fast unless he can pay for a Delmonico dinner. Of course he is not necessarily vicious, but should he unfortunately be so, he is more dangerous to all classes of society than the men's man. Vicious or not, he is more a favorite with the ladies, even when less respected; for he either possesses or can skilfully feign that sort of devotion and self-forgetfulness which goes so far with them. On the other hand, he is not usually popular among his own sex. When he marries, he had better marry a men's woman. Such a couple can understand and make allowance for each other's peculiar weakness. The men's woman, like the women's man, prefers the society of the opposite sex. In her full development she is a thorough and avowed misogynist. Lady Wortley Montagu, who said that the only thing which reconciled her to being a woman was the reflection that she would never have to marry one, was a true type of this class. Men's women supply the material of belles; or, if not endowed with personal attractions sufficient to qualify them for that position, they at least help to oil the wheels of social intercourse, and "make the running" for timid young men or timid men of any age. They should, if possible, find husbands whose tastes and means will allow them to see plenty of company. It is a sad mistake to bury a woman of this kind in the country, or shut her up anywhere. Herself and her husband are exposed to two great dangers. She may absolutely go to the bad, and that at an age when it might be naturally supposed that all the mischief was sobered out of her; or, if principle, prudence, or maternal affection save her from this, her

temper may be embittered till she becomes a torment to herself and all about her. The women's woman, on the contrary, is content with the society of her own sex. She is prone to form those female friendships half a dozen of which (despite the cynical moralist's assertion) one good-looking young man is *not* sufficient to break up. She may be as pretty as the men's woman, or prettier, but she is usually less graceful. Still, she is not necessarily mannish or "strong-minded," and is just as likely to abhor the "woman's rights" movement as to favor it; but she can often talk politics like a man, and generally has a talent for organization. Gentlemen respect rather than like her. If she attracts men, they are probably specially interested in some subject which she understands or likes. Between such a man and a women's woman, the much-doubted Platonic friendship is *perhaps* possible.

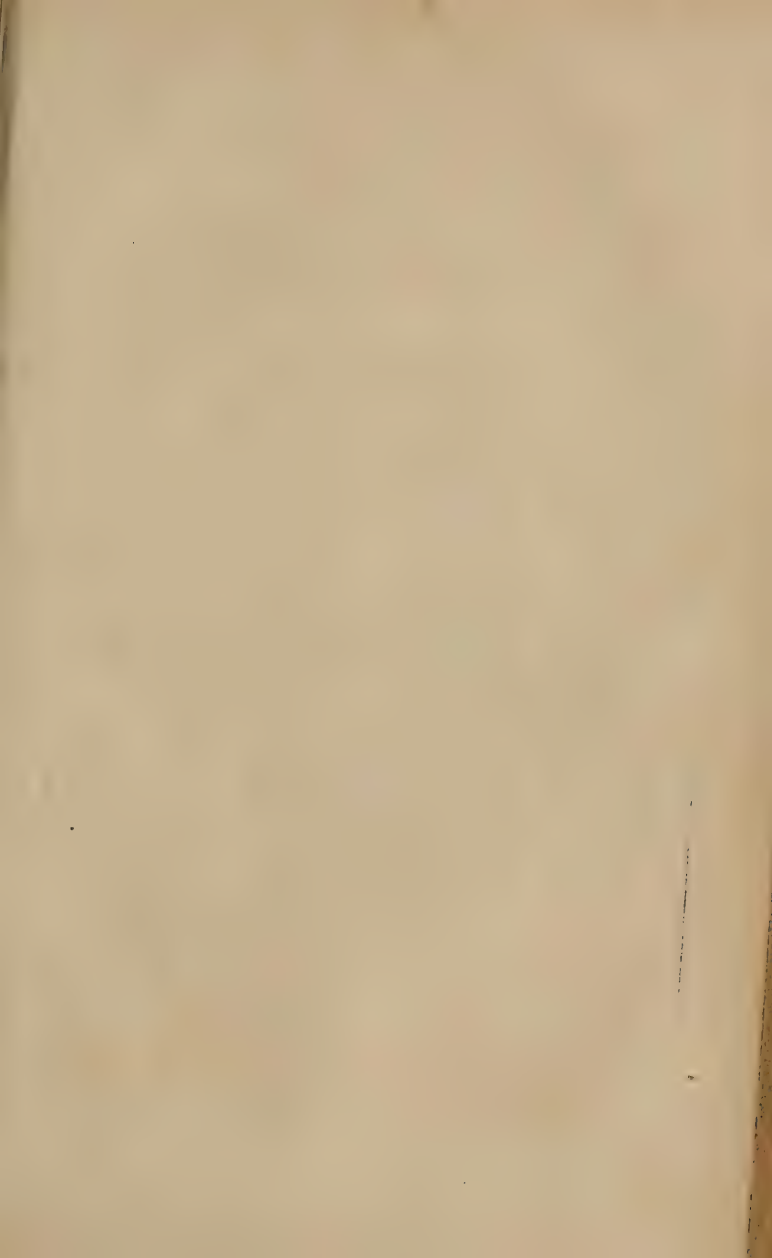
— LAST month we said, somewhat loosely and without professing deep study and accurate knowledge of equine statistics, that probably six thousand pounds would purchase any European thoroughbred that could be bought for money. Which remark had been in print about three days when we saw by the last English news that Gladiateur, the greatest racer of his day, had just been sold by auction in England for five thousand eight hundred guineas—that is, six thousand and ninety pounds. We were within five hundred dollars of the mark. We trust the reader will excuse our vanity when we call this a pretty good guess; and further, we trust that Mr. Bonner will not be offended when we add that we would rather have Gladiateur for the money than Dexter.

— It is amusing to note the different light in which people read the same telegraphic war news in the papers. Brown takes his journal, the "Morning Oracle," and, eagerly reading over the despatches, announces to his neighbor that the Prussian army has been cut to pieces. Robinson, reading the same despatches, word for word, announces to his neighbor that the French have once more been shamefully beaten. Smith says that you cannot rely on any of the reports coming from Paris, and Jones says that London is so confoundedly Prussian that its stories are *worse* than those from Berlin. Now what strikes one as specially ludicrous is that Smith, Brown,

Jones, and Robinson all join in blaming both the French and the Germans for exaggerating their successes and making light of their defeats. If these four worthies, who, as Americans and distant observers, pretend to that freedom from bias and that judicial temperament which alone can discern the truth in conflicting war reports—if they, we say, look at things with such different eyes, what must we expect of the combatants themselves? The "Morning Oracle" is very severe and satirical on the contradictions in the news, but look at its own editorial columns—there you will find that it sees things in Europe not as they are, but just as its own partiality would desire them to be. To come from generals to particulars, and from theory to illustration, let us give an anecdote to note how even in this country the "war spirit" is pushed to the most farcical extravaganza. A gentleman entered a New York restaurant the other day, and, in the course of his meal, asked the waiter for mustard. "Would ye prefer the *Frinch* mustard?" asked poor Pat, with an emphasis as innocent as, nevertheless, it was inevitable. "French mustard! No!" shouts the customer, starting up suspiciously, and venting his feelings in exclamations and execrations against the second Empire. We happened to observe this absurd scene, and could readily thereafter believe any of the anecdotes now afloat as to the American partisanship. But it is worse in England, where they announce, as poor Louis Blanc wrote to "Le Temps"—"Great battle! The victory won by the Prussians! The French claim a victory." That is, added Louis Blanc, the Prussians had won a victory because they said so, but to the French it must only be conceded that "they claim a victory." But in war times we must expect, even in neutral countries, to a bushel of enthusiasm only a grain of candor.

—A GOOD many years ago an inspired goldsmith of London, named Wirgman, wasted a fortune in printing expensive works by which he sought to convert the world to certain peculiar religious views, which he had struck out as Joe Gargery the blacksmith did his poetry, "like a horse-shoe, complete all in a minute." One of Wirgman's fancies was to print his books on paper of different colors, which had in

his mind some occult relation to the subject treated. A similar fancy has possessed the projector of "The Modern Thinker," a "semi-occasional" magazine which has recently made its appearance as "an organ for the most advanced speculations in philosophy, science, sociology, and religion." We fear that the "Modern Thinker" is destined to the fate of Wirgman's "Divarigation" and his other fanciful publications, though we shall be glad to see it continued if it were only to convince the chosen few who advocate its principles how little hold they have or can ever hope to have upon public sympathy or support. It is only corpses that submit quietly to the dissecting knife, and that society would be dead indeed which could submit to the disintegrating process to which these modern thinkers propose to subject it. The mysterious currents of life escape their chemical analysis, and their formulas include only that which is seen and transient, and ignore that which is unseen, but which is placed beyond the reach of change by this very fact. Here, for example, are the "scientific propagationists," to whom we are indebted for the Oneida Community, professing to be done at once with those sentiments which unite the sexes in invincible attraction and furnish the basis for all that is lovely in life, substituting for the family a stock farm, in which the females shall be herded together for the mere purpose of breeding from a few lusty males who are assumed to possess the qualities it is most desirable to perpetuate. But assuming the expediency of this plan, who is to judge what are the qualities which should be perpetuated? Let it be ourselves, and we will put an end shortly to this "scientific" egotism which ignores what it cannot understand, and would, because of its own blindness, shut out other men from the enjoyment of truths which have been open to the best spirits of all ages, in spite of "scientific" evidence to the contrary. We have no fear of such a publication as this "Modern Thinker," and no animosity to it; but let it keep to its mission, and remember it is but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to those who work upon the temple that rises with the ages. So doing, it will be sure to find readers, and become a valuable means of preserving and distributing the results of observation and experience.





MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE GALE.

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DR. J. H. HARRIS

THE GALAXY.

VOL. XI.—DECEMBER, 1870.—No. 6.

LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A MORNING WALK.

ISOLIND ATHELING had a good many household duties to look after. When a woman shows a gift of managing and ordering domestic affairs, she is certain to be allowed abundant opportunities of displaying it, and whatever her position in the family—whether she be wife and therefore legitimate sovereign, or sister, or daughter, or even only governess—she is equally sure to become the practical ruler. Good Mrs. Atheling had long since withdrawn from all active and laborious interference in the arrangement of the family affairs. Isolind was mayor of the palace, she kept the keys, gave the instructions, composed the quarrels, among the "helps" and attendants, reconciled—Oh, hardest of tasks!—the Irish ladies in the kitchen to the existence and propinquity of the dark-skinned men and brothers who drove the carriage and kept the stables in order; and she did all this without noise and without bustle. Of course it broke in a great deal upon her time for reading and study, for music and the composing of poems, for keeping up with the doings of the political world, as most American-bred girls of any intelligence are anxious to do, and indeed for nearly all other things in which mere intellect and taste can take delight. But Isolind's creed of Woman's Mission was rigid as to the necessity of doing the nearest scrap of duty first. Just now, at this present moment, see that the family shall have some dinner to eat, and that the clothes go to wash—that done, then set about the regeneration of humanity! An English girl whose family had wealth, or something approaching to wealth, could hardly understand how much of constant domestic duty fell to the share of Isolind Atheling. The Athelings came into the city in the winter, and then they lived in one of the quietest of the best class hotels and Isolind was nearly free of all trouble. But in the months when they occupied their place on the edge of the bay, her duties of arrangement and supervision, and sometimes of direct personal coöperation, were multifarious and continual.

With all this she lived a very happy life, a life indeed of almost ideal and

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Arcadian happiness. While the Athelings were in their country home one day was for Isolind very much like another, so far as events and external conditions were concerned. But the girl's thoughts were always fresh, vivid, and changing; and while there was a new tint on a leaf, a new breath to ripple the water of the bay, a new cloud to float across the sky, life could have no monotony for her.

She always rose early. Her bed-room opened on a flower garden at the rear of the house; at least if we call that the rear which looked towards the road and away from the water. When she raised her window, she could step out on a broad path among flowers; and rarely indeed did she make her appearance at the window but that the head gardener, a gray-haired Irishman, came over to greet her with a bouquet of flowers, or, at the proper season, a bunch of grapes, or some of the delicious peaches which gladden in such prodigality of numbers and juciness the palates of New York. Isolind's was a pretty room, fitted up simply but very tastefully with rose-colored curtains, which sent a rich glow over her fair complexion and sunny hair; a few well-chosen prints, and one or two statuettes—among them an excellent miniature Parian copy of the incomparable Venus of the Louvre—several medallions brought from Italy, and various little mementoes from the East. The furniture of Isolind's room was plain—unpretending maple, or some such wood—but the taste which chose its ornaments lent it an appearance of luxury. There were a sofa and a table, and on the latter were writing materials and a few books.

Let us see what were Isolind's books. A Shakespeare, a Schiller, a "Don Quixote," a little sewed copy of Molière's "Misanthrope," Robert Browning's poems, Lowell's "Biglow Papers," Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty"—with daily draughts of which latter Isolind refreshed her convictions as to the supreme human need of individuality, and the bane of mere conventionality—Lessing's "Laocoon," and an odd volume or two of Victor Hugo. This young woman's reading was in the highest degree desultory and unsystematic. If you wanted to speak in the language of compliment, you would call it eclectic or catholic; if otherwise, irregular and scrambling.

She dressed herself and arranged her hair without ever dreaming of the intervention of a lady's maid. The grand difficulty of modern womanhood, the arranging of the hair, troubled her in no wise. Her hair fell about her neck, but not quite to her shoulders; and it would not grow any longer, and it could not be made smooth and flat by any arts known to *friseur*. Therefore Isolind merely combed and brushed it through, then threw it back from her forehead and ears—and there it was. No pomades, no oils stood upon her modest dressing-table. This particular morning she put on a pretty white cashmere dress trimmed with blue—a dress cut so short as to be quite off the ground, and to show a good deal of a very neat, picturesque little boot of buff-colored leather coming high above the ankle, and fastened with a row of buttons. Short dresses were at that time not very common in Europe, and an English girl might perhaps have been a little astonished at the free display of Isolind's boots and ankles. But Isolind's dress never needed to be raised as she walked through her garden, and therefore she never showed more than boot and ankle; whereas the most modest wearer of a long skirt would sometimes when suddenly endeavoring to save her silken sheen from damp or dust make unexpected display of calf and stocking to a height perfectly alarming. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Anne of Geierstein," makes special mention, when we are first introduced to his heroine.

of the firmness and symmetry of the legs which her short Swiss kirtle reveals. Emboldened by his example, let us say that Isolind's feet were a pretty sight in her buff boots, and that her limbs were straight, firm, and shapely.

One of the ornaments of Isolind's room was a fine engraving of a Düsseldorf picture from Fouqué's "Undine." This picture was before Miss Atheling's eyes every day; yet this particular morning she seemed to look on it with peculiar attentiveness and interest. She wondered perhaps whether Undine felt any the happier when love had given her a soul; and whether the whole legend was not sadly discouraging to Isolind's own Equality of Womanhood theory, seeing that poor Undine only obtained her gift of soul when Tyrant Man was good enough to love her. This view of the situation had not struck our heroine before, and she smiled at it; and yet was, for some reason or other, anything but quite gladsome.

The business of life, however, broke in upon her meditation, and she went to give orders and make arrangements for breakfast. Scotland, Switzerland, and the United States are the regions where breakfast really is a meal to think about, plan, order, and arrange—where it actually has a *menu*. The Athelings were simple in their tastes, but yet their breakfast-table had hominy and succotash, which the Judge liked; "milk-toast," in which his wife delighted; buckwheat cakes; stewed apples; preserved peaches—the fresh peaches were gone with the summer; "scrambled" eggs; potatoes done in various ways—the sweet potato and our old familiar mealy friend; apple sauce; and several varieties of bread, besides tea (which only Isolind drank); chocolate, which pleased Mrs. Atheling; and a great bowl of milk, to be swallowed by the Judge, who never touched tea, coffee, or any such beverages. It is almost needless to say to any one who knows New York, that great glasses of ice water stood beside each plate.

When Isolind had seen to all this, she went into the garden, and gathered such flowers as the season allowed, made two pretty little nosegays, and laid one beside the plate of each of the elders of the family.

"Our flowers are nearly gone, Martin," said the girl to the gray-haired gardener.

"There's one of your own favorite still for *you*, miss," said the gallant veteran; and as she thanked him with her sunny smile, and was returning to the house, he looked after her, and murmured or rather growled to himself, "Divil resave me if ye aren't the purtiest flower yerself that ever was seen in a garden! God bless you! you're good and beautiful enough to be an Irish colleen, my heart!"

In this kind of way Isolind's days began and went on for the most part. There was a daily beauty in her life. Her most prosaic duties gave her pleasure—partly because she had a truly poetic soul. As to the pure all things are pure, so to the poetic all things have poetry in them. Isolind was surrounded by natural beauty, and by the moral beauty of a peaceful, happy, loving home. She was utterly unconventional. None of the fears, anxieties, and longings on the subject of fashion and gentility which torture so many pretty New York girls ever vexed her. She never bestowed one single thought upon her social position or that of her neighbors. She never cared whether Fashion approved or disapproved of her. Then she was equally free from the dread which harasses some good Englishwomen so much, the fear of doing or seeming to do something improper. The thought of impropriety never entered into the girl's pure, free, and womanly soul. She talked as frankly to men who were her friends as

to women ; she never stopped to think whether she was speaking too long to this man if she liked his conversation, or smiling too kindly on that man if her heart felt genially towards him. It need hardly be said, that girls in America are allowed a personal freedom which even elderly married women are not permitted in England, and which would be utterly impossible in France. In America, therefore, the question of impropriety—factitious or constructive impropriety—can hardly be said to arise in the intercourse of educated young women with their friends and society. Girls are not vexed and harassed with invented and imaginary sins. Nothing is improper which is not really and in itself wrong. A clear bright line is drawn. When once society sets about devising constructive improprieties, there is no bound to the ingenious refinement of ultra-delicate imagination ; but as yet the social opinion which endeavors to rule the lives of American women in cities seems to concern itself more in laying down laws for the preservation of the gentilities than for that of the proprieties. Now, for the former rules Isolind cared nothing ; and of the latter she took no heed. She was as free and fearless on the score of gentility as any really well-bred and intelligent English girl could be ; and never doing or thinking anything improper, she was troubled by no doubts or dreads on the side of propriety.

Therefore she enjoyed a true freedom, and had all the pure and noble virtues which only grow up in the atmosphere of freedom. What women in civilized countries mostly want is magnanimity. Men of high minds are constantly disappointed when they find this lack of the magnanimous revealing itself in the character of some woman who otherwise seems so admirable. But men themselves have hitherto, in Europe especially, so shaped and limited the moral training of women as to render magnanimity a virtue of almost impossible attainment. The errors of women are in their degree almost always the common errors of servitude. But there is something more than that. The whole training of womanhood is directed to the culture merely of one virtue. It is not indispensable or even necessary to a woman's honor and repute that she should be truthful, or generous, or beneficent, or brave. She has no need or inducement to cultivate the magnanimous qualities. Society only asks her to be chaste. If you will cultivate but one flower, you cannot have a *parterre*. In days not far removed from our own, a man was only called on to be brave and truthful—he might be as ferocious and voluptuous as he chose ; therefore his common vices were ferocity and profligacy. Women are commonly trained even now to believe that so long as they are “virtuous,” it is not requisite that they shall be sincere and magnanimous ; therefore their common defects are insincerity and meanness.

Isolind Atheling was free by nature and training from these defects. She had all the purity of a woman, all the magnanimity of a noble-souled man. So she went through life bright, clear, and free ; infusing an ideal purpose and beauty into the most ordinary domestic duties ; full of faith in the present and hope for the future ; always with a soul for every great cause, and a heart for the slightest enjoyments. She thus extracted unconsciously from life nearly all the good and the joy it can well be made to give.

This morning, after the night described in the last chapter, she rose early as usual, and set about her various domestic duties of order and arrangement. But somehow her heart was hardly as much in her work as it ought to be. Everything looked a little dull, almost uninteresting. A vague, restless, strange sensation was in the girl's heart ; a sensation of craving, of mingled pain and pleasure, of dread and longing, which had kept with her through all the night, through

all her dreams; which awoke with her now in the morning, which she shrank from openly confronting and examining, and would not have dared even to attempt translating into verse. Eyes noble and gentle seemed to look into hers in vain; a sweet deep voice was in her ears; the thrill of a hand, touched but for a moment, was still on hers.

She was restless; and when breakfast was over and the time allowed her, she strayed out into the grove behind the house; the grove in which the orange and purple and crimson tints of the fall were already beginning to gladden, or perhaps, as Isolind now thought, to sadden the scene. She had still the flower in her hand which she had received from the old gardener, and she inhaled its perfume with delight.

"What a world of thought, of rapture, of hope, and passion, and joy is in fragrance!" the young poetess said within herself. "The scent of this flower opens up a whole new world to the senses and the soul, as the microscope and the telescope do to the eye and the intellect! I have only to smell this leaf and I pass into a land of magic, where everything is rich, aromatic, and delightful; where every yearning finds an answer, and every dreamy hope becomes a beautiful reality. It is like the mysterious ointment in the Arabian story, which rubbed upon the eyes made one to see all the riches of the earth stored together. Nay, this flower is better; for it makes me mistress for the moment of all the riches and the rare delights which the earth has not, and can never have. Now I withdraw it; and I come back to the real world out of my perfumed palace of imagination. Poor little flower! poor little talisman, that opens the wonder-world! it seems a pity to throw it away, even though it already wilts and droops. Can it not give so much joy then, and live too?—I am growing sentimental," she said suddenly to herself; and she smiled not over brightly, and threw the flower away.

At that moment she heard the step of some one coming through a little opening among the trees to the path on which she was walking; and she started, and did not dare to look round, but she felt that despite of herself her pulses were beating fast, and her cheek was growing crimson.

Some one picked up her rejected flower and stood before her, hat in hand. Her face underwent a sudden change, from agitating hope and fear to blank disappointment, and then to displeasure; for it was the portly figure of Chesterfield Jocelyn which approached her—it was his aquiline nose, his thick full beard, his dark eyes, his white, fat, ring-bedizened fingers on which she looked.

"Good-morning, dear young lady! How strangely, doubly fortunate I have been! I took the liberty of entering my distinguished friend Atheling's grounds in the hope that I might meet the honored Judge or his dear wife; and I have now the yet greater pleasure of meeting you, and the rare happiness to secure this little fragrant memorial which you had thrown away. 'Dearer is the withered flower which has been worn and thrown aside'; is there not a ballad in that strain? I am indeed somewhat of a musician myself, but I take perhaps a more ambitious range than that of the ballad; and I ought almost to apologize for mentioning a trivial ballad to so accomplished an artist as yourself, who doubtless delight in the lofty and classical music."

Hospitality's sacred laws compelled Isolind to be civil; and perhaps she was a little penitent for her demeanor of the previous night towards Mr. Jocelyn. So when he approached she held out her hand, which he took with a bow such as a courtier might have made to an empress, and she constrained herself to endure his compliments with a smile.

"Indeed, Mr. Jocelyn," she answered, "I cannot pretend to call myself a musician; I have had hardly any scientific training, and have picked up much of what I do know in rather a scrambling sort of way. I am very fond of ballad-music, and rather prefer, generally, to sing without any instrumental accompaniment."

"Surely there is no music more delightful than the simple melody which seems to speak out the soul! May I hope to have at some happy moment the extreme delight of hearing you sing in your own favorite strain?"

"You would hardly care for it, Mr. Jocelyn; I may assure you without affectation. I often sing of evenings to please my people; they are no musicians, and it gives them pleasure; but you would care nothing for it. No, no; indeed I don't want a compliment."

She checked him good-humoredly, for she feared that he was about to say something meant to be delightful.

"I know, since last night, your hatred of compliments. You think they are only fit to flatter weak and foolish men?"

He spoke now in an altered tone; quite grave and calm.

"I do, Mr. Jocelyn."

"And you are right, Miss Atheling. When I spoke to you at first, I addressed you in the common jargon that men use to women. I soon saw that it was not fitted for a woman like you; and I ask your pardon, and will address such language to you no more."

"Why address it to any woman? Why thus help to foster in them the weakness and folly you condemn? Why not help them to prove that they have souls, by addressing them as creatures with souls, like men?"

"Miss Atheling, it is the common curse of our social system, that men and women seldom look at each other except through masks. Once in a life or so we meet with some being whose very glance bids us to stand up, be truthful, and put our masks away. *You* wear no mask; let me, in your presence, remove mine."

Assuredly nothing could be more complete than the change his whole manner, almost his very appearance, had undergone. Instead of the fat voluptuary with the fribble manner and the sinister expression whom she had seen the previous night, there now stood by her a strong and earnest man with a look almost of sadness on his calm dark face.

They were slowly walking along the broad path under the trees.

Jocelyn looked gravely into her face and said:

"When you saw me first, Miss Atheling, you disliked and distrusted me?"

Quite taken by surprise, Isolind frankly answered:

"I did indeed, Mr. Jocelyn. I beg your pardon for allowing any such hasty impression to show itself."

"Ask for no pardon, make no apology; the impression, sudden as it was, does you only credit. You thought I was playing a part?"

"I did."

"You were right; I *was* playing a part."

Isolind drew back, quite amazed at this unexpected revelation. She looked into his face; it was earnest, composed, apparently quite sincere. She was almost utterly puzzled, and hardly knew how to take so odd and embarrassing a confidence.

"Why tell this to me? why speak to me at all of this?" she asked at last.

"There are reasons, Miss Atheling, as strong as they are strange. Your

face is one which speaks to me as none other on earth could do. Now don't start, and draw back, and look displeased! Nothing is farther from me now than the thought of paying you any idle compliment. Your face is the very face of one I shall never see more, but which is made sacred by memories and associations that are laws and gospel to me. You think I am talking wildly? Then look at that picture."

He drew from his pocket a case containing a photograph—or rather, indeed, a daguerreotype, of the fashion of twenty years since—and handed it to Isolind. She took it mechanically, almost unconsciously; but the moment she looked at it her eyes lighted up with wonder.

"Why do you look surprised?" he asked.

"Because at the first glance I thought it was a photograph of myself! And even still—although as I look at it closely I do not now see that there are differences—it seems quite wonderful. At first I might almost have thought I was looking into a little mirror! Mr. Jocelyn this is quite astonishing! Whose portrait is this?"

"Don't ask me that," he answered sadly; at least, just yet. The memories, and still more the doubts, it brings back are too painful. I show it to you, that you may be the better able to understand and appreciate the nature of the impulse which commands me to be sincere to *you*, and to try to serve you. This much you will own, that the impression produced on me by your likeness to that photograph was no mere phantasy."

"Indeed, I have never seen anything more surprising—it is quite a wonderful likeness. Yet it is a sad face, I think; and I, Mr. Jocelyn, have never had any cause to be sad. So far it is not like me."

"Hers was a sad life; and it stamped itself on her face. Is it not a beautiful face?"

Isolind blushed and smiled.

"I hardly know how to answer the question, Mr. Jocelyn. I hope it is very beautiful, as it is like me; although of course one knows perfectly well that there can be a decided likeness between a face which is really beautiful and one which is not so. Frankly, then, that does seem to me a beautiful face, although it is like mine. Her life was a sad one?"

"Very sad. Her whole history was sad; and it bequeathed to some others, Miss Atheling, the memories of repentance and remorse which cannot die! Can you wonder, that when I look into your face it becomes consecrated to me?"

Isolind was a poetess; and in any case she had, like most girls who are worth anything, a deep suffusion of the romantic in her character. She was touched by the apparent depth and sincerity of Jocelyn's emotion, as well as by the halo of melancholy mystery that now seemed to surround him; and she silently held out her hand, which he pressed in his.

"The resemblance is all the more strange to me," said Jocelyn meditatively, after a moment of silence, "because there can hardly be any relationship, unless the most distant possible, between your family and hers. She was an Englishwoman who had never been out of her own country; your family have been for a long time settled in America?"

"For several generations."

"And came originally from Devonshire?"

"I believe so."

"Yes; Judge Atheling has told me so. She was of Irish rather than English extraction. Yet I cannot believe that this wonderful resemblance is wholly

the work of chance. At least, Miss Atheling, I claim that it gives me a sacred right to be your friend and to serve you."

He laid so much emphasis on the word "serve," now introduced into the conversation by him for the second time, that Isolind could not but notice it.

"To serve me, Mr. Jocelyn? You are very kind; but I need no service."

"Don't be too certain, Miss Atheling. I speak to you as I speak to no mortal. I am a man much abused by the world; partly because I have been very successful, partly—I don't deny it—because I have been somewhat unscrupulous. I have sought excitement; I have sought to drive away the memories of a deeply-repented wrong in success. My waters of oblivion have been the wild waves of speculative struggle; and woe to the weaker swimmer—I own it—who has ventured to be my rival! You are shocked at me?"

"O Mr. Jocelyn, if you have suffered and are full of regrets—and I do most earnestly believe it!—why not seek peace and atonement where alone such blessings can be found—in striving to be good to others? Forgive me if I talk to you thus; I am no preacher, only an ignorant girl. But you have great gifts; you have made great successes. Why not consecrate those gifts to some noble end, and thus find happiness most surely?"

Poor earnest Isolind! There were tears in her deep lustrous eyes, and she gently laid one hand on his—her slender white hand, bare of all adornment, on his fat white hand glittering with rings. Jocelyn looked down, and perhaps was a little struck by the contrast. Possibly it occurred to him that romantic repentance and remorse did not look quite in keeping with such an overload of brilliants. At all events, he gently withdrew his own hand and thrust it into his breast.

"Miss Atheling, no word of yours, believe me, is lost on me. But there is a destiny in things sometimes against which the strongest of us struggles in vain. Perhaps such a destiny has brought me here—no matter! Let me now come to the point. I spoke of serving you, and my words had meaning. Miss Atheling, your father has become suddenly fascinated with one of my schemes, and means to risk nearly all his fortune in it. You know what a risk that is; and you must prevent him from attempting such a step."

"But, Mr. Jocelyn, I am powerless in such a case; I know nothing of the matter, and could not understand it probably; and he is no wild speculator, but a man of ability and clear intelligence, singularly unavaricious and unselfish. Anything he does must have good reason to support it. What could I say to dissuade him, I who know nothing?"

"You know (I saw it in half an hour) that he is enthusiastic, impulsive, credulous, always athirst for new ideas. Now, Miss Atheling, this great new enterprise of mine counts for comparatively little with me. Should it utterly fail, it is but one ship gone down; the very *éclat* of failure would be a sort of new splendor for me. In this country, to have one's name loudly trumpeted in any way is a guarantee of success to one who makes enterprise his occupation, as I do. But Atheling would be swallowed up in the wreck, never to emerge again. To him, a childlike sensitive man, the very failure would be a crushing calamity and disgrace, from which he could never recover; to me it will be an exciting incident, a piquant episode, a sensation."

Isolind shuddered.

"Is this, then, man's pastime?" she asked.

"This is to some men what the "noble game of war"—so Napoleon called it, regretfully, in his exile—is to others. To me it is the noble game of war.

I do not spare myself, nor others usually ; but, Miss Atheling, I would spare your father."

"Then why do you not yourself dissuade him? why did you lead him on?"

"I did not purposely lead him on; I explained my project to him and to Vansiedler; and as I went on I warmed naturally to its advantages and its temptations; and he became fascinated. Dissuade him now I cannot, he would not believe me; he would think I was but endeavoring to get rid of him in favor of some one else: and besides, Miss Atheling, I cannot, I dare not—at least, I *will* not—publicly disclaim and discredit my own enterprise. No; there are others and other interests involved to which I must be true. The general may allow one raw recruit to be privately warned against the forlorn hope, but he must not openly repudiate the movement he himself has ordered."

"Then, Mr. Jocelyn, what can I do?"

"Simply ask of him, beg of him, that he will undertake no speculation—with *me* if you wish to put it so. Give him no reason; let him think it womanly weakness, or girlish fear, if he will; only prevail upon him. You can do anything with him; do this, and save him."

"Is the enterprise then hopeless? May it not prove a success?"

"It may; but I begin to doubt it. This very morning, before you were awake probably, I have had telegrams in cipher which are ominous. Don't ask me for any more explanations—I have already done for you what I have never done for a mortal; but be you prompt and save *him*. Think of me, if you will, as a brigand who had some good qualities in him—as a filibuster not wholly without honor, pity, or hope. Think of me, in any case, Miss Atheling, as your devoted friend, who claims a right he cannot *yet* explain—cannot *yet*, I say, explain—to be your friend and to serve you. Hush! somebody is coming. You see, Miss Atheling, what it is to be an early riser, and what an advantage it gives even to a grim and grizzled old cavalier like myself over a brilliant youth like our friend Mr. Volney here! For shame, Mr. Volney, to be anticipated on this beautiful morning by one of my age, and, alas that I must add it! of my weight."

It was Angelo Volney who now approached. He had (doubtless with love's light wings) o'erperched the wall which divided Mr. Vansiedler's land from Atheling's, and he had been wandering through the trees, disturbing the squirrels, in the hope, unexpressed even to himself, of meeting Isolind Atheling.

None of the party but Mr. Jocelyn retained even the semblance of self-composure. Angelo was vexed and disappointed to find Isolind in company with Jocelyn, and his vexation and disappointment had surprise added when he observed, as he could not fail to do, her evident agitation. Her cheeks were flushed, her hand which she held out to Volney was trembling, she kept her eyes down, her whole demeanor was that of one disturbed and distressed.

Jocelyn looked perfectly serene and smiling. He was once more quite the Jocelyn of the previous night, and he flourished a dainty cambric handkerchief with pompous action, and he ostentatiously flashed his diamonds and rubies in the sunlight of the autumnal morning.

"It would be quite unpardonable in me," said the bland Jocelyn, "to monopolize any longer so charming a companion. Mr. Volney, I yield my place, gracefully, I hope, if not quite without reluctance! May I pursue my way to the house, Miss Atheling, and seek for my esteemed friend, your distinguished father?"

Isolind bowed assent. She was too confused to speak.

"Should I fail to find him there, you will not perhaps forget, Miss Atheling, the message you were kind enough to undertake?"

She raised her eyes till they met his, and she said, still looking earnestly at him, "I shall not forget it, Mr. Jocelyn. But we shall meet again to-day, I hope?"

"Need I say that the hope is echoed by me? In fact by a whole tumult of echoes, like that of the Lurleiberg! Meanwhile allow me to offer my thanks for your exceeding courtesy, and to wish you a good-morning."

He bowed profoundly to Isolind, less profoundly to Volney; then turned and sauntered away.

"I have hardly had time to speak to you, Mr. Volney," said Isolind, making a brave effort to recover her composure, and greeting Angelo with a smile of unmistakable sincerity and welcome. "It is very kind of you to come to see us. Will you walk to the house?—this way."

"Thank you, I shall be very happy. But is not Mr. Jocelyn going that way just now?"

"He is going to make a call. But let us walk more slowly, if you like. Or will you allow me to show you our garden, if you don't care to meet Mr. Jocelyn again just now? I know you are not one of Mr. Jocelyn's admirers."

"Nor are you, Miss Atheling, I fancy. Only last night at least you warned *me* against him."

"And I do still, Mr. Volney—I do still indeed, and most earnestly; although I believe now that there is more of good in him than I then thought. Then indeed I knew nothing of him."

She stopped somewhat confused, afraid she had said too much.

"And now, Miss Atheling?"

"Now, I know little more. But I have been talking with him. I met him here this morning by chance, just as I have met you" (Angelo, it may be noted, looked a little confused at this); "and he has convinced me that although he is a dangerous man, he has some truth and generosity in him."

"He seems to have alarmed you a little," said Angelo boldly.

"Perhaps he did, without meaning it—at least he surprised me. There is a mystery about him which I don't pretend to understand; but I believe there is good in him."

"Miss Atheling, I have no right to ask you any questions; but I do wish you could give me any hint as to the identity of this man. I have a purpose in asking—a serious, earnest purpose."

She opened her eyes in wonder.

"More mysteries, Mr. Volney! You too! Have you then any knowledge of this Mr. Jocelyn?"

"None—that is, no certain knowledge. But I have some suspicions."

"Have you?" she asked quite eagerly. "Can you tell me what they are? I have a deep interest in knowing."

He shook his head.

"I cannot indeed. They are as yet too vague; but I had some hope that——"

"That I might help you out with my revelations, and have no satisfaction for my own curiosity, Mr. Volney! Come now, was that fair—and to a woman, too? O no; honorable exchange of ideas, or nothing."

And Isolind smiled, and endeavored to treat the whole question as a laughing matter.

"But then," Angelo pleaded, "you began by warning me against him—and

you must have known something. So you have tempted me to ask for your reason."

"Ask a woman for a reason! Do the women, then, give reasons in England? Women are free here, Mr. Volney, I warn you; and we give no reasons. Why may I not have had an instinct warning me against Mr. Jocelyn?"

"And why, then, may not mine too be an instinct?"

"Nonsense! men don't have instinctive beliefs. Anything they believe they have some sort of reason for. The gift of divination is denied to them. The oracles were women, were they not?"

"Yes; and therefore they were not dumb."

"But very doubtful sometimes! Seriously, Mr. Volney, it is a very strange thing that you and I, who never met hardly until yesterday, should be both vexed by a vague sense of mystery about a man whom neither of us ever saw until last night. I would freely tell you what he said to me if it were mine to tell, and if it would avail you to know. But it could not: it only affects others."

"And it has changed your opinion of him?"

"In a certain sense it has. I still fear him, Mr. Volney, and I don't understand him—and I still warn *you* against him, as I would warn any friend. Keep away from his schemes, and even from himself! He is a dangerous man. But he has done me a service; he has some good in him; and he professes to be my friend—for a strange reason, and yet not a reason difficult to understand. There! I have already said too much. Don't tempt me to say any more."

"Miss Atheling, distrust that man, and don't believe in his pretence of friendship, or of services! My life on it, he is playing a part for some evil purpose. Don't think me rash or wild in saying this—your own instincts already said the same to you. If he is the person I begin to suspect, he has been guilty of the base betrayal of one who is as dear to me as my own mother could be—one who is as noble a woman as ever lived!"

Isolind started and flushed. Why, these words spoken by the excited young man at her side did indeed confirm and tally with the vague hints and half-confessions let fall by Jocelyn!

"Mr. Volney," she said, interrupting him, "I fear you are already prepared to find an enemy in this man. I don't pretend even to guess how far your conjectures may be justified; but I would beg of you more than ever to avoid him. Men may have done great evil and repented. He may be one such."

"Then you *do* know something of him?"

"Oh, pray don't press me—indeed I know nothing more than the vaguest hints and words could tell me. He gave me some advice—with a good motive, I fully believe."

"Don't trust him, Miss Atheling; look in his eyes and disbelieve him. I pledge my existence that there is in him nothing true—nothing that is not sinister and false!"

Angelo was as sincere and disinterested a young man as could easily be found in New York State or elsewhere, and he really believed that in speaking as he now did he was impelled only by a just distrust of Jocelyn. But it may be taken for granted that the sort of confidence which he perceived Jocelyn to have pressed upon Isolind, and still more the sort of qualified praise Isolind now bestowed upon the man, had a large share in embittering Angelo's distrust and dislike. He felt inclined to resent Jocelyn's attention to the girl; it angered him to see such a man endured in anything like companionship by her.

Perhaps it vaguely occurred to Isolind that there was a little of a personal

and special warmth in Angelo's manner ; for she endeavored, not without a dash of heightened color in her cheek, to put the whole discussion aside.

"Well, Mr. Volney, we are both forewarned—let us both be forearmed ; but meanwhile we must not make too wonderful a mystery out of this Mr. Jocelyn. He will probably turn out a very commonplace sort of person after all. Bold and heedless speculators with rather odd antecedents are as common among us as fireflies in the summer evenings. How do you like our foliage ? The tints will soon come out in glorious variety and richness. I believe you can boast of nothing like them in England."

"No, indeed ; but forgive me, Miss Atheling, if I return to this man."

"Again this terrible Mr. Jocelyn ! He is your *croquemitaine* apparently."

"You laugh, Miss Atheling, but you do not look as if you thought lightly of the matter. Let me beg of you to be careful how you admit that man to any confidence."

"Pray, Mr. Volney, don't speak to me as if I were a child and this personage a strolling gipsy with an eye to kidnapping. There is no danger to me ; and I can take care of myself."

"You are offended with me because I have been presumptuous enough to offer you my advice ?"

"No, not offended ; but a little surprised perhaps at your urgency and earnestness."

"Because I feel convinced that this man is not what he represents himself to be, and that he has some sinister plan at present in his mind. Wait a few days—I only ask you to wait a few days—before you put any confidence in him."

"Mr. Volney," said Isolind gravely, "whatever may be the ground of your conjectures, I thank you sincerely for your interest in me. I am not offended by your advice ; indeed I invited it by venturing first to offer you advice on the same subject. It is strange that we should be brought into this confidential relationship in such a way and on so short an acquaintance ; but I tell you frankly that there is something in your face, your manner, your expression, which draws me into friendship with you, and makes me glad of your sympathy and believe in your goodness. Come, what would be said of one of your English girls who should make so unreserved an acknowledgment of sudden friendship ? But as I have said so much, I need not be afraid to offend you if I say that we have warned each other enough against this mysterious personage, and made quite enough of mystery about him, and had better let him go his way for the rest."

Volney felt much flattered, and a little hurt. The frank acknowledgment of friendly regard was the salve to the little wound inflicted by Isolind's positive rejection of his further services as Mentor in the matter of Jocelyn. He could not help wondering within himself why the gentle words of Isolind hurt him, whom the wildest freak and the sharpest language of Alexia Scarlett never discomposed.

"I see that I *have* offended you," he said, in a low sad tone.

"Indeed no, you have not. I understand your kind purpose ; I appreciate it ; but—but, in short, Mr. Volney, let us talk of something else, something bright and pleasant."

Then they did talk of something, of many things bright and pleasant ; and they seemed to forget that they were to go into the house. They walked up and down among the trees, and spoke of books and places and scenery, and American woods and lakes ; and when Isolind earnestly urged him to hasten to Niagara, he felt pained as Longfellow's Paul Flemming did when Mary Ashburton

advised him to leave Interlaken and speed on to Mont Blanc. For there seemed something unsympathetic, unkind, and almost cruel in thus pressing him to go away; to go and see any place, however glorious, where she was not to be. But they talked of other subjects, and Angelo forgot his pain, and thought he had never known so fresh a mind, so delightful a fancy, so pure and womanly a nature as that of the fair-haired girl into whose deep eyes he gazed. The sun came out brightly, and shone almost as warmly as the sun of early June in England. There was a fallen tree, and Isolind being a little fatigued sat upon it, and invited Angelo to rest there too. He sat there at her side, near to her, and the delicious moments went by. On her face there was now no shadow of embarrassment. She talked as freely as if they had been friends for years; her eyes met his as frankly and fearlessly as though they were utter strangers brought together that moment by chance for the first time. Because she, at least, had as yet no perception of whither they two were certainly drifting. She only enjoyed the hour, the sunlight, the scene, the conversation; was happy and not afraid. But in Angelo's heart was already some tremor, some conflict of delight and pain. For he could not deceive himself any longer, or doubt the reality and the meaning of the emotions which were rising within him. Their very strangeness compelled a recognition of them. What was this wild, ecstatic, terrible emotion, which he had never felt before? What should it be—what could it be but love? Yes, he knew it—he was in love with Isolind Atheling! And he remembered the pledge he had given to Alexia Scarlett's mother—to her who had been his benefactress, who had lifted him from hunger and misery, who had held him in her heart, and had asked him—as the sole return he could make for such boundless beneficence—to become the husband of her daughter.

CHAPTER X.

YOUR DUCATS, AND MY DAUGHTER.

CHESTERFIELD JOCELYN, or the person thus called, had begun life with brilliant talents, a fierce, energetic, animal nature, and an unscrupulous will. He employed many of his early years in gratifying every desire just as it rose; and his principal desires were three: women, the spending of money, and incessant occupation. He had a nature so restless in its fierce vitality that he must always be doing something or striving for something. At a critical period he played for high stakes, and lost. There lay before him the choice of three courses: utter disgrace and social annihilation, suicide, or escape into an entirely new career.

He chose the last. He flung himself into the seething, fierce current of speculation in America, and he gave full vent to all his physical and mental energies there. It pleased him to obtain the stamp of a distinct individuality; and whereas in his younger days, living amid the most polished society of the Old World, he had been noted for a certain *farouche* roughness of manner, he took on him in New York and California the antiquated and florid politeness which soon procured for him the nickname of "Chesterfield." Perhaps he thought such a style might help him to win many a game of speculation, by disguising his real force of character among a class and in places where energy and intellectual strength are almost always *rugged* in their expression. Of course he had strong reasons for wishing to conceal his identity and to sever himself from his

former career. Possibly, as he must always be doing something, he enjoyed this continuous playing of a part. Perhaps all three reasons combined. Anyhow, he did play the part, and "Chesterfield Jocelyn" became, in his way, a famous sort of personage. He was a man to know, a man to dine with, to boast of having dined with. People were fond of saying "Chesterfield Jocelyn has been telling me," or "I dined with Chesterfield Jocelyn yesterday," or "I have just been introducing our friend somebody or other to Chesterfield Jocelyn." Jocelyn was an authority on dinners, on wine, on the points of horses, the limbs of the ballet, as well as the many and more serious branches of practical knowledge we have already indicated. In his peculiar way he was a marvellous success. His hands were always full, his mind was always on the stretch; his name was always on people's lips and in the newspaper paragraphs of a country where journalists think nothing beneath their notice which concerns the private interests of humanity. A very moderate celebrity in America is enough to secure to one the pleasure or pain of seeing a reference to himself and his affairs at least once a day in the newspapers. The name of Chesterfield Jocelyn might have been "kept standing," as the printers say, so constantly did it make its appearance in the columns of the American journals.

Yet Chesterfield Jocelyn was not happy. Men who have suffered poverty in their early days are sometimes kept miserable even in boundless wealth by the dread of a possible return to penury; the man who gratifies himself by playing the spendthrift in youth not uncommonly gratifies himself by playing the miser in old age. So, or in some such fashion, Jocelyn had begun of late to be tortured by a perpetual dread of failure and want of money. Like Will Watch, the bold smuggler, and other familiar heroes of the nautical ballad, he was always of recent years making up his mind that he would accomplish some grand success, and then leave the stormy sea of speculation forever, coil up his hopes, and cast anchor on shore. More than that, he began to weary of, to sicken of, to hate the life he had been leading. Cavour used to say that the Austrians never settled in Venetia, but only encamped there. Jocelyn certainly never settled in America, he only encamped there; that anatomical structure which he called his heart was far away. It spoke highly for the force of the man's intellect, the power of his self-control, that for so many years he had lived thus bold, bustling, careless, apparently joyous, revelling in the most audacious freedom of speculation—ordering and helping to eat good dinners; a familiar figure in Wall street, New York, and California street, San Francisco; and likewise in the theatres, green-rooms, and first-class restaurants of both cities—while all the time he was gnawing his heart away with bitter, vain longing for the scenes and the society of his earlier life. Never did Parisian *flâneur* more dearly love the Boulevards of his lifelong affection, never did Boston *bel esprit* cherish in fonder veneration the sacred city of Massachusetts, than Chesterfield Jocelyn adored the home and the haunts of his early manhood, where he had been so happy and so wretched, so gay and sinful and brutal, and from which he now saw himself exiled. It is only bare justice to Jocelyn to say that he never in his life gave way to any pang of feeling for any human creature but himself; and yet there was something almost sentimental, touching, tender, poetic, in his yearning for the paradise of brick and stucco, clubs and lobbies, dinners and divisions, from which he had so long been banished. Alas, we can none of us be perfect; and in the magnificent Napoleonic splendor of Jocelyn's selfishness there was one dim spot—the weakness of his longing for his native place. The robber or murderer who escapes from prison is seized sometimes with this unconquerable

longing; he creeps of nights back to the pot-house of his early affections, to the *chère amie* whose eyes he blackened just before his incarceration; and the police, knowing his fatal weakness, seek him there and find him.

There were times when Jocelyn felt tempted to run this risk.

At this moment, however, his attention was distracted by two or three heterogeneous schemes. He had brought nearly to the verge of success a project of marriage with a widow of enormous wealth, when he chanced to fall in with the Athelings. For reasons which readers will probably guess, and which in any case will appear clearly hereafter, he had been thrown into wild surprise by the face of Isolind Atheling; and when, the first shock of this surprise over, he got time to think more calmly, he resolved that it would be essential for him to obtain if possible a strong control over the mind of the girl. The Athelings were rich, and she would doubtless be their heiress; and supposing that a certain wild conjecture he had formed should prove to be correct, their wealth might one day come into his hands. Supposing this conjecture to be merely wildness, it would still be possible to get hold of Atheling's money in the regular and legitimate way of speculation; and for this purpose too it would be necessary to have this girl, this favorite and spoiled child, on his side, or at least not against him.

Studying the girl's face and manner, taking into account her manifest dislike towards him, he came to the conclusion that her sympathies must be conquered by a *coup de main*; by some sudden and audacious appeal to the romantic side of her nature. Mr. Jocelyn was proud—among many other sources of pride rather especially proud—of his knowledge of woman. He had studied the subject closely, long, and in every possible light, and he flattered himself that there was, to use his own phrase, not a turn in a woman that he did not understand. He had not the faintest possible prejudice for or against virtue, and therefore he was quite ready to do justice even to good women; and he was utterly above the weakness of many men somewhat akin to him in nature, which leads them to assume that all women are bad. Mr. Jocelyn was entirely selfish, but he was not by any means an egotist. He was quite aware that there were natures unlike his, and he was willing to make allowance for and able to understand them. As he liked dry champagne and detested sweet, but yet was prepared to understand that other persons might honestly choose the latter, so he was fully aware that there were human beings, women more especially, to whom vice was really distasteful. Now he assumed that Isolind Atheling was a girl with a pure heart, and an unselfish and somewhat romantic nature; and it is but justice to him to say that he did not on that account cherish any prejudice against her. Of course in a companion such qualities as purity and virtue would be insufferable nuisances; but Chesterfield Jocelyn was growing more and more tolerant as regards the outer world, and he was prepared to live and let live. Even pure-minded girls might have their uses.

Therefore he determined to assail the generous and romantic side of Isolind's character, and we have seen how far he succeeded.

As regards Angelo Volney, Jocelyn had quite other purposes, less needing immediate concealment. He proposed to discover through him whether Charles Grey Scarlett still lived, and if so where; and whether one other being in whom likewise he had a deep interest, and whose reappearance just now would have been highly inconvenient, was also above the ground. If, however, Scarlett lived, and he, Jocelyn, could find him out, then revenge, revenge, above all considerations and at any risk. This man's nature had so much of the antique hero

in it, that he would now at any moment surrender all dearest personal delights and burning ambitions for the sake of destroying his enemy. High above covetousness, and above lust, there ruled supreme in his nature the majesty of hate.

Jocelyn sauntered pleasantly and briskly away towards Atheling's house when he had left Isolind and Angelo together.

"That girl knows nothing about the matter," was his mental comment as he walked along, humming while he went an opera tune. While Jocelyn was thinking over any perplexing question he always kept humming an air—from the teeth outward. That is to say, his teeth were firmly closed, and gleamed through his dark beard and moustache, which were divided by his parted lips.

"*She* knows nothing about it. If any scheme has been going on, it would be useless to try to get at it through her. The thing looks preposterous, almost impossible—and yet such a likeness as that cannot mean nothing. I never saw a face and figure so like. She is a fine girl and a good girl; and yet by the Lord I could have hated her as she stood there, because she was so like that cursed woman! How do you do, my dear Judge? Delighted to see you. I trust your excellent wife is well, and that she enjoys this delicious morning."

The Judge advanced from the portico of the house, and held out to Jocelyn one big hand, while the wrist of the other formed a perch for his parrot. The dog was at his feet as usual; and the dog somehow did not appear to like Mr. Jocelyn, but showed his teeth and looked out of temper.

The Judge gave Jocelyn a warm and friendly greeting. The two men formed a curious contrast. Both were large and heavy, but there was gentle good-nature in every line of Atheling's soft, round, beardless face, in his twinkling blue eyes, in his infantile chin, in his ungainly form, in his sweet bright smile. Jocelyn's aquiline nose, dark-bearded face, and keen glowing eyes spoke of fierce energy kept steadily in check, and selfish passion hardly suppressed.

Atheling was an utterly unsuspicious man, and had already been effectively talked over by Jocelyn. It was easy enough for the latter to touch a soft place by descanting on the beauty and evident goodness of Miss Atheling. The Judge soon became eloquent, and Jocelyn now listened with an eager interest which he could hardly keep down.

"No man, Mr. Jocelyn, ever had so good a daughter, I verily believe; and let me whisper in your ear, sir—I don't want it talked about, because the dear girl herself does not know it—she is *not* our daughter."

Jocelyn and Atheling were sitting on the "stoop" of the house, overlooking the lawn, when these words were spoken. Not Hamlet himself, when the Ghost first confirms the awful suspicions of his prophetic soul, could have started with a more genuine pang of blended wrath and triumph than did Chesterfield Jocelyn when Atheling announced that Isolind was not his daughter. A flush deep as the color of old port-wine suffused his face; one great vein in his forehead swelled and became a rope of livid blue; his eyes were bloodshot. He sprang to his feet, and clutched Atheling's shoulder fiercely and feverishly.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed with a savage oath, all the long-stifed ferocity of his passion breaking out in one hideous imprecation; "I knew it from the first moment!"

"What in all the nation did you know, from the first or from the last?" asked Atheling, quite bewildered by Jocelyn's demeanor.

But Jocelyn broke away, and strode up and down the portico like one utterly driven beyond self-control. The dog—who disapproved of this proceeding, and evidently was disposed to construe Jocelyn's whole manner into a hostile dem-

onstration against his master—growled so fiercely, and showed such an inclination for a sudden spring, that Atheling, as a measure of precaution, promptly stooped and seized him by the collar. There, then, sat the portly and fair-haired Judge, holding his angry dog with one hand and supporting his screaming parrot on the other; and gazing meanwhile with round blue eyes of utter wonder at Jocelyn's sudden and passionate outburst.

Jocelyn stopped at last, and confronting Atheling, said in a hoarse harsh tone:

"Judge Atheling, I want to have some talk with you in strict privacy."

"Why, we are private here. There is no one round."

"No, this won't do; somewhere in a room where we can lock the doors, and be alone and safe."

"Certainly. Come this way then, into my study."

Atheling led the way without further speech. Something now told him that he had to do with serious business. The fierce emotion of his companion was no longer visible, but there was no trace of the debonair and jaunty Chesterfield Jocelyn on that dark face. And as it darkened and gloomed, it seemed somehow to Atheling more and more as if old, vague, long-forgotten associations were coming back into life and settling round it. The heart of the good Judge beat violently, and his trembling hands betrayed his emotion. Where had he seen that fierce and scowling face before, and what had its owner to do with our Isolind?

"Now, sir," said the Judge as he entered the pleasant study, well lined with good old books and some good new ones, "we are quite private here."

As they passed through the hall Atheling had taken the precaution, necessary in the interests of peace and quietness, to put the loquacious parrot back into his cage. The dog, however, insisted on forcing his way into the study, and the Judge thought it hardly worth while to dispute the point. So the shaggy familiar entered the room and stretched himself on the hearth, carefully watching Jocelyn out of his blinking eyes, and apparently waiting confidently for the moment when it should become necessary for him to spring upon the ill-omened stranger.

The Judge pointed to a chair, and took one himself. Then he waited in silence for Jocelyn to speak.

"Mr. Atheling, I am not in a condition of mind for ceremony; I want to know where you found that girl."

"Meaning by 'that girl' our Isolind?"

"Where did you find her?"

The old shrewd professional instincts were still strong with the Judge, and before answering so direct a question he felt disposed to know the reason why. Examination of that sort brought him back to something like composure, as the old soldier becomes cool and self-possessed in the presence of the enemy.

"Mayn't I ask, Mr. Jocelyn, why you put the question, or what interest you can possibly have in the matter?"

"You shall be told, Judge, rely upon it," answered Jocelyn, with a savage smile. "An interest which you will hardly refuse to acknowledge. That girl is my daughter!"

And he dashed his hand so fiercely on the table that the dog thought the war-tocin had sounded, the hour had come, and rose to his feet growling, to settle down again discomposed and disappointed after a moment.

To Atheling it seemed almost as if he had received a bullet in the head. It

was a shock like that of being accused of murder or suddenly told of the death of some dearest creature—a shock bewildering and stupefying, unsettling all the regular conditions of things, not to be comprehended in its full force at the first. The fierce earnestness of Jocelyn's manner served so far to carry conviction with it that the Judge had to collect his senses before he quite remembered that such an assertion would have to be proved before it could be accepted.

"That girl, Mr. Atheling, is my daughter! I knew it the moment I saw her! She is the daughter of my runaway wife! I swear it. I can prove it. Tell me, sir, one word first, quickly and right out—is that infernal woman alive or dead?"

"What woman are you speaking of?"

The Judge was glad to seize upon the chance of asking a collateral question while preparing his mind to grapple with the main issue.

"Her mother—that girl's mother—the woman that once called herself my wife."

"Mr. Jocelyn, I hardly understand what you are talking about. Our Isolind has been always known to me only as an orphan. She never knew anything of her mother, nor do we. You say now she is your daughter. Are you serious in this? And have you any evidence whatever to offer in support of such an extraordinary assertion?"

"Where did you find this girl? Answer that."

"No, Mr. Jocelyn," and there was a slight evanescent revival of its pleasant habitual twinkling in the Judge's eye; "that is rather too much. I am now somewhat in the position of defendant in this action. I *have* our Isolind, and I want to keep her; and I mean to if I can. You claim her, and I tell you candidly that from what I have just seen of you you are by no means the sort of father to whose guardianship I could be glad to hand over my sweet girl. You may have some motive in all this that I cannot fathom, and I am not bound to supply you in advance with a stock of evidence. You must give me some reason to believe that there is anything serious or solid in your claim before I proceed even to reply to it."

"Too clever by half, Judge Atheling! Why fall back upon your pitiful country-lawyer tricks and dodges if you were not already afraid of your case? But you shall be convinced. First look at *that*!"

He took from his pocket and laid before Atheling the little portrait he had so lately shown to Isolind herself. The Judge adjusted his double eyeglass and attentively studied the face. There could be no doubt that the likeness to Isolind was something wonderful. It was indeed a paler and sadder Isolind—Isolind robbed of the glow of health and the free and noble outlines. It was Isolind's face painted by care and disappointment. It was the pallid ghost of Isolind. A sweet sad face, altogether unspeakably beautiful and pathetic. The Judge looked up from that face to the fierce, dark, selfish, scowling visage of the man before him; and he thought he could read *there* the explanation of the melancholy tale suggested by the picture.

"Do you see the likeness?" Jocelyn slowly asked.

"To Isolind? Oh, yes; it is beyond all denial or question. Whose face is this?"

"The face of her mother—of my fugitive wife."

All this time something of a painful recollection had been crystallizing itself into definite form in Judge Atheling's mind while he studied the expression on Jocelyn's face. Half unconsciously he said aloud:

"This, then, you tell me, is a likeness of Mrs. Jocelyn; but how am I to be satisfied?"

"I never said it was a likeness of Mrs. Jocelyn," the other replied, with a hard and scornful laugh. "I said it was a likeness of my wife. Give me the portrait"—he almost snatched it from Atheling's hands—"and I can show you name, and date, and place on the back, inside the case. My name is not Jocelyn, most learned Judge, any more than that girl's is Atheling."

"Stop!" exclaimed Atheling, rising abruptly from his seat, as a light of clear recollection broke in upon him. "Don't tell me who you are—you need not. I remember you now perfectly well, and I shall presently recollect your name. You are the man I saw in Westminster Hall, London, sixteen years ago—the man who struck Mr. Grey Scarlett! Your name is Dysart; and every one said even then that you were an infernal scoundrel."

"I don't care for your coarse language, Judge Atheling—your age saves you from the chastisement which you say you saw me give to Scarlett. I am Thomas Thynne Dysart, and I am, if you like to have it so, a refugee here from the criminal law of England. I am not the only one in New York, Judge, whose antecedents are not pleasant or inviting to look into. Only for one cursed mistake, I might have held up my head still among gentlemen of my own set in my own country, and not be driven to associate with cads in this. But I am also—and this is what concerns you, Judge Atheling, my venerable friend—the husband of the woman whose likeness is there, and the father of the girl you have adopted as a daughter."

The perspiration stood in great beads upon Atheling's forehead, and his hands trembled and shook with agitation. Perhaps Virginius felt hardly a deeper shock of agony when his daughter was claimed as the child of a slave than Atheling now felt when our Isolind, the darling and pride of the house, was claimed as the offspring of this acknowledged swindler and forger, this outcast of European society, this scandal of England, who stood and scowled before him.

Innocence and truth, we are told in most good books, invariably stand up firm and fearless in the presence of guilt. You may know the one from the other, if such evidence be needed, by the proud and upright port of the innocent, the drooping head and trembling nerves of the guilty. Just so! Mr. Atheling—who never wronged mortal in all his life—was now crimson, perspiring, quivering; while Jocelyn or Dysart was composed, cool, ferocious, absolutely, to all appearance, master of the situation.

"Mr.—a—a—Dysart," Atheling began.

"Call me Jocelyn, Judge! I still prefer to be Edwin Dare Jocelyn, if you please. Under that name I retrieved myself—so far as I could retrieve myself in this cursed country—and I choose to keep it. Tom Thynne Dysart is dead and buried. I myself prepared his obituary, and I don't care to have him revived. If I am to claim my daughter, I suppose she would hardly desire to have her father adorned with Tom Dysart's antecedents."

"Well, then, Mr. Jocelyn, you know of course that there must be some proof of this."

"You shall have proof enough, man, crammed down your throat. But you must yourself lend a helping hand. You must tell me everything about your finding this girl. I presume the excellent and virtuous Judge Atheling does not mean to juggle a father out of his child by withholding information that might help to establish her identity? No, Judge; you and I will lay our heads togeth-

er, and compare dates and facts, and we shall find proof enough. We don't want the strawberry mark on the right arm in this case. You admit that this girl is not your daughter. I say she is mine, stolen from me by a false woman and a hypocritical scoundrel. My daughter was two years old when I lost her; this girl must have been just about that age at that time. I produce that likeness of my wife, and I say there is no man or woman living who would not admit the wonderful resemblance to your adopted daughter. Come, Judge, there is what I may literally call a *prima-facie* case. Out with the whole story, and let me embrace my daughter."

"Poor mother!" murmured Atheling. "This will be a heavy blow for her."

Jocelyn caught the word "mother," and his face again became purple with excitement.

"Did you speak of her mother?" he cried. "You do then know something about that woman, although you pretended a moment ago that you knew nothing! Come, then, tell me all about her; let us have the truth at last!"

"I know nothing, sir, about your unhappy wife; and if I did know anything, you could not bully me into betraying her to you. I hope and believe the poor woman is in heaven. I was thinking of my own wife, who loves our dear Isolind as if she were her own daughter, and to whom this story of yours will be a bitter blow if it prove true. I say if it prove true, Mr. Jocelyn, or whatever you choose to call yourself; because your antecedents hardly entitle you to expect that anything whatever could be credited on your word alone."

"You are talking foolishly, Judge. Don't you perceive that the worse you make me out to be, the greater shame you bring on my daughter?"

Jocelyn said this with a contemptuous sneer.

"I do indeed perceive it! My poor dear Isolind!—the purest, sweetest, most sensitive creature in all the world—what a cruel fate for her! May God pity her and avert this blow! My sweet Isolind! *You* will think me very weak, Mr. Jocelyn; and you are free to laugh, if you like; but that girl has been to my wife and to me the best daughter a home ever had; she has been the brightness and the happiness of our lives: often and often have we said that Heaven had sent her specially to be the stay and comfort of our old age, in the place of the child—the one only child—of our own love, whom Heaven saw fit to take from us when we were young. We have sometimes wondered how we could endure it when the time should come to part with her to some loving husband worthy of her; and now—and now!"

The Judge was tramping heavily up and down the room, his lips and hands quivering with excitement. He had to take off his spectacles and to wipe the moistened glasses, for a mist was rising before his eyes.

Jocelyn bore all this very patiently. Assuredly he thought Atheling a very silly old man; but he knew that there were many silly and affectionate people in the world, and it was convenient for him, rather than otherwise, that the Judge should prove to be one of them.

Atheling suddenly stopped in his walk, as if some new thought had occurred to him; and, pausing in the rubbing of his spectacles, addressed Jocelyn in a tone which, for Atheling, was almost fierce.

"Suppose your conjecture, or whatever it is, should prove true—suppose this sweet child should turn out, unhappily, to be your daughter—what then?"

"Then of course, Judge, I should claim my child."

"Is it 'of course'? Do you really mean to claim her? Are you a man to care for playing the genuine part of a father?"

Jocelyn laughed and stroked his beard.

"You are pretty shrewd, Mr. Atheling, for all your simplicity. You don't think I am a sort of man to be troubled with much paternal feeling, or to relish being hampered with parental responsibilities. Well, Judge, you are about right in that. I don't mind being quite frank with you. I have not one gleam of that sort of feeling. I am perfectly certain that that girl is my daughter, and I have in fact better reason for believing her so than many fathers, whose conjugal relations seem absolutely perfect, have perhaps for the same sort of belief. Yet I really don't love the girl particularly—I don't in fact care one cent about her—and it would never disturb my sleep if I were not to see her again. You shudder, Judge; but you are such an exemplary person."

"Then if this is so—and I can almost believe it of you now—why do you raise the question at all?"

"First, because the girl is my child—mine, a part of my property, out of which no one shall cheat me. Tell me, Judge, do you think I cared for her mother—my wife? Not I. I married her for her money, which I spent; for some family influence which I supposed her to have, and which she had not; and of late I hated the very sight of her. Yet I pursued the man who carried her off, and I would have hunted him to the very death. I will do so yet if he be living! So, if this girl is mine, no one shall keep her from me without my consent. Next, I hope to obtain some advantage by means of her."

"Then I am to understand, Mr. Jocelyn, that you are open to negotiations in this business?"

"Certainly! I am quite open to negotiation. You say, you and your wife are fond of this girl, that she has twined herself round your heart-strings, and all that sort of thing. Your object, I suppose, is to keep her as a daughter still. I have none of those tender feelings; perhaps a daughter just now would be in the way, rather than otherwise. I have other objects, Judge; and in these you must give your full coöperation. That is my price."

"Suppose I denounce you as an escaped swindler and forger—as Thomas Dysart, once of London, who escaped transportation by flight?"

"Who would listen, Judge, or care, except my daughter?—who is sensitive, as you say, and would feel disgraced. Your treaty of extradition does not touch me. And who in Wall street, New York, or California street, San Francisco, would care one curse for anything I may have done, or have been charged with doing, more than fifteen years ago? Judge, you are a baby! Don't you see that if anything is to be told, all must be told? If I am a swindler, then our Isolind, as you call her—where the devil did you get that absurd name?—is a swindler's daughter."

Atheling again strode up and down the room.

"Let us come to an ultimatum, Judge. I will claim that girl, and make her miserable, unless you can tempt me to leave her unclaimed and happy. Don't make any mistake about me. I am in every way what people like you would call a bad man. I could not, even if I tried, care for anybody but myself. I never had any kind of feeling but one towards women—except, indeed, for my wife, whom I hated. Think, then, whether I am likely to make my daughter happy."

"What do you want me to do, supposing I should consent to debase myself for my darling Isolind's sake and her happiness—to debase myself by entering into a shameful compromise with you? What would you have?"

"First, your aid, comfort, and coöperation in certain schemes I shall more fully unfold to you. I think I can realize something splendid, if I only have

enough of the sinews of war to begin the battle. I want your moral coöperation, as well as your material aid, venerated Judge. You must lend me the weight of your good character. I did at first think of drawing you in by the ordinary baits; and I may as well confess to you that I tried a little device on 'our Isolind' of rather an ingenious and brilliant kind for the same purpose, or, perhaps, I should rather say, for the purpose of having two strings to my bow. But I did not then know that I was so near to getting a firm hold of your heart-strings, my dear and venerable friend. I had then only had my mind perplexed by a vague and almost impossible conjecture. I had not then learned from your own lips that this girl was not your daughter, or your wife's. Now I think finesse a waste of time; and I merely propose to dictate terms. Judge, you must risk your money and your name with me as I shall direct."

"And in return for all this? If I do, in my old age and my weakness, consent to hold terms with villany, if I do sell my soul, what am I to have in return?"

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

TWO roses grow in my heart of hearts,
 In the quiet, cloistral gloom,
 And they bend their tender wealth of buds
 Over a silent tomb.

One is as pale as a flake of cloud
 Half lost in the blue above;
 The other is red as the leaping flame,
 And the name of that rose is Love.

The white rose thrives in the still, cool air,
 The quiet, cloistral gloom;
 But the red rose droops in a mute despair
 Over the silent tomb.

L. F.

MY FRIEND THE FEUDAL BARON

I.

IT was in August, 1858, that I accepted the long-urged invitation of a fellow-student to spend the holidays on the estate of his father, the Graf (or Count) zu Dorlau, in Silesia.

I had met young zu Dorlau (eldest son and heir apparent to the estate) at the University of Berlin. He was a short, thick-set, round-faced, jovial fellow, with plenty of adipose tissue about him; a thorough Teuton in looks and character, with long yellow hair brushed back from his face and falling in waves upon his shoulders, according to the time-honored fashion among German students; a merry blue eye, which told of a kind heart and unlimited good-nature; and a smile which, even when his face was in repose, could scarcely help stealing around the corners of his mouth. His family was one of the oldest and best in Germany, having owned the same estate since the fifteenth century, where they still kept up among their tenants laws more nearly approximating to the old feudal tenure than exist in any other part of Europe. With all his good-humor, which was perfectly ineffable among his equals, young Graf zu Dorlau by no means lacked pride of birth and station, and never associated with any fellow-students unless they came of families which he considered worthy of his notice. As an American (*ein reicher Amerikaner*, as they called me, and are apt to call every one of our countrymen, owing to the lavish way most of us have of throwing away money in Europe), though bearing no title of nobility and being the son of a merchant, I was of course an exception to this social rule, and Max zu Dorlau and I became fast friends.

There was nothing of interest in the journey from Berlin. Eighteen or twenty miles an hour was the most extravagant rate of speed in which the directors of the roads saw fit at any time to indulge us; and when we left the sandy plains about Berlin, and approached the more rolling country of Northern Silesia, the alternation between slackly-cultivated fields and wild, impenetrable forests was, though often picturesque, yet never engrossing.

Toward nightfall we reached our destination, some hours behind time, and found waiting at the station for us a long open, and by no means luxurious wagon, which accommodated our luggage as well as ourselves. It was drawn by a four-in-hand of bays, and accompanied by a couple of servants; one the driver, in stable-boy's attire, and the other an under-forester, clad in his livery of green, with crested gilt buttons, a shoulder-belt of patent-leather ornamented with heavy brass buckles, and supporting a broad-bladed deer knife, the badge of his office; trousers to match the coat, stuffed into fancy-topped boots, and a high felt hat looped up at the side with a bunch of green feathers. The servile politeness with which both these servants saluted us at once attracted my notice, and the acknowledgment of the salutation on the part of my companion, though by no means unkind, was one which told of a feeling akin to ownership, such as I had often seen exhibited in our Southern States.

A few moments sufficed to get our traps on board, and off we started. We had a drive of some twelve miles before us, which in this country, with the splendid team we were behind and good summer roads, would have been accom-

plished at furthest in an hour and a half; but so sparing are they of horse-flesh in Silesia, and in fact all over Germany, that although it was barely seven o'clock when we started from the station, it was after ten when we reached the Schloss (or castle).

It was too dark for me to observe the outside of the building as we drove up, nor in fact had I time to do so, for the whole family stood in the arched doorway, from which poured a blinding stream of light, to receive us, while a score of household servants, at a respectful distance from the family group, testified their pleasure in welcoming the heir by a lively hum of enthusiasm. Our greeting was very warm, affectionate toward my companion, sincerely and informally courteous toward myself. Through the doorway we entered a large oak-panelled hall, with a wide staircase of the same wood going up each side, so generously heavy and massive as to show that material was not scarce, and that the builder had had a view to posterity in constructing it; and preceded by a footman with a lamp, we were conducted through several passages to a snug sitting-room of ordinary size, furnished with a decided view to comfort, which seemed to be the usual evening rendezvous.

The members of the family were five in number. The Graf—a small, thin man, wearing near-sighted spectacles, with a light moustache and goatee, pleasant though somewhat formal manners, and more quiet in demeanor than the common run of Germans—began to talk with me; while the Frau Gräfin—a sweet, chirping little woman of some forty-two or three, with the marks of a light heart and happy life imprinted legibly upon her face—and the two young ladies, crowded about my friend, to feast their eyes upon him after a separation of many months.

The daughters of the family, Marie and Lottie, were fresh-looking girls, not exactly pretty, but refined, modest, and graceful. Marie had more dignity, and seemed colder and less impressible than her sister. Lottie, on the contrary, was the brightest, most vivacious little lady, pressing her brother with questions, and ever and anon testifying her joy at seeing him again by an overflow of endearments. Adalbert, the youngest son, was a boy of about ten years of age, rather timid and reticent. It is perhaps needless to say that all the family had bright blue eyes and full suits of yellow hair.

After a few moments' conversation supper was announced, and we were led through various apartments and halls to the dining-room. This was a hall about a hundred feet long and half as wide, bearing an appearance of considerable antiquity, panelled throughout in some dark wood, with carved beams supporting the ceiling. At one end was a dais, upon which stood the table prepared for our meal. Three or four servants in various liveries, indicating household duties of various kinds, waited upon us. The supper consisted of several courses, including, in accordance with the German idea of a good diet to sleep upon, meats, vegetables, and sweets of various sorts, poultry and game. Nor did the appetite of the whole party as well as that of the travellers fail to do full justice to this bounteous repast; the ladies evidently not considering a delicate appetite to be a necessary proof of refinement. After supper we again retired to the little sitting-room, where, in half an hour or so of pleasant conversation, the Frau Gräfin made me feel that I was not only welcome, but was to be treated with as much informality as if I were a part of the family; and the young ladies lost somewhat of their diffidence toward me.

In the morning I took a look at the place. The building itself might well be called a Schloss, for it was over three hundred feet square and four stories in

height. Architecturally it would be hard to define its style. There was a central yard in which stood a tower, which was very old, and had constituted the entire original castle in days when the predatory disposition of unfriendly neighbors rendered a fortified habitation an absolute necessity. The moat which had surrounded it had of late years been of use only in the capacity of cellar; and the former counts had gradually built up the four fronts according to more modern designs and with more view to comfort; luckily, too, with some small degree of uniformity. The main part of the structure was of a good class of limestone; portions were of brick. The entrance at which we had alighted the evening before was at the side of the Schloss, though the pile might have been said to have four fronts, as all were more or less ornamental. The handsomest front had a wide stone portico, from which a broad flight of steps led to a garden, beautifully terraced down to a sheet of ornamental water of about an acre in extent, and stretching out on both sides of it. Beyond the bounds of the garden proper lay the orchards and vegetable gardens, and beyond these again were fields of grain, meadows, and woods.

A half mile or so from the castle in the opposite direction lay the village, where dwelt, in more or less filthy mud-huts, the peasantry of the estate. They were not serfs by law, but to all intents and purposes serfs by custom. Not in reality bound to the soil, but having a full legal right to leave the estate if they wished, yet for a hundred years there had not been a dozen instances of any of them going away, except in the cases of the young men drafted to serve in the Landwehr. Each man knew that if he left the place not one of the neighboring landowners would tolerate him on his estate for a day; he knew that leaving his family and connections would be frowned upon by every one as an act of impious desertion; he was too ignorant and possessed of too little energy to make his way to the cities; he remembered that his ancestors had lived and died in that village; all of which circumstances virtually bound him to the soil he lived on, the while he was theoretically in possession of all the rights of a freeman. Each father of a family held a lease of a certain number of acres, in consideration, not of rent, but of three days' work per week for the Graf. Probably his forefathers had held possession under the same tenure of the same farm for half a dozen generations. If he was a thrifty man, and had sons to help him, the three remaining days sufficed to keep him in all the necessities and some of the comforts of life; if not, he was apt to suffer from such woful poverty as we in our richly-blest country can scarcely conceive of. As a young man grew up, after he had served his three years in the Landwehr and had returned home, the Graf would perhaps portion out a new farm to him, or give him possession of one which had reverted back to the family by the death of the former tenant without heirs, or had escheated for some breach of its lease. All peasants were obliged by the terms of their leases to live in the village and to submit to certain police regulations, more or less strictly enforced; and everything tended to reduce them as much as possible to the condition of villeins. If the Graf was a man of gentle character, his peasantry were apt to be happy and contented; but if he was severe or brutal, he could make his dependants lead a pitiful life indeed. The immeasurable superiority in education, refinement, and riches of the lord over the peasants, though yielding him no technical power, yet gave him an absolute moral force which to me was curious enough. Certainly, had the peasants been really serfs, they could scarcely have paid more servile deference than they did to the nod or beck of one who lived at the Schloss.

Having shown me the garden and pointed out its limits, Max led me to what

might be called the rear-front of the Schloss, where were situated the stables for the horses used by the immediate family. The horses were twenty-five or thirty in number. The stalls were large and roomy, built of heavy wood, and looked as if they might have been in use for many years. Some of the animals were very fine, especially three or four of the riding-horses, though the greater portion partook of the characteristics of what we should call heavy stock, such a thing as a thoroughbred not being among them. A couple of ponies for the ladies' driving and for young Graf Adalbert were inquisitively gazing out through the windows of their box-stalls; and several immense and ferocious-looking hounds of various breeds wandered up and down the stable yard, while one or two of the more dangerous ones were chained to their kennels.

The hunting-dogs were kept in another part of the grounds, near the head forester's cottage, not being allowed to associate with these plebeian brethren of theirs, who were probably kept as a precautionary means of safety against any trouble which *might* happen in the village, though during my four weeks' stay at the Schloss I never observed any sign of their being necessary. I may as well add here that the peasants were not allowed to keep any dogs, with the exception of terriers and what are there termed badger dogs, both of which breeds are useful, in fact absolutely necessary, to exterminate the vermin which abound.

After visiting the stables we went over to the head forester's—who went by the more familiar name of Förster Karl—to take a look at his kennels. He was an old man of sixty odd years of age, with grizzly beard and hair, and weather-beaten face, across which a huge scar told of a sabre cut in by-gone days, surmounting the frame of a Samson. He stood six feet two or three inches in height, I should judge, was spare of frame, but must yet have weighed over two hundred pounds. Max returned his words of welcome with more familiarity than I had yet seen him exhibit toward any of the family retainers, and asked after the dogs. The old man led the way to a second little cottage, quite as pretty as his own, where, housed in most comfortable quarters, under the immediate surveillance of a couple of boys, were, I suppose, forty dogs of all kinds, for hunting purposes. Stag-hounds for running down wounded deer, blood-hounds for following up the trail of an animal so slightly wounded as to have made off to a distance, setters and pointers, immense dogs, much like the old-fashioned mastiffs, for boar-hunting, and others whose utility I did not perceive, lived within the precincts of this cottage; while small fry of all species from the village, heedless alike of threats and stones, perpetually hovered about its outskirts in search of the crumbs which might fall from the table of their betters.

From Förster Karl's we returned to breakfast, a meal of about as much substance and ceremony as the supper of the evening before. All the family were present, and the plans for the day were discussed. Max thought it would be best to take me on horseback over the estate, so that I might become acquainted with the lay of the land. I confess I should have relished the companionship of Gräfin Marie quite as much as the proffered one; but on my asking the young lady in question whether she ever rode so far, the answer came from her mother that Marie had many duties at home to prevent her riding out, and reminded me that young ladies in Germany are never allowed to accompany young men beyond the maternal horizon unless they have been formally betrothed, and then only under numerous limitations, and that the perfect informality of intercourse among young people in America was utterly unknown there. Thereupon Max sent out word to the stables for "Kaiser" and "Leo."

First to the village, where each hut poured out its bevy of superannuated old

men, women, children, and dogs to gaze at the young Graf as he rode leisurely by, nodding his head on either side to the groups as they paid him silent though well-marked homage. Some of the huts were quite clean and nice, and the inmates neatly though poorly dressed; but the majority would hardly compare with the general run of negro cabins on Southern plantations before the war; and yet Graf zu Dorlau's estate was one of the most prosperous in the country, and his peasantry better cared for than nine out of ten of the adjoining ones.

Through the village, and a mile or two on the main road beyond, between fields yielding possibly one-third of a fair crop, not from lack of fertility, but lack of intelligent cultivation. Men were at work in most of the fields with the rudest of all rude implements; women at work in many, sometimes taking the place of their husbands, whom sickness or other cause detained at home; and often, I was told, they made better workmen than the men. After a while we turned off the main road into a roughly-broken path through the woods. Following this a mile or more, we emerged into an open space, on the further side of which was a most substantial fence at least eight feet in height. I inquired of Max why so much labor had been expended upon it.

"Oh," was the reply, "that's the deer park. It has to have a strong fence or the deer would escape. Even as it is, we lose several head a year. You've no idea how a stag will leap."

"Why are the rails so near together at the bottom?" I asked, observing that the lower rails were scarcely a foot apart, while the upper ones had twice the interval.

"To keep the wild boars in. We have some thousand or so of wild boars in the park, and even that stout fence they will sometimes break through."

"How many head of deer have you?"

"About fifteen hundred, I believe, in all. Some four hundred stags and bucks, counting the young ones. The rest are does."

Max further said that they had the common deer, the fallow deer, and a few red deer, in the park; the latter unfortunately becoming much thinned out, so much so that the Graf had forbidden any of them to be shot till the stock could replenish itself. There were left scarcely a score of royal stags who could boast twelve-branched antlers, as far as the foresters were able to report; and there had been a couple of poachers in the park for several weeks, who had eluded the most diligent search, and had nevertheless killed a great deal of game. I expressed my surprise at their not being caught till Max explained by telling me that the park contained ten thousand acres and over.

"But if you cannot catch the poachers, how can you tell how many deer you have?"

"Oh, you see," replied Max, "the deer have their regular watering places in the stream which runs through the park, or in the big pond; and as each little herd rarely fails to visit the same spot every day at stated times, the foresters keep the run of them very easily. And in fact, they know almost every herd by sight and are quite familiar with their haunts."

We kept along outside the park for some distance, when we came to a gate. "Zum Teufel!" impatiently exclaimed my companion, "I never thought of bringing a key, or we could have taken a short cut home, and perhaps run across a herd or two on the way. We keep all the gates locked to prevent the peasants driving through the park, which they would often like to do from distant fields, as it saves a long circuit. We don't object to their walking across; but if

we were once to let them drive through, they would leave the gates open every now and then, and we should lose no end of deer."

Enlightening me in this wise, we cantered on, occasionally indulging in a gallop when we came to an open space. Though not what could be called perfect riding horses, our animals were spirited and strong, with a long bounding stride, which made you feel confident of their ability to carry weight. But never being trotted under saddle, horses in this part of the country have no variety of gait, and the everlasting canter makes you long for an animal that knows something beyond what many persist in claiming as the only natural pace except the walk. In fact, my efforts to explain a rack or a pace, and the immense speed pacing horses attained in America, were entirely futile; my hearers evidently believing that such a gait was a physical impossibility.

It was about half-past twelve by the time we reached home, and having caught a glimpse, in riding up to the Schloss, of two ladies sitting on the wide portico facing the garden, I made haste to join them. They proved to be the two sisters engaged in worsted work, and as I approached they blushinglly received me, as if it were scarcely *en règle* to entertain a young gentleman in the absence of a matron.

I endeavored to engage them in conversation, but signally failed. Beyond pleasant but brief answers to my questions, I could not succeed in getting either of them to talk; and in a few moments, on some slight pretext, both ladies excused themselves and entered the house, with a polite but diffident curtesy.

It struck me as very unnecessary to debar young ladies from the society of their male friends in this way, and it was a long time before I got used to it. Nor was it from any lack of conversational powers, for of an evening, when the whole family was together, the young ladies would talk very unrestrainedly and very well; but during my whole visit of four weeks at Count Dorlau's, I was never alone five minutes with either of them.

Dinner was much the same kind of meal as breakfast and supper, except that there was a yet greater superfluity of servants and a larger number of courses. Förster Karl officiated at this repast in full uniform. Everything was served up *à la Russe*, and was as perfect in cooking and style as ever a city dinner could be.

Towards afternoon it began to rain, and we were fain to postpone a little shooting-party we had made up, and to spend the rest of the day in-doors. But it was by no means a tiresome afternoon, for the Graf seemed to take pleasure in himself showing me all the curiosities in the castle. There was a splendid old Waffen-Halle (armory), a large apartment where, ranged along and hung upon the walls, were numbers of old suits of armor, weapons, and other war-gear, worn generations ago by ancestors of the Dorlau family. One exceedingly beautiful coat-of-mail inlaid in gold, and of the most exquisite workmanship, attracted my attention. It had been the suit of one of the counts who had taken part in the Thirty Years' War; but even at that date a great portion of the armor had become obsolete, for the suit consisted only of helmet, breastplate, and greaves. Bows and arquebuses, cutlasses and rapiers, battle-axes, bills, halberds, and pole-axes were there by the score; horse-pistols and blunderbusses, old match-locks and carbines of all sorts were fantastically ranged about, and worked into the shape of eagles, stars, and crosses against the walls, all having some history connected with the Dorlau name. In one corner stood a mail-clad wooden horse, ridden by an empty suit of armor said to have been once filled by the portly person of some Graf Dorlau of the very dark ages; while to balance this ferro-

ligneous curiosity, in a corresponding corner opposite glared upon us a hair-stuffed royal stag almost as tall as an ox, with antlers spreading out into sixteen branches, and measuring I scarcely dare state how many feet between the tips. This stag had been shot in the deer-park by the grandfather of the present Graf and was said to have exceeded in height and weight any animal ever killed in Silesia. He had run some half-dozen miles with a mortal wound, and had killed several of the most valuable dogs before he could be despatched. The Graf narrated all these little details with the utmost *naïveté* concluding by telling me he was then a little boy, and well remembered the excitement the affair made among the family.

Numerous antlers, from the simple horn of a buck to the spreading glory of a red deer, some acting as hat or clothes racks, others worked into chairs, tables, and what-nots, were strewn in profusion all over the house, and about the cottages of the foresters, none ever being thrown away. Any pair of unusual size would be awarded a position of honor and prominence as an ornament; the more modest ones being put to use in countless ways.

II.

Two days after my arrival at Schloss Dorlau, we were treated to a hunting-party in the park. It is not to be supposed that promiscuous hunting is the order of every day, even on an estate boasting such splendid preserves. On the contrary, unless friends were visiting at the Schloss, the Graf rarely went out deer-stalking more than once a month, and then always contented himself with one head of large game. There was never any objection to taking a fowling-piece and going out after birds or hare, which we not unfrequently did; but it was not considered courteous even to broach the subject of a deer-hunt, unless the Graf himself led the way. But my host was very generous, and at least twice a week during my visit proposed a day in the park, which it may well be imagined was never declined.

The park was completely and entirely wild forest land, of which no part had to all appearances ever been under cultivation, and was very densely grown up. A considerable portion, however, was pine-land where there was no undergrowth, and where the trees grew remarkably straight and high. Indeed, I have never seen a place where ship-timber could have been cut in such perfection as in these Silesian pine-forests. Every second or third tree would shoot up from the ground erect as a plumb-line, to a height often of a hundred feet without branch or blemish. The trees grew rather far apart, and afforded a good shot in almost any place at two hundred yards, often more. These pine-woods were interspersed with fine open fields where the grazing was good, and where the deer seemed largely to resort; though if frightened they would make for those portions of the park where undergrowth was plenty, and at certain seasons of the year almost always remained where they could browse upon the young shoots of trees and bushes. In the fall, however, they were apt to prefer the pasturage of the open fields. Crossing the park in various directions were rough roads, over which a strong wagon could be readily driven; and one was always used to facilitate the progress of the hunting-party and to carry home the game.

On the day in question, after an early breakfast, the long wagon having driven up, our rifles and ammunition were put in, and the Graf, Max, and I, accompanied by Förster Karl and three boys, each with a leash of hounds, started off for a day's sport, the ladies meanwhile wishing us good fortune in the paradoxical exclamation,

tion of "Glück nieder!" (Down with luck), which is universal in many parts of Germany, and has its rise no doubt in a belief that the whole structure of human events is built up on antagonisms. A Silesian would feel ill complimented indeed by any other wish than "Glück nieder!" when starting upon an expedition of this or any other sort.

About a mile brought us to the nearest gate of the park, which was duly unlocked, and the party having passed in, was again carefully closed. The Graf gave orders as to what part of the grounds we should proceed to, and our wagon went creaking on over the rough-cut road to its destination. As we drove along, we would every now and then startle a covey of partridges from their covert, or a hare would scurry across our path with as much speed as if we were intent only upon his individual destruction; while overhead a flock of ducks or geese, and an occasional crane or stork, would be seen winging their flight to or from the large pond. I have never been in a place so profusely stocked with game of all kinds. After about an hour of agonizingly rough progress, we reached the spot where we were to alight.

An easy tramp of half a mile through pine-woods brought us to where we could see the glimmer of a large open space many acres in extent, and a favorite pasturing ground. We approached with caution to within a hundred yards or so, treading as lightly as possible, and avoiding to step on the dry branches plentifully strewn about. Here we halted and deputed one of the boys to creep forward to where he could get a glimpse of the field, and see whether there was any game upon it. He returned shortly, and reported a herd of fallow-deer with two bucks grazing near the centre of the field, with their heads all one way and looking as if they were going soon to leave for their watering-place. I was considerably astonished at this message, as I could scarcely imagine how any one could read the intentions of a herd of deer, but it was subsequently explained to my entire satisfaction. Some of the animals, I was told, would begin to graze in a restless way as if tired of their food, and one by one would look up and move a few steps towards water; and by thus communicating their longing to the rest, all would finally catch the infection, and move off in a body. And in this case the inference proved correct.

Knowing the herd, and being able to guess with tolerable certainty the direction they would take, and as there was no chance of getting a shot at them where they were, owing to their distance from the edge of the field, we concluded to go round to the side they would probably approach on their way, and intercept them as they passed. Accordingly, with painful caution, and the slight breeze favoring us in keeping to leeward of them, we made our way by a circuit to what was thought the most favorable place, and, creeping with the utmost care the last fifty yards, managed to take up our stand where we had a full view of the herd without disturbing them.

There being but two bucks, and does of course never being shot, it was arranged between us that Max and I should have the shot, the Graf kindly withdrawing from his prerogative of first fire. I, as the less experienced marksman, was to shoot at the foremost, and Max at the second, he taking his chances, for after the crack of my rifle he would have to shoot his buck on the jump as they passed us. This they would probably do, as I was not to fire till my buck was close to the edge of the wood, and the herd would be apt to seek the nearest shelter.

We waited patiently for at least an hour and a half, the herd not making for water as speedily as we expected, though one or two of the younger does were

constantly moving in that direction, without succeeding in getting the herd started. During this time we were obliged to keep absolutely still; such a thing as clearing one's throat or blowing one's nose was not to be thought of for an instant, and a change of position even was a dangerous experiment. But by and by the larger buck, a fine, big fellow, with glossy fat sides and branching horns, after a preliminary sniff or two towards the stream, seemed to give the signal to move; for the rest left off grazing almost at once, and the line of march was formed. Curiously enough, for I have never noticed it elsewhere, these animals seemed to understand that only the bucks were shot; for whenever they were on the move they formed a regular column—the oldest of the does in the advance to sniff out danger, if any there was, the rest of the does following on, and the "lords" coming last, when the passage of so many of the herd in safety and without observing danger would seem to indicate the absence of any.

And in this order they now came on at a walk, and every now and then stopping, as the old doe who constituted the advance guard would halt and reach out her nose to sniff inquiringly ahead. They gradually drew nearer and nearer, and luckily in such a direction that at almost any time during their last hundred yards' advance toward the skirt of the wood I could have shot the big fellow with dead certainty. As good fortune willed it, the old buck was the foremost of the two, and destined to be my victim, and I confess to having been nervously anxious to take my shot at him long before the appointed time. At last, after many halts and many advances, the old doe started into a gentle trot toward the wood, the rest following, and the two bucks, the big one still leading, bringing up the rear. When about twenty yards from shelter, and not more than a hundred and fifty from our stand, I fired. As the ball struck him the old fellow threw back his head with a sudden jerk, gave a spring into the air, and toppled forward on his knees; but picking himself up without loss of time, though with evident exertion, in half a dozen bounds he was out of sight. At the report of my rifle the whole herd started off like the wind, with a little wheel to the left and away from us, and disappeared in the wood; but not before Max, who was a very good shot with the rifle, and had fired immediately after me, just as his buck touched ground after his first startled jump, had brought him down with a bullet through his heart. Leaving the latter where he lay, we instantly let loose the two leash of stag-hounds to run down the big fellow, who was evidently hard hit, and followed on in pursuit, using the other leash to follow up the trail by the scent of the blood, little spots of which we could notice on the bushes and underfoot as we posted along at a half-walk, half-run.

We had not gone far before the traces of blood became more and more distinct, and the blood-hounds became more excited as the trail grew less doubtful. Nor was it long before the baying of the hounds in pursuit turned to a worrying growl, and on the part of one a dismal howling; and in a few moments we came up with the wounded buck, who was on his knees, but plying his horns to such good effect that one dog lay sprawling and yelping piteously on the ground, while another, with better pluck, though with a frightful gash in the shoulder from which the blood poured profusely, held on to the flank of his prey with a grip like iron. Borrowing the forester's gun, I despatched the buck by a ball through his head, and Förster Karl, according to custom, drew forth his knife and cut out a piece of the animal's windpipe—half from habit, half as a final *coup de grâce*. We then turned to the dogs. The yelping one was not as badly hurt as the other, but neither was harmed beyond what a month would heal, or I should have felt that the buck had been dearly bought. So consigning all the

hounds to one of the boys, the other two and the forester cut down a stout sapling, and tying the buck's feet together, slung him upon it and bore him back to where the other game lay.

I must not omit to tell how on our return we were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by the ladies, and that I was made the special hero of the occasion, in view of my having killed my first buck on the estate. Moreover, I had to submit to the ceremony, always practised on such occasions, of having my face blacked with a piece of burnt cork, by the hands of the lady I should choose for the purpose. Nothing loth, seeing I had the chance of suffering at the hands of Gräfin Marie, I submitted with all humility and no small heart-twitchings, as she blushinglly decorated me according to custom with an artificial moustache.

III.

ABOUT two weeks after my arrival a grand dinner and ball were given at the Schloss, in honor of the silver wedding of the Graf and Gräfin. Immense preparations had been made; indeed, they had been going on ever since our arrival. As the guests were all to come from distances varying between twenty and two hundred miles, accommodations had to be provided at the Schloss for about an hundred and fifty friends; and in the village and in tents erected for the purpose, for at least an equal number of servants. There was no lack of rooms in the Schloss, but it required all the resources of even this large establishment to provide beds for the army of visitors who would flock in upon the place. Nor were the preparations successful in more than arranging to give all the ladies good quarters, while the gentlemen got along as best they might in rooms furnished often with only a scanty supply of comforts; excusable, however, under the circumstances. Max and I of course gave up our rooms, and "camped out" in a corner of the fourth story.

The most extensive preparations were made in every department. Hands innumerable were pressed into the service from the village to pitch the tents; scrub up the many rooms which were to be occupied for the first time for years; build racks in one of the fields adjoining the garden for horses to be tied at, as the stable could accommodate but a fraction of the expected teams; decorate the dining-hall and ball-room with garlands and festoons of evergreens; kill the fatted calf, and assist in the kitchen; and in short make ready the hundred accessories to the coming pageant.

It seemed to be generally understood that all parties coming from the vicinity should bring with them many of the conveniences which it could not be expected that one mansion could provide for so many guests; and in fact everybody came armed at all points, in much the same way as they would have prepared to undertake a lengthy journey, except perhaps in the size and number of the trunks.

It was proposed to have the dinner and ball the first day, and an immense hunting-party the second, after which each would take a good night's rest to prepare for the homeward journey. Accordingly, about noon of the day appointed, in somewhat overcast and cloudy weather, the guests began to pour in upon Schloss Dorlau. Each party from adjoining estates would arrive with a perfect colony of retainers; a caravan proceeded to the station to take up arrivals from a distance; four-horse teams (so usual in Silesia that you scarcely see gentlefolks behind any other) were unhitched and picketed at the racks in such

goodly number that by two or three o'clock there were horses enough to mount a squadron of cavalry. The Graf and Gräfin received each detachment of guests as they alighted, and servants showed them their respective rooms, and conveyed thither their *impedimenta*; whence they anon descended to the grand saloon, an apartment of vast size and elegance, which seemed only to be put in use on occasions like these, inasmuch as I was never in it before or after that fête.

Dinner was appointed for five o'clock, a rare hour where dinner is usually in the middle of the day even on state occasions, but set for the accommodation of friends from a distance; and as I have before observed, distances in Silesia are very much increased by the slow pace at which travellers proceed. Long before this hour, however, all the guests had assembled, not one having the bad taste to be late, and the congratulations upon the happy day so rarely attained by married folks, and never I believe by single ones, had been extended to and accepted by the host and hostess.

Much more punctually than is the rule, dinner was announced by the head forester in full regalia, who as oldest and most important servant ranked at the head of the retainers. A handsomely framed list of the gentlemen and what ladies they were expected to take out to dinner, with the numbers of their covers at table, had stood on a mantel-piece for some time; and each one having made himself familiar with these items after the necessary introductions, there was no difficulty whatever in each person of even this large number finding his appropriate partner and place; and in a few moments all were seated at two long tables running down the hall, while a third across the *daïs* accommodated those who by virtue of rank were entitled to special precedence. And this question of precedence among the aristocracy in every European country is settled with so much nicety, that no offence or slight can ever be given or felt.

I was disappointed at seeing Gräfin Marie, whom I would have liked as a partner myself, led off by some young officer, whose extra-tight uniform caused a suspicion of corsets lurking beneath, which a singularly small appetite (they sat opposite) almost confirmed to a certainty; but being assigned to escort a very nice little lady, with ringlets of the usual flaxen shade, and complexion like a peach, I contented myself with paying my devotions to her, and to my dinner.

I have never seen a private dinner, and very few public dinners, so large or so well arranged as this. At least a hundred and fifty sat down, and there being no lack of servants, a waiter was assigned to each group of four. The dinner was, as usual, *à la Russe*, and I wish I could have retained the *menu* in my memory. Course after course, with appropriate wines, was handed about, and delicacy succeeded delicacy, till appetite seemed scarcely able to revive even under the temptations of the daintiest *bonne-bouche*. Finally, at the conclusion of all save the dessert, the dish of ceremony—a boar's head—was brought in.

There had been a lull in the dinner for a few moments preparatory to this course, which by an old custom is always reserved as *the* dish of a formal dinner. For about five minutes we had chatted and sipped our champagne, when the door at the end of the dining-hall was thrown open, and the procession of the boar's head entered, while the band (which from a balcony over the *daïs* had refreshed us heretofore with *morceaux* from the operas during the progress of the dinner) struck up the Prussian National Anthem, "Heil sei dem Sieger's Kranz" (Welcome the Victor's Wreath), which, curiously enough, is the same air as "God Save the Queen."

Heading the procession, strutted four men-at-arms in the quaint old uniform of two centuries ago, bearing pikes and battle-axes and full of the dignity of the

occasion. In their wake two trumpeters were cracking their cheeks in the futile effort to convince us that they were furnishing the music; upon whose heels trod the old head forester, bearing a gilt platter with the boar's head tied up in parti-colored ribbon, four long ends of which were held by an equal number of little pages grouped about him. Following in due course came the other parts of the boar, upon handsome platters, in the hands of the chief retainers who had come from other estates, all appropriately escorted by other pages and other men-at-arms; and the whole procession was closed by such a gallant display of ancient soldiery with their breastplates and arquebuses, that one needed to look down at one's own modern clothing to be reminded that this was not the sixteenth century. Making the circuit of the tables and up the middle, the head of the procession reached the principal table, and the boar's head was duly deposited before the lord of the castle, who with a knife severed the ribbon which bound its already-carved parts together; and while the men-at-arms, pages, and trumpeters filed from the hall, the boar and *Veuve Clicquot* (real, not American V. C.) were passed about.

After this, speeches and *Lacryma Christi*, toasts and *Noyeau*, other speeches and toasts and other liquors. Finally, after *café noir*, eschewing our selfish plan of a solitary smoke at the table, whence fashion causes the ladies to retire, each gentleman gave his arm to his partner and left the dining-hall, the majority betaking themselves to the garden, where such as chose to indulge in a cigar did so, under the gorgeous canopy of a setting sun, which gave promise of a glorious day for to-morrow's hunt.

The ladies soon after retired to make some necessary preparations for the coming ball, and about ten o'clock the dignified strains of an opening minuet from the band called loiterers in the garden to rejoin them in the ball-room. The bride and groom of twenty-five summers sat upon a sort of throne erected at one end of the room for the purpose, surrounded by most of the guests whose age or inclinations kept them from tripping the light fantastic toe; though be it said to the credit of German old age, their number was very small. The Graf and Gräfin led off in that peculiarly graceful old dance the minuet, which forms the opening of every German ball, but has, alas! been lost to memory in most other countries. But as speed and whirling seem everywhere essential to salutory enjoyment, waltzing was also here the order of the evening, for at least every other dance was a waltz. Of this dance Germans in every country seem inordinately fond, and the host and hostess were in no wise behind many of their younger guests.

About twelve o'clock, with a pretty ceremonial, partaking of the cordial simplicity so essentially German, the bride and groom were crowned with a coronet of green and silver leaves and led into an adjoining apartment, where, ranged upon tables, were the presents of their friends, all of silver, in commemoration of the event. And although they were handsome and very appropriate, I could not but observe the absence of any endeavor on the part of some donors to outdo others in the expense and magnificence of their gifts; and the meaning and heartiness of the present seemed to lend it its value, rather than its cost or its weight in ounces.

Supper succeeded the crowning of the bridal party, and more dancing the supper, till at length by three or four o'clock even the cotillion (an ancient fashion in Germany, though recently introduced here as a novelty) came to a close, and we all retired, the ladies to sleep till late next day, and we men to snatch a couple of hours' rest before the exertions of the coming "*Triebjagd*."

Such is the name of the hunt when the game is driven past certain places where the sportsmen stand to slaughter it as it flies terror-stricken by. At the hour set, after a hurried breakfast, we drove over to the park, and took up our first station along the skirts of a large open field, across which some hundred or more of the villagers, under the orders of some foresters, were to drive the game. This was done by extending the men in a long semicircular line, which enclosed a considerable space between its extreme limits, and marching them through the woods toward the shooting station, the men hooting and yelling, and blowing horns and springing enormous rattles, the better to alarm and drive the animals toward their destroyers. Such points are chosen for the sportsmen as the deer are accustomed to pass when flying from danger. Of all unsportsmanlike ways of hunting, this is the least creditable to those engaged ; but as it affords a good deal of excitement, and is about the only way to give so many men a chance for a shot, it is much in vogue.

Each of us carried a rifle, and a number of lads, each with a couple more, followed after, to load the pieces and keep them in readiness ; for when the game begins to pass, the time occupied in reloading often slips the best chance. As the sportsmen were stationed but a few yards apart, these lads could pass from one to the other as occasion required.

We had not been long at our posts before the tumult of the drivers, a mile or more away, began to be heard, and we whetted our appetites for the coming sport, into which—despite the fact that every one will acknowledge its being unsportsmanlike and cruel, in that many of the wounded animals escape and linger out a cruel and maimed existence, or die a painful and useless death in the thickets—almost every one will enter with enthusiasm. After some ten or fifteen minutes waiting, an occasional rabbit would scud across the field in as much terror as if he supposed we would waste our ammunition upon such small fry, or a covey of partridges would fly swiftly past. A minute or two later, and a crackling of the branches in the woods on our left announced the approach of a herd of deer. On they came, pausing as they reached the edge of the field as if suspicious of harm, but, choosing the less of two evils, set across the field at full speed. Half a dozen shots greeted their arrival in as many instants, and the only buck of the herd ran a perfect gauntlet of fire before he fell, while his does, with the exception of one poor thing hit by mistake, sped out of sight. The wounded doe meanwhile limped up to her fallen lord, regardless of her own wound, and began to lick his bleeding sides, until a merciful bullet ended her agony. I had made up my mind to reserve my fire till I could get a good shot at a boar, as I was anxious to kill one ; but the game began shortly to appear so fast, and so many tempting offers came across the field of my rifle, that I sent three or four bullets speeding after deer before I knew what I was about ; and not until I had wasted quite a number of rounds did I remember my resolve. Mixed up with the deer came an occasional boar, several of which passed me out of range ; but finally, getting a fair shot at one of the black monsters as he ran grunting a hundred yards before me, I was lucky enough to send a bullet whizzing through his head. By and by game came in such quantity that down the whole line there was kept up a perfect skirmish-firing ; but owing to the speed of the animals and their distance from us, not one bullet in five hit its mark. This sport (?) lasted about a quarter of an hour, and at its expiration some dozen head of deer, among them one splendid royal stag, and three large boars, one of which was my prize, lay stretched upon the field before us.

Collecting our victims in one place, we set out for a new station, occupying

the hour or so necessary to get the drivers well at their work in smoking and chatting over our individual luck, the shots we had thrown away, and the good ones we had let slip by. We took up in all five stations during the day, none essentially differing from the first, and after our day's slaughter we had enough game to send home a fine buck with each party and retain enough to supply the Schloss for many a day. At one o'clock came a hearty lunch under the trees, which the ladies had been busy preparing for us, and at which they assisted. In the afternoon each one exchanged his rifle for a fowling-piece, and in parties of two or three set out to bag such small game as he could find; many of the ladies accompanying and doing themselves credit as keen sportsmen and good shots. At five we adjourned to dinner, and after a little hop in the evening, all retired to rest, thoroughly fagged out. In the morning, after breakfast, the guests all departed to their various homes, and Schloss Dorlau once more resumed its quiet aspect.

I should not omit mention of the little church which stood in a beautiful grove of chestnut trees, crowning a little eminence half-way between Schloss and village—a quaint old stone structure, in Gothic style, large enough to accommodate about three hundred, where every Sunday Herr Ahlbrett, the Schloss chaplain, and Graf Adalbert's tutor, whom from his quiet and recluse habits I had almost overlooked in my sketch, held forth in prayer and teachings to the family and the villagers. The form of service was what in Prussia is termed Evangelical—about corresponding to our Presbyterian. The gallery on one side of the church was reserved for the family, and was enclosed and ornamented in somewhat the same way as the box of a theatre, only larger, not very much in keeping with the fretwork of the Gothic arches. In the opposite gallery stood the organ, and the Schloss servants formed the choir, one of them playing and all singing with credit to themselves. The peasants always assembled in the body of the church, where benches were placed for their accommodation, and remained standing till the family arrived and took their seats; and at the close of the service, which seemed to be entered into with genuine zeal and feeling, the peasants again rose and stood so till the family had left the church.

It can easily be imagined that a life at once so novel and so enticing as the one I led at Schloss Dorlau came all too speedily to a close. The month flew quickly by, and when the day of my departure arrived I felt that I could recall few periods in my life which I had spent with as great pleasure and refreshment to body, mind, and spirits, as the one then drawing to a close. I received the warmest of invitations to return to the Schloss at any time when I could do so, given in so frank and genial a spirit, that I felt sure of a cordial welcome if ever again my lot should cast me in Silesia.

And taking leave one morning early of the inmates of Schloss Dorlau, I was driven over to the station, accompanied by Max, and embarking on board the westward train, carried with me a thousand agreeable recollections of the charming life and the more than usually generous hospitality I had received under the roof of My Friend the Feudal Baron.

T. A. DODGE.

A NEW PHASE OF DRUIDISM.

BUZZARD'S BAY is not an attractive name, one must allow, and I fear that its geographical position is not known to every one. But as it has become of late the locality of a yearly religious festival of no inconsiderable significance, representing our American interpretation of Druidism, or worship in the sacred groves, I shall without further preamble invite the reader to accompany me on a visit to the extraordinary spectacle to be seen every summer on one of the picturesque islands that form its archipelago. The group by itself has sufficient attractions of nature to tempt a tourist to turn aside a little from the beaten track of travel to visit them.

Buzzard's Bay penetrates and washes the southwestern extremity of Cape Cod. Bartholomew Gosnold made it known to Old England a score of years before the settlement of Plymouth, but it was almost immediately forgotten, although the group at its mouth was baptized by him with the name of Elizabeth Islands, in honor of the great Virgin Queen. The large one, to which I am to take you, was called Martha's Vineyard, but whether in commemoration of the lady of the New Testament, "cumbered with much serving," or some sweetly remembered lass then fresh in the heart of the discoverer, one cannot now know. Its appellation indicates a more luxuriant vegetation than is now to be seen, and almost suggests Bacchanalian delights. At that early date all of these islands were clothed in almost perennial green, and abounded in wild grapes. Game too was plentiful. The Indian found in them his terrestrial paradise, chiefly because of their genial climate, attractive flora, and prolific fishing grounds. Land situated like this, warmed by the neighboring Gulf Stream in winter and fanned by ocean breezes in hot weather, cannot fail of possessing atmospheric privileges not to be had elsewhere on the coast of New England. Especially are the summer airs balmy with the fragrance of the pine forests, and scented with the odors of wild flowers. The winds are peculiarly soft and caressing; particularly when moistened by the semi-transparent fogs, which are as sweetly tender as an infant's breath, and no more like the opaque shroud of a stout English fog than champagne is like porter.

Taking one of the diminutive steamers that ply from New Bedford or Wareham during the summer months, the visitor passes low, gentle promontories and tortuous sweeps of inland waters, until he emerges through the narrow strait or gut of Holmes's Hole into the sound that separates the range of the Elizabeth Islands from Martha's Vineyard, some fifteen miles away. This passage is so romantic in shore-outline as to appear more fitting an entrance into a tropical sea than to the boisterous North Atlantic ocean. On the left lies the larger island of Nantucket, rising out of the water like the long, low back of one of the slumbering whales on which its prosperity once depended. The intervening sea sparkles in the sunlight with the snow-white sails of a crowd of vessels bound north and south to the great seaports, while swift steamers dart to and fro among them like gamesome dolphins. To-day the ocean is in its most serene mood, enjoying its own loveliness as it reflects that of sky and shore, as much as we enjoy it; stealing from the surrounding scenery its finest charms to heighten

its own toilet, and fringing the beaches with lace-like foam that ripples musically over the glistening pebbles as it playfully strives to wet incautious feet.

If we take a wider sweep to enjoy more of the land from the sea, we pass Gay Head, the westernmost point, where linger a few of the aborigines of the island, but having nothing left of the wild Indian except the name. Their rude, unpainted houses face the setting sun, and show small thrift or envy of the civilization of the pale-faces. Underneath them rise those purple, red, and orange cliffs, the geologist's surprise, which are so uniquely gorgeous in the early twilight, suggesting a world of subterranean treasures, rather than a few thin oxides of surface soil and disintegrating rocks, gnawed into by the gales of winter. They offer a brilliant contrast to the low-toned greens of the sterile hills and white sands of the eastern end of the island, which is very naked and lonely in its outlook; the more so because of the aggravating, four-cornered, stiff houses of old-maid aspect which cluster, or rather straggle along the hills, bleached and painted into the monotonous whiteness of desert-dried skeletons, destroying whatever there might be otherwise of the picturesque in the coastline itself. By what æsthetic fatality does the simon-pure Yankee invariably contrive to take all romance out of life and nature in his effort to be comfortable, while the peasant of any other race, untidy and ignorant although he be, adjusts himself and habitation in instinctive harmony to his native scenery?

Nearing the shore, the steamer runs alongside of a long wooden pier that projects directly into deep water, affording, however, but a dubious landing in a swell. Having passed the inhabited portions of the island, we are now in front of what at first look seems to be the most barren. But the beaches and headlands, though glowing in a hot sun, are swept by a refreshing sea-breeze, while the dense grove of oaks rises in the background to the summit of an acclivity that breaks the somewhat too monotonous level of the land-horizon. Between it and the shore there is a sheet of smooth water separated and protected from the ocean by a narrow belt of sand. In this direction all looks cool and inviting. Instantly the pier swarms with life. Vehicles of all sorts run down to take voyagers to the camp-meeting ground, which is so hidden among the trees that, for aught a stranger can decide, it may be miles away. But the whole scene is so bewitchingly novel that he had better walk than ride.

Your imagination, no doubt, has pictured a camp-meeting of the olden fashion, a genuine nomad encampment, made solely to promote the so-called religious revivals which are periodically sought for in the desert by the Methodists. But I have not led you out into the wilderness merely to see a prophet, although what I have to show may, in its final development, prove to have been a prophecy of certain radical changes in the bases of American social civilization; the moving cause being the religious sentiment which in all ages and with all peoples has incited men to leave their ordinary homes and go forth into nature to worship.

Let us look, however, at the external spectacle before moralizing on its possible results. The scene is animated and varied, but quiet in tone and full of repose. Clusters of newly-built cottages overlook the ocean on the left hand in a landscape setting of enamelled blue and green, the simple livery of nature hereabouts. These belong to outsiders who have been attracted to build here by other than religious motives, bringing in their train interlopers and purveyors of the various sorts that form the floating population of most watering-places. They have encamped between the pier and the sacred forest, which is fenced in,

and is devoted exclusively to the purposes of the Camp-Meeting Association. Thus it has happened that a gentile suburb, in itself well-ordered and in a large degree partaking of the spirit of the chief settlement, has grown up outside of its gates, while within them an urban city has arisen like magic. Until actually within its gates no one can form an idea of its exact location, extent, and population. The grove which conceals and shelters it consists of moderate-sized oaks of uniform height, extending inland a considerable distance over a lawn-like surface free from stones, underbrush, and irregularities of soil, and covered with short grasses and mosses in a sandy loam, so soft and innocuous as to form an elastic carpet on which the extremes of first and second childhood might sport and tumble fearless of harm. Indeed, it was a positive luxury to walk on its plush-like surface, as it deliciously yielded to the pressure of the feet. Overhead the foliage afforded sufficient shade either to shut out entirely, or cool down the oppressive rays of the sun. The light, subdued in tone and alternated with mysterious shadows, as in a Gothic edifice, spread a spiritualized effect throughout the interior of the forest cathedral. The lowermost branches being cleared away, the upper ones were left free to grow and sport themselves into vaults and arches of varied span and angles; while avenues led from the principal entrances to the heart of the grove, which formed a large circular temple with no covering except the vegetation overhead, and no supporting columns besides the slender or stately trunks of trees. Seats for unnumbered hearers faced the stand where the preachers congregated, and at night the darkness was broken up by numerous lamps suspended from boughs, throwing a warm glow over the worshippers' faces, as their melodious hymns swelled on the night air and then died away in the ears of the distant listeners, like choruses from an unseen world.

All around this central open temple there were tent-chapels, each capable of holding a few hundred people, each bearing the name of the town that erected it; as for instance the New-Bedford, Taunton, and Plymouth chapels. They corresponded to the side altars of a great Roman Catholic cathedral of the Renaissance period, and are used for exhortations and minor conferences by the preachers of the respective towns. Immediately about them are open spaces for sports, chiefly devoted to the game of croquet, though this game extended up and down the avenues in all directions, the hoops forming snares for unwary steps. It proved decisively that asceticism had no part in this fresh phase of Methodism in America. Everywhere there was equally palpable evidence that the young were taught to connect with their religious instruction healthful and agreeable entertainment. Ample provisions abounded for boating, bathing, fishing, drives, and all that youth might in the bounds of reason desire for summer holidays. When the ocean was too rough, the tiny lake on the verge of the grove served for water excursions. As I strolled through the labyrinth of rustic lanes toward it, I noticed very small children with large labels attached to their backs, indicating the tent or house to which they belonged. It seems it is a custom to turn them loose without guardians in the sacred city, to wander at will over it, their parents being certain to have them brought back to their homes in case they lose themselves. The population being practically a fraternity founded on the family compact, cemented by a religious faith in common, this sort of general guardianship over infants worked like a charm, and the little urchins amused themselves unwatched and unrestricted by any one, yet cared for by every one, as safely as the lambs in Paradise before Eve listened to the serpent.

During the hot months the resident population varies from one to three

thousand souls, chiefly lodged in their own tents or cottages, most of which are of tiny dimensions, and living in a state of perpetual picnic. Everything is regulated by the chiefs of the Association, who lay out the streets, sell building lots, and constitute a sanitary and civic police, whose behests are obeyed without any parade of authority. No one is allowed to buy a lot who does not agree to conform to their rules ; but as these are few and simple, and such as are indispensable to the general welfare, there is virtually no prohibition of any respectable persons joining them. Every class of society and color is represented here. The habitations being unnecessarily crowded, a fire once fairly started would put in jeopardy the whole settlement. But the general effect of this dense intermingling of the varied tastes and means of so many owners, is picturesque in the extreme, without being in any way *bizarre*. All the buildings are slightly constructed, in general divided into two or three rooms on the ground floor, with attic chambers above. The best in style are what may be called the American carpenter's Renaissance, with dainty, light balconies, piazzas, ornamental windows, and Venetian blinds ; a pretty style on the whole, and admirably adapted to its transitory uses. Each cottage of the better class has in front or rear a space devoted to flowers, or decorated with sea-shells, wild vines, fragrant honeysuckles, classical vases, and even sculptures. Oriental furniture is very common on the balconies, while everywhere are seen the latest appliances for comfortable lounging and rocking which Yankee ingenuity has invented.

Here, even domestic life itself is as open as daylight. The reserve and exclusion which distinguish English homes do not obtain in this rustic life. Sauntering through the leafy lanes in close proximity to invitingly open doors and windows, one sees families at their meals, tempting larders in plain sight, and the processes of cooking, ironing, and other household duties, performed by the mothers or daughters themselves, with graceful unconsciousness or indifference to outside eyes. Occasionally, when curtains are not dropped, or sliding partitions closed, beds and even their inmates are disclosed. Everywhere ladies and children, in full or easy toilet, reading, writing, gossiping, or amusing themselves at their discretion, unawed by spectators, and as completely at home outside as inside their own doors. A veritable age of innocence, like Eve's before she bit the fatal apple ; evidences too, in abundance, of culture and refinement. The latest books from New York and London, rare lacquer from Japan, curious porcelain from China, and Parisian *bijouterie*, abounded in many of the cottages ; nests which were also otherwise tastefully furnished ; some occupied and others deserted, but all wide open and challenging inspection and criticism. One feared theft ; though doubtless, besides the prevailing conscience and mutual good-will, there was an invisible, fraternal police which watched over a neighbor's property, as over his babes adrift in the woods. Alongside of this higher intellectual phase of society, and interwoven with it, there stood also in salient relief every shade of the Martha-like, cumbered-with-much-serving, New England domestic life ; only here it leaves behind it, at its own permanent fireside, the most cumbersome portion, and rejoices for a while in a plenary indulgence of cooking and feasting on its much-loved baked beans, doughnuts, mince-pies, and other culinary marvels, which were to be seen ambitiously displayed in window-sills to cool, or else in gastric rivalry of those next door. Their accompaniments were complicated knitting and crochet-work, indulged in by their practitioners in shin-tormenting rocking chairs, in lazy see-saw motion ; their usual jerking activity having given place to *dolce far niente* tippings, which would have graced even Italy

in repose. More astounding than all, the elsewhere omnipotent, omnipresent American newspaper was not much visible. Perhaps the perusal of its jarring politics and hair-lifting or exhaustively funny items was too much of the nature of a task to be undertaken in this sylvan paradise. It is hazardous to generalize at any time. Looking merely on the surface of things, a more fitting or favorable place for flirtations and falling in love could not be evoked out of sublunary scenery. But men, women, and children—not to mention those social tyrants and pests of American society, who are neither infants nor grown people, but aspire to the natures of both—all seemed too full of repose to yield themselves up to excitements of any description. This calm enjoyment, in contrast with ordinary Yankee recklessness in life, was of itself a heaven on earth. Everybody either enjoyed or succumbed to it. Not even the invading hordes of wonder-struck strangers, gaping with round eyes into their inmost domestic privacies or vexing them with pertinent questions, perhaps impertinent too, caused the smallest ruffle on their ocean of placidity. It was too deep to be moved by less than a tornado. For my own part, I felt as if dreaming. Had I got into an existence that had no reality outside of my own fancy? A miracle of a quahog chowder, manufactured from the native bivalves, which I was enticed to eat by a colored maiden in her refreshment tent, as well as the substantial nature of the welcomes given in other quarters, soon dispelled that fancy. The cost of the wooden cottages varies from a few hundred to six or more thousand dollars. These are fixtures, but the tent-houses are taken away each season by their owners, leaving their lots marked with their names. Camp-meeting exercises proper, for the purpose of revivals, last one week during the month of August, and attract, so I was told, more than twenty thousand religionists. At this period many of the owners of the cottages return to the mainland, renting their houses here for so large a sum as in a few days to pay a year's interest on their cost, while others clear their summer's expenses by taking boarders. Tvas Yankee thrift judiciously turns its honest penny even in paradise on suitable occasions.

For my own part, I was instructed and delighted by what I witnessed. During many years' travel in Europe, Polynesia, and the Americas, North and South, I can recall but one similar "white day" in which man, nature, and art combined to make enjoyment perfect. This other one was spent at Pompeii. There was something in the Vineyard that recalled both Pompeii and Polynesia. The style of the little garden-plots, their sea-shell decorations, size and openness of rooms, and out-door aspect of domestic life, were not unlike the former; while the grave, serene atmosphere, music of the sea, and primitive habits and pleasures of the young folks, brought back juvenile reminiscences of the tribes of the latter. But there was here a purer spirit than ever reigned in a heathen country; the spirit of Christian fraternity in its true meaning; not perfect, but as a hint of what modern society might become were it united on less selfish distinctions and ambitions than at present. Before, however, closing my catalogue of the physical attractions of the spot, I must mention that the air is remarkably balmy and salubrious, the drinking water exceedingly pure and pellucid, and the soil itself quite free from dampness. An ingenious architect has also constructed a market-house out of round, hollow tiles, or terra-cotta pipes, about a foot in diameter, cemented together so as to form a graceful, cool building, made entirely of connected columns, supporting a roof constructed in the same fashion; the cost being slight, while the structure is cool, strong, clean, and durable, and in admirable harmony of color with the soil.

Rasselas, in his beautiful valley, is only a fiction of the human brain, seeking in an ideal picture that happiness and repose which the actual world could not yield its author. The old hermits of the Thebaid went out of the world altogether to pass their existence in ascetic contemplation of a future felicity, while renouncing all practical means of securing any pleasure in their present life. Both experiments are failures so far as any real good has come to mankind at large out of either. But here in Martha's Vineyard, among the least imaginative and most hard-headed of races, was a social phenomenon which was worth investigating for its power of conferring substantial happiness on its originators. Thousands of individuals of both sexes, in families or singly, fairly representing the average of the intellect and well-being of Americans, had got together under favorable conditions of climate and soil, and improvised a community without any disguises, police, or other law than their free wills, which actually lived in social harmony and permitted the freest intercourse of the sexes and conditions in life, while each individual retained his individuality of character. They had assembled to have a good time in a rational way, contributing their intellectual and æsthetic resources, trying to make their temporary homes as attractive as possible, while with one accord bent on excluding from their midst whatever defiles or degrades humanity. Of course, no intoxicating drinks were to be had. Bad characters found no congenial society or scope of life in a community so constituted, and naturally stayed away. Even a single black sheep would be conspicuous at once in such a moral atmosphere.

That perfect joy reigned in every heart it would be folly to believe; for wherever human beings congregate offences must needs come. There were, however, no outward signs of envy, malice, and uncharitableness, although the preachers found in every listener a noted sinner. Whether a community could be kept together so satisfactorily by any other bonds than profound religious convictions, remains to be demonstrated. Humanly speaking, this one was a great success. Its members had proposed to themselves to encamp in the wilderness, far away from the great cities, in order to worship their God to the music of nature, and to give their wives and little ones pleasure after a healthful, sensible plan, each one contributing according to his gifts and means, and bringing with him whatever was needed to make his relaxation from his ordinary cares and business as complete as possible. In a partial sense, therefore, the spectacle was a fulfilment of that spiritual repose we all yearn to secure as the chiefest of Heaven's gifts, with sufficient intellectual and bodily activity to prevent its becoming tiresome. Although there was abundant evidence of distinctions in taste and riches, there seemed to be no exclusively hireling class, or common servants. In general the families were independent of these pests of modern life, doing their own work, which under the circumstances could not be heavy. There were restaurants and bakeries, in which meals could be cooked and sent out, or furnished at their own tables at a moderate cost. Thus a community of interests, instruction, and enjoyment, and proper divisions of labor were secured, without any of the embarrassments that come of an actual community of goods and households.

The question arises whether this sort of Camp-Meeting Association might not be made the germ of others of an enlarged scope, for city or country life, which might exclude in a considerable degree many of the evils of our present civic organizations, economize and distribute better the duties and talents of individuals, debarrass living of its weightiest expenses, risks, and toils, and lift

their members on to a higher plane of intellectual and physical being. These associations could be as varied as the gifts and objective desires of human beings themselves. Concerts, theatres, the opera, libraries, museums of art, and gymnasiums might be founded and sustained by the same kind of voluntary contributions and services as are the religious exercises and instructions in these camp-meetings, on the sound principle of the public good, rather than the pernicious one of individual profit and fame; each contributor of his talents or means receiving in return those of others in other departments; the whole forming a compact social unity out of a variety of intellectual and social resources, every one receiving in the degree that he contributes. The bane of our civilization is its forced selfishness. Every man is obliged to become a rival of his neighbor in whatever department of life he chooses, whether it is manual labor, trade, or a liberal profession. He succeeds as much by the failures and mistakes of his competitors as by his own deserts; so that it is almost proverbial that the few great fortunes and reputations are built up on the wrecks of the hopes of the many losers in the struggle of life. As now constituted, life partakes too much of the chances and character of a lottery or battle. The wisest calculations and most virtuous aspirations are too often baffled and ruined by selfish combinations, unprincipled opposition, or heartless indifference. Society wastes a large part of its reserved social forces, and every generation, in great measure, is compelled to do over again the work of the preceding. Our cities are crude experiments and perpetually recurring failures, because they lack the central, vital principle of universal good-will, and interests in common in the little as well as great objects of life. Selfish competition and corrupting egoism obtain even in the Christian churches themselves. The individual, coterie, party, or sect is a unit, preferring itself to its neighbor, and seeking riches, distinction, power, or influence at whatever cost to society at large.

The Vineyard meeting seemed to me to be a somewhat successful experiment, so far as it went, to avoid the haphazard, selfish bases of social association, and to found one on the opposite principle of mutual advantages and good will. In the main it exhibited a pleasing picture of a society freed from the corrupt, criminal, idle, intemperate, and vicious, with its generic powers utilized for the common weal. At all events, it is worthy of watching to see what phase it may ultimately assume in the civilization of America, which is yearly separating itself in theory and fact more and more from the venerable institutions of the Old World.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

KATRINA ON THE PORCH.

A BIT OF TURNER PUT INTO WORDS.

AN old, old house by the side of the sea,
 And never a picture poet would paint;
 But I hold the woman above the saint,
 And the light of the hearth is more to me
 Than shimmer of air-built castle.

It fits as it grew to the landscape there—
One hardly feels as he stands aloof
Where the sandstone ends, and the red slate roof
Juts over the window, low and square,
That looks on the wild sea-water.

From the top of the hill so green and high
There slopeth a level of golden moss,
That bars of scarlet and amber cross,
And rolling out to the further sky
Is the world of wild sea-water.

Some starved grape-vineyards round about—
A zigzag road cut deep with ruts—
A little cluster of fishers' huts,
And the black sand scalloping in and out
'Twixt th' land and th' wild sea-water.

Gray fragments of some border towers,
Flat, pellmell on a circling mound,
With a furrow deeply worn all round
By the feet of children through the flowers,
And all by the wild sea-water.

And there, from the silvery break o' th' day
Till the evening purple drops to the land,
She sits with her cheek like a rose in her hand,
And her sad and wistful eyes one way—
The way of the wild sea-water.

And there, from night till the yellowing morn
Falls over the huts and th' scallops of sand—
A tangle of curls like a torch in her hand—
She sits and maketh her moan so lorn,
With the moan of the wild sea-water.

Only a study for homely eyes,
And never a picture poet would paint;
But I hold the woman above the saint,
And the light of the humblest hearth I prize
O'er the luminous air-built castle.

ALICE CARY.

OVERLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YES, it was a life and death race between the emigrants and the Apaches for the San Juan. Positions of defence were all along the road, but not one of them could be held for a day, all being destitute of grass and water.

"There is no need of telling the ladies at once," said Thurstane to Coronado, as they rode side by side in rear of the caravan. "Let them be quiet as long as they can be. Their trouble will come soon enough."

"How many were there, do you think?" was the reply of a man who was much occupied with his own chances. "Were there a hundred?"

"It's hard to estimate a mere black line like that. Yes, there must be a hundred, besides stragglers. Their beasts have suffered, of course, as well as ours. They have come fast, and there must be a lot in the rear. Probably both bands are along."

"The devils!" muttered Coronado. "I hope to God they will all perish of thirst and hunger. The stubborn, stupid devils! Why should they follow us *here*?" he demanded, looking furiously around upon the accursed landscape.

"Indian revenge. We killed too many of them."

"Yes," said Coronado, remembering anew the son of the chief. "Damn them! I wish we could have killed them all."

"That is just what we must try to do," returned Thurstane deliberately.

"The question is," he resumed after a moment of business-like calculation of chances—"The question is mainly this, whether we can go twenty-five miles quicker than they can go thirty-five. We must be the first to reach the river."

"We can spare a few beasts," said Coronado. "We must leave the weakest behind."

"We must not give up provisions."

"We can eat mules."

"Not till the last moment. We shall need them to take us back."

Coronado inwardly cursed himself for venturing into this inferno, the haunting place of devils in human shape. Then his mind wandered to Saratoga, New York, Newport, and the other earthly heavens that were known to him. He hummed an air; it was the *brindisi* of Lucrezia Borgia; it reminded him of pleasures which now seemed lost forever; he stopped in the middle of it. Between the associations which it excited—the images of gayety and splendor, real or feigned—a commingling of kid gloves, bouquets, velvet cloaks, and noble names—between these glories which so attracted his hungry soul and the present environment of hideous deserts and savage pursuers, what a contrast there was! There, far away, was the success for which he longed; here, close at hand, was the peril which must purchase it. At that moment he was willing to deny his bargain with Garcia and the devil. His boldest desire was, "Oh that I were in Santa Fé!"

By Coronado's side rode a man who had not a thought for himself. A person who has not passed years in the army can hardly imagine the sense of *responsibility* which is ground into the character of an officer. He is a despot, but a despot who is constantly accountable for the welfare of his subjects, and

who never passes a day without many grave thoughts of the despots above him. Superior officers are in a manner his deities, and the Army Regulations have for him the weight of Scripture. He never forgets by what solemn rules of duty and honor he will be judged if he falls short of his obligations. This professional conscience becomes a destiny to him, and guides his life to an extent inconceivable by most civilians. He acquires a habit of watching and caring for others; he cannot help assuming a charge which falls in his way. When he is not governed by the rule of obedience, he is governed by the rule of responsibility. The two make up his duty, and to do his duty is his existence.

At this moment our young West Pointer, only twenty-three or four years old, was gravely and grimly anxious for his four soldiers, for all these people whom circumstance had placed under his protection, and even for his army mules, provisions, and ammunition. His only other sentiment was a passionate desire to prevent harm or even fear from approaching Clara Van Diemen. These two sentiments might be said to make up for the present his entire character. As we have already observed, he had not a thought for himself.

Presently it occurred to the youngster that he ought to cheer on his fellow-travellers.

Trotting up with a smile to Mrs. Stanley and Clara, he asked, "How do you bear it?"

"Oh, I am almost dead," groaned Aunt Maria. "I shall have to be tied on before long."

The poor woman, no longer youthful, it must be remembered, was indeed badly jaded. Her face was haggard; her general get-up was in something like scarecrow disorder; she didn't even care how she looked. So fagged was she that she had once or twice dozed in the saddle and come near falling.

"It was outrageous to bring us here," she went on pettishly. "Ladies shouldn't be dragged into such hardships."

Thurstane wanted to say that he was not responsible for the journey; but he would not, because it did not seem manly to shift all the blame upon Coronado.

"I am very, very sorry," was his reply. "It is a frightful journey."

"Oh, frightful, frightful!" sighed Aunt Maria, twisting her aching back.

"But it will soon be over," added the officer. "Only twenty miles more to the river."

"The river! It seems to me that I could live if I could see a river. Oh, this desert! These perpetual rocks! Not a green thing to cool one's eyes. Not a drop of water. I seem to be drying up, like a worm in the sunshine."

"Is there no water in the flasks?" asked Thurstane.

"Yes," said Clara. "But my aunt is feverish with fatigue."

"What I want is the sight of it—and rest," almost whimpered the elder lady.

"Will our horses last?" asked Clara. "Mine seems to suffer a great deal."

"They *must* last," replied Thurstane, grinding his teeth quite privately. "Oh, yes, they will last," he immediately added. "Even if they don't, we have mules enough."

"But how they moan! It makes me cringe to hear them."

"Twenty miles more," said Thurstane. "Only six hours at the longest. Only half a day."

"It takes less than half a day for a woman to die," muttered the nearly desperate Aunt Maria.

"Yes, when she sets about it," returned the officer. "But we haven't set about it, Mrs. Stanley. And we are not going to."

The weary lady had no response ready for words of cheer ; she leaned heavily over the pommel of her saddle and rode on in silence.

"Ain't the same man she was," slyly observed Phineas Glover with a twist of his queer physiognomy.

Thurstane, though not fond of Mrs. Stanley, would not now laugh at her expense, and took no notice of the sarcasm. Glover, fearful lest he had offended, doubled the gravity of his expression and tacked over to a fresh subject.

"Shouldn't know whether to feel proud 'f myself or not, 'f I'd made this country, Capm. Depends on what 'twas meant for. If 'twas meant to live in, it's the poorest outfit I ever did see. If 'twas meant to scare folks, it's jest up to the mark. 'Nuff to frighten a crow into fits. Capm, it fairly seems more than airthly ; puts me in mind 'f things in the Pilgrim's Progress—only worse. Sh'd say it was like five thousin' Valleys 'f the Shadow 'f Death tangled together. Tell ye, believe Christian 'd 'a' backed out 'f he'd had to travel through here. Think Mr. Coronado 's all right in his top hamper, Capm? Do, hey? Wal, then I'm all wrong ; guess I'm 's crazy 's a bedbug. Wouldn't 'a'ketched me steerin' this course of my own free will 'n' foreknowledge. Jest look at the land now. Don't it look like the bottomless pit blowed up 'n' gone to smash? Tell ye, 'f the Old Boy himself sh'd ride up alongside, shouldn't be a mite s'prised to see him. Sh'd reckon he had a much bigger right to be s'prised to ketch me here."

After some further riding, shaking his sandy head, staring about him and whistling, he broke out again.

"Tell ye, Capm, this beats my imagination. Used to think I c'd yarn it pooty consid'able. But never can tell this. Never can do no manner 'f jestice to it. Look a there now. There's a nateral bridge, or 'n unnateral one. There's a hole blowed through a forty foot rock 's clean 's though 'twas done with Satan's own field-piece, sech 's Milton tells about. An' there's a steeple higher 'n our big one in Fair Haven. An' there's a church, 'n' a haystack. If the devil hain't done his biggest celebratin' 'n' carpenterin' 'n' farmin' round here, d'no 's I know where he has done it. Beats *me*, Capm ; cleans me out. Can't do no jestice to it. Can't talk about it. Seems to me 's though I was a fool."

Yes, even Phineas Glover's small and sinewy soul (a psyche of the size, muscular force, and agility of a flea) had been seized, oppressed, and in a manner smashed by the hideous sublimity of this wilderness of sandstone, basalt, and granite.

Two hours passed, during which, from the nature of the ground, the travelers could neither see nor be seen by their pursuers. Then came a breathless ascent up another of the monstrous sandstone terraces. Thurstane ordered every man to dismount, so as to spare the beasts as much as possible. He walked by the side of Clara, patting, coaxing, and cheering her suffering horse, and occasionally giving a heave of his solid shoulder against the trembling haunches.

"Let me walk," the girl presently said. "I can't bear to see the poor beast so worried."

"It would be better, if you can do it," he replied, remembering that she might soon have to call upon the animal for speed.

She dismounted, clasped her hands over his arm, and clambered thus. From time to time, when some rocky step was to be surmounted, he lifted her bodily up it.

"How can you be so strong?" she said, looking at him wonderingly and gratefully.

"Miss Van Diemen, you give me strength," he could not help responding.

At last they were at the summit of the rugged slope. The animals were trembling and covered with sweat; some of them uttered piteous whinnies, or rather bleatings, like distressed sheep; five or six lay down with hollow moans and rumblings. It was absolutely necessary to take a short rest.

Looking ahead, Thurstane saw that they had reached the top of the tableland which lies south of the San Juan, and that nothing was before them for the rest of the day but a rolling plateau seamed with meandering fissures of undiscoverable depth. Traversable as the country was, however, there was one reason for extreme anxiety. If they should lose the trail, if they should get on the wrong side of one of those profound and endless chasms, they might reach the river at a point where descent to it would be impossible, and might die of thirst within sight of water. For undoubtedly the San Juan flowed at the bottom of one of those amazing cañons which gully this *Mer de Glace* in stone.

An error of direction once committed, the enemy would not give them time to retrieve it, and they would be slaughtered like mad dogs with the foam on their mouths.

Thurstane remembered that it would be his terrible duty in the last extremity to send a bullet through the heart of the woman he worshipped, rather than let her fall into the hands of brutes who would only grant her a death of torture and dishonor. Even his steady soul failed for a moment, and tears of desperation gathered in his eyes. For the first time in years he looked up to heaven and prayed fervently.

From the unknown destiny ahead he turned to look for the fate which pursued. Walking with Coronado to the brink of the colossal terrace, and sheltering himself from the view of the rest of the party, he scanned the trail with his glass. The dark line had now become a series of dark specks, more than a hundred and fifty in number, creeping along the arid floor of the lower plateau, and reminding him of venomous insects.

"They are not five miles from us," shuddered the Mexican. "Cursed beasts! Devils of hell!"

"They have this hill to climb," said Thurstane, "and, if I am not mistaken, they will have to halt here, as we have done. Their ponies must be pretty well fagged by this time."

"They will get a last canter out of them," murmured Coronado. His soul was giving way under his hardships, and it would have been a solace to him to weep aloud. As it was, he relieved himself with a storm of blasphemies. Oaths often serve to a man as tears do to a woman.

"We must trot now," he said presently.

"Not yet. Not till they are within half a mile of us. We must spare our wind up to the last minute."

They were interrupted by a cry of surprise and alarm. Several of the muleteers had strayed to the edge of the declivity, and had discovered with their unaided eyesight the little cloud of death in the distance. Texas Smith approached, looked from under his shading hand, muttered a single curse, walked back to his horse, inspected his girths, and recapped his rifle. In a minute it was known throughout the train that Apaches were in the rear. Without a word of direction, and in a gloomy silence which showed the general despair, the march was resumed. There was a disposition to force a trot, which was prompt-

ly and sternly checked by Thurstane. His voice was loud and firm; he had instinctively assumed responsibility and command; no one disputed him or thought of it.

Three mules which could not rise were left where they lay, feebly struggling to regain their feet and follow their comrades, but falling back with hollow groanings and a kind of human despair in their faces. Mile after mile the retreat continued, always at a walk, but without halting. It was long before the Apaches were seen again, for the ascent of the plateau lost them a considerable space, and after that they were hidden for a time by its undulations. But about four in the afternoon, while the emigrants were still at least five miles from the river, a group of savage horsemen rose on a knoll not more than three miles behind, and uttered a yell of triumph. There was a brief panic, and another attempt to push the animals, which Thurstane checked with levelled pistol.

The train had already entered a gully. As this gully advanced it rapidly broadened and deepened into a cañon. It was the track of an extinct river which had once flowed into the San Juan on its way to the distant Pacific. Its windings hid the desired goal; the fugitives must plunge into it blindfold; whatever fate it brought them, they must accept it. They were like men who should enter the cavern of unknown goblins to escape from demons who were following visibly on their footsteps.

From time to time they heard ferocious yells in their rear, and beheld their fiendish pursuers, now also in the cañon. It was like Christian tracking the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and listening to the screams and curses of devils. At every reappearance of the Apaches they had diminished the distance between themselves and their expected prey, and at last they were evidently not more than a mile behind. But there in sight was the river; there, enclosed in one of its bends, was an alluvial plain; rising from the extreme verge of the plain, and overhanging the stream, was a bluff; and on this bluff was what seemed to be a fortress.

Thurstane sent all the horsemen to the rear of the train, took post himself as the rearmost man, measured once more with his eye the space between his charge and the enemy, cast an anxious glance at the reeling beast which bore Clara, and in a firm ringing voice commanded a trot.

The order and the movement which followed it were answered by the Indians with a yell. The monstrous and precipitous walls of the cañon clamored back a fiendish mockery of echoes which seemed to call for the prowlers of the air to arrive quickly and devour their carrion.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE scene was like one of Dore's most extravagant designs of abysses and shadows. The gorge through which swept this silent flight and screaming chase was not more than two hundred feet wide, while it was at least fifteen hundred feet deep, with walls that were mainly sheer precipices.

As the fugitives broke into a trot, the pursuers quickened their pace to a slow canter. No faster; they were too wise to rush within range of riflemen who could neither be headed off nor flanked; and their hardy mustangs were nearly at the last gasp with thirst and with the fatigue of this tremendous journey. Four hundred yards apart the two parties emerged from the sublime portal of the cañon and entered upon the little alluvial plain.

To the left glittered the river; but the trail did not turn in that direction; it led straight at the bluff in the elbow of the current. The mules and horses followed it in a pack, guided by their acute scent toward the nearest water, a still invisible brooklet which ran at the base of the butte. Presently, while yet a mile from the stream, they were seized by a mania. With a loud beastly cry they broke simultaneously into a run, nostrils distended and quivering, eyes bloodshot and protruding, heads thrust forward with fierce eagerness, ungovernably mad after water. There was no checking the frantic stampede which from this moment thundered with constantly increasing speed across the plain. No order; the stronger jostled the weaker; loads were flung to the ground and scattered; the riders could scarcely keep their seats. Spun out over a line of twenty rods, the cavalcade was the image of senseless rout.

Of course Thurstane was furious at this seemingly fatal dispersion; and he trumpeted forth angry shouts of "Steady there in front! Close up in the rear!"

But before long he guessed the truth—water! "They will rally at the drinking place," he thought. "Forward the mules!" he yelled. "Steady, you men here! Hold in your horses. Keep in rear of the women. I'll shoot the man who takes the lead."

But even Spanish bits could do no more than detain the horses a rod or two behind the beasts of burden, and the whole panting, snorting mob continued to rush over the loamy level with astonishing swiftness.

Meanwhile the leading Apaches, not now more than fifty in number, were swept along by the same whirlwind of brute instinct. They diverged a little from the trail; their object apparently was to overlap the train and either head it off or divide it; but their beasts were too frantic to be governed fully. Before long there were two lines of straggling flight, running parallel with each other at a distance of perhaps one hundred yards, and both storming toward the still unseen rivulet. A few arrows were thrown; four or five unavailing shots were fired in return; the hiss of shaft and *ping* of ball crossed each other in air; but no serious and effective fight commenced or could commence. Both parties, guided and mastered by their lolling beasts, almost without conflict and almost without looking at each other, converged helplessly toward a verdant, shallow depression, through the centre of which loitered a clear streamlet scarcely less calm than the heaven above. Next they were all together, panting, plunging, splashing, drinking, mules and horses, white men and red men, all with no other thought than to quench their thirst.

The Apaches, who had probably made their cruel journey without flasks, seemed for the moment insatiable and utterly reckless. Many of them rolled off their tottering ponies into the rivulet, and plunging down their heads drank like beasts. There were a few minutes of the strangest peace that ever was seen. It was in vain that two or three of the hardier or fiercer chiefs and braves shouted and gestured to their comrades, as if urging them to commence the attack. Manga Colorada, absorbed by a thirst which was more burning than revenge, did not at first see the slayer of his boy, and when he did could not move toward him because of fevered mustangs, who would not budge from their drinking, or who were staggering blind with hunger. Thurstane, keeping his horse beside Clara's, watched the lean figure and restless, irritable face of Delgadito, not ten yards distant. Mrs. Stanley had halted helplessly so near an Apache boy that he might have thrust her through with his lance had he not been solely intent upon water.

It was fortunate for the emigrants that they had reached the stream a few

seconds the sooner. Their thirst was first satiated; and then men and animals began to draw away from their enemies; for even the mules of white men instinctively dread and detest the red warriors. This movement was accelerated by Thurstane, Coronado, Texas Smith, and Sergeant Meyer calling to one and another in English and Spanish, "This way! this way!" There seemed to be a chance of massing the party and getting it to some distance before the Indians could turn their thoughts to blood.

But the manœuvre was only in part accomplished when battle commenced. Little Sweeny, finding that his mule was being crowded by an Apache's horse, uttered some indignant yelps. "Och, ye bloody naygur! Get away wid yer-self. Get over there where ye b'long."

This request not being heeded, he made a clumsy punch with his bayonet and brought the blood. The warrior uttered a grunt of pain, cast a surprised angry stare at the shovelling of a Paddy, and thrust with his lance. But he was probably weak and faint; the weapon merely tore the uniform. Sweeny instantly fired, and brought down another Apache, quite accidentally. Then, banging his mule with his heels, he splashed up to Thurstane with the explanation, "Liftinant, they're the same bloody naygurs. Wan ov um made a poke at me, Liftinant."

"Load your beece!" ordered Sergeant Meyer sternly, "und face the enemy."

By this time there was a fierce confusion of plungings and outcries. Then came a hiss of arrows, followed instantaneously by the scream of a wounded man, the report of several muskets, a pinging of balls, more yells of wounded, and the splash of an Apache in the water. The little streamlet, lately all crystal and sunshine, was now turbid and bloody. The giant portals of the cañon, although more than a mile distant, sent back echoes of the musketry. Another battle rendered more horrible the stark, eternal horror of the desert.

"This way!" Thurstane continued to shout. "Forward, you women; up the hill with you. Steady, men. Face the enemy. Don't throw away a shot. Steady with the firing. Steady!"

The hostile parties were already thirty or forty yards apart; and the emigrants, drawing loosely up the slope, were increasing the distance. Manga Colorado spurred to the front of his people, shaking his lance and yelling for a charge. Only half a dozen followed him; his horse fell almost immediately under a rifle ball; one of the braves picked up the chief and bore him away; the rest dispersed, prancing and curveting. The opportunity for mingling with the emigrants and destroying them in a series of single combats was lost.

Evidently the Apaches, and their mustangs still more, were unfit for fight. The forty-eight hours of hunger and thirst, and the prodigious burst of one hundred and twenty miles up and down rugged terraces, had nearly exhausted their spirits as well as their strength, and left them incapable of the furious activity necessary in a cavalry battle. The most remarkable proof of their physical and moral debilitation was that in all this mêlée not more than a dozen of them had discharged an arrow.

If they would not attack they must retreat, and that speedily. At fifty yards' range, armed only with bows and spears, they were at the mercy of riflemen and could stand only to be slaughtered. There was a hasty flight, scurrying zigzag, right and left, rearing and plunging, spurring the last caper out of their mustangs, the whole troop spreading widely, a hundred marks and no good one. Nevertheless Texas Smith's miraculous aim brought down first a warrior and then a horse.

By the time the Apaches were out of range the emigrants were well up the slope of the hill which occupied the extreme elbow of the bend in the river. It was a bluff or butte of limestone which innumerable years had converted into marl, and for the most part into earth. A thin turf covered it; here and there were thickets; more rarely trees. Presently some one remarked that the sides were terraced. It was true; there were the narrow flats of soil which had once been gardens; there too were the supporting walls, more or less ruinous. Curious eyes now turned toward the seeming mound on the summit, querying whether it might not be the remains of an antique pueblo.

At this instant Clara uttered a cry of anxiety, "Where is Pepita?"

The girl was gone; a hasty looking about showed that; but whither? Alas! the only solution to this enigma must be the horrible word, "Apaches." It seemed the strangest thing conceivable; one moment with the party, and the next vanished; one moment safe, and the next dead or doomed. Of course the kidnapping must have been accomplished during the frenzied riot in the stream, when the two bands were disentangling amid an uproar of plungings, yells, and musket shots. The girl had probably been stunned by a blow, and then either left to float down the brook or dragged off by some muscular warrior.

There was a halt, an eager and prolonged lookout over the plain, a scanning of the now distant Indians through field glasses. Then slowly and sadly the train resumed its march and mounted to the summit of the butte.

Here, in this land of marvels, there was a new marvel. Incredible as the thing seemed, so incredible that they had not at first believed their eyes, they were at the base of the walls of a fortress. A confused, general murmur broke forth of "Ruins! Pueblos! Casas Grandes! Casas de Montezuma!"

The architecture, unlike that of Pequa, but similar to that of the ruins of the Gila, was of adobes. Large cakes of mud, four or five feet long and two feet thick, had been moulded in cases, dried in the sun, and laid in regular courses to the height of twenty feet. Centuries (perhaps) of exposure to weather had so cracked, guttered, and gnawed this destructible material, that at a distance the pile looked not unlike the natural monuments which fire and water have builded in this enchanted land, and had therefore not been recognized by the travellers as human handiwork.

What they now saw was a rampart which ran along the brow of the bluff for several hundred yards. Originally twenty feet high, it had been so fissured by the rains and crumbled by the winds, that it resembled a series of peaks united here and there in a plane surface. Some of the gaps reached nearly to the ground, and through these it could be seen that the wall was five feet across, a single adobe forming the entire thickness. All along the base the dampness of the earth had eaten away the clay, so that in many places the structure was tottering to its fall.

Filing to the left a few yards, the emigrants found a deep fissure through which the animals stumbled one by one over mounds of crumbled adobes. Thurstone, entering last, looked around him in wonder. He was inside a quadrilateral enclosure, apparently four hundred yards in length by two hundred and fifty in breadth, the walls throughout being the same mass of adobe work, fissured, jagged, gray, solemn, and in their utter solitariness sublime.

But this was not the whole ruin; the fortress had a citadel. In one corner of the enclosure stood a tower-like structure, forty-five or fifty feet square and thirty in altitude, surmounted on its outer angle by a smaller tower, also four-sided, which rose some twelve or fourteen feet higher. It was not isolated, but

built into an angle of the outer rampart, so as to form with it one solid mass of fortification. The material was adobe; but, unlike the other ruins, it was in good condition; some species of roofing had preserved the walls from guttering; not a crevice deformed their gray, blank, dreary faces.

Instinctively and without need of command the emigrants had pushed on toward this edifice. It was to be their fortress; in it and around it they must fight for life against the Apaches; here, where a nameless people had perished, they must conquer or perish also. Thurstane posted Kelly and one of the Mexicans on the exterior wall to watch the movements of the savage horde in the plain below. Then he followed the others to the deserted citadel.

Two doorways, one on each of the faces which looked into the enclosure, offered ingress. They were similar in size and shape, seven feet and a half in height by four in breadth, and tapering toward the summit like the portals of the temple-builders of Central America. Inside were solid mud floors, strewn with gray dust and showing here and there a gleam of broken pottery, the whole brooded over by obscurity. It was discoverable, however, that the room within was of considerable height and size.

There was a hesitation about entering. It seemed as if the ghosts of the nameless people forbade it. This had been the abode of men who perhaps inhabited America before the coming of Columbus. Here possibly the ancestors of Montezuma had stayed their migrations from the mounds of the Ohio to the pyramids of Cholula and Tenochtitlan. Or here had lived the Moquis, or the Zunians, or the Lagunas, before they sought refuge from the red tribes of the north upon the buttes south of the Sierra del Carrizo. Here at all events had once palpitated a civilization which was now a ghost.

"This is to be our home for a little while," said Thurstane to Clara. "Will you dismount? I will run in and turn out the snakes, if there are any. Sergeant, keep your men and a few others ready to repel an attack. Now, fellows, off with the packs."

Producing a couple of wax tapers, he lighted them, handed one to Coronado, and led the way into the silent Casa de Montezuma. They were in a hall about ten feet high, fifteen feet broad, and forty feet long, which evidently ran across the whole front of the building. The walls were hard-finished and adorned with etchings in vermilion of animals, geometrical figures, and nondescript grotesques, all of the rudest design and disposed without regard to order. A doorway led into a small central room, and from that doorway opened into three more rooms, one on each side.

The ceilings of all the rooms were supported by unhewn beams, five or six inches thick, deeply inserted into the adobe walls. In the ceiling of the rear-most hall (the one which had no direct outlet upon the enclosure) was a trap-door which offered the only access to the stories above. A rude but solid ladder, consisting of two beams with steps chopped into them, was still standing here. With a vague sense of intrusion, half expecting that the old inhabitants would appear and order them away, Thurstane and Coronado ascended. The second story resembled the first, and above was another of the same pattern. Then came a nearly flat roof; and here they found something remarkable. It was a solid sheathing or tiling, made of slates of baked and glazed pottery, laid with great exactness, admirably cemented and projecting well over the eaves. This it was which had enabled the adobes beneath to endure for years, and perhaps for centuries, in spite of the lapping of rains and the gnawing of winds.

On the outermost corner of the structure, overlooking the eddying, foaming

bend of the San Juan, rose the isolated tower. It contained a single room, walled with hard-finish and profusely etched with figures in vermilion. No furniture anywhere, nor utensils, nor relics, excepting bits of pottery, precisely such as is made now by the Moquis, various in color, red, white, grayish, and black, much of it painted inside as well as out, and all adorned with diamond patterns and other geometrical outlines.

"I have seen Casas Grandes in other places," said Coronado, "but nothing like this. This is the only one that I ever found entire. The others are in ruins, the roofs fallen in, the beams charred, etc."

"This was not taken," decided the Lieutenant, after a tactical meditation. "This must have been abandoned by its inhabitants. Pestilence, or starvation, or migration."

"We can beat off all the Apaches in New Mexico," observed Coronado, with something like cheerfulness.

"We can whip everything but our own stomachs," replied Thurstane.

"We have as much food as those devils."

"But water?" suggested the forethoughted West Pointer.

It was a horrible doubt, for if there was no water in the enclosure, they were doomed to speedy and cruel death, unless they could beat the Indians in the field and drive them away from the rivulet.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Thurstane came out of the Casa Grande he would have given some years of his life to know that there was water in the enclosure.

Yet so well disciplined was the soul of this veteran of twenty-three, and so thoroughly had he acquired the wise soldierly habit of wearing a mask of cheer over trouble, that he met Clara and Mrs. Stanley with a smile and a bit of small talk.

"Ladies, can you keep house?" he said. "There are sixteen rooms ready for you. The people who moved out haven't left any trumpery. Nothing wanted but a little sweeping and dusting and a stair carpet."

"We will keep house," replied Clara with a laugh, the girlish gayety of which delighted him.

Assuming a woman's rightful empire over household matters, she began to direct concerning storage, lodgment, cooking, etc. Sharp as the climbing was, she went through all the stories and inspected every room, selecting the chamber in the tower for herself and Mrs. Stanley.

"I never can get up in this world," declared Aunt Maria, staring in dismay at the rude ladder. "So this is what Mr. Thurstane meant by talking about a stair carpet! It was just like him to joke on such a matter. I tell you I never can go up."

"Av coorse ye can get up," broke in little Sweeny impatiently. "All ye've got to do is to put wan fut above another an' howld on wid yer ten fingers."

"I should like to see *you* do it," returned Aunt Maria, looking indignantly at the interfering Paddy.

Sweeny immediately shinned up the stepped beam, uttered a neigh of triumphant laughter from the top, and then skylarked down again.

"Well, *you* are a man," observed the strong-minded lady, somewhat discomfited.

"Ay coorse I'm a man," yelled Sweeny. "Who said I wasn't? He's a lying informer. Ha ha, hoo hoo, ho ho!"

Thus incited, pulled at mercer over from above and boosted from below, Aunt Maria mounted ladder after ladder until she stood on the roof of the Casa Grande.

"If I ever go down again, I shall have to drop," she gasped. "I never expected when I came on this journey to be a sailor and climb maintops."

"Lieutenant Thurstane is waving his hand to us," said Clara, with a smile like sunlight.

"Let him wave," returned Mrs. Stanley, weary, disconsolate, and out of patience with everything. "I must say it's a poor place to be waving hands."

Meantime Thurstane had beckoned a couple of muleteers to follow him, and set off to beat the enclosure for a spring, or for a spot where it would be possible to sink a well with good result. Although the search seemed absurd on such an isolated hill, he had some hopes; for in the first place, the old inhabitants must have had a large supply of water, and they could not have brought it up a steep slope of two hundred feet without great difficulty; in the second place, the butte was of limestone, and in a limestone region water makes for itself strange reservoirs and outlets.

His trust was well-grounded. In a sharply indented hollow, twenty feet below the general surface of the enclosure, and not more than thirty yards from the Casa Grande, he found a copious spring. About it were traces of stone work, forming a sort of ruinous semicircle, as though a well had been dug, the neighboring earth scooped out, and the sides of the opening fenced up with masonry. By the way, he was not the first to discover the treasure, for the acute senses of the mules had been beforehand with him, and a number of them were already there drinking.

Calling Meyer, he said, "Sergeant, get a fatigue party to work here. I want a transverse trench cut below the spring for the animals, and a guard at the spring itself to keep it clear for the people."

Next he hurried away to the spot where he had posted Kelly to watch the Apaches.

Climbing the wall, he looked about for the Apaches, and discovered them about half a mile distant, bivouacked on the bank of the rivulet.

"They have been reinforced, sir," said Kelly. "Stragglers are coming up every few minutes."

"So I perceive. Have you seen anything of the girl Pepita?"

"There's a figure there, sir, against that sapling, that hasn't moved for half an hour. I've an idea it's the girl, sir, tied to the sapling."

Thurstane adjusted his glass, took a long steady look, and said sombrely, "It's the girl. Keep an eye on her. If they start to do anything with her, let me know. Signal with your cap."

As he hurried back to the Casa Grande he tried to devise some method of saving this unfortunate. A rescue was impossible, for the savages were numerous, watchful, and merciless, and in case they were likely to lose her they would brain her. But she might be ransomed. Blankets, clothing, and perhaps a least or two could be spared for that purpose; the gold pieces that he had in his waist-belt should all go of course. The great fear was lest the brutes should find all bribes poor compared with the joys of a torture dance. Querying how he could hide this horrible affair from Clara, and shuddering at the thought that but for favoring chances she might have shared the fate of Pepita, he ran on toward the Casa, waving his hand cheerfully to the two women on the roof.

Meantime Clara had been attending to her housekeeping and Mrs. Stanley had been attending to her feelings. The elder lady (we dare not yet call her an old lady) was in the lowest spirits. She tried to brace herself; she crossed her hands behind her back, man-fashion; she marched up and down the roof man-fashion. All useless; the transformation didn't work; or, if she was a man, she was a scared one.

She could not help feeling like one of the spirits in prison as she glanced at the awful solitude around her. Notwithstanding the river, there still was the desert. The little plain was but an oasis. Two miles to the east the Saricán burst out of a defile of sandstone, and a mile to the west it disappeared in a similar chasm. The walls of these gorges rose abruptly two thousand feet above the hurrying waters. All around were the monstrous, arid, herbless, savage, cruel ramarts of the plateau. No outlook anywhere; the longest reach of the eye was not five miles; then came towering precipices. The travellers were like ants gathered on an inch of earth at the bottom of a fissure in a quarry. The horizon was elevated and limited. It rested everywhere on harsh lines of rock which were at once near the spectator and far above him. The overhanging plateaux strove to shut him out from the sight of heaven.

What variety there was in the grim monotony appeared in shapes that were horrible to the weary and sorrowful. On the other side of the San Juan towered an assemblage of pinnacles which looked like statues; but these statues were a thousand feet above the stream, and the smallest of them was at least four hundred feet high. To a lost wanderer, and especially to a dispirited woman, such magnitude was not sublime, but terrifying. It seemed as if these shapes were gods who had no mercy, or demons who were full of malevolence. Still higher, on a jutting crag which overhung the black river, was a castle a hundred fold huger than man ever built, with ramparts that were dizzy precipices and towers such as no daring could scale. It faced the horrible group of stony deities as if it were their pandemonium.

The whole landscape was a hideous Walhalla, a fit abode for the savage giant gods of the old Scandinavians. Thor and Woden would have been at home in it. The Cyclops and Titans would have been too little for it. The Olympian deities could not be conceived as able or willing to exist in such a hideous chaos. No creature of the Greek imagination would have been a suitable inhabitant for it except Prometheus alone. Here his eternal agony and boundless despair might not have been out of place.

There was no comfort in the river. It came out of unknown and inhospitable mystery, and went into a mystery equally unknown and inhospitable. To what fate it might lead was as uncertain as whence it arrived. A sombre flood, reddish brown in certain lights, studded with rocks which raised ghosts of unmoving foam, flowing with a speed which perpetually boiled and eddied, promising nothing to the voyager but thousand-fold shipwreck, a breathless messenger from the mountains to the ocean, it wheeled incessantly from stony portal to stony portal, a brief gleam of power and cruelty. The impression which it produced was in unison with the sublime malignity and horror of the landscape.

Depressed by fatigue, the desperate situation of the party, and the menace of the frightful scene around her, Mrs. Stanley could not and would not speak to Thurstane when he mounted the roof, and turned away to hide the tears in her eyes.

"You see I am housekeeping," said Clara with a smile. "Look how clean the room in the tower has been swept. I had some brooms made of tufted grass.

There are our beds in the corners. These hard-finished walls are really handsome."

She stopped, hesitated a moment, looked at him anxiously, and then added, "Have you seen Pepita?"

"Yes," he replied, deciding to be frank. "I think I have discovered her tied to a tree."

"Oh! to be tortured!" exclaimed Clara, wringing her hands and beginning to cry.

"We will ransom her," he hurried on. "I am going down to hold a parley with the Apaches."

"*Don't!*" exclaimed the girl, catching his arm. "Oh no! Oh, why did we come here!"

Fearing lest he should be persuaded to evade what he considered his duty, he pressed her hand fervently and hurried away. Yes, he repeated, it was *his* duty; to parley with the Apaches was a most dangerous enterprise; he did not feel at liberty to order any other to undertake it.

Finding Coronado, he said to him, "I am going down to ransom Pepita. You know the Indians better than I do. How many people shall I take?"

A gleam of satisfaction shot across the dark face of the Mexican as he replied, "Go alone."

"Certainly," he insisted, in response to the officer's stare of surprise. "If you take a party, they'll doubt you. If you go alone, they'll parley. But, my dear Lieutenant, you are magnificent. This is the finest moment of your life. Ah! only you Americans are capable of such impulses. We Spaniards haven't the nerve."

"I don't know their scoundrelly language."

"Manga Colorada speaks Spanish. I dare say you'll easily come to an understanding with him. As for ransom, anything that we have, of course, excepting food, arms, and ammunition. I can furnish a hundred dollars or so. Go, my dear Lieutenant; go on your noble mission. God be with you."

"You will see that I am covered, if I have to run for it."

"I'll see to everything. I'll line the wall with sharpshooters."

"Post your men. Good-by."

"Good-by, my dear Lieutenant."

Coronado did post his men, and among them was Texas Smith. Into the ear of this brave, whom he placed quite apart from the other watchers, he whispered a few significant words.

"I told ye, to begin with, I didn't want to shute at brass buttons," growled Texas. "The army's a big thing. I never wanted to draw a bead on that man, and I don't want to now more 'n ever. Them army fellers hunt together. You hit one, an' you've got the rest after ye; an' four to one 's a mighty slim chance."

"Five hundred dollars down," was Coronado's only reply.

After a moment of sullen reflection the desperado said, "Five hundred dollars! Wal, stranger, I'll take yer bet."

Coronado turned away trembling and walked to another part of the wall. His emotions were disordered and disagreeable; his heart throbbed, his head was a little light, and he felt that he was pale; he could not well bear any more excitement, and he did not want to see the deed done. Rifle in hand, he was pretending to keep watch through a fissure, when he observed Clara following the line of the wall with the obvious purpose of finding a spot whence she could see the plain. It seemed to him that he ought to stop her, and then it seemed to

him that he had better not. With such a horrible drumming in his ears how could he think clearly and decide wisely?

Clara disappeared; he did not notice where she went; did not think of looking. Once he thrust his head through his crevice to watch the course of Thurstane, but drew it back again on discovering that the brave lad had not yet reached the Apaches, and after that looked no more. His whole strength seemed to be absorbed in merely listening and waiting. We must remember that, although Coronado had almost no conscience, he had nerves.

Let us see what happened on the plain through the anxious eyes of Clara.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the time-eaten wall Clara had found a fissure through which she could watch the parley between Thurstane and the Apaches. She climbed into it from a mound of disintegrated adobes, and stood there, pale, tremulous, and breathless, her whole soul in her eyes.

Thurstane, walking his horse and making signs of amity with his cap, had by this time reached the low bank of the rivulet, and halted within four hundred yards of the savages. There had been a stir immediately on his appearance: first one warrior and then another had mounted his pony; a score of them were now prancing hither and thither. They had left their lances stuck in the earth, but they still carried their bows and quivers.

When Clara first caught sight of Thurstane he was beckoning for one of the Indians to approach. They responded by pointing to the summit of the hill, as if signifying that they feared to expose themselves to rifle shot from the ruins. He resumed his march, forded the shallow stream, and pushed on two hundred yards.

"O Madre de Dios!" groaned Clara, falling into the language of her childhood. "He is going clear up to them."

She was on the point of shrieking to him, but she saw that he was too far off to hear her, and she remained silent, just staring and trembling.

Thurstane was now about two hundred yards from the Apaches. Except the twenty who had first mounted, they were sitting on the ground or standing by their ponies, every face set towards the solitary white man and every figure as motionless as a statue. Those on horseback, moving slowly in circles, were spreading out gradually on either side of the main body, but not advancing. Presently a warrior in full Mexican costume, easily recognizable as Manga Colorada himself, rode straight towards Thurstane for a hundred yards, threw his bow and quiver ten feet from him, dismounted and lifted both hands. The officer likewise lifted his hands, to show that he too was without arms, moved forward to within thirty feet of the Indian, and thence advanced on foot, leading his horse by the bridle.

Clara perceived that the two men were conversing, and she began to hope that all might go well, although her heart still beat suffocatingly. The next moment she was almost paralyzed with horror. She saw Manga Colorada spring at Thurstane; she saw his dark arms around him, the two interlaced and reeling; she heard the triumphant yell of the Indian, and the response of his fellows; she saw the officer's startled horse break loose and prance away. In the same instant the mounted Apaches, sending forth their war whoop and unslinging their bows, charged at full speed toward the combatants.

Thurstane had but five seconds in which to save his life. Had he been a

man of slight or even moderate physical and moral force, there would not have been the slightest chance for him. But he was six feet high, broad in the shoulders, limbed like a gladiator, solidified by hardships and marches, accustomed to danger, never losing his head in it, and blessed with lots of pugnacity. He was pinioned; but with one gigantic effort he loosened the Indian's lean sinewy arms, and in the next breath he laid him out with a blow worthy of Heenan.

Thurstone was free; now for his horse. The animal was frightened and capering wildly; but he caught him and flung himself into the saddle without minding stirrups; then he was riding for life. Before he had got fairly under headway the foremost Apaches were within fifty paces of him, yelling like demons and letting fly their arrows. But every weapon is uncertain on horseback, and especially every missile weapon, the bow as well as the rifle. Thus, although a score of shafts hissed by the fugitive, he still kept his seat; and as his powerful beast soon began to draw ahead of the Indian ponies, escape seemed probable.

He had, however, to run the gauntlet of another and even a greater peril. In a crevice of the ruined wall which crested the hill crouched a pitiless assassin and an almost unerring shot, waiting the right moment to send a bullet through his head. Texas Smith did not like the job; but he had said "You bet," and had thus pledged his honor to do the murder; and moreover, he sadly wanted the five hundred dollars. If he could have managed it, he would have preferred to get the officer and some "Injun" in a line, so as to bring them down together. But that was hopeless; the fugitive was increasing his lead; now was the time to fire—now or never.

When Clara beheld Manga Colorado seize Thurstone, she had turned instinctively and leaped into the enclosure, with a feeling that, if she did not see the tragedy, it would not be. In the next breath she was wild to know what was passing, and to be as near to the officer and his perils as possible. A little farther along the wall was a fissure which was lower and broader than the one she had just quitted. She had noticed it a minute before, but had not gone to it because a man was there. Towards this man she now rushed, calling out, "Oh, do save him!"

Her voice and the sound of her footsteps were alike drowned by a rattle of musketry from other parts of the ruin. She reached the man and stood behind him; it was Texas Smith, a being from whom she had hitherto shrunk with instinctive aversion; but now he seemed to her a friend in extremity. He was aiming; she glanced over his shoulder along the levelled rifle; in one breath she saw Thurstone and saw that the weapon was pointed at *him*. With a shriek she sprang forward against the kneeling assassin, and flung him clean through the crevice upon the earth outside the wall, the rifle exploding as he fell and sending its ball at random.

Texas Smith was stupefied and even profoundly disturbed. After rolling over twice, he picked himself up, picked up his gun also, and while hastily reloading it clattered back into his lair, more than ever confounded at seeing no one. Clara, her exploit accomplished, had instantly turned and fled along the course of the wall, not at all with the idea of escaping from the bushwhacker, but merely to meet Thurstone. She passed a dozen men, but not one of them saw her, they were all so busy in popping away at the Apaches. Just as she reached the large gap in the rampart, her hero cantered through it, erect, unhurt, rosy, handsome, magnificent. The impassioned gesture of joy with which she welcomed him was a something, a revelation perhaps, which the youngster saw

and understood afterwards better than he did then. For the present he merely waved her towards the Casa, and then turned to take a hand in the fighting.

But the fighting was over. Indeed the Apaches had stopped their pursuit as soon as they found that the fugitive was beyond arrow shot, and were now prancing slowly back to their bivouac. After one angry look at them from the wall, Thurstane leaped down and ran after Clara.

"Oh!" she gasped, out of breath and almost faint. "Oh, how it has frightened me!"

"And it was all of no use," he answered, passing her arm into his and supporting her.

"No. Poor Pepita! Poor little Pepita! But oh, what an escape you had!"

"We can only hope that they will adopt her into the tribe," he said in answer to the first phrase, while he timidly pressed her arm to thank her for the second.

Coronado now came up, ignorant of Texas Smith's misadventure, and puzzled at the escape of Thurstane, but as fluent and complimentary as usual.

"My dear Lieutenant! Language is below my feelings. I want to kneel down and worship you. You ought to have a statue—yes, and an altar. If your humanity has not been successful, it has been all the same glorious."

"Nonsense," laughed Thurstane. "Every one of us has done well in his turn. It was my tour of duty to-day. Don't praise me. I haven't accomplished anything."

"Ah, the scoundrels!" declaimed Coronado. "How could they violate a truce! It is unknown, unheard of. The miserable traitors! I wish you could have killed Manga Colorada."

From this dialogue he hurried away to find and catechise Texas Smith. The desperado told his story: "Jest got a bead on him—had him sure pop—never see a squarer mark—when somebody mounted me—pitched me clean out of my hole."

"Who?" demanded Coronado, a rim of white showing clear around his black pupils.

"Dunno. Didn't see nobody. 'Fore I could reload and git in it was gone."

"What the devil did you stop to reload for?"

"Stranger, I *allays* reload."

Coronado flinched under the word *stranger* and the stare which accompanied it.

"It was a woman's yell," continued Texas.

Coronado felt suddenly so weak that he sat down on a mouldering heap of adobes. He thought of Clara; was it Clara? Jealous and terrified, he for an instant, only for an instant, wished she were dead.

"See here," he said, when he had restrung his nerves a little. "We must separate. If there is any trouble, call on me. I'll stand by you."

"I reckon you'd better," muttered Smith, looking at Coronado as if he were already drawing a bead on him.

Without further talk they parted. The Texan went off to rub down his horse, mend his accoutrements, squat around the cooking fires, and gamble with the drivers. Perhaps he was just a bit more fastidious than usual about having his weapons in perfect order and constantly handy; and perhaps too he looked over his shoulder a little oftener than common while at his work or his games; but on the whole he was a masterpiece of strong, serene, ferocious self-possession. Coronado also, as unquiet at heart as the devil, was outwardly as calm as Greek art. They were certainly a couple of almost sublime scoundrels.

It was now nightfall ; the day closed with extraordinary abruptness ; the sun went down as though he had been struck dead ; it was like the fall of an ox under the axe of the butcher. One minute he was shining with an intolerable, feverish fervor, and the next he had vanished behind the lofty ramparts of the plateau.

It was Sergeant Meyer's tour as officer of the day, and he had prepared for the night with the thoroughness of an old soldier. The animals were picketed in the innermost rooms of the Casa Grande, while the spare baggage was neatly piled along the walls of the central apartment. Thurstane's squad was quartered in one of the two outer rooms, and Coronado's squad in the other, each man having his musket loaded and lying beside him, with the butt at his feet and the muzzle pointing toward the wall. One sentry was posted on the roof of the building, and one on the ground twenty yards or so from its salient angle, while further away were two fires which partially lighted up the great enclosure. The sergeant and such of his men as were not on post slept or watched in the open air at the corner of the Casa.

The night passed without attack or alarm. Apache scouts undoubtedly prowled around the enclosure, and through its more distant shadows, noting avenues and chances for forlorn hopes. But they were not ready as yet to do any nocturnal spearing, and if ever Indians wanted a night's rest they wanted it. The garrison was equally quiet. Texas Smith, too familiar with ugly situations to lie awake when no good was to be got by it, chose his corner, curled up in his blanket and slept the sleep of the just. Overwhelming fatigue soon sent Coronado off in like manner. Clara, too ; she was querying how much she should tell Thurstane ; all of a sudden she was dreaming.

When broad daylight opened her eyes she was still lethargic and did not know where she was. A stretch ; a long wondering stare about her ; then she sprang up, ran to the edge of the roof, and looked over. There was Thurstane, alive, taking off his hat to her and waving her back from the brink. It was a second and more splendid sun-rising ; and for a moment she was full of happiness.

At dawn Meyer had turned out his squad, patrolled the enclosure, made sure that no Indians were in or around it, and posted a single sentry on the southeastern angle of the ruins, which commanded the whole of the little plain. He discovered that the Apaches, fearful like all cavalry of a night attack, had withdrawn to a spot more than a mile distant, and had taken the precaution of securing their retreat by garrisoning the mouth of the cañon. Having made his dispositions and his reconnoissance, the sergeant reported to Thurstane.

"Turn out the animals and let them pasture," said the officer, rising up promptly to the situation, as a soldier learns to do. "How long will the grass in the enclosure last them?"

"Not three days, Lieutenant."

"To-morrow we will begin to pasture them on the slope. How about fishing?"

"I cannot say, Lieutenant."

"Take a look at the Buchanan boat and see if it can be put together. We may find a chance to use it."

"Yes, Lieutenant."

The Buchanan boat, invented by a United States officer whose name it bears, is a sack of canvas with a frame of light sticks ; when put together it is about twelve feet long by five broad and three deep, and is capable of sustaining a weight of two tons. Thurstane, thinking that he might have rivers to cross in

his explorations, had brought one of these coracles. At present it was a bundle weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and forming the load of a single mule. Meyer got it out, bent it on to its frame, and found it in good condition.

"Very good," said Thurstane. "Roll it up again and store it safely. We may want it to-morrow."

Meantime Clara had thought out her problem. In her indignation at Texas Smith she had contemplated denouncing him before the whole party, and had found that she had not the courage. She had wanted to make a confidant of her relative, and had decided that nothing could be more unwise. Aunt Maria was good, but she lacked practical sense; even Clara, girl as she was, could see the one fact as well as the other. Her final and sagacious resolve was to tell the tale to Thurstane alone.

Mrs. Stanley, still jaded through with her forced march, fell asleep immediately after breakfast. Clara went to the brink of the roof, caught the officer's eye, and beckoned him to come to her.

"We must not be seen," she whispered when he was by her side. "Come inside the tower. There has been something dreadful. I must tell you."

Then she narrated how she had surprised and interrupted Texas Smith in his attempt at murder; for the time she was all Spanish in feeling, and told the story with fervor, with passion; and the moment she had ended it she began to cry. Thurstane was so overwhelmed by her emotion that he no more thought of the danger which he had escaped than if it had been the buzzing of a mosquito. He longed to comfort her; he dared to put his hand upon her waist; rather, we should say, he could not help it. If she noticed it she had no objection to it, for she did not move; but the strong and innocent probability is that she really did not notice it.

"Oh, what can it mean?" she sobbed. "Why did he do it? What will you do?"

"Never mind," he said, his voice tender, his blue-black eyes full of love, his whole face angelic with affection. "Don't be troubled. Don't be anxious. I will do what is right. I will put him under arrest and try him, if it seems best. But I don't want you to be troubled. It shall all come out right. I mean to live till you are safe."

After a time he succeeded in soothing her, and then there came a moment in which she seemed to perceive that his arm was around her waist, for she drew a little away from him, coloring splendidly. But he had held her too long to be able to let her go thus; he took her hands and looked in her face with the solemnity of a love which pleads for life.

"Will you forgive me?" he murmured. "I must say it. I cannot help it. I love you with all my soul. I dare not ask you to be my wife. I am not fit for you. But have pity on me. I couldn't help telling you."

He just saw that she was not angry; yes, he was so shy and humble that he could not see more; but that little glimpse of kindness was enough to lure him forward. On he went, hastily and stammeringly, like a man who has but a moment in which to speak, only a moment before some everlasting farewell.

"Oh, Miss Van Diemen! Is there—can there ever be—any hope for me?"

It was one of the questions which arise out of great abysses from men who in their hopelessness still long for heaven. No prisoner at the bar, faintly trusting that in the eyes of his judge he might find mercy, could be more anxious than was Thurstane at that moment. The lover who does not yet know that he will be loved is a figure of tragedy.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. THURLOW WEED.

THE election of 1840 resulted in a great triumph for the Whig party. General Harrison received a very emphatic majority for President. Governor Seward, though falling several thousand votes behind General Harrison, was still reelected by a handsome majority. The State Canvassers, consisting of the Secretary of State, Comptroller, Attorney-General, Treasurer, and Surveyor-General, all Whigs, discovered a defect or irregularity in the return of votes from the county of St. Lawrence, which, if regarded as fatal, deprived Governor Seward of all the votes (some twenty-seven hundred) cast for him in that county. The Secretary of State, Mr. John C. Spencer, regarded the return as fatally defective. The other members of the Board asked for time to examine precedents, and the question was laid over until the canvass in other respects should have been completed. When finally that question came up, Mr. Spencer found himself opposed by Bates Cook, the Comptroller; Willis Hall, the Attorney-General; Jacob Haight, Treasurer; and Orville L. Holley, the Surveyor-General. An evening's discussion resulted in nothing but to confirm all in the correctness of their views. On the following day the Board was required by law to complete their canvass. The morning and afternoon of that day were devoted to an exciting and acrimonious discussion, without producing any change. The Board adjourned at four o'clock P. M. to meet again, and finally, at seven P. M.

Up to this time their proceedings had been private. After the four o'clock adjournment Messrs. Cook and Hall waited upon the Governor and informed him of the muddle in which they were involved. This not only surprised but exasperated Governor Seward, whose patience had been a good deal tried by the loss of votes for other causes. He had, in his first and second messages to the Legislature, urged a reduction of lawyers' fees; he had also encountered the serious opposition of sectarians upon the school question. Though popular in other respects with his party, he lost from these two interests some three thousand votes. The determination therefore of the Secretary of State, his political and personal friend, to deprive him of the Whig vote of St. Lawrence county, was regarded as "the unkindest cut of all." But the Governor knew that Mr. Spencer would resent any interference from him; he knew also with what tenacity Mr. Spencer adhered to his opinions—a tenacity which any collision of opinions with colleagues served to confirm and strengthen. A remark which Sir Walter Scott applied to a Scotch judge who could never relieve a case of an embarrassment, and "especially if it was an embarrassment of his own creation," applies with great force to Mr. Spencer. The Governor knew that neither arguments, nor precedents, nor authorities would weigh a feather with the Secretary. I was immediately advised of this "dead-lock" in the Board of Canvassers. I had something more than an hour for reflection. It was a cold, dreary December evening. I waited until the Board had reassembled in the old State Hall, and then passed into an ante-room where I knew I should find the Deputy Secretary, Mr. Archibald Campbell, who was quite as reliable as any fixture in the apartment. I inquired for Mr. Spencer. "He is," replied Mr. Campbell, "engaged with the other State Canvassers, and told me not to call him." I remarked that my business was important, and desired him to say so to Mr. Spen-

cer, and to add that I would detain him but a moment. Mr. Spencer left the Board and came rapidly toward me, with a look which no one who knew him could misunderstand. His countenance said as plainly as words could have expressed it, You will make nothing by this visit. I apologized earnestly for intruding, adding that a question of considerable importance had suddenly arisen, upon which I was unwilling to act without his advice, adding that if he could not give me five minutes of his time I must do the best I could without his counsel, which I felt would be of the utmost importance. This relieved him from the suspicion that I had come to interfere with the canvass. His features relaxed, and taking a chair, he listened attentively to my hypothetical case; a case sufficiently sophistical and abstruse to interest him. After a few moments' reflection he briefly stated the ground of his opinion, an opinion which I accepted with all the gravity that the occasion demanded, and after thanking him for it, and again apologizing for my intrusion, I rose to depart. After bidding him good-night he said, "I suppose you know what detains me here?" To which I replied, "I suppose that you are afraid the people won't get the worth of their money unless you work nights for them." "It's not that," said Mr. Spencer. "This is the last day for completing the State canvass, and the Attorney-General has wasted the whole day in an effort to count votes for Governor Seward which are irregularly returned." I inquired how many votes were thus irregularly returned, and on being informed added, "Why, that does not affect the result. Without these votes Governor Seward has more than ten thousand majority. It's a shame to waste time where nothing but the Governor's pride is concerned." "So I have told them," said Mr. Spencer, "but it is of no use." "But," said I, "though Holley is impracticable, Cook and Haight have sense and ought to go with you, and I would tell them so if I could see them." Mr. Spencer mused briefly, and then invited me into the room, saying to his colleagues that I had called to see him on other business, and that since, as State Printer, I was in some sense officially connected with them, he would, if there was no objection, explain to me the cause of delay in completing the canvass, and thus obtain the views of an outside friend. Mr. Spencer then stated the question as he understood it. It was that the Whig vote for Governor in St. Lawrence county had been returned by the County Board of Canvassers to the State Canvassers "For William Henry Seward," instead of "For William H. Seward." Mr. Spencer insisted that the substitution of "Henry" for the initial "H." was a fatal defect. Mr. Hall, the Attorney-General, then gave his version. He maintained that inasmuch as the Governor's name was really and truly "William Henry Seward," although usually known and addressed as "William H. Seward," and inasmuch as it was not only an evident, but undisputed fact, that the votes in question were intended for "William H. Seward," the inaccuracy, even if it was one, which he denied, was wholly non-essential and immaterial. Mr. Spencer replied briefly but with animation, and Mr. Hall rejoined in a corresponding spirit. Then came a pause. I broke the silence by expressing deep regret that Governor Seward, after the mortification of finding himself several thousand votes behind General Harrison on account of the school question and the opposition of the lawyers, should now be further annoyed by the loss of two or three thousand votes more; but that I could see no help for it; that the State Canvassers, in my judgment, had no right to allow these votes to Governor Seward; that if the St. Lawrence county return was right, then the returns of all the other counties were wrong; that, on the other hand, if all the other counties in the State had made proper returns, it was certain that the St. Lawrence return was defect-

tive; but, I added, however much we might all desire to spare the feelings of the Governor, yet practically the loss of a few hundred votes was of no real importance. His election, as their canvass would show, was safe by a handsome majority, and that was all that the welfare of our party and the interests of the State required.

Mr. Spencer was radiant, while the other members of the Board "looked daggers," but nothing was said. I made my bow and retired. But after opening the door, I turned, saying that the Governor would of course be vexed at the loss of these votes, but that it was no fault of the Board of Canvassers; that I was myself responsible for the error of the St. Lawrence County Canvassers; that I had misled them by an act of stupidity, and that I should take the whole blame upon myself; and again started for the door. Mr. Spencer instantly inquired, "How did you mislead them?" I replied, that after our nomination for Governor, in placing the name of the candidate in the usual way under the editorial head of the "Evening Journal," instead of contenting myself with plain "William H. Seward," I flaunted it forth as "William Henry Seward," so that it might harmonize with that of "William Henry Harrison," whose name stood immediately over it, as our candidate for President. The other Whig papers in the State, including that of St. Lawrence county, followed this lead, having through the campaign under their editorial head the names of "William Henry Harrison" for President, and "William Henry Seward" for Governor. This alliteration, as it seemed to me, gave a poetic, if not a popular effect to the eye and ear. It was not only very foolish, but, as proved, mischievous; and I was very much ashamed of it.

Mr. Spencer rose, opened the door, and asked Mr. Campbell for the file of the "Evening Journal," which was brought to him; and turning back to the months of September, October, and until the day of the election in November, he found the names of "William Henry Harrison" and "William Henry Seward," in garished capitals, under the editorial head of the paper. Handing the paper around to the other members of the Board, "This," said Mr. Spencer, "is important; and if the Whig paper in St. Lawrence county placed these names under *its* editorial head, the fact would justify the return of the St. Lawrence county Board." I stated that the St. Lawrence county paper was on file at the reading room of the Young Men's Association, and volunteered to produce it. And upon this authority proving, as Mr. Spencer assumed, that the electors of St. Lawrence county were informed that the Governor's name was "William Henry Seward," and voted understandingly, he withdrew his objection to the return, and cheerfully united with the other members of the Board in receiving the St. Lawrence county vote for Governor Seward. The State canvass was completed and signed within fifteen minutes; when the Board adjourned as harmoniously as if nothing had happened to disturb its deliberations.

Had Mr. Spencer known or suspected that I had been informed of their disagreement, and came with the idea of inducing him to change his views, my errand would have proved abortive. All the arguments that human wisdom or ingenuity could urge or suggest went for nothing with Mr. Spencer, after he had on such occasions locked the door and put the key to his mind in his pocket. He could neither be persuaded nor driven to change; but those who knew him well could sometimes beguile him.

WHY I DID NOT DINE WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

We reached London on Saturday afternoon, November —, 1852, and took lodg-

ings at Christie's Hotel, in Regent street. I had brought with me three barrels of very large and excellent American apples, ten pair of prairie chickens, and ten brace of canvas-back ducks. I divided the game, etc., and sent it that afternoon to my friends, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, our Minister to England; Mr. Peabody, the eminent American banker; and Mr. Joseph Parkes, a distinguished barrister of London. The next morning (Sunday) Mr. Lawrence sent his son James, who had been our fellow passenger in the Baltic, to ask us (my daughter and myself) to dine with him that day. My daughter, having but just left the ship, declined, but I accepted the invitation. On my way from Regent street to Piccadilly, I passed the residence of my friend Parkes in Saville Row, and rang his bell with an intention of paying my respects and passing on. I found my friend with his wife and daughter, seated at the dinner table. After a cordial greeting he remarked, "You are just in time to take some of your own medicine. We are dining upon your American grouse." I replied that I was then on my way to dinner with Mr. Lawrence, whose invitation I had accepted in the morning. The servant in the mean time had placed a chair at the table, into which I was beguiled, as I supposed for a few minutes only. But that beguilement or fascination, in spite of several attempts to rise, kept me seated until it was more than half an hour late; and then, on the assurance of my friend that no person in London allowed a guest more than fifteen minutes grace, I "gave it up." Mr. Parkes remarked that there was an American gentleman of distinction at the Albany, for whom he would send; and a few minutes afterwards the servant returned with Mr. Robert J. Walker, then in Europe, for the purpose, as was said, of promoting free trade. We discussed the tariff question somewhat warmly, sitting until nearly twelve o'clock. The evening would have passed pleasantly, if I could have divested myself of the sense of the impropriety I had committed. Early the following day, embarrassed and mortified, I called on Mr. Lawrence to make the best apology in my power for that indecorum. Mr. Lawrence heard me in his usually bland manner, and then in a pleasant way remarked, that improprieties of this nature, like all others, brought their own punishment, as it had in this case, for he had invited his neighbor, the Duke of Wellington, to meet me at dinner, and that I had lost three hours of familiar conversation with the conqueror of Napoleon. I felt and acknowledged that my disregard of a dinner obligation had been severely but justly punished.

GUESTS, BUT NO DINNER.

NEARLY twenty years after this incident, I was guilty of a still greater and more inexcusable dinner impropriety. In the winter of 1862, the most critical and trying period of the Rebellion, I occupied a semi-official position in London, where I met, either at the American Legation or at the mansions of those who sympathized with the North, friends who came to London from other parts of the kingdom. Distinguished among these friends were Mr. Ashworth, the Mayor of Manchester, and Mr. Pendar, a wealthy and influential manufacturer of that city. Although prominent in a class whose interests were unfavorably affected by the war, Messrs. Ashworth and Pendar were warmly and generously the friends of our Government. Anxious to become better acquainted with them and to obtain what information and aid I could, while passing an evening with them at the residence of Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James's, I invited those gentlemen to dine with me the following day. The invitation was accepted. When I returned that evening to my lodgings, I received information which caused much anxiety and required immediate attention. My time and thoughts that night and the next day were so engrossed, that the invitation to

Messrs. Ashworth and Pendar was driven from my mind ; nor did it occur to me until at seven o'clock in the afternoon, to my consternation and horror, my guests appeared. No dinner had been ordered. Feelings of mortification and remorse almost deprived me of utterance. I was incapable of making explanations or apologies, for my conduct admitted of neither. I think the gentlemen discovered my embarrassment, for after a few minutes' conversation—confused and incoherent on my part—they took their leave. I made an attempt afterward to write an apologetic letter to them, but broke down with the first sentence. The only atonement I can ever hope to make them, will be found in this public acknowledgment of an act of great discourtesy, occasioned by unpardonable forgetfulness.

THE BORROWED DRESS-COAT.

IN 1825, while at Washington, I received an invitation from Mr. Clay to dinner. Two days afterward the porter of Gadsby's Hotel, where I was staying, said to me, "I hope you will accept Mr. Clay's invitation, sir." I said, "How did you know I had an invitation from Mr. Clay?" "Oh, sir, the letter came through the office, and we all know Mr. Clay's handwriting." He repeated his hope that I would go, and added, "Gentlemen sometimes come to Washington on business without bringing their dress-coats with them. Possibly you have forgotten yours ; if you did, you would do me a great favor by accepting one I haven't worn, and which would fit you nicely." The porter, who was evidently an observing and sagacious man, had divined the truth. I not only had not brought a dress-coat, but I did not possess one to bring, and really was regretting the necessity of declining the invitation for that reason. But the porter urged his offer with such kindness and delicacy, that I accepted both the coat and the invitation.

General Jackson in 1828 succeeded Mr. Adams as President. From that time until 1840, during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, a period of twelve years, I was not again in Washington. In the latter year, upon the election of General Harrison, I again visited the city, and in passing through the Treasury Department I encountered my old friend Brady, the thoughtful porter, whose coat I had worn to Mr. Clay's dinner, with whom I exchanged a very hearty greeting. He informed me that he had received a clerkship in the Department from General Jackson, but as the "spoils belonged to the victors" he now expected to lose his place. After parting with him I went to the Secretary of the Treasury, and related to him the peculiar obligation under which I had formerly placed myself to the friendly porter, adding, what I was quite sure he would find to be true, that he was a very capable and faithful clerk. The Secretary was amused at the nature of the obligation I had incurred years before, and cheerfully consented to retain my friend in his situation.

In 1843, while again at Washington, the Hon. D. D. Barnard, our representative from Albany, invited me to dinner. His "mess" consisted of the Hon. John Greig of Canandaigua, the Hon. Henry Van Rensselaer of Ogdensburg, and the Hon. Jared Ingersoll of Philadelphia—a very select and refined circle, all being gentlemen of high social position. When the dessert was about to be brought on, it being an exceedingly hot day, Mr. Greig suggested that we should move to the veranda, where we could enjoy the cool breeze from the bay. In going from the dining-room to the veranda I discovered in the person arranging the table my old friend Brady, with whom I cordially shook hands. I learned from the brief questions I put to him that he was the host of that house, and that these members of Congress were his guests. As soon as he retired I commenced relating the story of the coat, which my fastidious friend Mr. Bar-

nard attempted to interrupt, from a sense of horror that a friend whom he had honored with an invitation to dinner should voluntarily confess that he had worn a hotel-keeper's dress-coat to a dinner with the Secretary of State. Mr. Ingersoll's susceptibilities seemed also to be disturbed, but Mr. Greig, one of "nature's noblemen," and Mr. Van Rensselaer (the latter an accomplished son of the "old Patroon," and son-in-law of the late John A. King), enjoyed the story immensely, and insisted upon having Brady called in to give his version of the incident. My old friend remained through several administrations in the Treasury Department, and died fifteen years ago, extensively known and greatly respected among the citizens of Washington.

CUSTOM-HOUSE LITERATURE.

IN looking through old manuscripts, one of an ancient date, but in a familiar hand, turned up. This manuscript shows that in former times custom-house officers relieved the monotony of their duties by conducting their correspondence in poetry instead of prose. Since my friend Charles P. Clinch has been a deputy collector of customs for the port of New York, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Some thirty years ago Mr. Barker was an officer of customs for the port of Philadelphia. Both gentlemen were more than suspected of poetic indulgences. Under a former tariff a question of whether an article then being imported from Greece was subject to duty, occasioned a collision of opinions between importers and officials. Mr. Clinch, who desired the opinion of Mr. Barker, his Philadelphia friend, submitted the question thus :

"The oils of Grease, the oils of Grease
Were burning shames to Goths and Vandals,
Where grew no arts of war or peace
By which to mould it into candles.
The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I deemed that Grease might still be *free*.

"But the Collector says it *pays* as tallow.

"C."

The return mail carried back this answer :

"O tho' you say that Greece is free,
That lovely land of bards and beauty,
Yet Otho there exacts his fee,
And dares to subject Greece to duty.
The appraisers look on marrow-bones,
For marrow-bones once tallow bore ;
Report, and spare importers' groans,
'Tis Grease—but living Grease no more !

"B."

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF CHANCELLOR LANSING.

THE following letter, though written several months ago, as seen by its date, I only now send for publication :

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 18, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Galaxy* :

Since our conversation the other morning, in which you assumed that an

article in the "New York Times" some months since, relating to the mysterious fate of the late Chancellor Lansing of Albany, referred to myself, as possessing information that the public might look for at no distant day, I have concluded to submit what I have to say on that subject, with your permission, through the pages of THE GALAXY.

Twenty-three years ago an eminent citizen of this State, now deceased, put me in possession of information which in his judgment clearly demonstrated that Chancellor Lansing was murdered through the agency of parties whom he named, asking and receiving my promise to publish the facts, should I survive the parties implicated—parties who lived useful lives and died leaving unblemished reputations.

By a strict or literal construction of my promise, the contingency on which it was based has occurred. My distinguished informant and the persons whom his proofs implicated have gone to their final account. As the time therefore had arrived when it became necessary to act upon this question, I found it surrounded by great difficulties. The facts and circumstances, if given to the public, would reach further, as I believe, in their consequences than my informant contemplated—certainly further than I was myself aware when I gave him my promise. While it is true that the parties named are beyond the reach of human tribunals, as of public opinion, yet others, immediately associated with them and sharing in the strong inducement which prompted the alleged crime, survive, occupying high positions and enjoying public confidence. To these persons, should my proofs be submitted, public attention would be irresistibly drawn. This fact, independent of the circumstance that a large circle of immediate descendants of the deceased persons more directly accused would suffer, led me not only to pause, but to seek advice. Several months ago I submitted the question to two enlightened, experienced, and calm-minded professional gentlemen, the Hon. Hugh Maxwell and Richard M. Blatchford, Esq., on whose judgment and friendship I knew that I could safely repose. Mr. Maxwell, after weighing all the facts and circumstances maturely, stated that they might and probably would produce upon the minds of those who read their moral conviction; yet, that if the accused parties had been placed upon their trial, the testimony would have been insufficient to satisfy a court or jury. In his judgment, therefore, in a case which would occasion so much anguish among the families and friends of those who were not here to defend themselves, and where the ends of justice could in no sense be promoted, he could see no useful or wise purpose to be accomplished by the publication. Mr. Blatchford, having carefully considered the whole question, came to the conclusion that if my informant were now living to look the question in all its bearings in the face, he would promptly absolve me from my promise. Nor is this all. I was fortunate in meeting, a few weeks since, the widow of my friend and informant, a lady of high intelligence, cultivation, and good sense. This lady, who enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence of her distinguished husband, had been informed by him of the trust he had reposed in me. She was prepared, therefore, to speak understandingly on the subject; and while she could not bring herself to advise me to disregard the injunctions of one whose views, suggestions, and wishes had been the law of her life, she evidently *hoped* that I would see my way clear to withhold the statement, and was as evidently gratified to learn that Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Blatchford had advised me to suppress it.

If I needed other evidence of the propriety of the course I have concluded to adopt, it would be found, I think, in the recent infelicitous experience of a

distinguished literary personage who, under circumstances somewhat similar, felt called upon to reveal what had been communicated to her affecting the reputations of eminent persons long since deceased. In the remarkable unanimity of disapproval which that revelation encountered, there is a lesson and a moral too significant to be disregarded.

THURLOW WEED.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

HER days are filled with homely tasks,
 Her heart with love's content ;
 Whate'er she has, she enjoys, nor asks
 For what Heaven hath not sent.

She looks out toward the purple hills
 Through small-paned windows gray ;
 The sunshine ripples o'er the sills,
 And the home-made carpet gay.

A soul serene, through clear, mild eyes,
 Her baby gazes forth ;
 His silence seems than speech more wise,
 His smile a cherub's mirth.

She cares not many books to read,
 But feeds on life instead ;
 And, trammelled by no formal creed,
 Her heart inspires her head.

A home-spun woof of noiseless deeds,
 Her life makes little show ;
 For words come hardly for her needs,
 And ne'er like rivers flow.

And ne'er of duty doth she prate,
 But straightway does the deed
 Most needed, whether small or great,
 Fulfilling thus Love's creed.

In babyhood, among her toys,
 She happy was for hours ;
 And now, amid her household joys,
 She builds enduring towers.

And now as then she giveth joy
 To all who near her dwell,
 And feel the restful harmony
 Which from her soul doth well,

As from a brook in leafy dell,
 Or bird upon its nest,
 Or whatsoever at home doth dwell
 On Nature's tranquil breast.

M. R. W.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

PART I.: POPULAR DELUSIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

1. *That there is some necessary connection or antagonism between the principles of copyright and free trade.*

THERE is a very common vague notion that copyright is a sort of *tax* or *tariff* on books. The Rev. Joshua Leavitt, free trader, and Mr. Mansfield (the "Veteran Observer" of the "Times"), protectionist, have both assumed that international copyright and free trade are inconsistent and antagonistic. On the other hand, Mr. Henry C. Carey has labored at length to show that they are identical. In fact, they are neither the one nor the other. The absence of copyright is free stealing. Stealing is no legitimate branch of trade, whether "free" or "protected." Copyright merely says that other persons shall not appropriate without compensation—in other words, steal—the fruit of the author's brains and toil. Such appropriation can only be defended on two grounds. The first is that so boldly adopted by Mr. Carey, when he broadly asserts that *ideas* are the common property of mankind, and that there can therefore be no special ownership of them. To this position the simple argument is that it proves too much. It annihilates not only *international* copyright, but *all* copyright; it overthrows not only all copyright, but all patent laws, national and international. To give the foreign mechanic a patent for a toy, while refusing the foreign author copyright for a book which may amuse or instruct millions, would be a flat contradiction and a sad self-stultification.

The other possible argument is that private property may be taken for public benefit. And indeed this principle is universally admitted, but with the important qualification that those who propose to apply it in any particular case are bound to sustain the whole burthen of proof. The man who proposes to take away my property, like the man who proposes to take away my liberty, has no right to assume anything. He must prove every step of his way. The law of private property is general, the violation of it for public purposes is exceptional, and the purposes which justify the exceptional violation must be clearly brought out. How far this plea has any proof to support it in the present case will be seen as we go on.

There is indeed one complication of copyright which has a connection with free trade; but it is not essential to the main subject, and would remain an open question after the establishment of an international copyright law. There is nothing in the advocacy of international copyright, as proposed by its friends in this country, inconsistent with the principles of either a free trader or a protectionist. Practically we find men of very positive opinions on both sides united in support of copyright. The editor of the "Tribune" and an ex-secretary of the Free-Trade League are both active members of the International Copyright Association.

2. *That authors and literary men, as a class, are wealthy, or, at least, are well paid in proportion to their industry and merits.*

This delusion is promoted in two ways: first, by dwelling on exceptional lucky hits made by an author here and there in a generation with a single book; secondly, by the reverse process of collecting into one total all the various sums paid to an author, during the course of a long and laborious life. Literature is a lottery with many blanks and few prizes, and even the prizes are by no means

so large as those which fall in greater numbers to several other professions and employments. Washington Irving would probably be adduced by most persons as an example of an author who made a handsome fortune by his writings. Now, Irving's gains are accurately known. Including payments to his heirs, they make up in round numbers two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. A very respectable sum certainly; but when we consider that its acquisition was distributed over a period of at least fifty years, the result is that, according to the most favorable view, he enjoyed during forty years an income of \$5,000, and left the principal of that income to his heirs. Compare this with the gains of a *successful* lawyer, merchant, or business man of any class.

Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") is another person who would generally be cited as having made a fortune by literature. He himself, while admitting that he has received more money for copyright than the great majority of American authors, declares that the product of his literary labors would not support his family, if he had no other sources of income.*

The tax returns of the literary men in and about Cambridge, that headquarters of New England intellect, are very instructive in this connection. Only one of them has even a *comfortable* property, and he (though one of the most popular living poets) does not owe it to his pen. Indeed, poets as a class are almost proverbially poor; yet, because some of them have possessed private fortunes by inheritance or marriage, or derived from other pursuits quite independent of their poetry, the opponents of copyright have the hardihood to bring forward these instances as proof that poetry is a profitable avocation!

If the captains of literature are thus rewarded, what shall we say of the rank and file—an average magazine writer, for instance? Something like this, that if he could readily place all that he can conscientiously write, then, with three hundred working days in the year, he could make fair clerk's wages, say from \$1,500 to \$1,800; that in fact he is able to place one-third or less of his possible writing, and his gains are as likely to fall below as to exceed \$300.

In one sense authors have no right to complain of this state of things. In one sense they do not complain of it. Literature is more honorable and more interesting in itself than many other occupations. It is an axiom of political economy that employments which have this advantage are less lucrative than other kinds of business more irksome or less respectable. (We may note as a curious converse illustration of this principle, that in proportion as the legal profession in our country has become more largely remunerative, it has lost somewhat of its old prestige of honor.) An author who expected to make money as rapidly as a shopkeeper or a railway director, or who was disappointed because he did not make money so rapidly, would be a very absurd person. The world in general labors under no great guilt because Mrs. Stowe did not clear a million of dollars from "Uncle Tom." But the principle, like all others, has its limitations. Men cannot live by honor alone. Newspaper puffs are unsubstantial diet. The author should not and does not expect to be as well paid as some other people, but he must be paid *something*.

3. *That authorship may, as a general rule, be carried on conjointly with and as a relaxation from more serious profitable business, or as the amusement of men of private fortune, and that, therefore, authors do not equitably require much (if any) remuneration in money.*

This error is in some respects the opposite of the last, but in more analogous to it.

* Letter to the I. C. A. Report of the Organization, p. 10.

It has a certain plausible foundation in exceptional cases—cases mostly taken from English literary history, men of remarkable physical endurance like Lord Brougham or Mr. Tom Taylor. The examples sometimes alleged from our own calendar of worthies rather prove the contrary. Thus, Halleck was during the greater part of his life a counting-house clerk; and that is probably the reason why he wrote so little. Of what he did write no small portion was given away. With more leisure and better pay, it is most reasonable to suppose that he would have written more, for he loved his proper profession and was a rapid worker.

That the composition of works requiring much study and research is a profession in itself, sounds like a self-evident proposition. But the same is true of imaginative writing, though the truth is less obvious. The literary *creator* must have long periods of uninterrupted thought. His work cannot be done in fragments and snatches of time, any more than a mathematical problem could be solved in the same way. During hours or days of seeming idleness, his conceptions are forming or maturing. Irving was a fertile writer, yet much of his life was spent in *apparent* day-dreaming. A celebrated French novelist used to support himself by writing one book a year. The *writing* of it, that is, the actual pen and ink work, occupied him two months; the remaining ten were passed in what seemed to be aimless and profitless lounging about in public, while he was really collecting and working over in his head the materials of his next novel.

A literature "written in the intervals of business" would be scrappy and inadequate. It would contain no great works either of science or of the imagination.

Again, it is certainly true that some authors, mostly poets or versifiers, have been men of comfortable or even large private fortunes; and though such persons do not usually give away their works when they will fetch anything in market, yet they *might* do so without serious privation, and are therefore fit objects for plunder in the eyes of a certain school of political economy. But these cases, like those of the former paragraph, are exceptional. The majority of rich men are no more inclined to authorship than the majority of poor men, and of the minority having the inclination, no larger percentage has the ability in the one class than in the other. An example like that of Mr. George Grote is a great public benefit; but such instances are too few to admit of our drawing any general rule from them. A nation which depended for its literature on its literary amateurs would get much bad verse, a little real poetry, a good deal of elegant but unsubstantial essay and criticism, and here and there a really valuable book in some specialty. The national wants would not be fully supplied—far from it.

4. *That publishers, as a general rule, make large fortunes between the author and the public.*

This particular error is not *strictly* connected with our subject; but as the merits and profits of publishers often come up in the course of the copyright discussion, a desire to glance at all points of the question and do justice to all parties has led to its introduction here. It must be admitted that publishers themselves have often done much to countenance this delusion and other analogous misconceptions: First, by pretending to have or accepting the assertions of others that they had a "mission" to encourage literature, to support young authorship, to develop latent genius, to improve public taste, and to do many things which they never have done, which it is not their business to do, and which no intelligent person ever expected of them; secondly, by wrapping up themselves

and their affairs in a thick veil of mystery while permitting the most extravagant quasi-official statements to be made about their outlays and incomes; thirdly, in some particular instances, by so active and virulent an opposition to international copyright that persons only half-way behind the scenes might be pardoned for supposing that nothing short of extraordinary gains could explain or impel these extraordinary exertions.

Nevertheless, it will appear to a careful and candid examiner that the publisher's calling is not necessarily a very lucrative one. We may set aside books published on commission, since few authors have both the means and the inclination to advance all the expenses and take all the risk. Yet even on these it would be easy to show that the publisher receives but twelve per cent. (at most) on the gross returns for his trouble and the use of his name in bringing the book forward. Generally he either pays down a fixed sum for the manuscript, or he allows the author a "royalty" on each edition, usually ten per cent. of the retail price. The former was, the latter is, the prevailing method. Under both systems publishers sometimes achieve remarkable hits; but on the other hand, the most cautious and lucky of them publish many books which fail to yield a profit. It is worth while to note in this connection, that the house which made such a "ten-strike" with "Uncle Tom" was ultimately unsuccessful in business.

5. *That American publishers, as a body, are opposed to international copyright.*

This error arises chiefly, if not entirely, from want of discrimination between the two classes of publishers—for two distinct classes are comprised under this one name—the publishers proper and the book manufacturers. The former merely *introduce books to the public*. They own neither presses nor types. They do not do their own printing any more than their own binding. The publishing business of the latter is secondary and subordinate to their business as book manufacturers. The former, without important exceptions it is believed, are in favor of international copyright. The latter were as generally opposed to it, but their squabbles in reference to English reprints have driven several of them into the ranks of its friends.

6. *That an international copyright law would benefit only British subjects.*

Were this true, the argument would be most cynical; but its incorrectness in point of fact will be shown under the head, "How it affects the American author," in Part II.

7. *That international copyright would make books dear.*

That the existence of national copyright does not make books dear is proved by the cheapness of books in England, as well as by the cheap editions in this country of native copyrighted works. That the existence of any copyright adds *something* to the price of a book, is readily admitted. "Probably flour would be cheaper if the farmers gave away all their wheat." But the addition to the price from this source is so trifling that no honest and reasonable man should grumble at it. If books—native books—are now dear among us, it is owing to a variety of other causes. The author's royalty, though a great deal *to him*, and an appreciable item to the publisher, makes very little difference to the public.

If cheap books are the great desideratum in reference to literature, we should at once adopt the free-trade principle to its fullest extent, and remove all duties on foreign works.

PART II.: HOW THE CASE STANDS.

1. *The history of the copyright movement.*

AT various times during the last thirty years, attempts have been made to bring about an international understanding on the subject. Mr. Everett, when Secretary of State, negotiated a treaty with England which virtually made the copyright law of both countries the same. It was read in the Senate (1853), referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, read a second time, and finally laid on the table. Since then, the most noteworthy essay was that of the Hon. John B. Baldwin (now editor of the "Worcester Spy"), in the Fortieth Congress. He introduced a bill which gave American copyright to foreign authors for their original or translated works, on condition of their registering here within a certain time and publishing through an American publisher. The International Copyright Association (founded in 1868, and counting in its ranks not merely authors but several distinguished editors and publishers), after careful consideration and extensive correspondence with the literary authorities of the country, approved of the bill, only suggesting an extension of the time for registry. It was killed in general committee of the two Houses.

There is one striking and suggestive fact in reference to all proceedings on this subject. *The question has never been brought to a direct vote in Congress.* It has always been stifled in committees, owing to the intrigues and influence of the opponents of international copyright, the most pertinacious of whom are a prominent book manufacturing and publishing firm in New York, and Mr. Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia.

2. *The law as it stands at present.*

Foreign authors have no rights which an American publisher is bound to respect. An American author may acquire British copyright by first publication in the British dominions. (Some have supposed a nominal residence necessary in addition, but the latest decisions do not confirm this view.)

3. *How this state of things affects the foreign author.*

During many years the English author was supposed to be repaid for the circulation of his works in America by the glory and honor of being extensively read among a great people. But the competition of rival publishing houses has recently enabled the most popular foreign writers to acquire a little solid pudding as well as much empty praise on this side of the Atlantic. Sums of money have been paid for "advance sheets." There is a general impression (sedulously kept up by some anonymous writers) that these sums are large. In the absence of much specific information authenticated by both parties, such statements should be received with some grains of salt. But after making all reasonable allowance for possible or probable exaggerations, the fact remains that the best or most popular English authors—especially popular novelists—receive *some* pecuniary return from the American editions of their works.

But there still remain a number of authors (not solely novelists, though this class may preponderate) who are not worth *paying*, because there is not competition enough for them to make their advance sheets valuable, but are well worth *taking*, as they are superior to any native authors whose manuscripts can be had for nothing. The writer of these lines once tested this in his own person during a residence abroad, which brought him temporarily into the position of a foreign author.

4. *How it affects the American author.*

While the "Edinburgh Review's" question, "Who reads an American book?"

was pertinent, the pillage was all on one side. But when American authors came to occupy eminent and popular positions in English literature, English publishers were not slow to follow the example which had been set them. An American author, holding not exactly a first-class literary position, but one of sufficient importance to insure a large circulation, states that of ten books which he has written, seven were reprinted in England. In these reprints, which sold to the extent of 100,000 copies, he was fortunate enough to receive \$275 from some rival firms.

A well-known English publisher writes to a member of Congress :

"I believe our reprinters are worse than yours. It is no uncommon thing for people here to wait until another house has well advertised and pushed an American book into notice, and then quietly reprint it and supply the trade at half price; and that when the first edition is authorized, under engagement to pay the author a portion of the profits." According to the same authority, "four hundred American books were imported and full titles registered by the London Publishers' Circular during 1869."

In the face of such facts it is difficult to accept Mr. Richard Grant White's assertion "that the copyright of American authors in British dominions is a matter of so small importance to either people, that it would have no appreciable influence on the action of either government."

Besides the negative injury thus inflicted on American authors, there is the very positive wrong of issuing garbled editions of their works (as in the recent case of Mr. Leland's "Breitmann Ballads"), or even affixing their names to books which they never wrote.*

But there is still another influence to be considered. Let us suppose that of two manufacturers in the same line, A and B, A can procure a considerable and essential portion of his raw material either gratuitously or at a price much below the ordinary market value; then it is obvious that in any competition between A and B, the latter is at a great disadvantage. Or, if B's necessities oblige him to sell to A, his remuneration will always be kept down by A's gratuitous resources. Again, let us suppose that the amateur authors, that is, those who work altogether or chiefly without pay, instead of being inferior in number and quality, constituted the largest and best portion of American authorship; it seems the merest truism to say that such a state of things would act injuriously upon professional authorship, and discourage its pursuit, and tend to keep able men out of it. Now the American book-manufacturing publisher stands to the American author exactly in the relation of A to B in our former hypothesis; and the English author stands (very unwillingly) to the American author exactly in the relation of the amateur to the professional in our latter hypothesis. All ordinary rules of analogy and reasoning justify the inference that American authorship must suffer.

Attempts have indeed been made to soften away the amount of discouragement. Thus, it has been insinuated that second-rate novels are the only native product the growth of which is seriously checked by the absence of international copyright. It is true that the reprints of novels are those most frequently seen and having the largest circulation, but it is not true that this is the only department where the influence of a gratuitous supply operates. Not only is every species of fugitive writing above daily newspaper work, whether imaginative or serious, largely affected, but the most laborious and scientific works may be equally discouraged. For instance, suppose that some accident of political or

* A. S. Roe's letter to the I. C. A. Report of the organization, p. 9.

social discussion has turned the attention of the general reading public, or a considerable portion of it outside the ordinary scholastic public, to the opinions and writings of Plato. The President of Yale College (this part of our illustration is no hypothesis) has been a careful student of the Platonic philosophy. He may not unnaturally be tempted to prepare a work on the subject. But at this juncture his views and those of his possible publisher are materially interfered with by the recollection that there exist kindred works—those of Mr. Grote and other European scholars—any one of which may be reprinted by any American publisher at any time without payment to the author. The enterprise immediately becomes risky from a pecuniary point of view, and unless author or publisher possesses enough public spirit to incur the risk of serious loss, the undertaking is abandoned.

Of course it is not pretended that the absence of international copyright is the only possible cause of our inferiority and want of fertility in several departments of literature. But it is *one* cause, obvious and important.

5. *How it affects the American publisher.*

For a certain time "honor among thieves" was the rule. But the temptation proved too strong, and there has resulted what some of the publishers themselves call "an unmitigated game of grab." The "courtesy" of the trade was thrown overboard and rival houses snatched the works of English authors out of one another's hands. Last year the mere statement of controversies about the right (!) of republication filled a page of the "American Bookseller's Guide"; and the number has since been increased. A very spicy and not very short magazine article might easily be written about these "little difficulties," of which the Harper-Lippincott row was perhaps the most notorious. It matters not, in reference to our subject, which of the parties in these squabbles were right and which wrong; and perhaps, where the whole moral basis is false, to apportion justly the shares of right and wrong might prove no easy matter. It is a sufficient condemnation of the present system—or no-system—that such proceedings are not only its possible but its natural and unavoidable fruits.

Without indulging in those exaggerated ideas about the mission of publishers which we have already had occasion to repudiate, it is surely not too much for their own sake and that of literature, that their business should be, and be considered, a highly respectable and gentlemanly pursuit; that it should not be content with a mere technical honesty, keeping outside of a criminal court; that it should have clean hands and a good conscience. Whereas, these mutual appropriations and reciprocal forays reduce it to the level of the most questionable speculations, and must often make those cultivated and high-minded men who are engaged in it blush for their profession.

Even from the lowest point of view, and in a mere pecuniary sense, it may be doubted if the American book manufacturer is wholly and without drawback a gainer by the absence of international copyright. An author's percentage or royalty is like a premium or insurance paid by the publisher to secure his investment.

6. *The great stumbling-block.*

This has been ably set forth (barring some exaggeration) in an article contributed to a London magazine two years ago by Mr. Richard Grant White, which has been reprinted in pamphlet form. The great difficulty in the way of justice is continually over-looked. The main question is not

between author and publisher or between author and public; it is between publisher and publisher—the British and the American representatives of the profession. Owing to causes into the examination of which it is unnecessary here to enter, books can be printed and published much more cheaply in England than in America. If therefore the copyright laws of the two countries were so assimilated as to be identical, the British publisher would drive the American publisher (or republisher) completely out of market. “The refusal of United States copyright to British authors,” Mr. White justly says, “is part of the American protective system.” This is the point to which allusion was made in our first part, where the questions of copyright and free trade came into contact. At first sight the difficulty seems grave, almost insurmountable. But when we turn it over carefully, is it inseparable from the main question? Are we not confusing ourselves and delaying progress by treating a non-essential as an essential? What is the essential object of the copyright movement? Justice *for authors*—if not entire justice (which is hard for any one to obtain in this imperfect world), then as much as we can get. Is it impossible to give authors an appreciable amount of justice, and at the same time protect the American book manufacturer against his British rival, while forcing both rivals to exercise some little reciprocal honesty towards the authors of their respective countries? Mr. White seems to think not. But some of us think that it is, and that a bill resembling Mr. Baldwin’s, as amended by the Association, will meet the difficulty; at any rate, we wish to try the experiment. Partial justice to authors being thus (as we believe) secured, the publishers may be left to fight out their own battle, which thus becomes legitimately a branch of the free trade and protection dispute.

Mr. Grant White’s article seems inspired by an unfortunate feeling of despair—the feeling of a man who, because he cannot get everything, will hear of and try for nothing. His idea that copyright would come of itself, if there were no special legislation about it, contradicts the whole history of jurisprudence.

The idea of property is one of the fundamental bases of society; but pretty much every separate kind of private property has to be defined and protected by special legislation. Not very long ago it was found necessary to establish by statute an Englishman’s right of property in his dog.

7. *What we want and propose.*

A treaty framed on the principle of Mr. Baldwin’s bill as amended by the Association. Or if any public man can frame something better, we shall be happy to hear from him. As it is, our members of Congress who will neither suggest anything themselves, nor listen to the suggestions of our literary representatives, are simply disgracing the Government and the country.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

The article above was written by Mr. Bristed at the request of the Executive Committee of the International Copyright Association; and it is adopted and set forth by them as an expression of the views and purposes of the Association.

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

JAMES PARTON.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

G. P. PUTNAM.

HENRY HOLT.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,

Secretary.

AN AFTERNOON AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

“**R**ETURN tickets are useless on an express-train.” With this information shouted in my ear by a cross conductor, I stood in the Main-Weser station-house at Frankfort, holding the coarse, dingy little return ticket, and watched the “*schnell-zug*” glide away. And I so wanted to go “*schnell*”!

This ticket, *gehen und zurück kommen*, with luggage safely left at Nauheim, was an arrangement I had prided myself upon, especially as I had effected it all myself, depositing the luggage and getting a receipt for it, and all, and it was in the early days of my German-speaking. My morning at the modiste's, a little shopping in the Zeil, could thus be managed, as well as a call at Rothschild's office, drawn by a magnet stronger than the golden one that makes people every day stop and stare at the building; mine was a thin bluish letter with a New York postmark. Friends and luggage could then be picked up at Nauheim, and Cassel reached by nightfall. Diligent had been my study of time-tables, close my calculations, and very complacent the air with which I had stepped from the train that morning, and made my way through the well-known station, waving off *dienstmann* and *träger*s with the greatest independence—but now!

However, I had learned something which might be of use hereafter. Could I extract enough consolation from that to carry me through the two hours I had to wait for the omnibus train?

Where was I to go? What was I to do? I might take a drive in the Anlagen, and no German city has more beautiful environs than Frankfort. It seems the German plan to have a green ring of beauty encircle the old, dark, closely-built, narrow-streeted centre; and here it is adorned by the elegant villas of the rich bankers and the citizens. But I did not fancy the Anlagen to-day. In the train I had heard two English girls inquire the German word for museum, that they might go there to see Dannecker's Ariadne; and I might have followed their example, for she was the only thing in Frankfort I had not seen—and I am ashamed to say that I have not seen her to this day; but I had no sympathies for her just then. I know she would have been nothing but a piece of white limestone to me. Kaiser-saal and cathedral, Luther's house, and Goethe's Vater-Haus, were unfortunately too familiar. And this is all there is in Frankfort. The Michaelmas Fair, which I used to haunt a few weeks before, was over now. Then, a Middle-Age fragrance hovered in all the streets near the market-place, where you saw the large pictured signs of merchants from all parts of Germany, Austria, and Hungary, from Russia and France. By the way, the flag of united Germany dates from this market-place. When Frederick Barbarossa was crowned here, carpets of black, red, and gold were spread from the cathedral to the Römer palace, and were afterwards cut up for flags by the people. “Powder is black, blood is red, and golden flickers the flame,” sings the poet. “From night, through blood, to light,” is the motto supplied by a Prussian king. But now the booths that had leaned against the cathedral were all taken down, and gone was my pretty Tyrolese glove-seller—gone the high-capped Bavarian girl with her toys, and the man with laces and embroideries from Nancy. I could not return to the modiste's in the Ross-markt, and resume my contemplation of Goethe's statue in the Platz opposite, which I had already stared at with wide-open eyes and mouth so long. So I concluded to stay in the waiting-room.

In many German stations these conveniences are divided into pens, numbered 1st, 2d, 3d class, and separated by partitions about five feet high, into which the ticket-holders are driven to flatten their noses against the locked glass doors opening on the platform, where paces the imperious official with gilt band on his cap; but in the Main-Weser station there is one large room, with seats, quite comfortable.

"*Maintenant*," say the shop-keepers in Paris, after you have made your first purchase; and *maintenant* I thought of food. I saw a lady having something on the table, and instantly signalled the *kellner*.

It seemed comical to sit there eating my Knödel-suppe all alone; however, I held up my head and looked as if I dined in a warte-saal every day of my life. But with what intense amusement I should have seen a friend come in. None came. Cook's tourists formed the major part of the passers. The neighborhood of these loud-voiced, red-faced people one flies even while sincerely glad of their privileges. I believe it is not necessary for them to go in hordes, but they nearly always do; the men with white handkerchiefs tied round their hats, and the women with wicker-baskets, out of which they are always having sandwiches. The benevolent man had organized an excursion through the Black Forest, and these had just come up from Baden full of the Kursaal and the double Friedrichs d'or some of them had won. I watched them and the burly Germans, and an occasional selfish, sallow Frenchman, till two of my countrywomen entered, flushed, heated, with wild eyes and nervously grasping hands. They had got there by some mistake, and rushed up to everybody with piteous questions about the road to Nauheim, the very place I was going to. Cook's tourists could tell them nothing, and the very peculiar French they used got no reply but a stare from any one else. They looked earnestly at me. I looked at them. I scented danger. I could not have those women hanging on to me, for I was in trouble enough myself—expected more at Nauheim. I straightway became ignorant of the English language. I watched their working faces, and followed their gestures, with the open, uncomprehending gaze of a foreigner. Presently one appealed to me. I shrugged my shoulders and spread out my hands. I fancy they were suspicious, for they made loud remarks about me and watched for their effect; and after a while one took up a shawl and asked me was it mine. I answered the motion in French, and then they gave it up; and one said mournfully, "I feel sure that young lady could tell us if we only knew how to ask her."

Then came a whispered consultation and a reference to Baedeker's phrase-book, the result of which was an inquiry in most elaborate French. Before I was half through my answer, the woman's eyes became fixed and her expression hopeless; and I gathered that Baedeker, like all other phrase-books, could not assist her in understanding.

Every time the man opened the door to shout the names of the places the train was departing for—and many were the trains that afternoon—they would fly out of their seats and rushing to him present their tickets at his head like two pistols, their glittering eyes never leaving his face. "Nauheim? Nauheim?" they repeated in desperate interrogation.

"No, no," he would say, "I did not say that. Why do you not listen?"

At last he got angry. "I will tell you when it comes. I have told you so twenty times."

They understood his look and tone, but it didn't keep them still; they sat drooping on their seats between times, but at every opening of the door they galvanized till the fat Prussian spluttered and fairly hopped.

One looked over at my *Weintraube* moaning, "I wish I knew what a bunch of grapes was in German. I do want to get one so much."

I only waited for another wistful glance to offer her one without betraying myself, when—a German woman would have looked with simple, open longing—the American put her chin in the air and looked as if she wouldn't eat *weintraube* on any account.

At last, among all the other *heims* and *bachs*, Nauheim was shouted, and we all sprang for the train.

This is the way I came to go to Cassel alone, and this is the way I came to get the drive to the Wilhelmshöhe; for with plans all upset, the next day had to be spent in Cassel.

I wandered around all the morning; first to the Auegarten, which I was surprised to find so beautiful and extensive, laid out in Louis Quatorze style—long avenues of immense old trees, with the green air quivering underneath them. It was very quiet. I met but two or three people; the fallen leaves rustled underfoot, and I sat down by the lake as peacefully as if the city of 40,000 inhabitants was not within a stone's throw.

In the museum we saw funny old watches, the first ever made, some like eggs wound with catgut. One of the serene highnesses of Hesse-Cassel had a fancy for watchmaking, like Louis Philippe, or Louis XVI.—which was it? To me there is something pathetic in these royal people, the breath of whose nostrils is ceremony and hollow show, yearning to do something practical—to use their ten fingers. But the neatest, completest, cutest thing was five hundred European trees made up as a library, the back of each volume formed of the bark of a tree, the sides of the perfect wood, the top of young wood, and the bottom of old. Open it, and it is a little box containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree; dried if possible—if not, imitated in wax.

Cassel is not a frequent stopping-place for pleasure-travellers; there were but two or three at the *table d'hôte* of the König von Preussen, and this made a perceptible difference in the atmosphere of the table. The guests would have looked up in amusement at an irruption of touch-and-go tourists, and placidly returned to their dessert of black bread and cheese; yet they were not narrow-minded or stolid, as we are apt to imagine German burghers, these handsome, dignified men.

At the top of the stairs leading to my room hung, with German forethought, a list of "Things worth seeing." I put my finger on Wilhelmshöhe. Could I go there alone? I asked the chambermaid.

"Yes," was the doubtful answer. "If *mamaselle* had a maid."

"But I have no maid," and I returned disappointed to the card. Presently, an idea struck me. I had taken a fancy to the girl. "Could you not go with me as my maid?" I asked.

"I! Oh, *mamaselle*, I never could get permission."

"Send the landlord to me," I said.

A waiter came in a moment to know if the head waiter wouldn't do.

No; I wanted to see the landlord. I wished to apply at headquarters at once. The landlord, it appeared, was much engaged—he had a party of friends. "I can't help it. I must see him, and directly too."

Directly he entered, a courteous, fresh-colored man. I recognized him at once; he had taken the head of his own table that day. He bowed, inquiring, What was the matter? Why had I sent for him? in a slightly high-and-mighty tone. Suddenly, a great bashfulness fell upon me at my audacity in wrenching

this Hessian from "his friends" and his bottle of Hochheim. But I persevered, and in my best German pictured my forlornness, and my desire to have Lina for a companion to Wilhelmshöhe.

I could have a commissaire, he answered.

No, I would not go with a commissaire to Wilhelmshöhe. I would have no one but Lina, and her I would have. I was so lonely—did he not see?

I have a suspicion—it pricks me to this day—that in my ignorance of the language I used terms more graphic than I intended, for my gentleman hid a smile as he answered that it was impossible for him to refuse his consent, after what I said.

Did you ever see any one's eyes laugh through and through? Down deep into Lina's honest blue eyes I looked, and every fibre was permeated with smile and joy.

In a few minutes I was off to Wilhelmshöhe with a pleasant thrill of adventure brightening my perceptions. I believe the present resident of the Kurfürst's Schloss did not approach it by the straight alley of limes, three miles long, by which I came that afternoon, but stopped at the station Wilhelmshöhe. He missed a very beautiful drive. It would have been quite worth his while to go on to the city, put up at his uncle Jerome's old Bellevue Schloss, and drive out in the morning. The foliage is so dense that it is quite dark under the trees, and one realizes that this is an old country where trees have been under tender care for long centuries.

I have heard Wilhelmshöhe called a second Versailles. It has the advantage of it at the entrance; you are not beset by people offering you "descriptions" and "guides"—old books in new covers. There, when the Grandes Eaux play, the crowd makes it necessary to be *fort à jouer des coudes*; but here twice a week the dignified inhabitants of Hesse-Cassel can quietly view the greatest fountains in the world. The park is laid out on the slope of a mountain—Habichtswald the range is called, I think. Its highest point is 1,300 feet above the Fulda, and the ground offers many advantages. Here natural terraces spring out in the air with a burden of dark pines, their long sunny slopes smiling thanks for their carpet of velvet. There are little ascents just toilsome enough to make you ask for a reward at the top, and you get it; for as the larches bend lightly away you see the picturesque valley of the Fulda spread before you, with its red-roofed villages seated upon meadows of the brightest green, encompassed with a darkness of orchards—a fruity darkness you know it is, and through a glass there will gleam out the scarlet bodices and white sleeves of the peasant women gathering the fruit. Or else you look off to some of the isolated rocky hills which rear themselves as singularly as the green-stone piles of Saxon Switzerland, and add the needed romance of the remote and mysterious. A wall of rocks on the summit of one of these has precisely the appearance of a castle in ruins, and is often mistaken for one. According to the tradition, this is the death-place of Charlemagne, and every night he walks around it in his armor. The grounds themselves are not laid out in the English style, neither are they strictly after the French, though there are some alleys of clipped evergreens with bewildering vistas, where the immense old trees meet overhead in a high, dark, majestic arch.

There is a great variety of trees. Not only do the larches lay their light caressing fingers against the grim stone-pines, but there are birches as silvery as ever kept their bark for a Mohawk hunter, and oaks thick enough for a Druid. All these are disposed with the greatest art and care. Lindens and willows lean

by the fountains and water-courses—not our graceful weeping-willow: that is unknown here; there are clouds of firs in the gorges, acacias and beeches on the steep, and laburnums everywhere. I saw no deer—perhaps they are out of fashion here; but instead marble people meet you at every turn—fauns and nymphs, Pans and Niobes, with faces seamed and blackened by the elements. Some of these gods looked very picturesque; from their waists swept a mantle of clinging vine, not the thick green ivy that clothes every ruin in England, but a creeper of a dark, rich red, something the color of the sumach of our Northern States. But the genius that sways and animates Wilhelmshöhe is a water-sprite. All is subservient to the possible shapes she may be induced to take. For her, cave and grotto and mossy dell have been cunningly contrived; without her—without that foamy sheaf at the end—many an avenue would lose its motive. The great charm is to track the road prepared for her silver feet by such toil and expense—an expense so great that the accounts were destroyed to prevent the amount ever being known.

She enters upon her wandering life, so full of ups and downs, under the protection of a Hercules thirty-one feet high (without his eleven feet pedestal), who stands on top of his castle, the Riesen-schloss, elevated on a pyramid seventy-six feet in height, formed of *quaderstein* (green sandstone), which is accustomed to fantastic forms, for it comes from Saxon Switzerland. This Hercules is seen for miles over the neighboring hills. His club is large enough to admit half a dozen people. I got in. I can only say I was glad to get out. There was no peculiar sensation of being inside a club as I had expected, only that of a terribly hot, uncomfortable place. It was worse than climbing into the head of the Bavaria outside of Munich.

The people call this statue the “Grosse Christopher,” and it does look like the representations of the stalwart saint who dwelt beside the deep river humbly bearing across on his shoulders all who came, till one night, in doing the deed, he found the blessing, for he carried the Christ-child.

In the Riesen-schloss itself, an octagon-shaped structure on the Karlsberg, the highest point of the grounds, is the huge tank, and hence to the grotto of Neptune, down a flight of steps 700 feet long, the water rushes. This begins at three o'clock in the afternoon, and we hurried to the point to see it start. It is very pretty to stand at the foot and watch the beginnings. Timid, creeping, shining, a very Undine, the nymph ventures forth, till she is swept along by the full roar and sparkle of the joy of life.

We followed the course of the water down, as Karl advised us to do (ever since I made Baedeker's acquaintance at Coblenz I always speak of him as Karl), and found it flowing through the forest in aqueducts whose beautiful arches are imitated from those which stride with melancholy steps through the purple distance of the Campagna. There we saw it fall in one sheet over a deep precipice, and afterward make many another graceful leap and plunge, so wild, so unexpected, that I could hardly persuade myself the hand of art had done it. In the Basin of the Giants Enceladus lies buried under masses of rock; and we found another lovely grotto, named of Polyphemus, where he makes the water fly in a hundred directions. The Germans, with their usual directness, call it simply *Vexer-Wasser*.

We came down through the woods by lovely winding paths, everything carefully tended amid apparent wildness and exuberance. It is hard to convey my impressions of that October afternoon, and yet the picture in my brain is very vivid. I see a solitary American girl strolling happily amid the soft sunbeams,

which seem to undulate in a golden mist, like that of our own Indian summer, listening to the

— little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;

knowing all the time that some new beauty is waiting for her at the next turn. I say solitary, for Lina's share in the tête-à-tête was confined to *Ach ! schon—wunderschein !* as she walked softly by my side.

Interrupting the light at the end of a vista, I saw coming to meet us a thick-necked, arrogant-looking old man with orders on his breast. In the Friedrich's Platz in Cassel, the largest square in Germany, there is a statue in Carrara marble of the Landgrave Friedrich II., the one who sold his subjects to England to butcher us in the Revolutionary War, for £3,300,000. It was thrown down by the French, and long lay in a stable, but has been set up again ; and this man coming between the beeches was its living image. My childhood was familiar with my grandmother's tales of Hessian brutality, till Hessian and savage are convertible terms to me ; but I was not prepared for such an access of patriotism as suddenly flooded my cheeks. I declare I could hardly return the old Landgrave's bow, for Landgrave he was, so far as having his blood in his veins. I am convinced that some of the old family hung about here during little yellow Jerome's reign, and this scion has now come out into the Prussian sunshine.

As the Löwenburg was in our way down, we stopped there. It is built in imitation of a ruined castle, and has a moat, draw-bridge, hall of armor, and a garden of the pyramidal trees I love so well. The builder, Wilhelm, is buried in the chapel. The view is splendid over the valley of the Fulda.

Then at last we got to the great fountain, which overtops Versailles and Chatsworth. It is 190 feet high and 12 feet thick. It is certainly an astonishing thing. It rises from the middle of a lake. Sometimes, as you stand and look at it, it seems a living creature rushing forth to attack the powers of the air, till at the height of 190 feet it suddenly changes its purpose, poises itself a moment, and then descends in blessing by a thousand tiny streamlets surrounded with sparkling spray-dust. At other times it is a translucent, brilliant solid growth, its towering stem bearing an enormous snowy corolla, from which droop and sway pendants of diamonds. But with a fountain, even though it shifts and varies incessantly, man can have no sympathy. Its spirit is unchanging and pitiless, like all water—like the sea which its drops are seeking.

Near by is a temple of Apollo, very pretty, and so is a temple of Mercury we had passed ; but I do not like Grecian temples in German forests, any more than I like the Parthenon looking down on Edinboro'. The nymphs of these shades are fantastic, capricious elves or mysterious gnomes, and favor not willingly these light, calm, harmonious shrines. Still, they gleam prettily through the trees, and give a pleasant little jolt to the imagination.

I was anxious to get to the château. This is a Greek building situated on a natural terrace of the mountain, extended and improved so that an immense platform stretches in front of the Schloss, which is reached by long flights of steps. There is a goodly show of oranges on them, though nothing like the orange staircase at Versailles. There were green parrots on the portico, and of course oleanders and statues. It reminded me of one of the palaces at Sans Souci.

"How many columns do you think there are, Lina ?" I said, looking up to the Tuscan pillars which support the colonnade.

"See, I count them !" she exclaimed, delighted to do something for me.

Her sonorous *Ein, zwei, drei* brought back the way I learned German, counting at Homburg, where, under my window, the keller every day told over the napkins for dinner. At last, with a gasp and an *Ach, so!* she attained *ein hundert zwei und neunzig*—192. The front of the château is 750 feet long—a nice promenade for Napoleon.

How did we get inside? I don't know. I was judiciously absent-minded just then; like Hero, I was saying, "O—leander." I suspect what we call a flirtation—though the Germans, high or low, don't know the word—between Lina and an under-steward; for it is seldom if ever shown. It is a summer residence, more elegant than magnificent; very Frenchy, plenty of mirrors and gilding—probably dating from King Jerome, for he made many changes, even altering the name to Napoleonshöhe. The principal hall is handsomely decorated, wood and stucco being made to produce as fine an effect as marble and bronze. The floor here, and in many other rooms, is a mosaic of wood of different colors, all polished and glowing. The frescoes of the ceiling are by Vogel, I believe—little Loves and Graces. Between the long windows are allegorical bas-reliefs, Poetry, Tragedy, Culture of Gardens, and, at the end, Glory, in the most exultant of attitudes. Another room was a blaze of frescoes illustrating mythological tales, and at one end was a row of things like high wooden desks, black and curiously carved, resembling the presses in sacristies, in which the priests keep their vestments. It appeared that this was the dining-room, and this erection was for the servants' use in some way—whether to keep the silver in or for relays of dishes, I couldn't understand, but it certainly was a strange arrangement. On this side the Schloss the wave of color in the gardens rolls directly up under the windows. One large bed was laid out as a huge shaded rose or peony, the gradations of tone formed by flowers something like verbenas. Much of the arrangement is in ciphers and devices that I did not understand, but the flush and sparkle vies with the brilliant Hebes pictured within, and the fragrance floats to-day around the head of Napoleon as he sits at his dinner, with old Graf Monts, governor of Cassel, at his right hand, whose only son has fallen a victim to his policy.

The bedrooms were all wrapped up in pink and white calico. Lina lifted corners of the covers, but there is no great splendor of *meubles*, though all very pretty. Jerome Bonaparte's collection of pictures is in Cassel, but gems of Poussin and Guido Reni deck his private rooms here, and his fine taste is displayed in ornaments, carvings, and clocks. In Cassel are also Canova's busts of the family of the First Napoleon, but there are fine copies of them here.

Looking from a window, I saw a long row of the forlornest creatures ever made, mostly women, on their knees, so close they almost touched each other, apparently grubbing in the ground. Ragged, cold, pale, and meagre, there they crouched, their faces close to earth, only now and then a hollow eye glancing up at the richly curtained windows. "Who are they?" I asked. "*Die Bauer, nur die Bauer,*" returned the housekeeper, tossing her head. They were peasants, cleaning their sovereign's lawn, some with a small scraper, most with the implements nature gave them.

"How much do they get paid for that?" I inquired.

"Oh, mamaselle, six kreutzers a day perhaps, and they are glad to get it."

Not a leaf, not a twig, not a speck of any kind did the line leave before it as it crept slowly backward. Nothing marred the pure glossy verdure, but some way its shine was dimmed for me. Not that the work was hard, but what poverty must be outside the gates to put such a close-ranged squad on the lawn at six kreutzers a day, and glad to get it!

Near the château is the little theatre built by Jerome, in which he used to perform. Then comes the greenhouse, with its glass-roofed halls green with gigantic ferns and cacti, and echoing with whispers of the tropics from gorgeous calyces. Near the gate is the Marstall, or royal stable, in whose large courtyard the Emperor inspected, the other day, the service of the Prussian artillery.

There is everything within the circuit of the park, even to a Chinese village—Mn-tang—where one can get excellent milk. The orangery is golden in its delight, the pheasantry is full of bright-eyed denizens, and I sat down before the Gast-haus wondering how many more nooks of luxury little German princes have created.

But I doubt whether Napoleon III. enjoys his visit to Wilhelms Höhe this October as much as I did mine last October.

ALICE GRAY

LOSS.

I SAT among the lilies in the sun,
The stainless lilies, garmented each one
In robes of moon rays and white dew-drops spun.

The scented grass stood tall on either side,
And hid the page before me open'd wide,
Over which I pondered, wan and heavy-eyed,

That message, where the purpose long concealed
At passion's mastering mandate stands revealed,
And fervid pleading tempts the heart to yield.

Ah, bitter trial! who shall count the cost
When love and honor in the scales are tossed,
Out-balanced by imperious pride, and lost?

I plucked a waxen petal, whispering, "Leaf,
Shall this my late-found faith, so sweet, so brief,
Perish and shrivel into unbelief?

"Type of the life of passion, innocence,
Show me the fulness of the recompense,
When frigid duty conquers soul and sense!

"Within this fateful page I fold thee down,
Of whose wild words I dare not make a crown,
And sigh with longing when I should but frown."

The autumn winds shriek by—the autumn rain,
Tear-like and sad, creeps down the darkening pane;
The gift of life seems valueless and vain.

I hold the lily leaf within my hand,
Brown as the ocean's salt and bitter sand.
Through all my weary heart I understand.

MARY I. RITTER.

TOLD BY AN OCTOROON.

IT was in Ohio that that New Year dawned upon me. I remember all the events of that day with the distinctness of the present, not because of their importance in themselves, but they were the key that unlocked for my endurance all the incidents that followed.

I had been for two years a teacher in the Hilton Seminary for Young Ladies. No one save the lady principal knew the secret of my birth. I was not likely to betray the stain that clung to me, and circumstances had been such that it had not been revealed.

Mrs. Hyde, the principal, was one of the rare women of the world who unite with the utmost tact a heart of unbounded liberality and kindness.

Four years before, when I was eighteen, my father had sent me, his daughter and his slave, to this school to be educated. To Mrs. Hyde only had he confided the fact that my mother was allied to the negro race, and no one would have suspected me, who am blonde-haired and clear-skinned, inheriting for my only beauty my mother's eyes.

To the last day of my life I shall bless Mrs. Hyde, who received me for what I was—a girl superlatively sensitive, quick to learn, and to adapt myself to the circumstances by which I was surrounded. She betrayed my parentage to no one, but let me take my place as any white girl among her pupils, leaving me to earn a situation of trust by industry, if I chose to do it.

At twenty I was graduated with all the honors of the school, and the day after receiving my diploma came news of my father's death. He had been kind, but grief such as legitimate daughters feel could not be mine. It was a horror untold and unspeakable. My father had been all the barrier between me and what appeared to me an eternal damnation. Never shall I forget the look that came to Mrs. Hyde's face when I told her the contents of the lawyer's letter. She looked at me with divine pity in her eyes; she did not speak, but with a quick, impulsive movement, she took my hands and kissed my forehead, and then left me.

Happily for me, the next mail brought information that my father had left papers of manumission for me, that I was no longer a slave. I was educated, and I must now earn my own living. I thought of this with an exultation impossible to describe. Only one who has been the property of another can know this sense of freedom, so exquisite and so new. It was then that Mrs. Hyde offered me a place as teacher in the seminary, and so for two years I lived there in the comfortable sense of earning my own living—of being my own mistress.

Now a twilight settled down over that long and sunny day. Mrs. Hyde died. A new preceptress came, and with her many new teachers. I was turned adrift with a little money I had saved and the certificate of the satisfaction of my services in my possession. In the gloom of that time when I sought in vain for employment, I chanced upon a Southern paper and found an advertisement for a governess in a town in Louisiana. Do not think it strange that in that moment there returned upon me the latent love for the Southern land, even though that land had been unkind to me. Deep in my heart had slumbered the love of lavish verdure, of warmer skies than the cold climate which had sheltered me. In my heart had slept the tropical pulses that were the dower from my mother.

The practical wording of the advertisement brought to me, like a picture throbbing in golden light, the long days in my Georgian home, before girlhood had deepened and brought with it the knowledge of what I was. It was nature in that moment to forget it was there I found that the chain was surely with me in spite of the flowers.

I was white, I was unknown. With pride I felt I was the peer of any woman in the land, and I boldly answered the advertisement, stating my qualifications, and was accepted. Thus, before my money was quite gone, I had started for Louisiana.

It was to the house of a wealthy planter that I went. The household lived in the enervating ease which so often accompanies wealth, particularly in the South. The master held his plantation only for amusement, and because it had always been his home, for his income, aside from his estate, was large. A luxurious June was half advanced when I rode up the long avenue of tulip trees, when my eyes revelled in the glorious foliage that had waved above my childhood.

I was received and treated kindly ; but I was apparently a Northerner, I was a member of the working class, and always I detected that shade of difference which they who deem themselves aristocrats infuse into their manner when thrown with one out of their sphere. That I had expected, and it did not annoy me. I only rejoiced that my birth was a secret too profound for their penetration.

One day there came a guest to Major Wyndham's. I was on the veranda with the two children who were my charges, when a horseman came up the carriage-drive, gayly saluting my employer and his wife, who were walking up and down the gravelled space in front. I remained quietly, not expecting an introduction ; but the stranger glanced my way in such a manner that Mrs. Wyndham was too well bred not to yield to his apparent expectation, and she named me to him, not undeceiving him.

He was slight and pale and blue-eyed ; he would have looked almost fragile but for something, I know not what, of inward, impetuous fire that was apparent, as the light behind porcelain is visible. From the first he appeared to me utterly different from his kinsfolk, the Wyndhams. Even his address was somehow poetical, an outflowing of his beautiful nature. And yet he knew that his manner was different from the every-day appearance of people, and he would smile whimsically to himself when he was betrayed into a comparison which neither Major Wyndham nor his wife could understand. He must have soon discovered what was my position in the family, but I saw no difference in his behavior to me, which was from the first characterized by a careless, sweet courtesy which was very charming.

I wondered much what was his occupation, his profession ; for though I was sure he was blessed with money, I wished much that he might have higher ideas of life than what his present gala-day appearance seemed to indicate. I do not know why it was, but I had never thought of the possibility of his being a slaveholder, even though his relation to my employer might have suggested such a probability to me.

Some intuitive unconscious fear made me very distant with him, but one might as well be cold to a sunbeam. He was one of those who, though they never presume, yet are never abashed. He played with the little Belle and Marion, and being enthusiastically favored by them, he was frequently in my presence ; and, while I never forgot my station or my birth when with the Wyndhams, with Ralph Molyneux my sad past was for the time forgotten.

He came eagerly to me one afternoon, saying that he had obtained permission from Mrs. Wyndham for the children to go out to the Lorry Falls with him, and he had ordered the pony carriage in half an hour. Could we be ready in that time?

"I can send them down before then," I replied, catching Belle's hand, as she was leaping round in her joy, and turning to go into the house.

"But you are going," he said, stepping before me, not looking at me, however, but twisting the child's curls as he spoke. "Mrs. Wyndham desired that you might go to see to the children, and I granted permission," now looking up and flashing a swift smile over me.

"But you take the girls off alone very often," I said.

"That is no reason for you to neglect your duty," he responded, now looking full at me with eyes irresistibly winning.

"I will go," I said, conscious of a desire to go, and yet of a feeling that I ought not to gratify it.

In a few moments we came down and found Ralph reading a letter which had just been brought. He was looking very grave, and did not glance up as we came down. Major Wyndham was standing near, and while we waited in the background the Major said:

"From home, Ralph?"

"Yes. Wayne writes that my mother's favorite maid, Fannie, has run away, and one of the women in the field is missing."

"If they were mine, and were caught, as they would be, they wouldn't run away a second time," said the Major, switching with his delicate cane a blooming plant at his feet.

"Fannie might escape easy enough for a white person. She's no blacker than you or I. Mother bought her while I was away, at the sale of Dr. Malcolm's negroes in Georgia, in —— county," said Ralph, folding up his letter.

He could not see me, but I felt there was a sword in my eyes as I looked at him. Dr. Malcolm of —— county, Georgia, was my father. But even aside from that, I was half stunned by the feeling that possessed me on hearing him speak thus.

"I've heard the Doctor had a few rather white negroes," remarked Wyndham with a cynical smile.

"Let them go; I shan't hunt them up," said Ralph, referring to his own property.

"There's where you are wrong," responded Wyndham; and Ralph turned without reply to see if we had come down, while the Major walked away.

He looked as if he were about to utter some gay sentence, but my face, which I could not master immediately, deterred him. He came closer to me and said in a low, soft tone:

"You are offended, and I have a sense of guilt as if it is I who am the culprit. What is it?"

I had recovered myself sufficiently to reply calmly:

"You will say it is only a political difference, so why need we discuss it? I think I was surprised to learn you held slaves."

"But you knew I was a Southerner and had money?" he said, still in that soft accent that had a suggestion of sadness in it.

"Yes. But some way it seemed impossible to think of you as a slaveholder," I said with earnestness, looking at his exquisite face and not being able to realize the truth.

"And that is a great compliment from you?" he asked.

"The very greatest," I replied.

"And still I have forfeited it;" still looking at me with deep eyes, more powerful than any I had ever seen.

"Which doesn't make the least difference in the world," I responded, with an access of coldness for which I was grateful.

"The children are ready, as you see," I continued; "take them before it gets toward sunset."

"You are also ready?" without stirring from his position by my side, though both the little girls were tugging at his hands.

I looked at him with full and distant glance, while I was glad that I could reply with truth:

"Mrs. Wyndham met me a few moments ago and requested me to remain at home and assist her in reading *Consuelo*."

He turned away without another word and led the children toward the stables, where the pony was being put into their especial carriage.

I looked after them a moment. In all probability that man owned my sister; for, though I had not seen her since a child, I had known in a vague way that I had a sister Fannie, who, for some reason, was always kept upon a distant estate of my father's. She was not his favorite, as I was, and now, after years of entire ignorance concerning her, I heard of her in this way.

I went into the house and sat down with Mrs. Wyndham. As I turned over the leaves of my book, the carriage rolled down the approach with the negro driver in front and Ralph Molyneux riding his own horse by the carriage.

"I thought you would like to be relieved from the care of the children awhile," said Mrs. Wyndham, settling herself back preparatory to listening, and looking interrogatively at me as she did so.

"I am very glad to remain," I answered.

We sat in a room whose windows looked toward the west, whence a faint breeze fluttered the curtains, and the leaves of the China trees without. The sun was in cloud nearly all the time, only rarely sending a shaft of light between the shadows.

I read on for two hours, at the end of which time Mrs. Wyndham rose, parted the curtains, and revealed to our eyes the cause of the early darkness, for the sun was within half an hour of setting.

The greenish black of the clouds foretold the transitory hurricane tempest which I knew so well. The dark masses were piled up in rugged, heavy beauty.

"I wish the children were back," murmured Mrs. Wyndham. "The moment the sun sets it will be pitch dark, and the tempest is coming up rapidly. They ought to be on their way home by this."

"And probably are," I said, bending out from the window, and trying in vain to catch a breath of cool air. A sultry veil of languor was over everything. The perfume of shrub and bloom exhaled heavily upon the damp atmosphere; across that dark heavens the birds flew with hurrying, yet tired wings. I was tormented with a desire for a profound and vigorous breath, which this fragrant air denied me. I wished to cleave the atmosphere, forcing the sensation of wind across my face.

"The tempest will not be here for an hour, will it?" I asked.

"I think not. But Ralph is so odd; he will just as likely stay out to admire the thunder, and forget the children."

I did not agree with her in the last phrase; though careless concerning himself, I was sure he was careful of others.

"If Major Wyndham was at home, I should have him go after them," went on

the lady, fidgeting about the room. That remark gave me the opportunity for which I had been wishing.

"If you will let me have a horse, I think I can get to the falls in time at least to see that the children are sheltered."

She looked at me doubtingly, but wishing I would go. I explained that a swift gallop would afford me pleasure, and she satisfied her scruples with that, and a few moments after I was riding swiftly along the wooded road in the direction they had taken.

The very sight of those monstrous clouds gave me only a sufficient sense of fear to be exciting and inspiring.

I rode onward with a wild impetus to outride my fate, the stain upon my life, all the miseries that might await me. In that furious rush of my horse I felt able to defy life and death.

I had not ridden ten minutes before I discovered that the storm would burst over the earth sooner than Mrs. Wyndham or I had expected.

That distant muttering of thunder rose into the reverberating roar that shook the victim world over which it rolled.

My horse sprang forward at that first concussion; then with ears laid backward, he rushed on to meet the big drops of rain that were already splashing among the trees in advance.

At that moment the pony carriage emerged from the gloom of the road, and dashed past me, the children, with wide, frightened eyes, scarcely recognizing me.

Ralph Molyneux was not with them, but no idea suggested itself to me as to where he was.

I did not turn back, for at that moment I remembered a dismantled old building not a quarter of a mile further on, in the direction of the falls. I would seek shelter there until the rain, which now came down in torrents, was over. Even as I thought this, my horse, who was far more frightened than I, had brought me opposite the old building, and I reined him up beneath its roof, and sat there on his back through the gathering gloom, the deep flashes, and the rattle and roar of the next half hour.

The sun went down in the storm, and an inky darkness, pierced only by the lurid lightning, encompassed me. But I was in one of those moods when one fears nothing, and the blackness and the storm brought me an eerie enjoyment.

In less than an hour the thunder rolled away, and I could faintly discern the long line of dim amethyst light in the west—the upheaving and scattering of the clouds.

Only the trees dripped heavily now, and standing in front of the old house, in the gleam that rapidly widened and brightened, I saw the narrow rim of a moon so young that it was already to the tops of the trees in its descent.

Now, indeed, I could breathe an air that was the moist breath of sweetness and purity.

With a sigh of delight in such an atmosphere, I turned my horse homeward; but before he had taken a step, I fancied I heard either a faint halloo or the echo of some cry for help. My horse heard it also, for he stopped with raised head and erected ears.

The voice was faint as if exhausted, and I did not hear it for a moment, and was going on, thinking it some cry of bird or beast, when, unmistakable though weak, it sounded again, and from a direction still nearer the mimic falls which our party had visited.

Now I felt a sort of fear at thought of going alone in the darkness to the assistance of the unknown. A shiver of repugnance passed over me, but I could not in humanity leave a sufferer unaided, and I rode slowly onward toward the place from which I thought the sound came.

I reached the path that led to the ravine through which the stream of the Lorry Falls ran. I dismounted and wandered cautiously under the wet trees of the grove to the edge of the ravine; a picturesque place of rock cut perpendicularly down, at one end of which, over a shelf of some hundred feet, fell the stream that made the fall; an exquisite, wildly-beautiful spot, which I had often visited with the children. I had taken them down the steep path by which one entered the ravine, there to wander in the cool atmosphere on the stony banks of the Lorry creek.

Now with fear and hesitation I stood at the head of the path and called down, asking if any one was there.

A voice answered:

"Yes. Here, a few yards down from the end of the path."

I had surmised rightly. It was from near that point the cry had come, sounding so strangely underground.

The sense of fear had left me, for I recognized the voice of Molyneux, disguised as it was, in spite of himself, by the pain he was enduring.

I gathered up my long skirts and began the slow descent, doubly tedious, that I had to feel my way with such careful precision in the dark, and over the wet and slippery path.

Twice he shouted, as well as he could, directions and cautions to me in a tone that revealed his anxiety. I cannot help shuddering as I remember that descent, although then I was too intent upon accomplishing it to realize its peril.

At last, vibrating with the strain upon me and with my fear of what had happened to him, I knelt down by the rushing stream close to whose edge I found him.

He extended his hand as I came near, clasping mine with a fervor that I ascribed wholly to the gratitude he felt.

"What has happened?" I said anxiously, vainly wishing I could see his face to read the harm there.

"Let me be sure this is really you," he said in a low, hurried voice, very different from his usual carelessness of manner. "Oh, yes, it is your hand; I know it well, though I've touched it but once." Then, as if remembering himself, he said more calmly, "But how came you out in this tempest?"

I told him hastily, and then inquired again how he was injured, for with characteristic self-forgetfulness he had wished to know about others first.

He told me in few words, impeded by the pain he suffered, that he had not noticed the rising clouds until they were close upon them; then he had sent off his charges and gone to mount his horse to follow them, when he had thought of the children's silver drinking-cups, their particular pets, which had been left in the ravine where they had lunched, and he hurried down to get them.

It was dark, the rain had already begun, and in his haste he had slipped and fallen, and had lain there disabled ever since. He thought a rib was broken, and that he was otherwise internally injured.

"I knew Major Wyndham was away," he said, "and I expected him to be about returning by the ravine; so I tried to call out, though it was very painful to do so."

I rose from his side and said hastily: "I will return directly to the house and bring help to you," and I moved away.

"I might as well die as to be carried up that path," he said. "It is horrible to be moved."

"They shall let down ropes over the edge, and draw you up in a chair," I responded eagerly.

He did not reply, otherwise than by saying in a quick, feeble voice:

"You will return with them?"

"If it is necessary,"—conscious of a strange beating of my heart as I heard his tones, and following that feeling with lightning-like intenseness, the thought "That man has bought my sister."

"Promise,"—with a command veiled in music.

"I will come. I must go." I flung back the words hurriedly, and the next moment was clambering up the steep path, not realizing in my reckless haste the risk I ran of falling backwards down the steep way.

It was that night, after Molyneux had been at last safely brought home, laid in his chamber, and made comparatively comfortable by the sedatives the doctor administered, that Major Wyndham found opportunity to relate the news he had heard in the town, of the rumors of secession, not loud as yet, but murmuring with a deep significance.

The Major grew excited as he talked. He advocated immediate revolt from the Federal Government, waxed wroth at thought of the domineering conduct of the North.

I listened and felt the blood rising in my face. Though the hand of the fiend had borne lightly indeed upon me in comparison with others, yet there was hardly a minute of my life but I felt the iron in my soul. With all the education and tastes of a favored race, I was always conscious of that drop of blood in me that, if known, would damn me to a life below me.

Unable to listen to the talk, I rose and left the room, in that moment hating them all.

I recall the convalescence of Ralph Molyneux as one recalls a dream in which one has lived and acted, but whose scenes can never be really believed in.

Being an invalid, he knew that he might insist upon things which would be refused to him when well, though I learned that few could refuse him anything.

"You have not the heart to deny a sick man," he would say to me; "bring the children in here, and I will assist you with their lessons."

From the moment of his accident there seemed an intimacy between us, which he would allow no coldness of mine to overcome.

Mingled and strange as were my feelings at that time, I confess that he exercised a power over me subtle and strong and sweet, a power that I struggled bitterly against, for not the less strongly did I disapprove of his belief and life.

Such were my days until the time came when he was recovered and going away to his home in Alabama.

I had resolved that I would have no parting interview with him. I was afraid and unhappy at thoughts of such an interview. I was sure that he at least esteemed me, and I thought it likely he would forget my social station as a governess, for in such a degree he was liberal and enlightened.

I succeeded in arranging so that Mrs. Wyndham appointed the day of his departure as the one on which I should accompany the children upon a day's visit to their aunt, who lived a dozen miles away. In my heart I think she was rather glad to do it, for I could not but know, in spite of her politeness, that she

looked upon Ralph's attentions to her governess as the height of absurdity. Fortunately my conduct had been such that she could not censure me.

The day had passed—must I say to me it was a day of mortal weariness and dejection? With unyielding resolution I did not allow myself to think that probably I had seen Ralph Molyneux for the last time—that he had entered a path that led forever away from me. I would not think; but I felt a dreadful, a poignant depression.

We were half-way home, riding slowly along in the slanting rays of the westerling sun, when suddenly Belle exclaimed, half rising from her seat:

"There's Ralph coming to meet us! I hope he'll take me in his wagon!"

I felt my face blanch as she spoke, and I saw bowling rapidly toward us Ralph in a light open carriage. I had thought him away—I had schooled myself to believe that I should never see him again; and it was hard for my self-possession to see him here, close to me, bending a glance of fiery entreaty and reproach upon me as he signalled the driver to stop.

He rode by the side of our carriage, took off his hat, and bending toward me said: "I beg you will favor me by riding home in my wagon."

"But I do not see the necessity——" I began, totally unprepared in this sudden meeting.

"But I see the necessity." In a still lower voice, "If you have any humanity, you will yield."

That indescribable tone penetrated to my soul. For my life in that instant I could not have spoken. But he did not wait for me to speak. He had sprung from his carriage and, opening the door of our barouche, held up his hands for me to descend.

It was out of my power to hesitate further. I leaned forward, touched his hands, and then stood by his side while our carriage drove on.

He put me up to the seat and sat down beside me without saying a word. His horse started forward, but not in the direction of home.

Dimly, with a feeling of horrible despair, I felt the struggle before me, for it was impossible to look in his face and doubt what he would say. An expression was there different from any I had seen before.

I had thought his eyes blue; they were purple in their deep flame, and burned with inward, intense light that seemed to make luminous his pallid face, while it intensified the crimson of his delicate lips.

We came to the borders of a grassy oak grove, where he reined in his horse and assisted me to alight, and we walked slowly into the coolness of that fragrant place.

It appeared to me that he was holding a check upon himself—that he even feared his own impetuosity. As for me, it was impossible to break the silence by any commonplace remark. There seemed an electricity in his atmosphere that enthralled me in a power that I could hardly resist because it was so dear—whether I owned it or not.

At last he delayed our walk, and turning toward me said: "You knew I was to go away to-day?"

"Yes."

"Then you purposely refused me the common politeness of a farewell?"

"I granted nor refused you nothing; I was absent," I replied, in the cold tone of constraint, my averted face growing paler every minute.

"Am I, then, so disagreeable to you? Do you dislike me?"

"No."

It was the utmost I could do to reply thus in monosyllables.

"You madden, you torment me!" he cried. "Do you feel nothing at this moment? Does the love that is overwhelming me affect you none? My God! Only look at me! Even if you are pitiless, I beg you to let me look in your eyes!"

It was no longer a question of volition with me. I was encompassed, thrilled, happy with a love that for that moment withheld every shadow from my sight.

I looked up at him, and though he did not touch me, it seemed as if his heart and life embraced mine. He held my gaze; then, as my eyes drooped, he breathed a deep sigh and murmured:

"It is the one, the supreme moment of my life! Thank Heaven, I never dreamed of a day so exquisite as this!"

He took my hand and held it with the closeness of tenderness, while his eyes dwelt upon my face, and seemed blessing as they looked.

There was silence between us for a while; then he said with a faint, sweet smile:

"And yet I must needs have it in words—that you love me—that you will be my wife. Translate to me the language of your eyes, that I may repeat those words to my soul when I have left you."

I tried to speak. All the truth returned to me as he spoke. I withdrew my hand and pressed it upon my heart, that I wished might cease forever its beating.

Though I did not look at him, I knew that his face and lips grew white. He said:

"I *could* not have mistaken! You love me?"

"I love you," I said, recklessly giving voice to all my face had told him.

Can I ever forget the divine radiance that his eyes shed upon me? Whatever comes, I have at least been loved.

"You will be my wife?"

"No. I will never be your wife."

I no longer trembled. I had entered the darkness, and had only to press forward.

He stood silent a moment; then he said quietly, but with intensely passionate emphasis: "We love. You shall be my wife!"

In that instant I felt for him such admiration and love, such utter devotion, that had the gulf between us been less wide I believe I should have bridged forever that which separated us.

Insensibly I drew back a pace as I replied:

"It is impossible that I should marry you. Let us not talk further upon it. Will you take me home?"

"Are you already married?" he asked, in a voice so controlled as to be hardly recognizable.

"No. I beg you will not urge this matter," I said slowly. "Do you not believe me when I tell you the objection is insuperable?"

"Neither of us is married. There can be nothing insurmountable between us. I claim you."

He advanced again to my side, and would have taken my hand, but I motioned him back, resolved now to tell him all.

"The objection is this," I said hardly. "You are a white man and a slaveholder, while I am a negro and have been a slave. My mother was a quadroon, and I am Dr. Malcolm's daughter, of ——— county, Georgia. Do you see the objection?" and I smiled in relentless sarcasm at my own and his sufferings.

There was such a conflict of feeling in my soul that I would then have thanked Heaven for sanity and consciousness.

He received the words as if I had dealt him a tangible blow, for he staggered back, and leaned helplessly against a tree.

I looked on remorselessly. I hated every white man in the world, I thought. And this man—he was not going to leave me one person in the world to respect.

But I was mistaken. He looked at me with gathering strength and resolve, his face suffused with light as though he had just emerged from darkness.

He stood erect, and said :

"I offer you my heart and hand, because I love you. Will you marry me? Answer me as one human being speaks to another."

I stood motionless and dumb, his words and gaze thrilling, elevating my soul.

Finally thought and reason returned to me. There flashed through my mind all the truth. He had felt the prejudice against my race, even if the power of love and my presence had subdued it for a time. Should he ever, under any circumstances, feel it again for one instant, that instant I knew would be a fearful death to my happiness.

At length I said, falteringly, though firmly :

"No. At this moment I know that you feel love conquers all, but the habits of a life are not conquered in so short a time, even by such a power."

As I spoke, I felt the sorrow of all my years rising to oppress me. I had then no hope of happiness in life from a supreme love, and that hopelessness made my words what I would have had them—so far as mere words go.

He remained silent a few moments. He saw that I was sincere, and he did not try to change my decision.

He said slowly, his gloomy eyes glowing within their depths with a half awakened hope :

"It is true what you have said of the life I have led. But give me time. If some time I can tell you it is true that all prejudice has been swept away by a power stronger than all, what will you say to me?"

How did I answer him? I felt an uncontrollable emotion rising to subdue me.

"I would say that I should dare to trust my life and happiness with you," I replied, recalling with partial success my outward calmness.

"Now take me home!" I entreated, unable to endure this longer.

He complied in silence. The darkness was gathering fast as we rode along the narrow road. He left me at the gate of the Wyndham grounds, with no word of farewell—with a glance that pierced the dusk, that stamped a memory upon my soul.

The weeks went by in monotonous routine, and if, in that dull calm, there was a subtle sweetness diffused through my days, I was so unconscious that I did not know what kept me from bitterness and unquiet.

Six months passed. I was still in Major Wyndham's employ, and I had every reason to believe that so long as his children needed instruction I should remain with them.

But too late had I lingered in the Southern country, and now, in the spirit of wild war that flamed over the land, it was impossible, or at least unsafe, to attempt the journey North, and I remained with Mrs. Wyndham. State after State seceded, and among the very first Major Wyndham hurried to South Carolina to offer his military services.

Meantime our home life went on, now and then disturbed by the near approach of the tumult of war, but as a whole comparatively tranquil.

The second year of the war drew to a close. A young colonel, on his way to his regiment, stopped for a night's hospitality from his cousin, Mrs Wyndham. I had seen him several times before, and could not be wholly unconscious that he seemed pleased with me. That evening, in the moonlight with Mrs. Wyndham and me, he grew enthusiastic and communicative; in consequence of which, I learned of an intended attack upon a large body of Federal soldiers stationed some twenty-five miles to the east of us—a sort of advance guard of a still larger company. The colonel was sanguine as to the result.

I listened with cheeks whose scarlet flush the moonlight did not reveal. A vague fear had seized me. What it meant I could not tell. Nor did the troubled night dispel the evil forebodings that harassed my soul. To this scene of conflict I must go!

I felt no hesitation, but I did feel something strange, something akin to fear, when I stole out before the household were awake, and walked softly to the stables. There was but one horse left now of all the famous animals Major Wyndham used to own. They had been appropriated either by Confederates or Federals, and scattered far and wide.

The horse submitted quietly to my unskilful saddling, and soon he was walking slowly down the approach, with me on his back.

Once out of the grounds, with a long breath of relief, I put my horse into the swift, loping gallop to which he had been trained.

The solitariness, and yet the hopefulness of that long ride! The lonely roads lay bare before me in the white moonlight; my horse's hoofs sounded regularly in the stillness; the only other sound was the occasional piping of some bird of the night which made the stillness, the loneliness, more marked.

At last I became aware that I was approaching the camp to which my errand led me, and immediately after my horse was stopped by a picket, with a suddenness that appeared supernatural to me, for I had not at first seen the soldier.

Instantly I heard, afar down the line, the quick report of two or three muskets, then silence as peaceful, as quiet as before.

"What is that firing?" I asked.

"I expect it's somebody firing on the pickets," he said indifferently.

I still sat listening, a vague alarm stirring at the depths of my heart.

In a moment, some petty officer came hurrying along, saying as he passed his comrade, "Tom, our captain's hit!" then passed out of sight, giving an instant's stare at me as he went.

The soldier passed his hand across his eyes and muttered, "Damn 'em!" then turned his back on me.

Why did I not ride onward? Why did I linger in this camp of soldiers? I did not know; I felt no sense of prescience or of warning; I only did not wish to go just yet.

Down in that flickering shadow of trees I saw two men approaching, bearing carefully a wounded man between them. I looked at them with dilating eyes; as they emerged into the clear moonlight I saw more distinctly the slight figure, the bright brown hair of the man they carried.

Then I knew why I had lingered.

I slipped from my horse and went to meet them, reaching him as they laid him down upon the ground.

He looked up at me as I knelt down by him, my soul pouring itself through my eyes as they met his.

"This is happiness," he whispered, taking my hand and putting it on his breast, where his heart was beating its last throbs. "Now I know why I felt that I must be brought to this spot to die. They thought it was a whim, and so did I."

The men stood back respectfully, leaving us two alone, with only the moonlight between us.

I could not speak, I could only look at him, knowing, realizing that in this last moment all that could have separated us had dropped from him as a garment unworthy of him.

"Ah! the path love pointed out was the only right one," he said, never for an instant taking his eyes from mine.

"All my soul?—all my love?" he murmured.

"All. Does not my own soul tell me?" I asked, with something of the passionate tenderness that I felt, my voice murmuring through tears that I could not shed.

He lay in silence a moment, then said:

"My property is nearly all lost, save a few thousands deposited at the North. It is willed to you. Promise that you will go North—to New York. Here is the address of my lawyer there." He put my hand on an inside pocket of his coat. "Stay no longer in the South."

"I will not," I said. "I will go."

Another pause—it was the last before the eternal silence.

A sudden, flashing look of sweet passion from the very depths of his nature, a whisper on my lips, "I was coming to claim you"—and the silence had settled down.

The report said that Captain Ralph Molyneux was killed while examining the outposts, the night before the attack.

It was the fortune of war; but do you wonder that, with all I have to remember, I can never love the South?

I did not go back to the plantation. After various delays I found means to reach New York; and here, in the sunlight of freedom and peace, I have written of those days which cannot but impress all my life.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THAT collection of one hundred and fifty poems which we style "The Psalms," but which may properly be called the Hebrew Anthology, is in many respects the most notable book in the world. These Psalms are held in equal reverence by Hebrews and by Christians. Translations of them are said or sung in every language which has a written literature; and they enter more largely than any other portion of Holy Writ into the public and private worship of Christians of every form and creed. Fully three-fourths of these Psalms are the work of a single generation. Half of them were certainly written by a single author, David, the great monarch of Israel. Only one can possibly be of an earlier date. The magnificent Psalm, the ninetieth, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," is superscribed "A Prayer of Moses, the Man of God;" but it is not altogether certain that, worthy as it is of him, this is to be understood as denoting the poem to be the composition of the great Hebrew lawgiver. About twenty of the Psalms clearly belong to the interval of five hundred years between David and the Captivity; a few of them have also been conjecturally placed four hundred years later, in the time of the Maccabees. But whoever their author, the spirit and manner of David pervade and give unity to the whole.

We lose sight of the special occasions upon which the Psalms were composed, and the personal feelings by which they were inspired, and find in them the aptest expression of our own deepest spiritual emotions. We bemoan our everyday offences in the very words in which David lamented his great crime. Moab and Edom are to us not the foes of the Hebrew nation, but our spiritual foes. Jerusalem is to us not the Hebrew capital, but "Jerusalem the Golden," the city of our God. Zion is not the stronghold of David, but the spiritual metropolis of "the Holy Catholic Church, which is the fellowship of the saints," living and dead, of all ages. We also, almost unconsciously, transfer the spirit of the Psalms to the personal character of the man who was their principal author. We think of David as a saintly minstrel of venerable aspect, dwelling in hallowed contemplation far above earthly toil and tumult; forgetting that of the Psalms the immediate occasion of which is given, the majority were composed during the early and mature manhood of one whose life was one of the most strenuous ever lived by man.

It is strange that, no fair attempt has ever been made to edit the works of David. His Psalms are scattered at random through what appear to have been originally five separate collections of Hebrew poetry. There is no attempt at arrangement, either chronological or by subjects. Thus, David's Psalm composed in his sixtieth year, "when he fled from Absalom his son," stands as the third in the collection, while that written almost forty years before, "when Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him," is the fifty-ninth. The twenty-second, memorable for evermore in that its opening words, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*—My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" fell from the lips of our Saviour in the hour of his mortal agony, but composed by David when in early manhood he was a fugitive outlaw, hard pressed by his pursuers, is followed by the joyous idyl, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," sung

doubtless when he was a youth tending his father's flocks. Poems by David every way worthy to be inserted in the Psalms, find no place in the collection. The pathetic lament for Saul and Jonathan is surely no more personal than the fierce philippic against the northern league, "Why do the nations make a tumult, and the peoples plot foolishness?" No one of his poems is more truly a Psalm than that which is given (2 Sam. xxiii. 1-7) as "the last words of David, the anointed of the God of Jacob, the sweet psalmist of Israel."

There are biographies enough, such as they are, of the Hebrew king; but there is nothing in literature more wanted than "The Life and Works of David," based upon purely historical and critical grounds, placing the poems in their chronological order, and giving, moreover, what has never yet been done, an adequate translation into English. That large labor cannot here be undertaken. All that is proposed is to set forth the life and character of the man as they are represented in the Hebrew records.

Eleven centuries before the birth of Christ, the head man of the little village of Bethlehem in Judea was Jesse, the grandson of that Ruth the Moabitess whose story tells us almost all that we know of the domestic life of the Hebrews of that day. Six sons and three daughters had long before been born to him, when (B. C. 1083) another was added. This son of his old age received the name of David—"the Darling." The boy grew up of middle stature; compared with his tall brothers, he seemed short. He was of ruddy complexion, quick of eye, swift of foot, strong of hand, keen of intellect, and fearless in spirit. He tended his father's flocks, while his stout elder brothers tilled the fields in which Ruth had gleaned three generations before.

We get our first glimpse of David when he was about fifteen years of age. Saul was nominal king of Israel, though his real function was rather that of commander of the army than ruler; for Samuel "judged the people," and even maintained the right of deciding upon military operations. The relations of Samuel and Saul were similar to those between the Mikado and Tycoon of Japan. Saul having refused to comply with an order of the judge, Samuel announced that the kingdom should be taken from him and given to another. He proceeded to Bethlehem and called before him the sons of Jesse, one of whom was to be anointed as the future king. One by one the tall young men appeared before the judge, and each was in turn rejected. At last David was summoned from the pasture, and upon his head Samuel poured the sacred oil. It does not appear that he declared the purpose of the anointing, for although it was done in public, it seems never to have reached the ears of the jealous Saul; and years after the brothers of David assumed over him the authority which belonged to their superior age.*

When David was about eighteen or twenty years of age the Philistines made a sudden foray into Israel, and Saul with a small force advanced to check them. The two armies encamped on opposite sides of a valley through which ran a small brook. There were for weeks continual skirmishes, neither party venturing to leave its intrenchment to make an attack in force. But every day Goliath, a Philistine warrior of gigantic stature, strode out and defied the Israelites to select a champion, and submit the issue to the ordeal of single combat. David, three of whose elder brothers were in the camp, was sent by his father to in-

* The fact of this prospective appointment by Samuel, however, became at length publicly known, and was referred to by the Israelites when they chose David as their king. (See 2 Sam. v. 2; 1 Chron. xi. 1-3.) But although both Saul and Jonathan recognized in David the future monarch of Israel, they based this wholly upon his character and renown, never alluding to the appointment by Samuel. (See 2 Sam. x. 1-23; xxii. 7-14; xxiii. 16-18, 19-22; xxvi. 17-25; xxix. 17-19.)

quire for them, and to carry them some supplies. The brothers received him coldly, and upbraided him for having left the flocks through an idle wish to look upon a battle in which he was too young to take a part. Meanwhile the Philistine champion had come out to renew his challenge, which no man of the Israelites dared accept. The heart of the young David grew hot, and he declared that he was ready to fight the giant. His words were passed from mouth to mouth through the Hebrew camp until they reached the ears of Saul, who ordered him to be brought before him; but when the King saw that this voluntary champion was a mere youth, he was unwilling to permit him to undertake the perilous adventure. David endeavored to inspire Saul with confidence by relating how he had single-handed slain a lion and a bear, which had attacked his flock. Saul finally acceded to David's wish, and put upon him his own heavy panoply. But the arms and armor which suited the king, taller by a whole head than the tallest of his subjects, were worse than useless to the short, lithe lad, who had moreover never handled sword or spear. David wisely chose to rely upon the sling, which in skilful hands was the most formidable missile weapon of the time. Precision of aim could indeed be acquired only by long practice; but practice was easily had, for every hillside and water-course was a magazine, and the shepherd lad doubtless had been wont to beguile the long days by slinging at a mark; and he had acquired a dexterity like that of his neighbors the Benjamites, who were famous for being able to "sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss."

Armed only with his sling, and carrying in his hand a shepherd's staff, the lad stepped lightly down the hillside. Reaching the water-course, he carefully chose five smooth rounded stones, which he placed in his scrip, and then approached the Philistine, who, clad in complete armor, advanced to meet him. When within speaking distance the champions halted for a little defiant chaffing. Before the Philistine was aware of the movement, and had time to take his shield from his armor-bearer to cover his unprotected head, the Hebrew whirled his sling; the heavy stone whizzed through the air with such sure aim that it went crashing into the forehead of the giant, who fell senseless upon his face. The agile Hebrew youth leaped upon him, drew the short sword of his prostrate enemy from its sheath, and cut off his head. The Hebrew army, inspired with courage, rushed forward with loud shouts; the Philistines broke and fled in wild dismay, pursued for miles by their victorious foes.

It is somewhat strange that David, who commemorates in song almost every great event in his life, appears nowhere to allude to this combat with Goliath. When the Septuagint translation was made, nearly a thousand years after the death of David, there indeed appears to have been extant a poem, the Hebrew of which is now lost, relating to this event. The translators append this to the Psalms, with the note: "This is a Psalm written by David himself, and outside of the number [*i. e.*, of those included in the received collection], when he fought the single combat with Goliath." It reads: "I was small among my brethren, and the youngest in my father's house. I was feeding my father's sheep; my hands made a harp, and my fingers prepared a psaltery. . . . I went out to meet the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols; but I drew his own sword and beheaded him, and took away the reproach from the children of Israel." But the Septuagint cannot be accepted as authority for an addition to the text.

When Saul saw the young champion going to the combat, he inquired his name, but no one around could inform him; he first learned it after the battle was over, when David returned to the camp bearing the head of Goliath. David

was then placed in attendance upon the monarch ; but he appears to have had at that time little intercourse with him, for Saul soon fell into a condition of mental derangement, alternating between profound apathy and violent mania. At this time appears to have sprung up a warm attachment between David and Jonathan, the eldest son of Saul. David soon returned to Bethlehem to feed again his father's sheep. The attendants of Saul imagined that the disorder of their master might be alleviated by music ; and they were ordered to find for him a skillful player. One of the attendants said that he had seen a son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, who was a cunning player, a valiant soldier, and of comely person. Saul sent for David, was pleased with his appearance, and soothed by his playing. He retained him in his service, giving him a command in his own body-guard. The war with the Philistines was renewed, and David won the chief credit of victory, so that the women chanted, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands." The jealousy of the monarch was aroused, and in a sudden access of frenzy he twice with his own hand attempted to take the life of David. Foiled in this, he sent David to the field, promising him his eldest daughter in marriage in case he was successful. He hoped that the impetuous courage of the young aspirant would prove fatal to him. David returned unharmed and victorious ; but Saul meanwhile had given this daughter to another. An attachment having sprung up between David and Michal, the younger daughter of the king, Saul promised her to him, exacting as a condition that he should make a sudden raid upon the Philistines, and bring back proofs of his prowess. David accepted the terms, and received the promised reward.

But Saul was still intent upon the death of David. He ordered Jonathan to kill him. The young prince refused and remonstrated with his father, who took a solemn vow that David should not be slain. Saul again attempted the murder of his son-in-law with his own hand. Failing in this, he ordered his attendants to kill David as he left his own door in the morning. Michal, learning this, lowered her husband from the window, and told the lurking assassins that he lay sick in bed. Saul sent them back with orders to bring to him David on his bed. But David had made good his escape and taken refuge with Samuel, who for seven years had kept aloof from Saul. To this period is to be ascribed the composition of the earliest Psalm, the date and occasion of which are definitely fixed.*

* The narrative of the intercourse between Saul and David (1 Sam. xvi. 14-23, xvii. 1-58, xviii. 1-4, presents some serious discrepancies. As the text stands, their first meeting took place (xvi. 14-24) when David, already noted as "a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters," was sent for to soothe Saul by his skill upon the harp ; whereupon he became the favorite of the monarch, and was appointed his armor-bearer. But after that, when he is sent by his father to visit his brothers in the camp (xvii. 1-40), he is treated by them as a lad who had run away from tending his father's sheep out of idle curiosity, to see a battle in which he was too young to bear a part. When brought before Saul, neither the king nor any of his attendants recognized him (xvii. 55-58) ; and when urging his own fitness for encountering Goliath he makes no mention of having ever been engaged in battle, but merely tells of his exploits against the lion and the bear (xvii. 32-37). He is, moreover, not only unprovided with any weapon except a sling (xvii. 50), but declares himself unacquainted with the use of sword and armor (xvii. 39), which could hardly have been the case had he before served as armor-bearer to Saul. Some have endeavored to remove the difficulty by rejecting as spurious the passages xvii. 12-31, 55-58, xviii. 1-5 ; which are indeed wanting in the Vatican MS. of the Septuagint, but are found in all the Hebrew copies. It cannot be deemed allowable upon mere conjecture to reject a portion of the text which has every external argument in its favor. The whole difficulty may be obviated by merely making, as we have done in the narrative, two changes in the order of the paragraphs, putting xvii. 12-15 and xvi. 14-23 after xviii. 4, thus making the summons of David as a harpist to follow instead of preceding the combat with Goliath, with a short interval between, which was passed by David at Bethlehem. The assumed error in the order of the paragraphs is easily explained by supposing that a few leaves of the earliest draft of the text became transposed in the hands of the copyist.

Saul sent messengers, and afterward went himself to recall David ; but he, suspecting treachery, remained for a while with Samuel, his friend Jonathan undertaking to keep him advised of his father's designs. Being at length assured that Saul still held to his murderous purpose, David took refuge with Achish, the Philistine king of Gath. On his way he stopped at the priestly town of Nob, and by pretending to have been suddenly sent by Saul on an important secret enterprise, induced Ahimelech, the priest, to supply him with food and to give him the sword of Goliath, which had been deposited as a trophy in the sanctuary. Saul, learning this, ordered the whole sacerdotal family, men, women, and children, to be put to death. Of eighty-six priests only one escaped.

The Philistines could hardly be expected to show warm hospitality to one who had made such bitter war upon them, although they seem not to have known of the brutal act which had marked his last campaign. They seized the fugitive, and demanded that the king should punish him. David feigned insanity, and the king contented himself with contemptuously ordering him from his presence. The two Psalms (xxxiv. and lvi.) which David composed on this occasion are singular productions, viewed in connection with the circumstances. He complains of the wickedness of his enemies, who wrested his words and lay in wait for his life ; and utters an exhortation to all men to seek peace and keep their tongues from evil and their lips from speaking guile.

David then returned to Judea and took refuge in the wild cavernous region near the Dead Sea, where he gathered around him a band of desperate adventurers. Prominent among these were three of his nephews, Joab, Abishai, and Asahel, young men of his own age, who afterward played conspicuous parts in his history. The six years of outlaw life were full of stirring incidents. Saul hunted him like a partridge, chasing him among the mountains and through the wilderness from one extremity of the land to the other, again and again coming upon his very track. Twice the hunter was at the mercy of the hunted. Once Saul had occasion to enter a cave in whose dark recesses David and a portion of his followers were concealed, so close at hand that David was able to cut off the skirt of the monarch's robe. Saul having left the cave was hailed by David, who protested his loyalty, and in proof showed the fragment of the skirt. Saul, seized with remorse, burst into tears, acknowledged his injustice, recognized David as his son and successor, and asked from him a solemn oath that he would show kindness to his posterity.

David placed no trust in the good faith of Saul, and still kept up his adventurous outlaw life. He attacked the Philistines, who had renewed their raids into Israel. He made a compact with Jonathan that when he came to the throne his friend should have the second place in the kingdom. He levied contributions to support his followers. When the rich Nabal refused compliance with his demands, he swore a solemn oath that before the night was passed he would not leave alive a single male of the household of the man, couching his oath in the coarsest phrase which the Hebrew language, copious in this respect, affords. He was dissuaded from the execution of his threat by the presents and entreaties of Abigail, the beautiful wife of Nabal ; and when the husband died of fright, David, who had just taken another wife, married the widow of Nabal, thus laying the foundation of his great harem of wives and concubines.

The inhabitants grew weary of their lawless neighbor, and put Saul on the track of his hiding place, upon which the king came with a select force of three thousand men. David and Abishai crept by night into the camp where Saul lay asleep, with a cruse of water by his head and his spear stuck into the ground by

his side. The impetuous Abishai wished to kill the king. "God," whispered he, "hath delivered thine enemy into thy hand: let me give him one spear-thrust; I will not strike a second time." David, who still retained a strange attachment for Saul, refused permission. "Destroy him not," he said; "for who can stretch forth his hand against the anointed of Jehovah and be guiltless?" The two withdrew from the camp, taking with them the spear and cruse. When at a safe distance, David with a shout awoke the guards of Saul, and with a kind of grim humor upbraided Abner, their captain, for the negligent watch which he had kept over his master; and in proof of the peril which the king had run, displayed the trophies borne from his side, and told Abner to send and fetch them back. Saul again felt or feigned penitence, and blessed his "son David," and urged him to return to court. David still distrusted this penitence. He was convinced that if he remained in Judea he would sooner or later perish by the hand of Saul. He therefore once more sought refuge with the Philistines, taking with him his band, now numbering six hundred men, with their wives and children.

Four Psalms (liv., lvii., lxiii., and cxlii.) are definitely attributed to this period of outlawry. Many others bear internal evidence of having been either composed during this time or at least inspired by the recollections of it. They speak of the plots of his enemies; of his own narrow escapes, by sliding down precipices, hiding among rocks and caves and coverts in the thick forests. Running through all is a constant asseveration of his own innocence, thanksgiving for repeated deliverance, supplication for continued aid, and undoubting confidence in the glorious future which he believed to be in store for him.

When David (B. C. 1056) took service with Achish, he had just passed his twenty-seventh year, an age which has proved the critical period in the life of many great men. The Philistine king was then preparing for a great expedition against Saul. Six hundred trained soldiers of fortune formed a welcome accession to his force, and he gladly acceded to David's request that a city should be assigned to him as a fief. This was Ziklag, a border town, which remained the personal property of the sovereigns of Judah until the kingdom was overthrown. David was to hold his possession by the sword, with full permission to make predatory inroads upon the Israelites and any of the surrounding peoples who were not in alliance with the Philistines. The remnants of the Amalekites, long ago devoted to destruction by Joshua, and almost destroyed by Saul, led a nomadic life in the region. The hordes to the north were then in alliance with the Philistines, those to the south with Israel. David made a sudden raid upon the former, and plundered everything, seizing flocks and herds and household gear. All at once it occurred to him that these hordes were allies of his master Achish, who could not be pleased that they had been harried. He must never know the direction of the foray. Dead men, David knew, tell no tales, and he resolved that no human being except those who had an interest in concealing it should be left alive who could testify to what he had done. And so, in the stern words of the historian, "David saved neither man nor woman, neither brought he any of them to Gath; saying, 'Lest they should bear witness against us.' So did David, and such was his wont all the days that he dwelt in the country of the Philistines."*

Having thus washed out in blood all traces of the direction of his foray, David returned to Achish, who merely inquired against whom this raid had been directed. David coolly informed him that he had gone southward into Judah

* So translated in the Vulgate (1 Sam. xvii. 11), more correctly than in the common English version.

and pillaged the Kenites, ancestral friends of the Hebrews. Achish believed that David had now given bloody pledge of loyalty to him. Come what might, he must ever be abhorred by his own people. The Philistine monarch was now organizing a great expedition against the Hebrews. David, who was appointed captain of the royal body-guard, was profuse in promises of the service he would perform. But the Philistine leaders distrusted him; they looked upon him as a renegade who would be likely to desert Achish as he had deserted Saul, and demanded that he should not be allowed to remain in the army. In spite of his own wish and David's earnest remonstrance, the king was obliged to comply, and David and his band returned to Ziklag.

They arrived just in time to find that a party of nomadic Amalekites, kindred of those whom David had not long before so ruthlessly massacred, had made a descent upon the town and burned it to the ground. They did not follow the bloody example which David had set them, but carried off as captives all the women and children. David's wild band burst into rage and mutiny, and threatened to stone him to death. They were calmed by an oracular assurance from the priest that they would overtake the marauders and recover all the captives and spoil. David followed upon their track so rapidly that at nightfall a third of his men broke down and had to be left behind. Guided by a slave who had fallen sick, and been left behind to starve in the desert, he surprised the camp of the Amalekites, who, not suspecting the presence of an enemy, were rejoicing over their successful foray. Four hundred of the nomades succeeded in mounting their swift camels and escaping into the desert; the rest were all slaughtered. David recovered all the captives uninjured, and gained a great amount of spoil. From this he sent rich presents to the inhabitants of the neighboring region of Judah.

At this time he was a sworn vassal of Achish, and not a week before had begged to be allowed to join the expedition against his own countrymen. It can hardly be doubted that he had then resolved upon treachery. From first to last, indeed, it never appears to have occurred to him that faith should be kept with or mercy be shown to any enemy of himself or his people. In common with every Israelite, he regarded all the surrounding nations as the Spaniards regarded Moors and infidels, as slave-traders regarded the Africans, and as our frontiersmen regard the Indians of the plains. Everywhere and always they were lawful prey, and all of them, men, women, and children, held land and life only by sufferance. They had no rights which any Israelite was bound to respect. To him as to others may be accorded whatever palliation can be found in the fact that they felt and acted in accordance with the spirit of the times in which they lived.

Of the sixteen months during which David remained with the Philistines, no mention or even allusion is found in the Psalms. The Hebrew monarch could hardly be expected to look back with pleasure to the time when he was a vassal of the heathen king.

Meanwhile the Philistines pressed victoriously across the whole breadth of Israel, and brought Saul to bay among the mountains of Gilboa. He could retreat no further, for the rapid Jordan was in his rear. He sought supernatural guidance, and received the stern response from the spirit evoked by the witch of Endor, that on the next day the Israelites should be routed, and himself and his sons slain. He hurried back to his army through the darkness: The dispirited Israelites could not withstand the fierce attack of the Philistines, and broke into utter rout. Three of the sons of Saul were slain by his side, and

he, sorely wounded by arrows, stabbed himself with his own sword to avoid being made prisoner. The victorious Philistines overran the northern part of the country on both sides of Jordan.

Three days after David had returned to Ziklag he received tidings of the rout of the Israelites and the death of Saul. An Amalekite who had followed the army in order to plunder the dead and wounded, came to Ziklag reporting that he had found Saul lying wounded, who begged him to put him to death. This he said he had done, and in proof brought the crown and bracelet of the king. David blazed into fierce wrath, and ordered one of his attendants to kill the fellow on the spot. He then composed the touching elegy upon Saul and Jonathan known as "The Bow."

Saul and all his legitimate children, with the exception of the imbecile Ishbosheth, being dead, David was the only man capable of making head against the Philistines. He was, moreover, in accordance with the notions of the time, the rightful inheritor of the crown. To say nothing of the anointing by Samuel, upon which he never insisted, Jonathan had formally made over to him his right, and in this Saul had acquiesced. He at once threw up his allegiance to Achish, left the Philistine country, and took up his abode at Hebron, where, at the age of thirty, he was anointed king by his own tribe of Judah. The flower of the other tribes gathered around him. The history of the next four or five years is almost unrecorded; but it is evident that the Israelites soon rallied from their great defeat, and gradually drove back the Philistines. It can hardly be doubted that David took part in these operations. Probably some of the events only casually recorded in 2 Sam. xxiii. 8-23 belong to this period. He endeavored, with some success, to gain over the other tribes. To the men of Jabesh Gilead, far away beyond the Jordan, who had rescued the mutilated bodies of Saul and his sons, he sent a message complimenting them for their bravery, urging them to carry on the war against the Philistines, and promising them aid and succor, adding: "Saul your master is dead, and the house of Judah have anointed me king over them."

But the veteran Abner, the uncle of Saul, and long the general of his army, was loth to have the sceptre pass from his house. He set up the feeble Ishbosheth at Mahanaim, beyond the Jordan, as nominal king, and as the Philistines were gradually expelled caused him to be acknowledged as King of Israel by all the tribes except Judah. David meanwhile strengthened himself by alliances with the neighboring rulers. To the two wives of his wanderings he soon added four more. Desultory hostilities broke out between the two kingdoms, hardly amounting to a formal war, but rather like those feuds which were long waged between England and Scotland. The brunt of these on the part of Israel fell mainly upon the small but warlike border tribe of Benjamin, to which Saul belonged.

During an interval of truce, Abner and Joab, who was now David's chief general, each with a considerable following, met in apparent amity at Gibeon in Judah, the parties encamping on opposite sides of a little pond. The two leaders agreed that twelve men from each side should make a display of their skill in arms. But the joust soon became a real fight. The combatants seized each other by the hair, and each plunged his short sword into the side of his opponent, and all fell down dead or wounded. The spot bore long afterward the name of "the field of the champions." Their comrades rushed to arms, but in a few moments the Benjamites broke and fled, each man for himself, hotly pursued by the men of Judah. Asahel, the swift-footed brother of Joab, outstrip-

ping his comrades, pressed hard upon Abner. In vain the stout old veteran urged him to desist, or at all events to seek some other foe: "Why should I smite thee to the ground? How then should I hold up my face to Joab, thy brother?" Abner seems to have held himself especially responsible for what had happened, since it was at his suggestion that the fatal joust was undertaken. Asahel refused to give over the pursuit, and Abner, scarcely turning his head, gave a backhanded thrust with the sharp handle end of his spear. The force of the blow was aided by the impetus of the pursuer, and the weapon passed sheer through the body of the young man.

When his comrades came up to the place where Asahel was lying, they halted for a time, and Abner made good his escape. By nightfall the scattered Benjamites rallied together and took up a strong position on the top of a hill. The troops of Joab came up, when Abner accosted their leader, asking if the fight was to go on the bitter end; did he not know how dangerous it was to drive men to despair? * Joab, perceiving that his opponent was too strongly posted to warrant an assault, replied that even if Abner had not spoken the men of Judah would have been withdrawn in the morning. Of the men of Judah only twenty in all were missing, while of the Benjamites three hundred and sixty were killed.

Two more years of desultory warfare ensued, the advantage growing more and more decisive in favor of David. The subjects of Ishbosheth were also harassed by inroads of the Philistines. Abner perceived that in David alone rested the salvation of the entire people, and he began to meditate making over to him the kingdom. His design was brought to a sudden point by an insult offered to him by the foolish Ishbosheth. Abner had taken to himself Rizpah, a former concubine of Saul, to whom she had borne two children. Ishbosheth ventured to call him to account for this. Abner replied in fierce scorn: "Am I, who alone have prevented you from falling into the hands of David, only your dog to bark against Judah, that you dare to find fault with me about this woman? Understand that Jehovah has sworn that the kingdom shall be transferred to David, and may God deal with me as I deal by David, and make him king of all Israel from Dan to Beersheba." Ishbosheth, thoroughly cowed, ventured no reply. Abner set at once about carrying his threat into execution. He sent word to the king of Judah that he himself was in reality the ruler of Israel, and if David would enter into a proper treaty he would bring the people over to him. David agreed to this, only demanding, as a proof of power and a pledge of sincerity, that Abner should restore to him Michal, the wife of his youth, whom Saul had given to another. The demand was formally made upon Ishbosheth, who yielded to it. Abner then sounded the principal men of the eleven tribes. He reminded them that they had long before been disposed to recognize the sovereignty of David, and assured them that he was the only man who could save them from the Philistines and their other enemies. The people were convinced, and Abner with a score of attendants went to David at Hebron, where the terms of the treaty were speedily agreed upon, and Abner set out to carry it into effect by bringing all Israel over to David.

Joab, who had been absent on a military expedition, had been kept in ignorance of the whole negotiation. He returned just after Abner had left, and at once surmised what had been done. At first he endeavored to persuade David that Abner was not acting in good faith, and had come merely as a spy. Failing in this, he resolved to take the matter into his own hands; for he could not fail

* So the Vulgate, better than in the authorized version.

to understand that the treaty must provide that the first place in the united kingdom should be given to Abner. He despatched messengers to the unsuspecting veteran, asking him to return, in order that they might have a private interview. Joab and his equally unscrupulous brother took Abner aside, and foully assassinated him, assigning as a reason that he had years before slain their brother Asahel in battle.

David was horror-stricken, not only at the crime, but that he saw it might frustrate his cherished scheme for reuniting the twelve tribes under his own sceptre. He broke out into the fiercest rage, imprecating the direst calamities upon Joab and all his father's house, to the remotest generation. Might there, he said, never come a time when there should be lacking in the house of Joab one who was afflicted with ulcers, leprosy, imbecility, and starvation. There was but one thing to be done, and that was for David to convince all men that he had no part or lot in the murder. A solemn public funeral was ordered. David, in rent garments and sackcloth, followed the corpse, and the murderer, clad in like mourning, was compelled to walk in the long procession, and listen to the noble elegy pronounced by David upon the great captain, and hear himself denounced as an assassin :

Should Abner have died as a villain dieth?

Thy hands were not bound,

Nor thy feet put into fetters.

As a man falls before the sons of malice, so hast thou fallen.

Abner seems to us to have been a heroic character, worthy of the name which he bore (Ab-Ner, "Father of Light," that is, "the Enlightened," or "the Wise"). He had been the mainstay of Saul during the last years of the life of the royal madman. He upheld Ishbosheth as Saul's successor, until it was clear that in the accession of David to the sovereignty of all Israel lay the only hope of the Hebrew people. Abner devoted himself to the accomplishment of this. His assassination by Joab removed him from active participation in the great events which were to come ; but his treaty with David formed the basis upon which rested the kingdom of Israel—the first and for a thousand years thereafter the only great government upon earth deriving its authority from an agreement between the sovereign and the people. Well might David say, at the close of the funeral of Abner : "Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath this day fallen in Israel?"

The course of David had convinced all men that he was guiltless of the blood of Abner. He had compelled the murderer to do public penance for his crime ; and Joab, without doubt, rent his garments, displayed his sackcloth, and shed tears with all due decorum. All this David could compel him to do ; but he dared not attempt to bring the assassin to justice. To his private friends he assigned the reason : "Anointed king though I be, I am at this time powerless ; and these men, the sons of Zeruiah, are too strong for me ; but," he added, "Jehovah shall deal with the evil-doer according to his wickedness." David never forgave or forgot the murder of Abner. Thirty-three years afterward the great king lay at the point of death. With his last breath he committed to his son the task of vengeance. "Thou knowest," he said, "what Joab, the son of Zeruiah, did to me and to Abner. Let not his gray hairs go down to the grave in peace."

With the death of Abner all men saw that the reign of the house of Saul had come to an end. Ishbosheth was assassinated by two of his officers, who brought his head to David, believing that no present could be more acceptable. David burst into wrath, and ordered the murderers to be executed. The obstacles

that lay in the way of the execution of the measures that had been agreed upon between Abner and David were now removed. All the tribes, by their representatives, united in offering the crown to David, and a formal compact was entered into between sovereign and people, the first record in history of the formation of a government based upon an acknowledged Constitution.*

This compact was to be still further sanctioned by a general convention of all the people assembled by themselves or their deputies. In the ordering of this convention we cannot fail to recognize the profound statesmanship of David. All remembrance of the seven years' struggle between the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel was to be put aside. The two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, which had been mainly engaged, were kept in the background. Out of the 340,000 "men ready armed for war" who assembled at Hebron, there were present from Judah only 6,800, and from Benjamin barely 3,000. With scarcely more than a body-guard of his own veterans, David boldly and wisely put himself in the power of fifty times their number of armed men who just before had been his enemies.

David was thirty-seven years old when (B. C. 1046) he was crowned king of all Israel. He at once set about consolidating his new sovereignty. The first thing was to fix upon a seat of government. There was one spot within the land designated by nature for this purpose. In the midst of a region abundantly supplied with water, that first of Oriental necessities, arose a steep acropolis. From time immemorial it had borne the name of Salem—that is, "Peace." It seems to have been a recognized sanctuary, its ruler holding a sacerdotal position. This sacred character was preserved for ages; for the Hebrews, who drove out or exterminated all the other Canaanitish tribes, left those who dwelt here unmolested, and for ages lived with them in amity. In course of time the Canaanites fortified the acropolis, and named it Jebus, while the city which grew up around it retained its name of Salem, with the prefix *Jeru*—"town"; so that Jerusalem is simply "Peace-town."

David, without warning, invested the citadel. The Jebusites, confident in the impregnability of their stronghold, laughed him to scorn, saying that their blind and lame could maintain it against all his efforts. David resolved to storm the citadel, and promised that the first man who mounted the battlements should be appointed chief commander of the army. Joab performed the exploit, and thus won the rank which he held, with a brief intermission, for more than thirty years. David made Jerusalem his capital, and erected his fortified palace upon the acropolis, to which was given the name of Zion.

The Philistines could not see without alarm the powerful kingdom that was being consolidated upon their borders. Gathering their forces, they poured up the defiles through which in the latter days of Saul they had swarmed and overrun the whole northern and eastern part of Israel. They evidently purposed now to repeat the manœuvre. David, anticipating their march, threw himself directly across its line, taking up an impregnable position in his "hold," six miles east of Bethlehem. This position effectually covered the direct route to the lower fords of the Jordan. The Philistines halted at Bethlehem, of which they took possession. Here probably occurred the characteristic episode when three of David's veterans dashed through the picket lines of the Philistines and brought back with them water from the fountain by the gate, for which he had casually ex-

* "Therefore came all the elders of Israel to the king to Hebron: and David made a covenant with them in Hebron before Jehovah, and they anointed David king over Israel, according to the word of Jehovah by Samuel."—1 Chron. xi. 3.

pressed a longing. He refused to drink it, but "poured it out to the Lord, saying, 'Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with their lives in their hands have they brought it.'"

The Philistines, finding their direct advance barred, attempted to turn David's position by moving northward over the stony plain of Rephaim. David, to whom every foot of the ground was familiar, saw his advantage, and struck upon their rear, capturing their camp and driving them in every direction. The victory, though brilliant, was not decisive. The Philistines again rallied, and took possession of the plain. David apparently fell back; but turning their flank under cover of a grove of mulberry-trees, and favored by a sudden storm, struck them so fiercely that they broke into utter rout, and were chased northward and eastward back into their own territories. Some years later, when his kingdom was firmly established, David assailed the Philistines, took possession of their frontier towns, and secured a vast amount of spoil.

After having by the victories at Rephaim freed himself from the assaults of the Philistines, David's first care was to establish his authority on a firm foundation. In organizing the military and civil institutions of his kingdom, he manifested a breadth and grasp of character which give him a place among the great statesmen of history. Hitherto there had been, as we understand the word, no Hebrew nation or kingdom; for Saul was hardly more than the military commander, subject to the orders of Samuel, who "judged the people," or acted as civil magistrate; while the ecclesiastical power, which under the Mosaic code was to be predominant, had almost disappeared. David assumed the functions of head of Church and State. The sacred ark, or rather chest, containing the tables of the law, which had remained for eighty years almost unknown in the little town of Kirjath-jearim, in custody of a single priestly family, was brought to Jerusalem, escorted by a select guard of 30,000 men chosen from all the tribes. David himself, divested of his royal insignia and clad in white sacerdotal robes, led the joyful procession, chanting an ode composed by himself: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." "Who is the King of Glory? Jehovah of Hosts, He is the King of Glory," shouted all the multitude responsively, as the sacred reliquary passed the gateway of the old heathen fortress, now become the capital of the Hebrew State. When the ark was deposited in the tent which had been prepared for it, the great choir of priests and Levites burst forth into the magnificent psalm of praise and thanksgiving which the poet-king had prepared for the occasion.* As if to show clearly the sacerdotal authority which he assumed, David not only composed the service to be used on the occasion of the solemn reinauguration of the ecclesiastical institution, but offered up sacrifices in person, and himself pronounced the solemn benediction which brought the ceremonies to a close.

Having thus clearly set forth his supreme spiritual authority, the king made over the actual exercise of the priestly functions to the descendants of Aaron, and turned his own attention to matters of state. His civil and military insti-

* It is remarkable that this ode (preserved in 1 Chron. xvi. 7-36) seems to have been unknown to the persons who at different times made the collections which now constitute the Book of Psalms. Portions of it had been prefixed by some unknown authors (*e. g.*, Psalms xcvi., cv., and cvi.) to their own compositions; but the whole poem was apparently lost for a while. It may be presumed that Ezra, who is probably the author of the Chronicles, found a copy of the entire poem among the archives saved from the destruction of the temple. The proof that it is the genuine production of David is more definite than in the case of any one of the Psalms usually so called. It is singular that this poem, together with several others preserved in the Chronicles, and the "Last Words" (2 Sam. xxii. 1-7) were not inserted in the Book of Psalms, as has been done with his ode of deliverance (2 Sam. xxii.), which with slight variations is the same as Psalm xviii.

tutions, it may be presumed, were not established at once, but grew up from time to time as circumstances demanded. Let us take a view of them as they finally appeared.

The foundation of all was undoubtedly the Covenant or Constitution agreed upon at Hebron. At the basis lay the tribal system, which had remained in existence, though somewhat modified, ever since the exodus. Over each tribe was a "prince" or chief, whose functions were purely local and civil, answering in a measure to those of our State governors. David gradually collected around him a regular cabinet, whose special functions are indicated by the titles given to them. The revenues appear to have been derived wholly from the royal domains and from the tribute imposed upon conquered nations, for we find no record of a tax or impost levied during his reign. Solomon, his successor, misnamed the Wise, indeed imposed heavy burdens to maintain his luxurious court; and it was the refusal to mitigate these which led to the revolt of the ten tribes under Rehoboam. But we find no indications of discontent upon this ground during the reign of David.

The revenues appear to have been wisely administered by competent officials. We have the names of twelve royal bailiffs, whose departments clearly indicate the source of revenues. These had several charge (1) of the treasures; (2) of the magazines; (3) of the tilled fields; (4) of the vineyards; (5) of the wine vaults; (6) of the olive and fig trees; (7) of the oil cellars; (8) of the herds in Sharon, which had probably come into David's possession by his marriage with Abigail, the widow of Nabal; (9) of other herds; (10) of the camels; (11) of the asses; (12) of the flocks. David's revenue, like that of all Oriental potentates, was mainly received and expended in kind. This was also the case during the early years of the reign of Solomon; for he paid Hiram of Tyre in provisions for the hire of the workmen employed in the work of the temple. All the treasure which David collected during more than twenty years, and all that was voluntarily offered by his subjects and allies, was sacredly dedicated for the temple to be built by his son, and was placed in special charge of the priests. The necessary expenditures of his reign were not large. The army, as will be seen, involved little or no cost. The religious service of the priests and Levites was the great item of expenditure; and this was abundantly supplied by the tithes, which could hardly be considered as a tax; for the sacerdotal tribe was by the old fundamental law of Moses joint proprietor, in the proportion of a tenth, in the product of every estate in the land. David, moreover, made large use of this tribe for civil and even warlike purposes. Not a few Aaronites and Levites are specially enumerated among his civil functionaries and military officers.

The military organization of the kingdom of Israel under David is worthy of careful study. In it will be found not merely the germ but a full development of the French and Prussian systems of our own time. The fundamental principle of all is that every able-bodied man owes military service to the State, which he must actually pay for a certain period, both in peace and war. The French government indeed, having a large population, undertakes in time of peace to provide a substitute for a person drafted upon payment of a fixed sum. The Prussian government knows no such regulation. Theoretically this principle is common to all governments; but in most, notably in our country and Great Britain, it is practically ignored, so that in times of great emergency an adequate army can be raised only by the payment of large bounties, which bring into the ranks an immense proportion of the very worst material. Before the time of

David a Hebrew army was a mere tumultuary force, whose presence the ruler had no means of enforcing. Sometimes he could summon an immense army at brief warning. Thus Saul, at the beginning of his reign, gathered (unless the figures in 1 Sam. xi. 8 are incorrect) a force of 330,000 men in less than a week for the relief of Jabesh-gilead. Two years later he collected at short notice a force sufficient to cope with and defeat a Philistine force of 6,000 cavalry, 30,000 chariots, and infantry "as the sand of the sea-shore in multitude." Again we find him with 210,000 men fighting the Amalekites. Toward the close of his reign he could muster only 3,000 men to hunt David through the mountains; and when finally, after having been driven the whole breadth of his kingdom, he was killed, he had with him only a few feeble companies.

David, early in his reign, established a permanent military organization, in which a sufficient number should always be in camp, while the remainder could be called out at any moment and assigned to their appropriate commands. We can best describe this military organization by using terms employed in our own day.

He established a National Guard of 288,000 men. As this number was but about one-fifth of the male population above the military age, which among the Hebrews was twenty years, we cannot doubt that this organization was made up of all between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, thus answering almost precisely to the Prussian Landwehr of the first enrollment. The guard was divided into twelve corps of 24,000 strong; each corps being called into active service one month in the year in time of peace. In time of war of course requisitions were made as troops were needed. The minor officers were appointed from the guard itself; but each corps when called into the field, either for training or actual service, was under the command of a general of tried courage and ability, belonging to a special military body peculiar to the Israelite kingdom.

When David assumed the crown of Judah he had already gathered around him a select body of 600 men. This force was ever after kept up, and probably somewhat enlarged, under the name of the "Gibborim" or heroes. In course of time they were recruited from foreign adventurers, and were hence popularly known as the Cherethites and Pelethites. They constituted the special body-guard of David, and in origin and duties were like the "Swiss Guards" of France. The body-guard formed a brigade, divided into three regiments, each having a colonel and lieutenant-colonel, and each regiment was subdivided into ten companies, under captains. From these officers of the body-guard—mainly from the captains—were appointed the twelve generals over the corps of the army when called out. A captain of the body-guard thus ranked as a major-general in the National Guard; just as with us there are captains in the regular army who rank as generals of volunteers. Thus a corps of militia were never sent into the field except under the command of an officer of the regular force. Abishai, a nephew of David, and the brother of Joab, was a lieutenant-colonel, and the son of Asahel, another brother of Joab, a captain in the body-guard. This National Guard, which made David by far the most powerful monarch between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, was hardly felt as a burden upon the State. During his whole reign it was only once fully called out, and it was no hardship for a young man to spend one month of the year in camp in his own neighborhood and at his own expense. Besides the National Guard there was a force of some thousands of veterans, who, with the body-guard, constituted the standing army. Over the whole force, as commander-in-chief, was Joab.

The kingdom of David, exclusive of the tributary territories, contained about

11,000 square miles ; being about as large as the State of Massachusetts or the kingdom of Belgium. Its population, if the figures of the census as now standing in the Books of Samuel and Chronicles, and as given by Josephus, are not erroneous, was not far from six millions—about equal to that of England under James II., or of Prussia under Frederick the Great. Considerable as was the kingdom of David in itself, it was much greater in comparison with the powers around it. Indeed, with the exception of Egypt, there was no powerful neighboring nation or kingdom with which Israel could come in contact. The Philistines, indeed, owing to their wealth, derived mainly from commerce, which enabled them, like Carthage, to hire foreign mercenaries, were formidable enemies so long as war was not waged upon their own territories ; but when David at length assailed them at home, they fell at a blow, as Carthage did when the Romans carried the war into Africa. To the north and the east, Moab, Edom, Ammon, and Syria as far as the Euphrates, were only tribes, not nations. We are apt to be misled by the word “kings,” used to designate the rulers of these tribes. Their position is precisely expressed by the Arabic “sheik” of the present day. Thus Abraham with but 318 men was an overmatch for the four confederate “kings,” who had just before overcome the five kings who ruled in the valleys near the Lake of Sodom. We find expressly named thirty-one kings conquered by Joshua, whose joint dominions were less in extent than the State of Vermont. Twice indeed during the reign of David, a confederacy of these sheiks was formed—something like those set on foot by Pontiac and Tecumseh—which for a brief space appeared to threaten the kingdom of David. He himself regarded these leagues with contempt, as he sets forth in the second Psalm. The throne of David was never seriously imperilled except by the sudden *coup d'état* by which Absalom endeavored to prevent the succession, which he considered rightfully his own, from being made over to the son of Bathsheba.

The first war in which David was engaged after the defeat of the Philistines at Rephaim was with Moab. Of the occasion of this there is no record. The Moabites were a pastoral people dwelling beyond the limits of the land claimed by the Hebrews in virtue of the promise to Abraham. With a single slight exception their relations with Israel had been friendly for almost five centuries. David's own grandmother was Ruth the Moabitess ; and he had intrusted his parents to the hospitality of the king of Moab during his troubles with Saul. The story of the war itself is told in the Hebrew in just two words, to render which the English demands four : “And he smote Moab.” David's bloody vengeance is wholly unexplained. We are merely told that he put two thirds of his prisoners to death, and reduced the whole people to servitude. In default of any better reason, we may suppose that David's anger was excited because the Moabites, incapable of making any serious resistance, had not at once yielded. In modern warfare instances are not wanting in which quarter has been denied to those who undertake to hold an untenable post.

By the charter given to Abraham his descendants claimed the right to the whole country as far east as the Euphrates, though at the time of the conquest under Joshua they restricted their designs within much narrower limits. But gradually, and from time to time, the Hebrews pressed eastward, and at length during the early part of the reign of Saul their pioneers had reached the neighborhood of the great river. They were pushed back by the allied kings of Damascus and Zobah ; and David fitted out a strong expedition “to recover the border at the Euphrates.” He first encountered Hadadezer, king of Zobah, who was endeavoring to form a junction with the king of Damascus. David won

an easy victory, capturing a large part of the hostile force. No mention is made of the slain, from which it may be inferred that the number was small. He then encountered the king of Damascus, who was utterly defeated, with a loss of 22,000. The territory of Damascus was overrun, and garrisons placed in its principal places.

From this brilliant campaign in the north David was summoned by evil tidings from the extreme south of his kingdom. The Edomites had broken out into war against him, and had gained considerable advantages. But David was by no means disheartened. Psalm lx., composed at this time, reads almost like one of Napoleon's electric addresses to his army. It opens with a full recognition of great reverses, which are ascribed not to the strength of the enemy, but to the withdrawal of the divine favor :

O God, *thou* hast cast us off ;
Thou hast scattered us ; *thou* hast been displeased :
 O turn thyself to us again.
Thou hast made the land to tremble ; *thou* hast broken it :
 Heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh.

He then refers to the old promise that the people of Israel should possess the land of Canaan, using the names of two prominent places to designate the whole :

God hath spoken in his holiness :
 " I will rejoice ; I will divide Shechem,
 And mete out the valley of Succoth."

He then speaks exultingly of the strength of his own kingdom, which remained intact ; and touches scornfully upon Moab, which had been crushed at a blow, and predicts that Edom, notwithstanding its apparent successes, would share the fate of Philistia, which had little cause for congratulation at the final result of its contest with him :

Mine is Gilead, and Manasseh is mine ;
 Ephraim is the strength of my hand ; Judah is my lawgiver.
 Moab is my wash-pot ; over Edom will I yet cast my shoe.
 Philistia ! hast thou triumphed because of me ?

Then follows a brief stirring appeal to his troops to capture Petra, the strong city of the Edomites, which must have thrilled through their ranks as did the summons to storm the heights of Jebus ; closing with a confident assurance of the return of the divine favor, and of consequent success :

Who will bring me into the strong city ?
 Who will lead me into Edom ?
 Wilt not *thou*, O God, who hadst cast us off ;
 Even thou, O God, who didst not go out with our armies ?
 Do thou give us help ; for vain is the strength of man.
 Through God shall we do valiantly ;
 For he it is who shall tread down our enemies.

A fierce combat ensued in the Valley of Salt, in which Joab and Abishai routed the Edomites with a loss of 18,000 men.

Petra, the strong city of Edom, accessible only by a narrow gorge which is hardly passable, fell without a struggle ; and David proceeded to " cast his shoe " over Edom ; that is, to reduce it to absolute subjection. The task was committed to Joab, who was not the man to do his work negligently. For six months Joab harried the land, until, as is incidentally mentioned in 1 Kings xi. 15, " he had smitten every male in Edom," with the exception of one prince of the blood royal, when he returned to Judea to celebrate the obsequies of the dead.

A. H. GUERNSEY,

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAGIARIST.

IT has always seemed to me a very interesting matter to trace in the works of those dramatists who immediately preceded Shakespeare some signs of the dawning of that splendid dramatic literature of which he was the chiefest and most resplendent star. The genius of Shakespeare is always so inexplicable, even to the most enthusiastic of his lovers—there is always something so wonderful in the fact that a boy from the provinces, meagrely educated, without money or powerful friends at court, should have come among the men of learning and culture, the picked gentlemen of the schools, and apparently without effort have overtopped them all—that if by searching we could find out any aids to his genius, any sources for his inspiration, anything which would tend somewhat to humanize or belittle his greatness, it would be a relief to human intellect and a comfort to human vanity. Looking at him in whatever light we may, his greatness baffles comprehension, so that we cannot wonder that some have gone mad trying to pluck out the heart of his mystery, and many others are ready to ascribe to Bacon, or to the whole united intellect of his age, the plays which stand all alone as his.

I believe that nowhere else can we get so much light on Shakespeare's methods, on the careful industry and ingenious use of material which was united with and was a part of his genius, as in searching among the old plays and the works of writers who were chief in the literary world when Shakespeare first came up to London. Whether, as the story goes, he held horses outside the theatre doors or no, he was evidently a hanger-on at these places of amusement some time before he got a foothold there. He was poor, and it is not probable, however ingeniously we argue for his scholarly attainments, that he had any opportunities for early culture at all comparable to those even of the least celebrated of his rivals. No doubt he had been an eager reader of all the books which the shopman's shelves of his native town afforded, or of all stray volumes which could be found in the packs of the travelling Autolycus who made Avon the scene of his exploits. The ancient chronicles, the popular ballads, the tales translated from Latin, French, and Spanish which the "chap-books" of the times made accessible, were doubtless all food for his fancy. But his experience in the drama and its literature must all have come in the years between 1585 or '86, when he first came up to London, and 1589, when probably he began first to write for the stage.

At that time the leading dramatic writers were Kit Marlowe, Robert Greene, and George Peele. There were also Lyly, Nash, Lodge, and others who were well known as playwrights, but these three were the greatest and most noted. They were all men of genius, and all of dissolute and disreputable habits. In advantages of education and social position they were inferior to the group which surrounded Shakespeare at the time he had become a successful writer, of which Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were the leaders. Yet these earlier poets were by no means men of mean attainments, and were all of them Shakespeare's superiors in scholarship. Marlowe was a graduate of Cambridge, and had translated Lucan and Ovid so justly that his translations of the latter poet were ordered to be publicly burned. Peele, although he appears to have been the jolliest and most incorrigible of ragamuffin scholars, was no less a scholar, and his "Arraignment of Paris," founded on the loves of Paris and

Ceane, follows closely the classic originals. Greene, better born and bred than either of the others, was a graduate of Oxford, and had travelled on the Continent before beginning his literary career.

All three, with other boon companions, spent their time principally in taverns, lived riotously, and died in accordance with their manner of living; but they were all men of such rare wits, and we owe them so much, not alone for what they achieved, but as forming part of that atmosphere of which Shakespeare was the outgrowth, that they become in many respects more interesting than those who followed them, and who are often, without reason, accounted greater than they.

When poor Robert Greene was dying in his wretched lodging, in hungry, hopeless misery, ministered to only by those vile companions of his carousals, whose last offices to him show they had still some faint traces of womanliness and goodness left in their degraded forms, he wrote the tract called "Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance," in which occurs the oft-quoted sentence referring to Shakespeare.

This tract was written partly as autobiography, partly as satire, and partly as sermon. It is all sermon now, Robert; a sermon ten times more eloquent and effective to those who happen to read it than thou ever couldst have intended. It is a tragedy, too, sadder than any of thine ever enacted at Globe or Blackfriars, the soul's tragedy of misspent life and wasted genius.

In this tract, after Greene has severally and affectionately addressed Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, exhorting them to repent, in a manner sufficiently orthodox, and which is, I fancy, perfectly sincere, he goes on in the following vein:

"Base-minded men, all of yee, if by my miserie yee bee not warned, for unto none of yee like mee sought these burrs to cleave; these puppets, I meane, that speake from our mouths, these anticks garnished in our colours. Is it not straunge that I, to whome they have all bin beholding, is it not strange that yee, to whome they have all bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case I am now) be by them at once forsaken? Yea, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified by our feathers, that with his Tygres hart wrapt in a Player's hide,* supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the rest of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only *Shakescene* in the country. Oh that I might entreate your rare wittes to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these Apes imitate your past excellencies and never more acquaynte themselves with your admired inventions."

It would seem from this as if it were a special grievance, already discussed among this group of Bohemian playwrights, that Shakespeare had gathered up some of their wasted riches to garnish his successful plays. It is hard to decide how much of the bitterness which Greene felt is deserved by Shakespeare, if indeed any of it is deserved. Since Goethe's day it is granted as one of the privileges, even as one of the marks of genius, to feed upon the thoughts of others, and transfuse their baser metals into gold by some rare alchemy, of which only the master spirits know the secret. If Shakespeare used some of his contemporaries like squeezed oranges, we shall not complain; but if poor Greene and clever Marlowe and Peele, drunk and out at the elbows, should sometimes grow bitter over unappreciated genius, and complain that many a wise and witty conceit of theirs had gone to their more thrifty rival's profit, we cannot withhold from them the share of sympathy which seems their due.

When we come to decide upon known cases in which they could accuse Shakespeare of plagiarism, we have only very slight data. Except Greene's

* "O, tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide."—*King Henry VI., Part III., Act 1, Scene 4.*

charming story of "Pandosto," which Shakespeare used as the basis of "Winter's Tale," I cannot find a known work of Greene's which he has drawn upon. Even in that case it is quite possible that Shakespeare did not dramatize "Pandosto" till after Greene's death, although I am strongly inclined to believe he did. There is no mention of "Winter's Tale" till 1610; but if we rely on the mention of plays as the date of their production, we certainly depend on slight authority, which is generally incontrovertible simply because we have no other. I have read somewhere, however, that Greene revenged himself on Shakespeare for purloining some of the fancies of "Pandosto," by ridiculing the ignorance of geography he showed in his play. But did he suppose, if Shakespeare knew that Bohemia was land-locked (and why should he not have known it when Greene's story was all the time under his eyes?), that he cared a straw for that? What is genius good for if it cannot make us forget such obstacles? It is the freight which his ships bear that interests us, and not the manner of their coming. If our doors open to such rare guests as Perdita and Florisel, and the worthy Camillo, shall we stop to speer about at their travelling accommodations, or criticise the author of such creations, that he did not know what any vulgar map-maker could tell us? If Greene found comfort in laughing at him, let him do so. We can afford to pity *him*.

Kit Marlowe is the first of the poets personally addressed by Greene. To examine into the exact nature of Shakespeare's indebtedness to him, and the resemblance between the two poets, would require a separate paper; but certainly there are few evidences that Shakespeare directly appropriated from him. Barabbas in the "Jew of Malta," has been quoted as furnishing the suggestion for Shylock; but the characters of the two men are widely different, and the Jew himself had been a part of the stock in trade of the playwrights, and was not the property of Marlowe when Shakespeare took him for his subject. The only lines in the "Jew of Malta" which remind us of Shylock are these of Barabbas:

We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please,
And when we grin we bite; yet are our looks
As unmerciful harmless as a dove's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Hence-upon my shoulders when they called me *dog*,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.

And the speech of Barabbas—

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
And having all, ye can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting, flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now should move you to relieve my life—

has a resemblance to the pathetic cry of Shylock:

Nay, take my life and all, etc.

As for Marlowe's "Edward II.," of which Schlegel, who has not been ready to admit much merit to the contemporaries of Shakespeare, says, "I certainly imagine I can discover in it the feebler model of Shakespeare's earlier historical plays," it does not resemble "Richard II.," to which the critics compare it, any more than the subjects of the two dramas resemble each other in history. There is hardly anything more striking than the similarity between the character and fate of the unhappy Edward II. and those of his equally ill starred great-grandson. English historical plays were fashionable too with other writers besides Marlowe, when Shakespeare was serving his apprenticeship to the drama, and he was more indebted to Holinshed for his material than to any of his brother poets.

The works of Peele and Nash, the other two poets exhorted by Greene, which have come down to us, show even less evidence of having been culled by Shakespeare than those of Marlowe. Thus when we examine in detail the works of the four, there is little to prove the justice of Greene's accusations. Henry Chettle, who was also a play-writer, and a friend of all parties, apologizes for Greene's harshness, and gives his testimony that Shakespeare was of "de-menor no lesse civil than he excellent in the quality he possesses." But it is one thing to be popular among one's friends, and another to be judged by one's rivals.

There is no doubt that William Shakespeare was a thrifty and politic man, who made the best use of all his advantages. I believe that in him occurred that rare union of the practical with the poetical and philosophic, which forms the rarest order of genius.

At the time Shakespeare was manager of a theatre, there was a large stock of unprinted plays, many of them the usual ephemeral ornaments of the stage which were the property of the players or managers—sometimes also of the nobleman whose servants the company styled themselves. These plays were forbidden to be printed, lest they should become common and so pall on popular taste. Even the plays of Shakespeare were thus "stayed" from publication, and it is probable that to his own managerial thrift we owe this delay in preparing his works for the press, before his premature death made such a labor impossible. Of the MSS. which formed such a theatrical stock, Shakespeare became part owner when he purchased his share of the theatre; and it can never be ascertained how many such plays might have been indebted to a few rapid touches from his pen to keep the theatre running for a brief season, before they went into obscurity. Many of these have met the fate of waste paper long ago. Many were burned, perhaps, in the fire in which perished so many plays of Heywood, Chapman, and numberless other writers (what treasures may have gone to ashes there, it makes the heart ache to think of). A few, in which here and there the lines glow with the familiar fire which has made them immortal, are still found in editions of Shakespeare's works, and those of other poets of his age.

Take the old play of "The Taming of the Shrew," for instance, of which we have an ancient original, and compare it with Shakespeare's own play. The two are exactly alike in conception, plot, and character. We can hardly tell, taking them scene by scene and line by line, where they differ, yet the difference is immeasurable. It is the miracle of transfusion from glowing life channels into dry and withered veins.

It has been conjectured that this old play was wholly or partly the work of Marlowe; but I do not find any proof, except that in it occur some lines found in Marlowe's "Faust." There is no internal evidence to support the hypothesis. Marlowe is purely a tragic poet. His attempts at comedy are weak and forced, generally coarse, while "The Taming of the Shrew," although a comedy of broad fun, is witty without grossness. Marlowe's verses, too, are more flowing and graceful than those of the old play. I should think it much more probable that Robert Greene might have written the whole of it. In it may be detected the frequency of foreign allusions, the singular, somewhat cramped style of versification, and the same type of characters which distinguish Greene's plays.

Whether or no this play was first written by some of the less fortunate group of playwrights to which Greene belonged, it is very likely that among those which Shakespeare had rewritten and brought out as his own, there may have been some pieces of his rivals. With what bitterness then would they behold their own bantlings basking in the sunlight of public favor, while they stood unrecog-

nized out in the cold ! What to them was the trick of genius by which the line so dead had been made to live ? To them it was nothing but a line marred. It is said that Greene was the very first English poet who ever wrote for bread. If, in addition to his other miseries, he was obliged to sell his tragedy or comedy for the few shillings to pay for his dinner, and then see it adapted to the stage and brought out as the latest by Will Shakespeare, how his pickled herring must have choked him, and his Rhenish tasted bitter as gall, even while he tried to laugh it off in the brightest corner of the dingy tavern where his revels were held. Peele may have been a ragged philosopher, indifferent to fame or fortune if he could gull somebody out of a supper or a coat ; but Greene and Marlowe suffered from other causes than empty cups and empty pockets.

There are one or two mentions of an old play of "Hamlet," which was written as early as 1587. Very likely it had been performed before Shakespeare came up to London. Of all our losses in English literature, I most regret the loss of this old play. We have still the story of Hamlet on which both plays are founded ; but to have been able to follow the construction of "Hamlet" step by step, beginning with the story, tracing it through the older play, and seeing it in its full symmetry in our own "Hamlet," seems to me the richest of lost pleasures.

Malone, I believe, has supposed that Thomas Kyd was the author of this old play of "Hamlet." That cannot now be truly known, but certainly Shakespeare shows familiarity with Kyd's plays, especially the "Spanish Tragedy," in which Burbage won his earlier laurels. In the last named play occurs the situation similar to that presented in "Hamlet," of performing a play before the king, in which Jeronimo plots to kill some of the courtiers who take part in the play, that he may avenge his son's murder. The piece ends with a general slaughter which sweeps off as many characters as the last scene in "Hamlet."

The villain in the "Spanish Tragedy," too, always suggests to me some of the smooth villainy of Iago ; and there are a few lines spoken by Isabella in Kyd's play, which recall Macbeth's speech to the physician, "Canst thou minister to a *mind* diseased ?" Isabella says :

So that, you say, will purge the eye,
And this the head ?
Ah, but none of them will purge the heart,
And there's no medicine left for my disease.

There are two old plays of "King John" and "King Lear," which must have been written soon after Shakespeare came to the metropolis, which he has liberally used in his own plays. It is not impossible that he himself may have had a hand in the "King Lear," as it was first written. The ending of this differs from Shakespeare's version, and was of a sort to suit Mr. Thackeray, who avers that he always looks at the end of the novel he intends to read, to make sure it does not turn out badly. In this old play the lives of Lear and Cordelia are spared, they are restored to their thrones, and poetical justice is meted out to all the offenders.

The other old play, "John a Gaunt," Henslowe mentions as having been the work of three different authors, Haughton, Hathaway, and Day. Shakespeare has taken them both as his models, with the same coolness with which he has appropriated "The Taming of the Shrew," and put them through the same wonderful transformation.

There are two works of real merit, from which Shakespeare has borrowed materials for "Romeo and Juliet" and "Measure for Measure." One is Arthur Brooke's poem of "Romeus and Juliet," and the other Whetstone's tragedy of

"Promos and Cassandra." Both of these Shakespeare might have read when he was a boy dwelling on the banks of the Avon. In their turn both these poets have taken their plots from the Italian. It would seem sometimes, from the way in which the incidents of plays and novels were used over and over again, as if there were nothing new under the sun.

Brooke's poem is very charming to me. If it were not for the play which overshadows it, perhaps it might be famous even now. And Shakespeare, as is his custom, has adhered very closely to its plot. Some lines, too, are very similar in the play and story. We often read ingenious speculative explanations of Shakespeare's design in introducing Romeo in love with Rosalind. The evident reason always seemed to me to be that Brooke had already done so in the poem in which the great dramatist follows. It is unnecessary to say that Mercutio is almost wholly Shakespeare's. He is merely hinted at in the poem in these lines :

At one side of her chayre [at Capulet's feast] her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio,
A courtier that ache where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speeche and pleasant of device
Even as a lyon would among the lambs be bolde,
Such was among the bashful maydes Mercutio to behold.

It would be interesting, if there were room for them, to quote the balcony and potion scenes from the poem, to see from what hints Shakespeare made his characters speak. The concealment of Romeo in the garden scene until he has overheard Juliet's avowal of her love for him is Shakespeare's own device, however, and so is her exquisite apology and confession, after Romeo discovers himself.

"Promos and Cassandra," of which I have spoken above, is infinitely inferior to "Measure for Measure," and the plot differs in that Cassandra yields to the suit of the false Promos, and there is no Mariana in the old play to serve as a scapegoat. Yet the character of Cassandra is very sweet and lovable—a great deal more so than that of Isabella in "Measure for Measure." There is a little bit of flirtation in the first part of "Promos and Cassandra" between Grimball, a serving man, and Dalia, a maid, which is quite like *soubrette* acting in the modern theatre. But I believe the play never was a success, and Whetstone afterwards made it into a story and put it in a volume of his prose works. Perhaps Shakespeare first found it there.

It would be irksome to enumerate the works of his contemporaries from which Shakespeare has drawn some hints for the formation of his plots, and to add to them the various instances where his plays are founded on some old story laid up in his memory, perhaps, from the time of his boyhood. I cannot refrain from mentioning, however, Thomas Lodge's story of "Rosalynde," which, of all works of fiction, Shakespeare has followed most closely in his play "As You Like It." Lodge was a poet and dramatist till middle age, then turned physician, and afterwards died in London of the plague, on which he had written a famous treatise. Lodge found some suggestion for Rosalynde in an old, old poem called the "Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," which was once ascribed to Chaucer and included in the "Canterbury Tales." But Shakespeare has so closely followed, even to the slightest detail, Lodge's "Rosalynde," that it is probably the only foundation for the play of "As You Like It." It is the most exquisite work of fiction of that age which I have ever read. It has been said that Lodge wrote it on a voyage to the Canaries, and I fancy that may be true. All the romance of the tropics, with their shiny skies and moonlit waters, seems to have distilled itself into subtle droppings from the poet-writer's pen.

It is not known if Lodge was jealous of the use to which Shakespeare put his novel. We fancy a novelist of our own day might feel very much obliged to Mr. Robertson, Tom Taylor, or Mr. Boucicault if they should make a successful acting version of any of their stories, even if it only ran for one season, and not for all time. But this seems to have been not at all the case in those days of the drama. All the group of playwrights which surrounded Shakespeare laid great stress on the originality of their plots. When Ben Jonson followed classical models, as in "Catiline" and "Sejanus," he adhered to them strictly; but in his comedies there is an evident effort to invent the situations. The same thing is noticeable in Beaumont and Fletcher. When they were indebted to a story or a poem for their plot, they covered up as far as possible all traces of the original by changing the names and altering the incidents somewhat. Shakespeare boldly took incidents and characters unchanged from old stories, plays, or histories. There are only one or two of all his plays which cannot be traced directly to their sources. This was one of the respects, I fancy, in which Jonson accused him of "lacking art." And this may have laid him open among his rivals to the charge of plagiarism which Greene's attack has perpetuated.

Certainly Shakespeare has often adhered to a stupid model with a tenacity which surprises us, and which seems sometimes to mar his own work. In some cases, where he has attempted to complicate and enlarge the plot, he has done this by reduplicating the incidents already before him, instead of inventing new ones. On the other hand, it will be seen that it is simply the plot which he borrows, and rarely the thought or expression; and that, as in the old play of "The Taming of the Shrew," of which he has made the largest use, there is scarce a line the same. So in "Pandosto" and "Rosalynde," from which he has borrowed the incidents and characters, he has invested them with a lifefulness and given the personages of the story a charm of speech which the writers of the fictions never dreamed of.

We may conclude, then, that the genius of the dramatist is of a three-fold nature. To be perfect and unrivalled, he must be poet, dramatist, and fiction-writer in one. As the poet and dramatist, Shakespeare stands greatest among those of his own and all other ages and countries. What other writer has produced such men and women as have lived and moved for three centuries to the music of his immortal verse—who walk like mortals and who speak like gods? But in the power of the novel-writer we believe our Titan poet to have been lacking. His characters are the creatures or the controllers of circumstances which existed for them, and which he did not originate. Perhaps, indeed, the want of this one power augmented the power of the dramatist. For are not real men and women developed, as the genius of Shakespeare engendered Macbeth and Hamlet, by the workings of a destiny, of which the plan is not theirs, and which they only partly control?

Nothing is more certain than that Shakespeare's contemporaries did not appreciate or understand him. The very characteristics which to us enhance his greatness, would seem to them failures in art, ignorance of method, and faults which showed his want of the learning of the universities. Yet, in spite of Jonson's pedantic carping and Greene's bitterness, he was one of the most popular dramatists of the age which comprehended him least. And time, the old justice which tries all men's values, has given a higher verdict than even the most generous of his contemporaries. Now, we see this figure, standing out in his century grand and colossal, while the poets who criticised or envied him sleep quietly in unremembered graves.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE PLOT OF RESTORATION.

A MONTH of desperate sorties to break loose from his toils, a month of adroit parleys to secure better terms, a month of stealthy intrigue to bring back the Empire, have ended in Bazaine's surrender. Viewing his capitulation as a political device, the French cry "Treachery!" But how can they blame Bazaine for dallying with the Bonapartes? He is the type of the self-seeking soldier, not of the soldierly patriot; in ambition, ability, and audacity he is more Bonaparte than the Emperor himself. He was in great part a creation of Napoleonism—the ideal soldier of the Second Empire; and under it he had risen from *chef de bataillon* to marshal, learning by experience that the French conscript may carry his bâton in his knapsack. Grateful and hopeful, what wonder that he clung to the dynasty? Still, he seems to have tried several other plans before tampering with the cause of the Empire, first stipulating that his troops should be released from parole in three or six months, and then that the regular garrison should hold Metz after the surrender of his own army. Selfish soldier as he is, Bazaine's scheme of imperialistic restoration shows an adroit, far-reaching sagacity. The instinct of an indomitable spirit is to turn disaster to account, compelling even the fates to serve him. Bazaine sought to do what Johnston did at Raleigh in 1865, namely, to make his capitulation a political scheme of reconstruction. But, foreseeing that the Republic would either reject the only terms he could obtain, or, accepting them, would rob him of personal glory by being itself the treaty-making authority, it only remained for him to intrigue for the Empire, to which gratitude and hope alike bound him, and which, being politically dead, would owe to him alone its resurrection. Add to this that he must have keenly felt that the soldier of the Republic was not Bazaine, but idolized Trochu; that his own fame was already eclipsed by the commandant of Paris; and that to surrender without putting an end to the war was to obliterate the name of Bazaine as thoroughly as that of MacMahon from popular remembrance. But whatever the motives of the Marshal, the French na-

tion is disgraced if it accepts its discarded Emperor as the price of peace. Can it so soon forget that the Metz which has just fallen was, three months ago, Napoleon's base for the "invasion of Germany"? It was from Metz that he sent to dismayed Paris on the morning of August 7, "My communications with Marshal MacMahon have been interrupted. I am going to place myself in the centre of the position." *I and my*, indeed! Poor France! With such a "centre," what wonder that her arc of frontier defence instantly crumbled!

In the *dénouement* of "Barbe Bleue" Count Oscar exclaims: "Voilà une partie vigoureusement engagée! où tout cela nous mènera-t-il? Je l'ignore absolument—mais qu'importe? *c'est en ne sachant jamais où j'allais moi-même que je suis arrivé à conduire les autres.*" Napoleon is a Count Oscar, whose qualification for conducting a foreign war seems to be his total inability to hold his own throne. It was by never knowing whither he went himself that he arrived to the dignity of conducting others. He was chosen President, apparently, because of his mad and abortive attempts on the throne; and the hero of Boulogne and Strasbourg was well fitted to guide armies to glory at Forbach and Sedan. He is a mechanical soldier and a pedant, having a taste for the art of war, but void of inspiration; and his genius is evidently suited to battles in miniature, like Saarbrück, which was neither complex nor gigantic. On such fields, with no enemy in sufficient force to derange his closet tactics, comfortably setting his squadrons in array, he makes the heavens thunder above his roaring batteries; but with 400,000 men to take care of, one half get cornered for surrender at Metz and the other half at Sedan.

"They that take the sword," says the Scripture, "shall perish by the sword"—at least if they don't know how to use it. Napoleon gave himself out as a soldier, and so deserved his fate; for a Cæsar who begins a war of conquest is only tolerable when he displays soldiership or wins battles; but as Napoleon III. did neither, he had already lost his crown at Woerth, before he threw down the sceptre at Sedan.

The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up a hill—and so marched down again :

but when the remnants of MacMahon's 40,000 marched down the slope of Woerth, Napoleon was already no king of France, and his "I go to place myself in the centre of the position" filled Berlin with derision and Paris with disgust. If the Prince of Wales should wield, in time, the bâton of the Duke of Cambridge, we naturally may await unspeakable blunders from the new field-marshal; but Napoleon professed to be the great soldier among European sovereigns. He had studied the campaigns of Cæsar and Charlemagne, only to be beaten by the descendants of those Germans whom these Latin heroes had conquered. He inherited the "Ideas of Napoleonism" and commented on what "the Emperor used to say"; but he quenched the glory of Jena at Sedan. He had written much on the military art, and was so ignorant of the military condition of the nation which he governed, as to despairingly mutter, after Haguenau, "*On m'a trompé*." He had compiled a treatise on artillery, of which arm he had made a specialty for thirty years; but he confessed to his conqueror, after Sedan, "Your artillery won everything—it is the finest in the world." He ruled over a great military nation, and in his address of 1848, which contained the words "I pledge my honor to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, liberty intact," he had also said, "Indeed, when a man has the honor to be at the head of the French nation, there is an infallible way to succeed, and that is to desire to do so"; but he has brought French prestige to a lower ebb than it had touched since Louis XII. Perhaps Napoleon persuaded himself to direct the German campaign on the theory that, as Zisca's drum was to strike terror to the enemy, when Zisca's self was dead, so the Prussians might be scared by the empty name of Napoleon, when no Napoleonism was there.

This is the leader for whose restoration intrigue has been busy at Berlin, London, and Versailles. We cannot aver that his restoration is impossible, for it seems to be the fate of France to be drawn at intervals into the vortex of Napoleonism, cast out again, and then drawn in afresh. The odds are that the poor little hero of Saarbrück (about whom, by the way, most popular wit has been as nauseating as it was unjust) will one day find himself at the head of France, either as President or as Emperor,

or, in Napoleonic fashion, by turns as both. One would think the French have had enough of Napoleonic ideas; but if the first Napoleon could come back in triumph from Elba, and the third from Ilam, why may not Napoleon IV. return in glory from Saarbrück? "Saarbrück," we can almost hear the typical Frenchman say, "was a rather *mesquine* affair, if you will, but it was the only victory we had, after all"; and so the little Prince, who early learned the lesson of life's misfortunes on that field, may one day find it a stepping-stone to the throne of France. I confess, too, that I think worse might befall the country than the simple regency of Eugénie, that brave and high-spirited woman, who has shown herself an Empress in fact as well as in name, and has displayed a character superior to circumstances.

But in taking the Prince and the regent France takes Bonapartism afresh, with Spanish added to Corsican theories, together with the whole train of courtiers and court influences that have cursed and crushed the Second Empire. As for Napoleon III., if, in this nadir of its prestige, France can again content itself with that sham soldier-emperor when it could possess a true soldier-president in Trochu, or a choice of soldier-kings in the house of Orleans, it deserves, and probably will receive, a second thrashing from Germany, and a worse.

Danger to Prussia is almost as certain as disgrace to France, upon the forcible restoration of Napoleon. Such a restoration by the arms of Prussia, against the will of the French people, would breed a revolution in South Germany at least, for there the people hate Napoleon more than they love King William. Indeed, despite their glorious triumphs in the field, the German Liberals have more than once been keenly cut during the war. The annexation of French lands by conquest, without the consent of the governed, is a blow to liberal ideas. The King's greediness of personal and family glory, in his despatches, in place of lavishing generous tribute on his heroic troops, is another cutting thing. Though the laugh has all been on one side, I think there is a fair parallel between King William's "Our Fritz" despatches and Papa Napoleon's telegram about "Louis." Soldiers are forgot that sovereigns may praise illustrious sons. "A great victory has been won by our Fritz," is the King's constant crow; and all the glory (save that awarded to Providence,

whom the devout King never forgets) is intentionally focussed on the monarch and his son, while old Steinmetz is packed off to Posen, and the Prince Royal is left behind at Metz—which place, however, he has had the good luck to reduce before his cousin, the Crown Prince, had fired a shot at Paris. Even the great Moltke has never been mentioned in the King's messages, though to omit his name is like playing "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince left out. Indeed, on arriving at Paris, the King sent back word to Berlin, "I go to assume command in person," which might be as amusing as Napoleon's "I am going to place myself in the centre of the position," except that we all know that wherever the King goes a certain "chief of staff" goes with him. Bismarck told the soldiers who thanked him for Sedan, "Thank the King and General Moltke"; but the King thanks himself and Fritz and Providence.

Again, it is noted with displeasure by some of the German people (as I chance to learn through Bavarian letters) that the King, from first to last, has sent all his despatches to the Queen. He never once has begun a message of victory with the inspiring words, "To my people!" So slight a courtesy would have been magnificent, but the stern old apostle of "divine right" has not conceded it. All these, however, are trifles; but if, moved by sympathy with autocracy, King William should ever seek to use German bayonets to force Napoleon III. back upon the throne of France, against the will of the French nation, German republicanism, springing to life, would level the house of Hohenzollern in common dust with the house of Bonaparte.

BLIND LEADERS. OF THE BLIND.

AT this stage of the war, France, calling out all her vast resources, displays a prodigious fecundity of bad generals; and were her other means as measureless she might supply material for capitulations till the crack of doom. The staff service is a farce, and "surprises" are the rule; after each defeat come rumors of sawdust shells and sanded powder, of defective rifles, undelivered orders, false maps, errors in manoeuvre, the use of cavalry where infantry was needed, and of infantry for cavalry. Officers inside of Paris devote their minds to barricades, and officers outside of Paris to black flags. "Your army had the discipline," said Napoleon to the King at Bellevue, "which mine has recently lacked"; but that was a fault in the organization, which lacked a

master-mind. "The French Emperor," said De Tocqueville, on the eve of the Crimean war, "does not understand details. He may order things to be done, but will not be certain whether the proper means have been taken. He does not know, indeed, what these means are. He does not trust those who do. A war which would have tasked all the power of Napoleon, and of Napoleon's ministers and generals, is to be carried on without any master-mind to direct it, or any good instruments to execute it."

People recall this language in observing the wretched "instruments" which France is reduced to employ. The French ministers and the French generals have foolishly underrated the enemy. The various people who have dabbled with the War Bureau since Marshal Neil's death, have known about as much of the French army (except of its contracts) as Secretary Cameron did of ours. But the republic is as short of great men as the empire. To match Von Roon it produces Cremieux, and reinforces him with Gambetta, who seems to be a sort of French Stanton, intrepid, tireless, boiling over with energy and enthusiasm, and measureless in a confidence which we might as well be frank about and style ignorant credulity, the more especially as he is so confident of resisting Krupp's guns by street-barricades. At this writing, the trio of Tours, Cremieux, Glais-Bézoin, and Gambetta, are announcing that "Metz was a virgin—but for Bazaine—to the contamination of the foreigners," and that "we have determined not to allow the republic to capitulate, within and without"—with much more that makes us put the three statesmen of Tours on a par with the three tailors of Tooley street.

From the first the French nation seems to have been led by crazy people. Blind leaders of the blind—they have fallen together into the ditch. Ollivier's eyes were only opened by the downfall of his ministry. Gramont, ten days before the war-clouds rose, wanted to reduce the army, "because the treaty of Prague made peace sure with Germany." Palikao, to judge from his mysterious hints in the Corps Legislatif, begat the grand strategic march into the *cul de sac* of Sedan. To match Moltke, as chief-of-staff, France displayed the great General Le Boeuf, the man of the moustache—the General Boum of the war, who needs not a Homer but an Offenbach to celebrate him; and it is part of the history of this tragedy-farce that when news of the disaster at Woerth was sent from general headquarters at

Metz, there was added, in a final sentence, as it to counterbalance all the bad tidings, "The major-general, *le* Le Boeuf is at the front!" Again, De Failly, having been "surprised" at Woerth, was so overcome as to subsequently "overlook" and inadvertently leave behind, according to Palikao, a trifle of 100 field-pieces at Châlons; shortly after which exploit he was again surprised and routed near Sedan. To an officer of the same stamp Napoleon must refer, when he telegraphs, Aug. 14: "The army commenced to cross to the left bank of the Moselle this morning. Our advance guard had no knowledge of the presence of the enemy. When half our army had crossed over, the Prussians suddenly attacked in great force."

The republic, to supply the place of these and similar worthies, has produced Roche-Hugot, the great chief of barricades; Victor Hugo, a kind of volunteer engineer, who proposed to "fill the Paris sewers with powder" and blow up the city on his own responsibility rather than let the Prussians in; Esquiros, a supernumerary Gambetta; Jules Favre, who is only eloquent, and that in a land where rhetoric is spun by the yard like cotton at Lowell—so that, if France could have been saved by grace of metaphor, Jules Favre, George Sand, Hugo, Louis Blanc, Gambetta, and About would have already saved it a million times over. There is Cluseret, chattering and shrieking like the rest—a mischievous malcontent, whose *forte* is sedition, and whose bump of self-conceit seems sufficiently monstrous to be pronounced a freak of nature, and yet he was offered a very high command. We find, too, at Paris, such brigade or battalion commanders as Gustave Flourens, who is said to have made it a condition of his fighting that his troops should be armed with improved breech-loaders, and should not be opposed to superior forces. What soldiers!—or rather, not "what soldiers," for several of these nondescript people reject the title—but what patriots! since on this epithet they plume themselves. Imagine Winkelried objecting to throw himself on the Austrian spears, unless he had a big spear of his own or a cuirass; Warren refusing to fight at Bunker Hill without a corporal's chevrons; Leonidas complaining of superior numbers at Thermopylæ—these are the travesties proposed by such Paris "patriotism."

Outside of Paris, in those bodies known as the "Army of the North," the "Army of the Seine," the "Army of the Loire," the "Army of Lyons," there seems to be

a supply of the same kind of officers. One of them has always been unnamed, in a mysterious circumlocution, as "The General commanding the 15th Corps"—though, as he has regularly been defeated, his name, I admit, is of less consequence. There is, again, a General Palladines, commanding the Army of the Loire, who, according to the ocean telegraph, has issued an order "declaring that he will shoot soldiers guilty of insubordination, and asking the men to shoot him if he fails in his duty." Nor must we omit Garibaldi, the hero of Aspromonte, who has come, red shirt and all, to do good to the France that so lately spitefully used and persecuted him—though unhappily he cannot fail to do more harm than good.

But the people are delighted with anybody who will put a shoulder to their wheel. They lionize poor Mr. Washburne at Paris, weep for joy around Garibaldi at Tours, are wrought into "immense excitement" by the mountebank Train at Marseilles, and we are told even that a young girl of Tours "is creating the most intense excitement by imitating the example of Joan d'Arc. Hundreds of enthusiastic persons have joined her standard." This, too, while Julia Ward Howe is rallying women in behalf of peace. They invoke the elements—not only "the stars in the courses" to fight against Prussia, but the rinderpest to make those raids on German cattle which their generals fail to make; the dysentery to ravage the German camps otherwise so safe; the autumn rains; the freezing nights—in a word, Corporal Debility and General Jack Frost.

There are splendid contrasts to this uniformity of bad French generalship. But fortune has been against France in everything. Such Orleanist soldiers as the Duke d'Aumale, the Count of Paris, and the Duke of Chartres, have been kept from the service of both the empire and the republic; such soldiers as Canrobert and Changarnier have not had independent commands, and have served where there was little scope for skill or genius; above all, the early blunders of the campaign, which brought on the surrender of Sedan, Strasbourg, and Metz, in taking from France 300,000 veteran soldiers, took also not less than 12,000 of her best officers. With such a drain, France may well be at the mercy of bad generals. But fortune has so far relented as to leave to her her greatest captain; for Trochu, though yet to be tried by the stern rule of success as to his greatness, has shown himself every inch a soldier. PHILIP QUILBERT.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURRENT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FROM Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of Philadelphia we receive "Southland Writers"—a work in two volumes, whose typographical finish and execution would do credit to the most renowned press in the country. The nature of the work is explained, as indeed it is necessary it should be, by its full title: "Southland Writers. Biographical and Critical Sketches of the Living Female Writers of the South. With Extracts from their Writings. By Ida Raymond."

Mr. Charles Dimitry contributes a somewhat elaborate introduction, in which he comments upon the slender encouragement given to Southern literature "in that section," and finds it strange that "those who would fain have been the high priests and votaries of a literature which would have done honor to the South should have failed to establish in that section a distinctive literature at least equal in its works and influence to that of the North." "This curious anomaly," adds Mr. Dimitry, "has often been made the subject of comment."

Without for a moment questioning the high ability of those who would fain have been the high priests and votaries of the literature specified, we must respectfully differ from Mr. Dimitry as to the existence of the anomaly he qualifies as "curious."

We can see none, and, moreover, believe that such riddle as there may be in it is one easily read. Nor can we agree with Mr. Dimitry in attaching any blame in the matter to Southern publishers. Publishers South, as well as publishers North, undertake enterprises and print books on very much the same principles, and their governing test question in accepting or refusing manuscripts for publication is the familiar and practical formula, "Will it pay?" As to the causes impelling them to reply *may* so generally in some parts of the country, and to answer *yea* so frequently elsewhere, we do not care here to discuss them. Concerning Southern periodical literature, Mr. Dimitry possesses more accurate means of information than we could possibly obtain, and we are, therefore, not prepared to dispute his assertion that "magazines and

periodicals without number have been published in the South—have continued for a while, and when finally, so to say, found out, have perished miserably. Their epitaph may well be written: Died of an indisposition to disburse, and of an infliction of immature intellect."

Miss Raymond appears to have devoted much time and industry to the preparation of the biographies of her "Southland Writers," who number one hundred and fifteen. Of these, ninety-seven are stated to be of Southern, nine of Northern, and four of foreign birth. The cases of Northern origin are usually stated apologetically, thus: "Although of Northern birth, Mrs. T. is Southern by," etc., and "Mrs. C. is a Northerner by birth, but having been associated with the South," etc.; or deprecatively, thus: "Though connected by ties of kindred with many of the oldest and best families in Louisiana, and thoroughly imbued with the tastes, sentiments, and ideas of Southern society, she was by birth and education a Northerner."

Many of Miss Raymond's biographical sketches contain incidents quite interesting either as personal histories or from the connection of their subjects with prominent characters or events. Specially noticeable is the very large proportion of these *Southland* writers who boast of aristocratic and even noble descent. The number descended from the best families, and from "the most distinguished, families" is very large. Surpassing the ordinary cases of "pure Revolutionary stock," or "representatives of ancient families of Virginia," we meet with a lady "descended from titled families on both sides." Of an authoress whose maiden name was Blaney we are told, "Her paternal grandfather belonged to the Irish nobility, and her maternal ancestor was of France." In such a case, any reference to "The Peerage" would be superfluous. Of another lady we learn with some surprise, that she is "by birth related to the best and noblest families in the Old Dominion—a fact she has never forgotten, but has carefully kept her escutcheon clean in all the vicissitudes of a varied life." The mother of another "boasts a long line of English an-

cestors, whose generations extend far, far back to the mother country." We presume that here the nobility of the "ancestors" is understood, and must be accepted without any aid from Burke or DeBrett—as also in an instance where we are told that "High blood runs in the veins of this gifted lady." But the nobility is not always English and inferential, for we find it in at least one case American and clearly defined, thus: "As a lady of birth and culture, as a *littérateur* of taste and genius, as a native Southerner and true, unwavering 'daughter of the Confederacy,' as the wife of a gallant officer—Captain—of Hood's Texas Brigade, Mrs. D.'s patent of nobility is clear and unmistakable."

Far from us be the captious and carping spirit that would suggest genealogical difficulties in any of these cases. Nevertheless, here is one which transcends doubt and discussion: "Mrs. F.'s birth and education are *the best the country affords. Poeta nascitur*, and Mrs. F., aside from being a 'born poet,' is a 'born' lady. She knows it as well."

If there be truth in the old saying, "Handsome is that handsome does," why is it not clear that "noble is that noble does"? We presume this to have been the definition of nobility in Miss Raymond's mind, when she gave the following description of one of her *Writers*:

"A true daughter of the Old Dominion, a fair representative of its gay grace, its cordial hospitality, its love of luxury, and its indomitable pride, she possesses a noble nature; full of generous emotions and fine impulses; turning away from all wrong; not so much, perhaps, because of the wickedness of wrong, but because wrong implies something low and mean."

Although the ancestry of another fair writer consisted, on the paternal side, of mere "respectable farmers," "she boasted of descent from *Monsieur Jean Jacques Marie René de Motteville Bernard*, an early *émigré* to the colonies, driven from France by political disabilities." It is further recorded that *Monsieur J. J. M. R. de Motteville Bernard* "married in Virginia, and lived on his wife's estates on the James river."

But none of the ladies mentioned in the work before us at all approach in unlimited resources of nobility the authoress mentioned at page 677 as "descended from an ancient English family, who traced their blood back to a ducal reservoir"!

Independently of the adventitious aids of aristocratic birth and noble descent, these biographies of "Southland Writers" present some strongly marked characters. The writer of the "Household of Bouverie"—a novel which, we are assured, "may challenge comparison with any novel, American or English, in originality, style, and diction," and which "one can think of comparing only with the works of great masters"—is thus spoken of:

She feels profoundly or not at all. Matters that fret and disturb, or interest lighter natures, do not move her. She passes over them with calm, icy indifference. The majority of people bore her; though she is kind to all of God's creatures, few interest her much. . . . She is always conscious of her *own value* in God's universe, in the presence of humanity; though she kneels low enough before the Creator. This gives her an equipoise and tranquillity of manner, which is soothing and full of repose. One feels how strong she is, and yet so gentle; a strong, fertile tropical nature, never weak, rarely cold, always creative, and emanating sensuous vitality at every breath. . . . Her sarcasm is withering, scathing, annihilating; her wit, keen, brilliant, polished, lithe, and skilful as the curved scimitar of Saladin. She wields no battle-axe, but her victims never breathe again after one of her seemingly careless death-strokes. We have never known any one bold enough to strike her shield a second time in these tourneys; but it is really very charming to witness such "cunning of fence," and one enjoys the *rencontre* greatly as a spectator.

Miss M. is described as "a thorough Southern woman," having

that intensity of character that distinguishes those women of the South who are truly representatives of their section. By ancestry and nativity a South Carolinian—her father and mother both having been born in that State—it is not strange that Miss M. should possess that self-consciousness of the Carolinian which, carried in the persons of statesmen into the political arena of the country, has done so much to mould the public opinion of the South, and, indeed, of Democrats everywhere. Reared in that fierce school of States' Rights which admits of no parleying and no compromise, it would not be singular to find one embodying in herself all the proud traditions of her State, giving to the cause which in South Carolina partakes almost of the sanctity of a religious creed her enthusiastic reverence. As the French would say, *ça va sans dire*. This, however, in passing.

Of one fair writer we are told that, "mimosa-like, she has shrunk from the ordeal of publication." Of another we read: "Her manners are fascinating—not indeed free from that *hauteur* peculiar to high-bred Southern women; but she commands without repulsing."

Mrs. —, we are informed, "ignores mere verbiage in expression; each word has its corresponding idea, and—to use a homely

but it seems to me expressive phrase—her writings contain no words or phrases thrown in for stuffing.”

Decidedly the most striking and original personal sketch in these volumes is that of Mrs. Mary E. Tucker of Georgia. We cite a portion of it as serving the double purpose of a specimen of Southland composition, and a most remarkable model of autobiography. The italics are as in the original:

Yes! seven *cities* claimed the honor of being the birthplace of the immortal "Homer" *after he was dead*. I, who am still living, have the credit of being born in three *States*, not to speak of countless numbers of *cities*.

GEORGIA, State of my adoption—the Empire State of the South! proud would I have been had thy red hills given me birth: but—I was not born there.

NEW YORK, because Staten Island had the honor of being the birthplace of my noble father, whose ancestors, the Huguenots, left France of their devotion to a *principle*, thinks that I should have been born there: I was not.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, the place of my mother's nativity, *intends* claiming me upon the plea that I have Yankee ingenuity and perseverance: but—I was not born there. Rhode Island is too small a State to claim me.

That I was born, is an undeniable fact. My father says that Cahaba, Alabama, is the place of my nativity.

Posterity may wish to know in what year the light of my genius burst upon the world. My enemies pronounce me somewhere near forty years of age; my friends declare I do not look a day over twenty. Our family Bible was destroyed by the Yankee or negro incendiaries during the late "rebellion"; I use the word "rebellion" sarcastically, for I was a REBEL, and I glory to own it; therefore, unless I choose to tell my age, posterity will never be the wiser.

My father! It is said I am especially fond of gentlemen. Why should I not be? My father was a gentleman; and judging all men by him—my standard of a true, honorable, noble image of the Almighty's masterpiece how can I keep, if simply out of respect for my father, from loving his sex?

I suppose I must have been a very precocious child, for I know that I read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and made love to my father's clerks, before I was six years old.

The sister of my stepmother married Col. Robert White Smith, of Mobile. Mrs. Smith was, a few years ago, one of the most beautiful ladies I ever saw, and is still very lovely.

"Mrs. Tucker," we are informed at page 399, "has been a most industrious writer, contributing regularly to 'The Leader,' 'Ledger,' and other New York papers. Her latest ambitious effort was a 'Life of Mark M. Pomeroy.'"

As the preface to "Southland Writers" informs us that "in the preparation of these

volumes, prominence has been given to those who were contributors to Confederate journals," we are not disappointed in finding in the specimens furnished a hot gush of seething enthusiasm—even yet more ardent than Southern sun usually makes it in that section. As might naturally be expected, the war of the rebellion furnishes the largest number of themes, and battle calls, banners, spears, pennons, and jackets of gray abound.

We have "Baptized in Blood," a "Dirge for Ashby," "Stonewall Jackson's Grave;" and we are assured that

The river's heaving floods,
The mountain-tops, the steadfast stars will say
Unto the cycling ages: In that Day,
Lo! there were Demi-Gods!

Words of encouragement and exhortation like the following, are frequent.

Gentlemen of the South,
Gird on your flashing swords!
Darkly along your borders fair
Gather the ruffian hordes.
Ruthless and fierce they come,
Even at the cannon's mouth,
To blast the glory of your land,
Gentlemen of the South!

Several poems have for their subject "The Admiral's Sword," by which is meant the weapon worn by the captain of the Alabama. In one effusion it is described as

—the gory falchion—
The sword that had led so often
The onset of the free.

A young poetess tells us how

Sprang a new World into being,
and goes on to explain it thus:
From a land of bloom and beauty into ruin rudely
hurled—
From a people scourged by exile—from a city ostracized—
Pallas-like it sprang to being, and that word is—*Shermanized*.

The poem closes:

May our Georgia as a laggard never once be stigmatized,
And her People, Press, or Pulpit never more be
Shermanized.

Nevertheless General S. is elsewhere in the work spoken of, in prose, more in sorrow than in anger. We quote: "Columbia, in 1852 noted as one of the most beautiful cities in the whole country *then*! Alas that rage for plunder and desire to destroy should have been so deep-seated in the being of General William Tecumseh Sherman!"

As a matter of course, we must expect poetic effusions written for Confederate journals, under the pressure of artificially stim-

ulated passions and high mental excitement, to be more remarkable for energy of expression than for conscientious statement or polished versification.

At pages 335-6 we find some striking verses written by a lady of New Orleans, who, "happening to be on Canal street one sunny day, was surprised to see great black chains—emblems of servitude—hung around the necks and over the shoulders of the free-born daughters of our land." On her return home she wrote :

CHAINS !

Chains on a Southern woman ! Chains !
Base badges of defeat !
What hand has dared to place them there !
Binding your folds of flowing hair—
Coiling like snakes o'er your bosoms fair—
A strange and foul conceit !

Chains on a Southern woman ! Chains !
Vile types of blackest shame !

In this connection we may remark that we are much surprised and somewhat shocked to find in "Southland Winters" such a revelation as is made in the story of Linda Monroe—pages 89 to 94.

We are told that Miss Monroe, until the age of twenty-five, believed herself the legitimate daughter of a wealthy planter. She was reared with the most lavish indulgence, and her father, "indifferent to everything else, seemed to regard her with pride and affection." He died suddenly, leaving no will, and Linda was ascertained to be the daughter of a quadroon. "The appalling conviction was forced upon me that I was in reality a slave myself." Her cousin, Mr. Edward Monroe, now her owner, considerably tells her: "I would recommend you to learn to sew neatly and expeditiously, and you may then be purchased as a seamstress by some wealthy planter." Linda is then sold to a negro-trader in Charleston, who buys her "for the New Orleans market."

There are many stanzas and short poems scattered through these volumes which give decided evidence of appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and many more manifesting gifts which, with proper culture, might produce admirable literary fruits.

BRAZIL is a land which would appear to possess the gift of perpetual youth, if we may judge from the persistence with which it is generally spoken of as a new region, and by the number of writers who treat it as a sort of *terra incognita* in giving us "Impressions"

and "Sketches," on the strength of a few months' sojourn or wanderings there. And yet it would be difficult to name a country in either North or South America more fully described by highly accomplished travellers of all nationalities, or upon which so many works of solid and scientific merit have been written by scholars of great reputation.

In publications of general travel and exploration we have, beginning as far back as 1808, John Mawe's "Travels in the Interior of Brazil," followed by the books of Pohl, Prince Max of Neuwied, Burmeister, Von Tschudi, St. Hilaire, the Swedish traveller Warnung, Castelnau, Gardner, Burton, and many others; while we count more than twenty works by such writers as Humboldt, Spix, Martius, Wallace, and Agassiz, on the Amazons alone. Of these, we may mention in passing, that one of the most interesting to the general reader is "The Naturalist in the Amazons," by Bates, an author who spent eleven years in the section he describes.

The very latest work on Brazil is also—to the extent of its scope—one of the best. We refer to "The Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil," by Ch. Ferd. Hartt, Professor of Geology in Cornell University, a handsome octavo volume of 620 pages, accompanied by maps and a profusion of illustrations in well-executed woodcuts, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

Singularly enough, this new American country bears a name older than the discovery of Columbus. In his prefatory note Mr. Hartt mentions generally the fact that for three centuries before the discovery of the route to the Indies around the Cape of Good Hope, there was known in Europe a dyewood called *Bresill*, *Brasilly*, etc., which appears to have been derived from one or more East Indian species of *Casalpinia* and *Pterocarpus*; and he might have cited the specific instance related by the Italian historian Muratori, viz.: that Brazil wood was entered among the taxable articles at the gates of Modena in the year 1306. More remarkable still is the fact that there exists a map preserved at the ducal palace in Venice, constructed by one Bianco in 1436, upon which map is laid down in the Atlantic a large island marked Brazil. It is true that Humboldt recognizes the existence of numerous Italian maps from 1351 to 1459, on which the name Brazil in various forms is applied to the islands of the Azores; but this map of Bianco does not

appear to be one of them. We invite Professor Hartt's attention to this point.

Professor Hartt's work presents the results of observation and travel made by him under the direction of Professor Agassiz in connection with the Thayer expedition in the years 1865 and, 1866. In 1867 the author made a second visit to Brazil, examining the coast between Pernambuco and Rio, and exploring the vicinity of Bahia and the islands and coral reefs of the Arolhos.

Although the title, "Scientific Results," sufficiently indicates the special character of the work, and it is mainly taken up with the scientific development and exposition of the geology and physical geography of the region in question, it will nevertheless be found interesting to the general reader, from its vivid descriptions of the face of the country, its sketches of scenery, and of the manners and customs of the people.

A separate chapter (appendix) on the celebrated Indian tribe known as the Botocudos, is of peculiar interest.

When we look at the great territorial extent of Brazil, it is not surprising to us that Professor Hartt's personal exploration was confined to portions of it only. Of many of the large provinces he does not pretend to say more than to present a *résumé* of the observations of travellers who have preceded him. This is especially the case with the provinces of Pernambuco, Matto Grosso, and Bahia. Indeed, interior Bahia, notwithstanding its rich diamond mines, is to this day almost a *terra incognita* to the geographer and geologist, although it was visited long years ago by Spix and Martius, men of scientific acquirements. But geology was at that time in its infancy.

Professor Hartt mentions in passing several foreign colonies established in Brazil—a German colony at Santa Leopoldina, another at Transylvania, one at Urucú (Germans, French, and Swiss), and several American (United States) attempts at settlement. With scarcely an exception these colonies appear to be failures. In 1868 the English traveller Burton reported four hundred Americans on the Doce as "studying coffee" and doing well. We have serious doubts as to the doing well. These post-rebellian American colonies in Brazil were composed of adherents of "the lost cause" from the South, and of malcontents (mainly of foreign birth) residing in the North who were induced, by a series of inflammatory editorials in a so-called religious paper of

this city, to believe that this country was going to the bad, and that happiness and prosperity awaited them in Brazil. Many of these misguided people have returned. The editor we refer to of course never went.

We spent the winter of 1867-8 in the South, and while there saw numerous letters from these unfortunate emigrants to their friends and relatives in Georgia and Alabama. These letters were in a uniform strain of disappointment, deceived hopes, suffering, and longing for return. Sickness and privation had carried off numbers; some managed to return, and a few remain, in no enviable position.

Besides thoroughly treating the geology of Brazil, Professor Hartt presents an interesting argument to show the existence of a glacial period in South America. The work is destined to take high rank in the list of American contributions to general science.

THE appearance of the "American Chemist," edited by Dr. Chandler of the School of Mines in New York, and his brother Mr. W. H. Chandler, brings up the history of journals of special science in America. That such publications are absolutely necessary to the progress of science is acknowledged. They contain the weekly, the monthly, the quarterly history, as the case may be, of the labor and thought which are revolutionizing the world. They cannot be spared, for without them the writing of great hand-books of science would be next to or entirely impossible; and they are equally necessary to the conduct of laboratories, and of many workshops, as factories, smelting works, and the like. Science is the handmaid of industry, and both lightens the toil of hard-working men in every possible branch of production, and increases the profits of commerce. To preserve the world's industry on an improving and advancing system, it is necessary to have these weekly or monthly recorders of new knowledge. In the already great number of colleges where chemistry is taught, of chemists working in private laboratories, manufactories, and the like, there ought to be an army both of subscribers and contributors to such a journal as the "Chemist." But the history of former undertakings of the kind is not very assuring. While in Germany there are dozens of just such periodicals, for sciences and technical industries of all kinds, we in America, with all our eagerness for novelties

in methods of production, and for the education of artificers and producers, have offered and do offer but very limited support to these text-books of discovery, these instructors of the workmen. A few *savants* have heretofore worked steadily on, knowing the importance of the work, and, in spite of many failures, sure that the time would come when the value of their labors would be appreciated. At present we believe Dr. Chandler's paper holds its particular field alone. Let us hope that he has come in at the turning of the tide, and will succeed in taking the "American Chemist" into a safe harbor.

THE report of Mr. James W. Hoyt, one of the commissioners sent at the time of the Paris Exposition to examine the character and condition of education in Europe, forms one of the stepping-stones by which we hope to see American teachers rise out of the present rather shallow current of education and climb to a higher level. Mr. Hoyt seems to have been conscientious, and indeed we may say that as a rule the men who take up this subject as a matter of reflection are by no means the ones responsible for the decidedly low grade of American schools. Every decade, and especially the last, has seen reports, lectures, and addresses innumerable, written by teachers or educated men in behalf of a better provision for schools, both primary and high. And we may fairly do educational men the honor of saying that their productions as a class rank with those of lawyers, doctors, editors, or any other practisers of the liberal professions. We think, indeed, that generally speaking, with all the experience of editors in writing, and lawyers in speaking, for earnestness, comprehension of a great theme, and even for excellence in oratory, the palm must be given to the teachers. Mr. Hoyt seems to have travelled a good deal, and to have collected his information in the schools themselves, the only way to make it valuable. He discusses all kinds of schools, and of course with variable thoroughness and comprehension. School systems in general, law, divinity, and that class of schools in which agriculture, forestry, and similar technical studies are pursued, are more understandingly treated than those of science. He gives a great many statistics and schemes for our guidance in the very decided educational movement which is taking place in this country. Setting up as a standard the value

of the outlay for education in lessening crime and removing illiteracy, he puts Prussia in the first rank and the United States in the last—not because our intelligence is low, but because our expenditure is so very great. Here, with an invested school fund which was estimated long since at fifty million dollars, and will in time be worth twice as much, and a yearly expense of seven millions, we are very far from providing schools of equal grade to those in Prussia. The author even allows us no superiority in our common school system, and here we must disagree with him. We have always considered the teaching of religion and natural philosophy to children in common schools as a misuse of time. Religion certainly has no place there, and the *real studien*, or studies of real things, as the natural history of animals and plants, is in Prussian lower schools nothing more than an agreeable sort of story-telling, as far removed from genuine information as possible. Our own children make these "studies" at home in the evening, with a book from the Sunday School library or borrowed from a friend; and they have their proper place and name—that of "story reading." Still, the author is undoubtedly right in commending that admirable plan, which in Prussia provides with equal care for the highest instruction demanded by the student of science, and for the teaching of the smallest children. How valuable a well hinged system is, one can see by the little result the enormous efforts of our educational reformers produce. Still, with all the system and the laws compelling children to go to school, foreign countries find that the same drawbacks which foster ignorance here foster it there. No one who has passed through the mining regions of the beautiful Hartz Mountains, or those of Bohemia and Austria, can have failed to notice the extreme youthfulness of the children employed in picking ore. The temptation of two and a half or five cents a day is too great to the poor miner, who can earn himself not more than twenty-five cents, and the boy who should be in the school is put to the ore bank; just as here in America, the boy must do his "chores" in the summer, and get his schooling in the winter. The truth is, the first stage of education for the great mass of mankind has been reached when the man can read and write, and has learned that a man who knows more than that is neither a mysterious nor a wonderful being. Take the farmer, the mechanic, the miner,

and the most that can be said of him at the age of twenty-one is that he can read, write, and cipher. Even the commonest rudiments of science, of literature, of art, are dark to him. For his further education he must trust to what he picks up by means of the newspaper and the lyceum; and the thing that gives the American man of this lowest educational grade his certain superiority in intelligence to the European man, is simply the better quality of this after instruction, the newspaper and the lecture, America's high schools for the partially educated.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

THE literature apparently most current in Germany is concerning artillery, fortifications, and war topics generally, histories of Alsace and Lorraine (Elsass und Lothringen), and reasons why we should hold them. But over and above all a flood of war poetry, "Die Kriegslyrik." Myriads of verses are acknowledged as received by the papers and periodicals, and only legions of them see the light. Among those published we recognize the familiar names of Ferdinand Freiligrath, Hoffman von Fallersleben, Friedrich Bodenstedt, and even Julius Sturm, whom we have heretofore only known as a religious singer. Nevertheless, the leading departments of the literature of peace are far from being abandoned, and present a very fair array of interesting productions.

OUR old acquaintance Frederick Gerstäcker gives us "The Missionary" ("Die Missionär: Roman aus der Südsee")—a novel in so far as it relates the life and adventures of a noble German lady, Berchta von Schölfe, who goes as the wife of a missionary preacher to the South Sea islands; but in reality an energetic anti-missionary pamphlet in three volumes. The main workings and details of South Sea missionary operations and their results are pictured in a manner far from pleasant to the missionary contributors in England and America. A want of common sense and reasonable liberality on the part of the missionaries in their treatment of the natives, is denounced—such as strenuous insisting upon the usages of the Puritan Sabbath, forbidding the young women to wear flowers in their hair, sup-

pression of the national dances, compulsory stockings for girls who have gone barefoot all their lives, and the generally mercantile and shop-keeping tendencies of the English missionary in particular.

ANOTHER work by Gerstäcker, "Das Wrack des Piraten," is well received in Germany. The sea novel always tells amazingly well among an inland people, just as your marine Englishman or Frenchman enjoys amazingly one of Cooper's Indian romances. The scene of Gerstäcker's "Wrack" is laid among Morgan's buccaneers, and what with piracy, shipwreck, tragic characters, and a comic fellow or two, the book makes quite attractive reading.

NOT only with needle-guns, artillery, and investment of Paris, are the Prussians busy avenging Jena and the humiliation of many years, but also, characteristically, with pens and type. At Berlin they reprint with jubilation Lanfrey's "Napoleon the First," a dreadfully excoriating book to have been written by a Frenchman on the First Empire, its glories and its demigod. Glümer translates it and Adolph Stahr writes an introduction for it.

Then Wigand of Leipzig publishes "Napoleon und sein Geschichtschreiber Thiers. Von Jules Batni." This work of Batni, originally written in French, was first published at Geneva in 1865. A second edition appeared at Paris in 1869. During all these years it was scarcely noticed in Germany, but the present war rekindled every latent spark of detestation for the memory of the man who humbled the sons of Frederick the Great. The book became instantly valuable. It is made up of twelve lectures delivered at Geneva in 1863, and is a critical review of Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire."

IF people will but have patience, much that is as yet dark in history will in time be made light. The mysteries of buried ages shall be revealed to us, and about the year 1900 A. D. there will be no more controverted historical questions. From Niebuhr down to Mommsen, a score of learned men have made Roman history what our forefathers never suspected it to be, and other scholars equally learned and industrious are daily revealing to us the secrets of the Middle Ages and the Reformation.

We all know something of the celebrated

* Works mentioned in this article may be had of E. Steiger, German bookseller, Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York.

Von Mansfeld—not the Count Peter Ernest, who fought in Africa under Charles the Fifth, who also battled at Moncontour, and whose bronze mausoleum may be seen at Luxemburg; nor Prince Charles von Mansfeld, who distinguished himself against the Turks in Hungary; nor his brother, the Count Charles, who was an erudite ecclesiastic. We refer to Ernest von Mansfeld, the son of Peter Ernest, whose memory is yet green—perhaps a little black—in Alsace, which he ravaged like a Christian Attila. After his defeat at Dessau he went to Venice and Dalmatia, where he died in a little village between Zara and Spalatro. It is related of him that on the approach of his last moments he insisted on being taken out of bed in order that he might die erect, like a warrior; and, clad in his finest garments, and supported by two attendants, he thus expired standing. There has always been a historical mystery connected with his presence in Dalmatia.

Dr. Julius Grossman has just published a work (Breslau, 1870) entitled “Des Grafen Ernst von Mansfeld letzte Pläne und Thaten,” which throws new light on Mansfeld’s last plans and expeditions, discovers much that was heretofore unknown concerning the fight at Dessau, and shows the object of his Venetian journey. Mansfeld had for years fought the Austrians bitterly, and his last project was to attack them on the flank and rear by unexpected invasion from Turkey and Dalmatia. It is not much to his credit that in this enterprise he counted on the aid of the Turks. Dr. Grossman finds valuable historical material on this point in the despatches of the English diplomat Thomas Roe to Lord Conway Constant. Roe writes January 13, 1627: “What to judge of the project of Count Mansfeld to rayse new foote, and to transport them by Spalatro through the Grand Signior’s dominion, is above my reach. If he procure the men, I thincke there wilbe more difficulty to gett licence of the State of Venice, than of this; for they wilbe very wary so openly to declare themselves agaynst the house of Austria, except he can fynd a descent in some corner at Dalmatia, where they have no port; and that they may excuse the passadge as out of their power to deny it.”

THE German critics speak almost enthusiastically of a love story written in admirable German verse, sent them from America by an anonymous author. The

poem is entitled “Puhna, die Königstochter Indiens,” and appears in a beautifully printed volume of thirty-nine octavo pages, published in New York. Who is our Americo-German poet?

THE English novel has of late years, in the hands of Dickens, Reade, and others, done good service in exposing abuses and corruptions in society and civil administration, such as schools, prisons, insane asylums, divorce laws, etc.; and the German novelists have taken hold of the same vein with what is called in Germany the *Tendenzroman*.

Three late novels—1, “Kaufmann und Aristokrat, von Wilhelm Otto” 2, “Modern, von Adelheid von Auer”; 3, “Aus der Ehwelt, von T. S. Braun”—may be taken as examples of what we here state. The first, on social distinctions, is written in a decidedly pietistic tone. The second exposes the too extreme devotion of modern society to outward show and the service of mammon, and closes with the expression of this idea: One word we would, if possible, strike from out our tone-giving lexicon—that is, *Fashion*—and substitute for it *Morality* in its highest and best sense. The third takes up the marriage and education question.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

CURRENT in so far as, being deprived of Christern’s usual importations from Paris, we are forced to select for notice the latest publications we can find. Fortunately the supply, up to the period of the investment of Paris, has heretofore been so full that our selection has long been an *embarras du choix*, and there are many works not yet mentioned in our columns which are quite worthy the American reader’s attention.

Somehow, notwithstanding all that has been written and printed concerning two remarkable women, Joan of Arc and Mary Stuart, they both appear to have a firmer hold on the nineteenth than on the two preceding centuries. And still the writing and the printing of books concerning them go on. Within the past four years alone we have on Mary Stuart four serious historical works of high merit—not, of course, including Mr. Froude’s late historical romance; and within the past year a fresh controversy has

* Works noticed may be had of F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller, 77 University Place.

arisen concerning the Maid of Orleans—a controversy nominally confined to the orthography of her name, but necessarily involving research as to the history of her family and her birthplace. Is it Jeanne d'Arc, or Jeanne Darc? With or without the apostrophe? The latter form finds high favor in Germany, as indicating her German origin; and scholars beyond the Rhine intrench themselves behind the French authority of M. Vallet de Virville, who lays down the proposition that the Maid's name should now be written as it was originally spelled—and that was Darc. The "Journal des Débats"—high authority—was a supporter of the Virville version, and when it quoted a passage from Renan's "Vie de Jésus," in which he referred to Jeanne d'Arc, the name appeared in the "Journal" Jeanne Darc. To this form several objections are made. The name has stood d'Arc for three hundred years, and we cannot now consent to a change merely to gratify a learned caprice. There is no new discovery in the matter at all. The apostrophe cannot create nobility, otherwise the King of France would not have raised Jeanne and her family to the grade of nobles. If Delahaye, Dumoulin, and Delille choose to write themselves du Moulin, de la Haye, and de l'Isle, they are not a wit more of aristocratic descent than at first.

The question may be considered as set at rest by M. Quicherat, a French scholar, who has made of Joan of Arc's history special and successful study.

In answer to a request for his opinion on the matter, he replied substantially that the orthography Darc rests on the authority of scholars who totally lose sight of or ignore the fact that the apostrophe, unknown at the period when Joan lived, is an invention of modern typography, and that in her day people wrote duc Dalençon, duc Dorléans, as well as Jeanne Darc. As soon as the custom was established of separating the particle *de* from the name of the place by an apostrophe whenever it preceded a name beginning with a vowel—as Alençon, Orléans—there was no good reason why the apostrophe should not precede Arc (which is unquestionably the name of a place) and separate it from the particle. M. Quicherat goes on to give sufficient reasons why the claimed derivation of Darc from the Saxon of Dark is out of the question. So far as THE GALAXY is concerned, we look upon the controversy as ended, and Jeanne d'Arc

as correct. Joan Dark, in English, would be simply intolerable to both the eye and the ear.

A REMARKABLE and altogether noteworthy work on Japan is "Le Japon Illustré, par Aimé Humbert."

The author was for many years Minister of the Swiss Republic to Japan. His diplomatic labors while there were most probably light, for he says but little about them. In order to pass away his time agreeably and to his taste, he commenced the collecting of Japanese engravings, prints, cuts, etchings, and pictures by native artists, representing every possible variety of the industries and social life of the country. This collection soon filled an enormous album, which might properly have been labelled, "The Japanese Painted by Themselves." M. Humbert then obtained and had taken photographs by European artists, sketches by Wiegman in Yokohama, the correspondent of the London "Illustrated News." To all these he added chapters on the history, religion, and policy of Japan, descriptions of the people and scenery of the country as they passed under his own eyes; and the result is in the two beautiful volumes before us, enriched with nearly five hundred interesting and admirably executed illustrations. The work is one which few private individuals can afford to purchase, but which no public library in the country should be without. It is published by Hachette & Co., Paris.

A SUPPLEMENT absolutely necessary to be added to every library possessing a French dictionary will, when completed, be the lately published (Paris, 1870) "Glossaire des Idioms populaires du Nord et du Centre de la France."

The work will include all the popular idiomatic words and expressions in use in northern and central France—Burgundy, Normandy, Champagne, Picardy, Berry (of which George Sand has told us so much), Nivernois, Maine, Bourbonnais, Lorraine, and French Flanders; adding terms and expressions current among the people of Paris, which are all of provincial derivation. The extent to which the French language is *not* spoken in France is almost incredible to any one who has not travelled in its provinces. Outside of the cities or large towns a local *patois* almost everywhere obtains, to say nothing of regularly constructed languages, of which we shall presently speak. It is a

common remark in the French army that the conscripts or recruits—who of course come from every corner of the country—have first of all to learn something of the French language before the drill-sergeant can begin his labors with them.

When the celebrated trial of Madame Lafarge for poisoning her husband took place at a provincial town, the testimony of some fifty witnesses, born and bred on the soil, had to be translated in court for the benefit of the lawyers and judges. We have satisfied ourselves of the remarkable fact—one that we do not remember ever to have seen stated—that the minority, not the majority of the people of France speak the French language. And if it were proper to enter here into any lengthy discussion of the question, and the geographical and statistical statements necessarily connected with it, we think we could show that the various *patois* might be conceded to be French, and that the minority would yet remain as we have stated. This proposition will be considered less startling when we recollect that, besides the French language, no less than six other languages—old, grammatically constructed, and written languages—are spoken, and exclusively spoken, by large populations within the boundaries of the French empire. We enumerate them thus:

1. In the north, the German tongue prevails in the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, and to a great extent in those of the Meurthe and Moselle.

2. In the south-east, the language of all the country taken from Piedmont and of some portions adjoining it is Italian.

3. In the provinces whose centres are Aix and Avignon, the Provençal is spoken (Langue d'Oc)—a language with a literature of its own, the tongue of the Troubadours, and even of modern French poets of celebrity, among whom is Jasmin, who died but a few years since.

4. The Basques of the Pyrenees speak their own language (Euscaldunac), supposed

by some to be the ancient Iberian, beyond question the oldest tongue in Europe, and, say some scholars, already in existence at a period when Hannibal's invasion fell within the domain of modern history.

5. Then comes the Breton, the rich Celtic language of Brittany, also an old and written tongue, spoken throughout a large extent of country on both sides of the Loire, and centring on Nantes.

6. Finally, the Flemish and Walloon, dialects which obtain to some extent on the northern frontier.

M. EMMANUEL GONZALEZ is a French writer of some reputation, and a strongly developed passion for travelling in foreign countries. By land he has ventured as far as Baden-Baden, and by water his mad enterprise has taken him all the way to the Lac d'Enghien.

His last work contains highly interesting sketches of journeys in Greece, Norway, Lapland, Africa, Mexico, and California. The reader will please remark that we do not state that he has seen any of these regions. He has not. His method of travelling is original, safe, agreeable, and economical. He makes himself comfortable at home, before an open fire if the weather is cold, and, with a collection of all the latest published books of travel on any given country—Iceland for instance—he writes entirely at his ease about dangerous mountain ascents and regions of perpetual snow and ice.

M. Gonzalez is clever, witty, well read, full of observation and experience, and tells you charmingly of the dangers of the White Nile and the Sahara, without once losing his self-possession. Indeed, he gives us some accounts of travel in a shape far more interesting than their own authors. We presume he generally makes these tremendous journeys in his slippers, as his book is entitled "*Voyages en Pantoufles*."

All communications relating to the literary management of THE GALAXY should be addressed to the Editors, MESSRS. W. C. and F. P. CHURCH (Box 3201, New York), who jointly with the publishers are the proprietors of the Magazine.

MEMORANDA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AN ENTERTAINING ARTICLE.

I TAKE the following paragraph from an article in the Boston "Advertiser":

AN ENGLISH CRITIC ON MARK TWAIN.—Perhaps the most successful flights of the humor of Mark Twain have been descriptions of the persons who did not appreciate his humor at all. We have become familiar with the Californians who were thrilled with terror by his burlesque of a newspaper reporter's way of telling a story, and we have heard of the Pennsylvania clergyman who sadly returned his "Innocents Abroad" to the book-agent with the remark that "the man who could shed tears over the tomb of Adam must be an idiot." But Mark Twain may now add a much more glorious instance to his string of trophies. The "Saturday Review," in its number of October 8, reviews his book of travels, which has been republished in England, and reviews it seriously. We can imagine the delight of the humorist in reading this tribute to his power; and indeed it is so amusing in itself that he can hardly do better than reproduce the article in full in his next monthly Memoranda.

[Publishing the above paragraph thus, gives me a sort of authority for reproducing the "Saturday Review's" article in full in these pages. I dearly wanted to do it, for I cannot write anything half so delicious myself. If I had a cast-iron dog that could read this English criticism and preserve his austerity, I would drive him off the doorstep.—EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

[From the London Saturday Review.]

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD. A Book of Travels. By Mark Twain. London: Hotten, publisher. 1870.

Lord Macaulay died too soon. We never felt this so deeply as when we finished the last chapter of the above-named extravagant work. Macaulay died too soon—for none but he could mete out complete and comprehensive justice to the insolence, the impertinence, the presumption, the mendacity, and, above all, the majestic ignorance of this author.

To say that the "Innocents Abroad" is a curious book, would be to use the faintest language—would be to speak of the Matterhorn as a neat elevation, or of Niagara as being "nice" or "pretty." "Curious" is too tame a word wherewith to describe the imposing insanity of this work. There is no word that is large enough or long enough. Let us, therefore, photograph a passing

glimpse of book and author, and trust the rest to the reader. Let the cultivated English student of human nature picture to himself this Mark Twain as a person capable of doing the following-described things—and not only doing them, but with incredible innocence *printing them* calmly and tranquilly in a book. For instance:

He states that he entered a hair-dresser's in Paris to get shaved, and the first "rake" the barber gave with his razor it *loosened his "hide" and lifted him out of the chair.*

This is unquestionably exaggerated. In Florence he was so annoyed by beggars that he pretends to have seized and eaten one in a frantic spirit of revenge. There is of course no truth in this. He gives at full length a theatrical programme seventeen or eighteen hundred years old, which he professes to have found in the ruins of the Coliseum, among the dirt and mould and rubbish. It is a sufficient comment upon this statement to remark that even a cast iron programme would not have lasted so long under such circumstances. In Greece he plainly betrays both fright and flight upon one occasion, but with frozen effrontery puts the latter in this falsely tame form: "We *sidled* toward the Piræus." "Sidled," indeed! He does not hesitate to intimate that at Ephesus, when his mule strayed from the proper course, he got down, took him under his arm, carried him to the road again, pointed him right, remounted, and went to sleep contentedly till it was time to restore the beast to the path once more. He states that a growing youth among his ship's passengers was in the constant habit of appeasing his hunger with soap and oakum between meals. In Palestine he tells of ants that came eleven miles to spend the summer in the desert and brought their provisions with them; yet he shows by his description of the country that the feat was an impossibility. He mentions, as if it were the most commonplace of matters, that he cut a Moslem in two in broad daylight in Jerusalem, with Godfrey de Bouillon's sword, and would have shed more blood *if he had had a graveyard of his own.* These statements are unworthy a moment's attention. Mr. Twain or any other foreigner who did such a thing

tising space to the public at the trifle of one dollar and a half or two dollars a square, first insertion, and one would suppose his "patrons" would be satisfied with that. But they are not. They puzzle their thin brains to find out some still cheaper way of getting their wares celebrated—some way whereby they can advertise virtually for nothing. They soon hit upon that meanest and shabbiest of all contrivances for robbing a gentle-spirited scribbler, viz., the conferring upon him of a present and begging a "notice" of it—thus pitifully endeavoring to not only invade his sacred editorial columns, but get ten dollars' worth of advertising for fifty cents' worth of merchandise, and on top of that leave the poor creature burdened with a crushing debt of gratitude! And so the corrupted editor, having once debauched his independence and received one of these contemptible presents, wavers a little while the remnant of his self-respect is consuming, and at last abandons himself to a career of shame, and prostitutes his columns to "notices" of every sort of present that a stingy neighbor chooses to inflict upon him. The confectioner insults him with forty cents' worth of ice-cream—and he lavishes four "squares" of editorial compliments on him; the grocer insults him with a bunch of overgrown radishes and a dozen prize turnips—and gets an editorial paragraph perfectly putrid with gratitude; the farmer insults him with three dollars' worth of peaches, or a beet like a man's leg, or a watermelon like a channel-buoy, or a cabbage in many respects like his own head, and expects a third of a column of exuberant imbecility—and gets it. And these trivial charities are not respectfully and gracefully tendered, but are thrust insolently upon the victim, and with an air that plainly shows that the victim will be held to a strict accountability in the next issue of his paper.

I am not an editor of a newspaper, and shall always try to do right and be good, so that God will not make me one; but there are some persons who have got the impression, somehow, that I am that kind of character, and they treat me accordingly. They send me a new-fangled wheel-barrow, and ask me to "notice" it; or a peculiar boot-jack, and ask me to "notice" it; or a sample of coffee, and ask me to "notice" it; or an article of furniture worth eight or ten dollars, or a pair of crutches, or a truss,

or an artificial nose, or a few shillings' worth of rubbish of the vegetable species; and here lately, all in one day, I received a barrel of apples, a thing to milk cows with, a basket of peaches, a box of grapes, a new sort of wooden leg, and a patent "composition" grave-stone. "Notices" requested. A barrel of apples, a cow-milker, a basket of peaches, and a box of grapes, all put together, are not worth the bore of writing a "notice," nor a tenth part of the room the "notice" would take up in the paper, and so they remained unnoticed. I had no immediate use for the wooden leg, and would not have accepted a charity grave-stone if I had been dead and actually suffering for it when it came—so I sent those articles back.

I do not want any of these underhanded, obligation-inflicting presents. I prefer to cramp myself down to the use of such things as I can afford, and then pay for them; and then when a citizen needs the labor of my hands he can have it, and I will infallibly come on him for damages.

The ungraceful custom, so popular in the back settlements, of facetiously wailing about the barren pockets of editors, is the parent of this uncanny present-inflicting, and it is time that the guild that originated the custom and now suffer in pride and curse from it, reflected that decent and dignified poverty is thoroughly respectable; while the flaunting of either a real or pretended neediness in the public face, and the bartering of nauseating "puffs" for its legitimate fruit of charitable presents, are as thoroughly indelicate, unbecoming, and disreputable.

DOGBERRY IN WASHINGTON.

SOME of the decisions of the Post Office Department are eminently luminous. It has in times gone by been enacted that "author's manuscript" should go through the mails for a trifling postage—newspaper postage, in fact. A calm and dispassionate mind would gather from this, that the object had in view was to facilitate and foster newspaper correspondence, magazine writing, and literature generally, by discontinuing a tax in the way of postage which had become very burdensome to gentlemen of the quill. Now by what effort of good old well-meaning, grandmotherly dulness does the reader suppose the postal authorities have rendered that wise and kindly decree

utterly null and void, and solemnly funny? By deciding that "author's manuscript" does not mean anything but "*manuscript intended to be made into a BOUND BOOK*"—all pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers ruled out!

Thus we are expected to believe that the original regulation was laboriously got up to save *two dollars' worth of postage to two authors in a year*—for probably not more than that number of MS. books are sent by mail to publishers each year. Such property is too precious to trust to any conveyance but the author's own carpet-sack, as a general thing.

But granting that one thousand MS. books went to the publishers in a year, and thus saved to one thousand authors a dollar apiece in postage in the twelve months, would not a law whose whole aim was to accomplish such a trifle as that be simply an irreverent pleasantry, and not proper company to thrust among grave and weighty statutes in the law-books?

The matter which suggested these remarks can be stated in a sentence. Once or twice I have sent magazine MSS. from certain cities, on newspaper rates, as "author's MS." But in Buffalo the postmaster requires full letter postage. He claims no authority for this save *decisions* of the Post Office Department. He showed me the law itself, but even the highest order of intellectual obscurity, backed by the largest cultivation (outside of a Post Office Department), could not find in it authority for the "decisions" aforementioned. And I ought to know, because I tried it myself. [I say that, not to be trivially facetious when talking in earnest, but merely to take the word out of the mouths of certain cheap witlings, who always stand ready in any company to interrupt any one whose remarks offer a chance for the exhibition of their poor wit and worse manners.]

I will not say one word about this curious decision, or utter one sarcasm or one discourteous speech about it, or the well-intending but misguided officer who rendered it; but if he were in California, he would fare far differently—very far differently—for there the wicked are not restrained by the gentle charities that prevail in Buffalo, and so they would deride him, and point the finger of scorn at him, and address him as "Old Smarty from Mud Springs." Indeed they would.

MY WATCH—AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE TALE.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house-rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the compre-

hension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this, the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out, there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just on time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right,

and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on, I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said:

"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

FAVORS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE writes me as follows, in a journalistic hand, from New York:

"I want to tell you a little new joke, if your publishers have not been beforehand and made it antique: A canvasser—one of those individuals that sell 'compact concentration of solid wisdom'—came across a Yankee divine, away in some interior hamlet of Massachusetts, and desired him to subscribe to a work entitled 'The Innocents Abroad.' The seller of wit, thinking that the minister might wish to know something of the contents of the work, pointed out several chapters bearing on the state of the church

in Italy, and matters of religious and Biblical import. But all this did not induce the divine to purchase the work, though he was still undecided. At last he pointed to a woodcut of the tomb of Adam, and read the accompanying remarks thereto, of Mark Twain weeping and moralizing at the grave of his blood-relation Adam. 'What!' shouted the minister, 'if a man is silly enough to sit down and bawl at the tomb of Adam and call him a blood-relation, he deserves to be read by no one. No, sir! I don't want his book—I wouldn't have it—the great, snivelling, overgrown calf!'"

IN a Sandwich Island paper just received by mail, I learn that some gentlemen of taste and enterprise, and also of Keokuk, Iowa, have named a fast young colt for me. Verily, one does have to go away from home to learn the news. The cannibal paper adds that the colt has already trotted his mile, of his own accord, in 2:17 1-2. He was probably going to dinner at the time. The idea of naming anything that is fast after me—except an anchor or something of that kind—is a perfect inspiration of humor. If this poor colt could see me trot around the course once, he would laugh some of his teeth out—he would indeed, if he had time to wait till I finished the trip. I *have* seen slower people than I am—and more deliberate people than I am—and even quieter, and more listless, and lazier people than I am. But they were dead.

AND by that Sandwich Island paper ("Commercial Advertiser") I also learned that H. M. Whitney, its able editor and proprietor for sixteen years, was just retiring from business, having sold out to younger men. I take this opportunity of thanking the disappearing veteran for courtesies done and information afforded me in bygone days. Mr. Whitney is one of the fairest-minded and best-hearted cannibals I ever knew, if I do say it myself. There is not a stain upon his name, and never has been. And he is the best judge of a human being I ever saw go through a market. Many a time I have seen natives try to palm off part of an old person on him for the fragment of a youth, but I never saw it succeed. Ah, no, there was no deceiving H. M. Whitney. He could tell the very family a roast came from, if he had ever tried the family before. I remember his arresting my hand once and saying, "Let that alone—it's from one of

those Hulahulas—a very low family—and tough." I cannot think of Whitney without my mouth watering. We used to eat a great many people in those halycon days, which shall come again, alas! nevermore. We lived on the fat of the land. And I will say this for Henry Whitney—he never thought less of his friend after examining into him, and he was always sorry when his enemy was gone.

Most of the above may fairly and justly rank as nonsense, but my respect and regard for Mr. Whitney are genuine.

My old friend is married again—as I learn from the following notice cut by a correspondent from a Cincinnati paper last May—rather old news, but it is a good scattering shot, and cannot fail to "fetch" some ignorant interested body somewhere, considering the number of brides:

MARRIED

YOUNG—MARTIN—PENDERGAST—JENICKSON—CLEVELAND—MARTIN.—In Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Elder Brigham Young to Mrs. J. R. Martin, Miss L. M. Pendergast, Mrs. R. M. Jenickson, Miss Susie P. Cleveland, and Miss Emily P. Martin, all of the county of Berks, England.

THE following is genuine, and was cut from the regular advertising columns of a great daily newspaper in a certain city. How many of my little Sunday-school friends can guess the city? Do not all speak at once—or if you do, do not put the emphasis strong on the second syllable, because it would not be nice for little boys and girls to disturb the continent. Though people who want divorces are not always the continent. Read:

WANTED—Divorces legally obtained without publicity, and at small expense. No fee unless decree is obtained. Address P. O. Box 1,037. This is the P. O. Box advertised for the past six years, and the owner has obtained 446 divorces during that time.

"M." (Springfield, O.) encloses for the Memoranda an inscription copied verbatim from a tombstone in Mount Wood Cemetery, Wheeling, erected to the memory of four little children who died within a few weeks of each other. (S. J., of Wheeling, also sends a copy of the same.) The verses seem to represent a conversation between the parents and the departed:

Children dear, what made you go
Far away, &c.
And leave us in our grief below,
Far away, &c.

You could not find a better home,
Nor better friends where e'er you roam,
Since you have left your earthly dome,
Far away, &c.

A heavenly message came for we,
All is well, &c.
To go and join that glorious glee,
All is well, &c.

We are members of that band,
On a holy pavement we do stand,
With a golden trumpet in our hands,
All is well, &c.

Ye are strangers in that sphere,
Children dear, &c.
You have no friends that you know there
Children dear, &c.

We wish, we wish we could but see
That heavenly palace where you be,
And bring you back to live with we,
Children dear, &c.

Dear parents weep for us no more,
All is well, &c.

We landed safe on Canaan's shore,
All is well, &c.

Ah! friends we have, we are well known
With saints and angels round the throne,
And Jesus claims us as his own.
All is well, &c.

"QUIZZIZ" hurls me this, under New York postmark: "I met last night on the Podunk Railroad an individual whose characteristics are best indicated by what follows:

"I handed him THE GALAXY, directing his attention to your map of Paris. He read your explanations through deliberately, and when he came to that part where you advised standing on the head or the use of a looking-glass in order to see it properly, he turned to a careful consideration of the map. In a few moments a bright idea struck him. Holding the sheet up to the light, he looked through the *reverse side* and exclaimed: 'Why, all that ain't necessary, after all! All you've got to do is to look at it the *wrong way*, and it makes it all right!' He

read the remainder of your explanation, including certificates, and then returned to the profound study of the map. After a while he burst out:

"Why, here's a thing that's wrong, any how! You can't get Omaha on the west and Jersey City on the east. They're both west. I don't care who says it's right, I say it ain't!"

"I mildly suggested that Jersey City and Omaha were a long way apart, and probably the *longitude* had something to do with it; for it was impossible to suppose such military critics as General Grant and General Sherman would not have detected the blunder if it were one.

"He pondered some time. 'Ah!' he said finally, 'it must be the longitude, for you see if you go around the world one way you might get Omaha on the west; while if you went round for Jersey City the other way, you'd get that on the east. I see it; it's the longitude does it.'"

THE above mention of my map of Paris calls to mind that that work of art is appreciated among the learned. It is duly advertised that whoever sends a club of one hundred subscribers to the Yale College "Courant"—together with the necessary four hundred dollars—will receive as a prize a copy of my map! I am almost tempted to go canvassing myself.

ALL my soul is in Art lately, since I have been taking lessons in drawing and painting. I have drawn, and am now engraving, an elegant portrait of King William of Prussia, as a companion to the customary GALAXY portraits, and to complete the set. This work of Art, with accompanying remarks, will appear in the January number of this magazine.

NEBULÆ.

— We are glad to find the remarkable novels of Flaubert attracting the attention of our critics. A recent number of "Lippincott" contains an acute examination of "L'Education Sentimentale" (see September GALAXY). The writer objects to the realists on artistic grounds, as committing the same error in literature that the Pre-Raphaelites have committed in painting, sacrificing the *ensemble* to the details—a fault which we ourselves noted. He also qualifies the absence of a moral element as amounting to immorality. Nevertheless, there is a moral value in the realistic pathology, though it may well be foreign to the author's purpose. These harsh but accurate sketches supply important information to the moralist, native or foreign, and frequently on points that escape the ordinary observer. Thus, that systematic adultery is very wrong in itself and very corrupting in its effects on the community, etc., etc., is obvious enough; but a work like "L'Education Sentimentale" shows the additional squandering of time and prospects involved in the "institution," and how a young man dangle about a married woman, whether ultimately successful in his object or not, wastes in the pursuit time, money, and even intellect enough to complete his professional or business education and give him an honorable start in life. Again, these representations are valuable as material for future history. They occupy the place formerly filled by *ana*, anecdotes, and *mémoires pour servir*. If it be suggested that such information is afforded by the newspapers and other contemporary records, the answer is that the very abundance of such resources interferes with their utility. The realist has just ideality enough to condense their essence, and in this sense his picture *has* a decided focus, though the critic may be quite right in denying it one from a purely artistic point of view.

— MANY of the typographical errors which go the rounds are so far-fetched that we may suspect them of being made for the occasion. But now and then we light on a real, genuine one, that is charming in its simplicity. Like this, in a leading daily:

"Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, came up from seedy Simois all alone."

Seedy Simois is good—as Hamlet might have said.

— "LOTHAIR" has been subjected to a great variety of criticisms, yet there is one stricture which we do not remember to have seen anywhere, but to which it is certainly liable, namely: that in spite of the author's apparent familiarity with worldly grandeur, he is sometimes completely wrong in its details. Thus Lothair gives Theodora a wonderful necklace, "great ropes of pearls," at an expense of four thousand pounds. Now the price of anything like the size and number of pearls described would be nearer fifteen thousand pounds than four. Ask any jeweller in repute. Disraeli doesn't "know the ropes" after all.

— THE popular expression, "the right man in the wrong place," or, as we sometimes find it, "the right thing in the wrong place," is illogical on the face of it. Taken literally, it is a contradiction and a bull, and can only be restored to sense by a clumsy filling up of the presumed ellipsis. Nevertheless, however paradoxically worded, it expresses a most important truth—the objective influence of circumstances and surroundings on the subjective essence and virtue of the person or thing. One of the best practical illustrations of which is the saying attributed to Lord Palmerston that "dirt was only matter in the wrong place." For the most repulsive dirt can be so applied as to produce the sweetest results. Pegasus in harness is an illustration of a higher class. And we may say generally, that in a vast number of cases personal criticism is misapplied, the blame properly due to the situation being wrongfully attached to the person. There is an American novel now in course of publication which has this fundamentally erroneous motive for its leading idea. A distinguished female author, who assails youth and beauty with a ferocity which the uncharitable might attribute to envy, is holding up to public censure the misdeeds of a beautiful belle. The first crime of this lovely but abandoned creature

is perpetrated early in the honeymoon. Arrived at the country town where her husband lives, she makes so large a contribution to the week's wash that the family bid-dly of all work strikes, and an outsider has to be hired for twenty dollars. (N. B.—The husband is represented as a person of ample means.) The natural conclusion on the part of any one acquainted with the fitness of things generally, would be somewhat to this effect: that the man who, with malice prepense, marries a city belle, should not take her to a place where the natives are on short allowance of washing, and where a special laundress is such a phenomenon that her services can only be obtained for twenty dollars a week. Perhaps also it might be asked, Was the mighty mind of the husband unequal to the importation of a laundress, seeing that the scene is not laid in California or Texas, but at a moderate distance from one or more of our Atlantic cities? The dangers of marriage between city-bred and country-bred people are no new discovery. The story is at least as old as Aristophanes. But Aristophanes was wise enough to see that the mischief lay, not necessarily in either of the parties, but in the fact of their inharmonious union.

—SUPPOSE an elderly gentleman, from superfluity of leisure accrued or other cause, should take a fancy to renew the studies of his youth—there have been such cases—what prospect would he have of success? He would find a good many difficulties in the way, besides the natural lapses of memory. If, for instance, ambitious enough to try to brush up his college Latin, he is at once confronted by a new graphy—*ortho* or *caco*—at any rate sufficiently puzzling. His old acquaintance Virgil or Virgilius turns up as *Vergilius*. The familiar Latinized names of Hellenic persons and places are reconstructed on a new system, which may be good Greek, but looks like very bad English. The Latin word for *wine* figures as *vinum* in the middle of a sentence, and the Latin for *one* appears as *Vnus* at the beginning of a sentence, and so on. Suppose he more modestly contents himself with refreshing the rudiments of mediæval and post-mediæval history which he learned at school. Poor man! he is just as much at sea there. The English and German critics have changed the familiar Merovingians and Carolingians into *Merwings* and *Karlings*, abolished the Heptarchy, and intruded ever

so many extra letters into all the Saxon kings. William Tell is as utter a myth as Pope Joan; and as for the other Joan—her of Arc or Dare (there is so much darkness and mystery about her that the very name is disputed)—we are not sure that she was burnt after all, and we find that she left a more or less disconsolate widower behind her. There was no such French king as Clovis; there was a Frank chief knight Hlodowig. As to the patriotic Pierre St. Eustache, it appears that his condition was not so (b)attered as to prevent his living many years in Calais under the English rule and on the best terms with his conquerors. There has been a general explosion and elimination of good personages and a rehabilitation of bad ones—Henry VIII., Tiberius, Brunhild, and Fredegond (if we have not spelt their late majesties according to the latest mode, we trust the critics will excuse us)—everybody but Philip II.; *he* is past whitewashing. Everywhere the tendency is to ignore intermediate centuries and go back to original sources and primary strata. And is it too fanciful to suggest that, despite all our progress, the facts of history are also going backwards? A united Germany, a united Italy, a fragmentary, anarchic France, would be a startling reproduction of Europe in the ninth century.

—FREILIGRATH has a son at the war, not as a soldier, however, but a member of the Sanitary Commission, "with the red cross on his arm." The old poet addresses to his Wolfgang some verses which form a touching contrast to his "Hurrah for Germany!" He tells the youth to "earn his spurs in the service of humanity," and "learn how much better it is to heal wounds than to make them." Alas! poets, like kings, think of these things when it is too late. Second thoughts are indeed best in such a case, but the first thought has done the mischief already.

—IF material fashions emanate from New York, fashionable phrases, as distinguished from local slang, more commonly take their rise in Boston. Sometimes the Boston belles start a pet word, and it travels southward and westward, and becomes all the rage. The latest instances which we have noticed are *weird* (for *funny*, *queer*, or *peculiar*) and *fascinating*. The latter is rapidly becoming the panegyric adjective of all work for American young-ladyhood,

like the English *nice* and our own once universal *fine*. Oddly enough, the term is not usually applied to the objects whose most legitimate property it is, namely, persons; but rather to some article, a book, a picture, a ribbon, a little dog, something which may please or suit or gratify or attract, but does not, in any correct sense, fascinate.

— THE following dialogue illustrates one of the last phases of victimizing:

Time, early in the morning; *scene*, Jones's modest parlor. Jones has just finished dressing and is seriously bent on breakfast. To him Smith, utterly unknown.

Smith. Mr. Jones, we wish to procure a sketch of your life for the third volume of "Our Most Remarkable Men," published by subscription, half cloth. Of course no one can do it so well as yourself. We want just eight pages to fill the volume. We have already Messrs. Brown, Thompson, Robinson, etc. (Here follows a list of names more or less distinguished in literature.)

Jones. But, Mr. Smith, I am not a "most remarkable man," and my life has been singularly uneventful. Look in a biographical dictionary, and you will find me (if you find me at all) done up in eight lines or less. Eight pages about me would be something out of nothing with a vengeance. Isn't this a case of mistaken identity? There is another Mr. Jones who writes for the magazines.

Smith. No, sir, not at all. It is true we have names better known than yours, but then again— (Smith streams on for five minutes, buttering Jones with the very largest kind of a knife.)

Jones. I can only repeat that the idea of a man's writing an anonymous life of himself does not exactly square with my notions of propriety. Besides, I have other engagements just now, and no time.

Smith. Then, if you will only furnish some memoranda, we can get some other person to fill them out. And—have you an engraved portrait of yourself?

Jones. I regret to say that the public has never taken sufficient interest in me to make it worth any one's while to engrave my portrait. But, Mr. Smith, let us understand each other. If I furnish you these

memoranda, which I do at your own request, and considering you, not myself, the obliged party, do you also expect me to contribute in any way pecuniarily to the publication of this work?

Smith. We make no charge for inserting the biographical notice [Generous Smith!]; but of course you will subscribe to the book—only six dollars a volume, got up in beautiful style as you see, etc., etc.

Jones. (His remarks being more forcible than polite, we omit them. Smith departs in great dudgeon, scratching his ear as if that organ contained a large specimen of the common domestic flea, and evidently thinking himself a very ill-used man. But Jones is somewhat eccentric. In the majority of his applications Smith succeeds.)

— PERSONIFICATION, like all the imaginative faculties, has its vagaries. The great enemy of man has been represented under various forms, as a hideous monster, a beautiful woman, an empty purse, etc.; but an aquarian clergyman has recently invented a new incarnation of him, neither more nor less than a pot of foaming lager! "Lager beer," said the reverend orator, "is the very devil!" A French artist, being asked to draw an allegorical figure of Benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of india-rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence; it *gives* more than any other substance."

— AMONG the popular prejudices against John Chinaman is one derived from his supposed habit of dining on roast rat. Probably this legend is about as well founded as the once current delusion that the frog is a staple article of French diet. We have heard a very plausible explanation of the story, namely, that Chinese rat-catchers carry about dead rats on a stick as a sign of their profession, and have been mistaken by foreigners for hawkers offering the animals for sale. The "nine times nine and ninety" tailors of the German song all supped off a roast mouse, but this must be construed as a poetic license. We doubt the fact of man's being a *murivorous* animal. And, after all, if he chooses to eat rat, why shouldn't he? Isn't this a free country?

THE GALAXY ADVERTISER.

A N D

MISCELLANY.

AN English sailor was washed overboard from a ship in the South Atlantic last year. The case was duly reported to the British Vice-Consul at the port next visited, who granted a certificate to the captain of the vessel, of which the following portion is rather Hibernian: "I hereby certify that the within-named — has been discharged and left behind on the alleged ground of being drowned; that I have inquired into the matter, and find the allegation true, and the ground sufficient; and I have accordingly granted my sanction to his being so left behind."

WESTFIELD, MASS., August 29.

Editor Galaxy.

DEAR SIR: Nothing I have seen for some time has pleased me more than the tribute to Jacob Abbott in the September GALAXY. The "Rollo Books" are books for all time; for boy nature, like human nature in general, is always the same, and Mr. Abbott is the Shakespeare of small boys. His characters are not the mere "good little boys" of Sunday-school books, but real boys as selfish, and ugly, and disagreeable as most boys are; yet the moral of all his stories is pure and healthful, and a large amount of information is conveyed which children would never learn in any other way. If all who have been benefited by Mr. Abbott's writings should contribute but a small amount each towards a testimonial to him, the total would make him one of the richest men in the country; and for one, I know of no object to which I would contribute more liberally or with greater pleasure. I do not write this for publication, but as an expression of my entire concurrence with the sentiments of the article before mentioned.

Let me add that I think THE GALAXY to be in the very first rank of magazines, and rejoice heartily to hear of its prosperity.

Yours truly,
M. F. MORGAN.

A SPECIMEN OF INGENUITY.—In Lancaster, Pa., is a machine, enclosed in a glass vase, near the top of which is a jewelled watch, keeping time; under the watch is a train of miniature cars, going on a circular railroad, and passing through a tunnel. In the foreground is a girl pumping water, and a man splitting wood, while near him is another man working with a jack-plane. In a cottage near by sits a young lady at the window looking at the workmen, but as *you* look at her she modestly closes the blind, which is quickly opened by her scowling mother, who leaves in high dudgeon, and sends her colored servant to order you away. The motive power is concealed in a walnut case.

To many it may seem that the price of magazines should be reduced. This is impossible so long as the public require so much in quantity, and of the choicest quality, of a first-class magazine. We are now giving the readers of THE GALAXY 160 pages of choice reading matter. This matter is prepared by our best writers, and for it we pay the highest prices. It is, of course, cheaper to purchase THE GALAXY at 35 cents, than it would be to pay 25 or 30 cents for the smaller magazines, with only one-fourth to one-third the amount of reading matter THE GALAXY gives. With one exception, perhaps, THE GALAXY has far outstripped all the other monthlies as to the amount of matter furnished for its readers. To meet, however, as far as possible, the popular demand for economy in reading matter, as well as everything else, we have arranged clubbing terms whereby any family subscribing for THE GALAXY and any of our popular weeklies, can get each at a reduced price. We will send for \$6.00 THE GALAXY and either "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar," or "Appleton's Journal." The price for either two of them, if subscribed for separately, is \$8.

A VALUABLE WORK.—While in New York we purchased of Sheldon & Company, publishers, Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines," in our estimation one of the most useful works ever offered to the patronage of the public. It is a library of theology within itself. In this work, which consists of two volumes, we find concentrated the theological discussions of eighteen centuries, on every topic; also the names of the authors, their birthplaces, the peculiarities of the age in which they lived, and a brief but satisfactory summary of all religious tenets. The reading of this work will save the reading of a hundred volumes of as many authors, entirely superseding the necessity of exploring the dry details of eighteen hundred years. As a book of reference it stands without a peer.

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—*American Christian Review.*

A SECOND-HAND clothier of New Haven, Conn., publicly announces that he has "left off clothing of every description."

To any person sending us \$4.00 (the regular subscription price) for THE GALAXY for 1871, we will send free for the year 1871 "Our School Day Visitor." This is one of the best Magazines for children.

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, the gifted authoress of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," "Susan Fielding," etc., will commence a new serial story in the February number of THE GALAXY. The "New York Citizen" speaks as follows of Mrs. Edwards:

"With the exception of 'George Eliot,' there is not one among the many women writers of England who might not be proud of having written 'Steven Lawrence.'"

THE mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

IN the November number of "Harper's Magazine" we see the statement that that magazine, besides the illustrations, gives its readers about double the amount of reading matter contained in THE GALAXY or any of the other monthly magazines. As regards the other magazines, this statement is approximately true at least. As regards THE GALAXY, it is inexplicable, unless the good people of Franklin square, usually wide awake, have been comparing their magazine with THE GALAXY before its enlargement—about three years ago. The November "Harper," the number containing the statement, has, besides cuts, 137 pages of reading matter. The same number of THE GALAXY has 160 pages of reading matter. Quality is an important consideration as well as quantity. It is doubtless true, however, that both "Harper" and THE GALAXY give the public a very much larger amount of reading matter than any of the other monthly magazines. The public demand of our magazines not only the first quality of matter, but a very large amount of it each month.

THE GALAXY ADVERTISER



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